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THE

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A CANADIAN EXAMPLE.

IN discussing the educational question in the United States sufficient prominence is not given by Catholic writers to the example afforded by Canada in the successful working of the dual systems of state and denominational schools. To those citizens who fancy that they see in the establishment of parochial schools a danger to the commonwealth, an examination of the school system of Ontario would be quite a revelation. They would find that in that very Protestant province the law provides —and has for almost half a century provided—for the establishment and maintenance of a class of schools similar to those which they regard with such dismay. On further inquiry they would learn that in by far the greater part of the entire Dominion of Canada corresponding legal provisions are made. And yet Canada has gone on and prospered! To those non-Catholics who perceive the dangers of the godless system of education, the Canadian example should point the way to a remedy; and to Catholics, who at so great a sacrifice are founding and supporting parochial schools, it might suggest some plan of campaign for the removal of the injustice under which they labor. What has been done in Canada should be within the realm of the feasible in that country which is called the land of the free. What works for good in Ontario could not possibly have a directly opposite effect across the imaginary line. Let us then give a few moments' attention to the case of Ontario.

After the rebellion of 1837 came Canadian home rule. In 1841 Ontario and Quebec (then Upper and Lower Canada) became, by an imperial statute, the Province of Canada; and in that year the first parliament of the new self-governing colony met at Kingston. In the popular branch of the legislature there were

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eighty-four members, evenly divided between Ontario and Quebec; and as to religious belief, the division must have been about thirty-five Catholics to forty-nine Protestants. The upper chamber was composed of twenty-four members, eight of whom were Catholics, eight adherents of the Church of England, and eight Presbyterians. This parliament made many laws, among which was an act dealing with education; and in this act there was a clause which provided that whenever any number of the inhabitants of any township or parish professing a religious faith different from that of the majority dissented from the regulations, arrangements, or proceedings of the common-school commissioners with reference to any common school, they should be at liberty to establish a school of their own, to be managed by a board of trustees chosen by themselves, and should be entitled "to receive from the district treasurer their due proportion, according to their number, of the moneys appropriated by law and raised by assessment for the support of the common schools." In the school bill, when introduced, there was no mention of denominational schools; but, as numerous petitions praying that the Bible be read in the schools were presented, the bill was referred to a large select committee, who, seeing the necessity for moral as well as intellectual training, and perceiving also the utter impossibility of evolving any common, effective scheme of moral and religious training, equally acceptable to Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, wisely inserted the foregoing stipulation. The bill as amended passed without opposition. It was not, however, found to be equally well adapted to the educational requirements of Upper and Lower Canada, and it was in 1843 deemed advisable to pass separate measures for the two divisions of the country. In both provision was made for the establishment and maintenance of schools for dissentient minorities. A section of the Upper Canada School Act of 1843 provided that, when the teacher in any public school was a Protestant, the Catholic inhabitants might, on the application of ten householders, have a school of their own; and a like privilege was extended to Protestants. The application was to designate the trustees of the school, which was declared to be entitled "to receive its share of the public appropriation according to the number of children attending." The act of 1843 was from time to time amended, but in every amendment a clause similar to the one just referred to was inserted. In 1849, however, a school law was passed which contained no reference to the rights of dissidents; but it was never enforced, and in 1850 was superseded by an act, intro-

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duced by the Hon.—afterwards Sir—Francis Hincks, which embraced all the decrees in relation to education that had been enacted prior to 1849, with such modifications and additions as the development of the school system made necessary.

In a special report on educational matters, prepared for the information of the government and the members of the Canadian legislature in 1858, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, then superintendent of education for Upper Canada, stated that "until 1850 the leading men and press of all parties acquiesced in the separate-school provisions of the law"; and then the objection did not come from Protestants. In 1841 there was but one Catholic school in Ontario; but as years went on our people, by availing themselves of the separate-school provisions of the law, found that these clauses required emendation; for it is recorded by the same reverend doctor that, in order to remove the objections of the Catholics, a section was included in the "Supplementary School Act" of 1853 which ran in this way:

"And be it enacted that in all cities, towns, incorporated villages, and school sections in which separate schools do or shall exist according to the provisions of the common-school acts of Upper Canada persons of the religious persuasion of each such separate school sending children to it, or supporting such school by subscribing thereto annually an amount equal to the sum which each such person would be liable to pay (if such separate school did not exist) on any assessment to obtain the annual common-school grant for each such city, town, incorporated village or township, shall be exempt from the payment of all rates imposed for the support of the common public schools of each such city, town, incorporated village or school section. . . ."

This clause went on to declare each such separate school entitled to a *pro rata* share of the legislative school grant (an amount appropriated from the general exchequer in addition to the sums raised by municipal assessment); and it provided for the election by the supporters of such school of a board of trustees, whom it empowered to levy and collect school rates, as well as to direct and manage the school. The School Act of 1853, Dr. Ryerson tells us, passed without a division; and he adds in his report, already referred to: "I think I am warranted in saying that those intelligent men of all parties, whom I consulted without reserve, unanimously agreed to those clauses of the separate-school section."

It is commonly stated that the Catholics of Ontario are wholly indebted for the benefits which they enjoy as to separate schools to the influence of Quebec in the legislature of Canada. Yet it must be remembered that when Ontario and Quebec formed but one province, and when provision was first made for denomina-

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tional schools, the Catholics were in a minority both in the country and in Parliament; moreover, we have it on the authority of Dr. Ryerson that until 1855 the Quebec representatives never interfered in Ontario school matters; and even in 1855 the interference consisted in the introduction by a member of the Legislative Assembly from Quebec of the "Upper Canada Separate-School Bill," which had first been submitted to and approved of by the representatives of Ontario, who agreed to its introduction and passage and supported it at every stage by their votes.

The act of 1855 may be said to have contained the essence of the present law. It enacted that a separate school might be established in any city, town, or rural school district on the application of five householders; that the supporters of such school should be exempt from all taxes imposed for the maintenance of common schools and school libraries, and that such school should share proportionately in all legislative school grants. It also enlarged and more clearly defined the duties of trustees.

About this time it would appear that some ultra-Protestant devotees of state-schoolism endeavored—for reasons which would not, perhaps, bear investigation—to raise an agitation for the repeal of the law providing for the establishment and support of denominational schools, and by 1857 this movement advanced so far as to make the question of repeal one of the issues of the general elections of that year. The party who took up the cause of the separate schools was led by the present veteran prime minister of Canada, the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, and that party was sustained at the polls.

In 1863 the act of 1855 was elaborated, and the "British North America Act"—the Canadian constitution—passed by the Parliament of England in 1867, removed the question of the repealing of the separate-school clauses of the law from the region of practical politics by prohibiting any province of the Dominion of Canada from making any law which would "prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union." The same act stipulates that such amendments shall be made to this law as may be from time to time deemed necessary for its effectual working.

Chapter 227 of the "Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887," contains the present separate-school law of that province. The first few brief clauses deal with Protestant separate schools (which are not in demand, presumably because the public schools are sufficiently Protestant). The remainder of the chapter gives the en-

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actments regarding Catholic schools. These provide that five or more Catholic heads of families, resident in any rural or urban school district, may convene a public meeting of those persons who desire to have a Catholic school for the purpose of establishing the same; and that such persons may periodically elect a board of trustees to control and manage the school, which board is invested with all the powers and responsibilities of a body corporate. The supporters of a separate school are exempt from paying municipal school taxes, and the trustees are empowered to levy school rates on the Catholic inhabitants, they consenting, which rates are collected by the municipal collectors and handed to the board of separate-school trustees. Companies may require any portion of their property to be assessed for separate-school purposes; and in cases where the landlord pays the taxes the tenant is taken as the person primarily liable, and he decides as to whether the school rates shall be paid to the public or separate school. Each separate school is entitled to share proportionately in all public-school grants made by the provincial legislature, and is under the supervision of the Department of Education. Two inspectors of that department visit all such schools regularly and report on their condition.

While on this subject it might be well to quote the opinion of a man who made a reputation as an educationist—a reputation not confined to Canada—and who was as ardent and devoted, many would say as prejudiced, an advocate of unsectarian state schools as ever lived, the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson. In his official report of 1858, already alluded to, he said: "In connection with these separate schools our public-school system has been developed, and has advanced and extended beyond precedent or parallel in any country. In a few rural sections some temporary or local inconvenience may be experienced from them, but in cities and towns it may be questioned whether the character and efficiency of the public schools are not rather promoted by the existence of separate schools." These are the words of one who was an *opponent* of denominational education, and they were written when the separate-school law was in an early stage of development.

As respects the present standing of these schools, the testimony of the present minister of education may be found in his report for 1887. Here is an extract: "From the reports of the inspectors . . . it will be seen that the separate schools are steadily prospering, and that, both as regards teachers and pupils, they are becoming more efficient every year."

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There are at present two hundred and twenty-nine Catholic schools in Ontario, and the reports of the inspectors for last year show that they are doing good work, "are healthy in tone, and are making substantial progress."

I have dealt particularly with the school law of Ontario, because I think it offers the most striking object lesson to the American mind. But I may add a few words in reference to some of the other Canadian educational systems.

In Quebec the system is purely denominational, and the state provides for the moral and religious training of children, in connection with their secular education, in accordance with the creed of their parents. A council of public instruction is charged with the exclusive control of educational affairs. This council is divided into two committees, one Catholic, the other Protestant, which have respectively the direction of the schools of the bodies represented by them. The system works well, and nowhere, as stated by the leading Protestant representative of Quebec* in the Federal Parliament, is a minority more liberally treated than the Protestant minority in Quebec.

The school law of Manitoba is very like that of Quebec, and this is what Mr. J. B. Somerset, the superintendent of Protestant schools in that province, says of it in one of his recently published reports:

"A word regarding the law itself may be appropriate here. It was first placed upon the statute book in 1871, and was founded upon the principle of the establishment of Protestant and Roman Catholic schools, each governed and managed independently. This fundamental principle being embodied in the imperial and Dominion acts for the organization of the province, the question as to its correctness is outside the scope of practical discussion; but in connection with its workings during the last seventeen years it may be pointed out that the schools of the province have been managed without a particle of the denominational friction that has caused disturbances and bitterness in other provinces† of the Dominion. Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens have, under this law, their own schools, available for religious as well as secular teaching, which is a principle invariably contended for by them; and those charged with the management of them are accountable to their people for their efficiency. On the other hand, Protestant schools are untrammelled in the introduction of such Christian teaching, including the daily reading of the Bible, as may be found practicable, and which the growing sentiment of the people recognizes as holding an important place in the development of the child's nature."

* Hon. Charles Carroll Colby, Deputy Speaker. See "Hansard" for 1889.

† This must refer to the maritime provinces, especially to New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, where the carrying out of a system similar to that of the United States caused much disturbance and bitterness.

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It may seem astounding to Americans to be told that most of their northern neighbors enjoy greater liberty of conscience than do citizens of the great Republic. Nevertheless, the statement is well founded. True liberty of conscience is incompatible with a law that compels those who maintain schools of their own, which they are willing to place under state supervision, to contribute to the support of an educational system of which they cannot in conscience avail themselves. Such a law is akin to that which forced men to support a church in which they did not believe. Is not the Canadian example more in accord with the great underlying principle of the Constitution of the United States: the greatest individual liberty consonant with the public weal?

J. A. J. MCKENNA.

Ottawa, Ont.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

BY the fountain, softly plashing,
Where I dream away the day,
Thoughts, like limpid waters welling
From their hidden deep-wood dwelling,
Ever growing strong and swelling,
Sweep me on in fancy's play:
By the fountain, softy plashing,
Where I dream away the day.

By the fountain, softly plashing,
Where I dream away the day,
Would ye know how without measure
My glad heart is filled with pleasure,
By the flitting dreams I treasure?
I will tell as best I may:
By the fountain, softly plashing,
Where I dream away the day.

By the fountain, softly plashing,
Where I dream away the day,
Put aside all thoughts of earning,
Put aside all thoughts of learning,
Live in holy, tender yearning,
White clad Love reigns there for aye:
By the fountain, softly plashing,
Where I dream away the day.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

FRANCE has been the political volcano of Europe during the century which closes with the present year. The lava-torrents of human blood that have accompanied its frequent eruptions have, each in its turn, either destroyed one system of government or marked the inauguration of another. The last disturbance took place in 1871, when the Third Republic received only too literally its baptism of blood. Is the volcano extinct, or is it smouldering still? Let us take a peep into the crater.

Until the recent Boulanger incident challenged universal attention, and set men marvelling as to what strange combination of political and social conditions and circumstances had rendered such a man possible, even in France, many ordinary observers had regarded the French Republic as a country enjoying a stable system of government, the only drawback to which was the frequency with which cabinet crises and ministerial changes occurred. And these constantly recurring political fluctuations were commonly ascribed rather to the capriciousness of the national temperament, and to the fatal fondness of the French people for novelty, than to any inherent defect in the constitution, or any grave mistake in the notions which the modern school of French statesmen entertain in regard to the line of policy best suited to secure the welfare and content of their fellow-citizens at home and the maintenance of French prestige abroad. Probably those observers have altered their opinions since.

Of the causes which have contributed to bring about the present deplorable state of things in France—for deplorable it is in all conscience—the chief and most potent was the recrudescence in 1878, in a mild form, of the terrible fever that broke out in the body politic at the time of the first Revolution. True, the symptoms were not recognized then; only by few is the malady recognized now. It has changed in the manner of its manifestation, but a careful diagnosis discloses its true character and reveals its distant origin. Of course, no sensible French Catholic would desire to see a return of 1788 any more than he would desire to see a return of 1789. It is a temerarious question to put at this time of the day, but one may be permitted to ask, without, I hope, being considered a blind praiser of the past or a fanatical

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Ultramontane: What permanent salutary influence has the French Revolution exerted upon the destiny of mankind, or upon that of the French nation? Certainly it put an end to abuses and corruptions that called to very heaven for a sweeping remedy. It razed to the ground institutions which were scandalously bad. But with these were torn down also many which were valuable and good. And nothing was built up to take their place. Look abroad at the world to-day. The American Republic, pre-eminently the land of liberty, owes nothing to the French Revolution; and few will contend that the progress of truly liberal thought and the solid growth of democracy in England, which have been so marked of late, would not have occurred if there never had been a French Revolution. The government of Germany is a military despotism, and the vast majority of its people are strongly devoted to their emperor. The Hapsburgs hold a firm position in the affections of the peoples over whom they reign. Russia is still what Talleyrand described it: "An absolute monarchy, limited by assassination." France itself occupies a very much inferior place among the European powers to that which it occupied before 1789. Discord and discontent prevail within its borders. Liberty, equality, fraternity are as conspicuously absent as they were in the days of Robespierre. Southey has a pretty poem, full of his usual simplicity and strength, in which an old man talks eloquently to two young children about the valor of the great Duke of Marlborough and the "famous victory" at Blenheim. After listening to him for some time, one of the children innocently asks: "But what good came of it at last?" One is almost tempted, concerning the French Revolution, to ask with little Peterkin: What good came of it at last?—an answer of the boast of the military achievements incident to and following after it.

To the country whose heart-bursting throes gave birth to it it has brought but little good. It would not be an ungrounded assertion to say that it has brought to it much positive evil. The French political mind has ever since been in a state of ferment. Republics have been established and abolished; royal and imperial thrones have been set up and pulled down. A spirit of unrest seems to brood over the land. The sacred principle of patriotism, so dear to Frenchmen, is often violated in obedience to the promptings of factious passion. When the Third Republic had been fairly started, with that many-sided genius, Thiers, at its head, the friends of France hoped, and thought they saw good reason for the hope, that the delirium of the Revolution had at

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length run its course, that it had expended its last energies in the Commune. Thiers' idea was to establish a republic on a basis sufficiently broad to suit the generality of Frenchmen of all shades of political opinion, and attractive enough to win gradually the respect, if not the good will, of extremists of both royalist and imperialist attachments. There is much to warrant the belief that had Thiers' idea been realized, had the policy he outlined been pursued, France would be united and prosperous and contented now. But when Marshal MacMahon resigned the presidency, through the pressure of the Gambettist and other groups, that hope had to be abandoned. For the republic then fell into the hands of the Opportunists and the still more advanced revolutionaries of the Clémenceau type. The advent to power of these men signalized the beginning of a new era. In their hands the Republic became what it is to-day, a republic in name only; in reality, a Masonic, revolutionary oligarchy. Under MacMahon the Republic struck deep its roots into the hearts of the people. Property was protected, liberty of conscience was guaranteed. There was peace in the land, and there was prosperity. France recovered from the dreadful disaster of 1870–71 with a rapidity which astonished the world, and so chagrined Bismarck that he resolved to wage war anew against his lately conquered foe. And a war there would have been had not Russia intimated that in such an event her neutrality could not be relied upon by her imperial neighbor. Republican institutions, as has been stated, were fast becoming popular. The noble example of unselfish patriotism set by MacMahon—that of subordinating his personal political preferences to the single desire to serve his country, without reference to the form of government which she had chosen—had been largely followed by public men of eminence, of influence, and of conspicuous ability. But now everything was altered. The fever of the Revolution displayed itself again. Not by fire and sword, however, did the latter-day devotees of the Revolution propose to actualize their principles. The times had changed, and the revolutionaries had changed with them. The old methods were acknowledged to have been too drastic. Their application had always been followed by a strong reaction. They were discarded. With the Republic at their backs, parliamentary action, legislative measures, could be made successfully to subserve their cherished purposes. The great object to be attained was the banishment of Christianity from the country, and the substitution for it of a Masonic cult, of which, in the words of Leo XIII., "the foundations and laws should be drawn from

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mere naturalism." To accomplish the complete overthrow of the church it would be necessary to paganize the schools. Laws must be made, therefore, to place the education of the children under the control of the state. In the meantime a policy of persecution must be inaugurated toward the church and its adherents. The religious orders must be expelled. Prelates and priests must be harassed and annoyed. Catholics must be excluded from public office. The annual appropriation for the maintenance of public worship must be steadily diminished in amount. When the proper time came the church should be separated from the state.

It was only to be expected that when this insensate programme was announced, as well as when the policy of exasperation which it sketched out commenced to unfold itself in practice, clear-headed statesmen should have begun to consider seriously whether they should longer remain in the sphere of active politics. Many had already followed MacMahon into retirement. Those who still occupied positions which gave them a right to think that they possessed influence raised their voices in solemn warning. "We have our Republic, the best form of government for this or any other country," they said, "but instead of consolidating it, these hot-headed politicians are doing their best to destroy it." Their expostulations were received with derisive jeers. Even an earnest and life-long republican, a philosopher and a statesman like Jules Simon, was howled into semi-obscurity because he had dared to affirm that the way to win respect and secure stability for the Republic was to abstain from wounding consciences and to adopt a policy of justice to all. A glance over the long array of the names of the mediocrities who have held cabinet offices since 1877 suggests the query, Where are now France's great public men, her adepts in statecraft, her polished and astute diplomatists? Some of them sit in the Senate, a small minority, whose sole occupation is to protest against the passage of iniquitous laws which they are unable to modify or cause to be rejected. Others are in the Academy, where they sought and have found the solace which literature never fails to afford the bruised heart and the sorrow-filled mind. Others again, who can see no hope for their country in the immediate future, are shut up in their chateaux, where they dwell in the chastened serenity of a solitude populous with remembrances and regrets.

The school laws of Jules Ferry and René Goblet have naturally embittered Catholics against the Republic. The latter, who is a member of the present cabinet, completed in his act, passed

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two years ago, what was initiated by Ferry. That act empowers the state to lay its atheistic hand upon the souls of the children of Catholic France, and to hold them in its tyrannous grasp till it has imprinted upon them a foul mark which will stain and corrupt them for ever unless a merciful Providence obliterates it. It is against the children of the poor and the religiously indifferent that this law is principally directed. Their parents cannot afford to pay, or are unwilling to pay, for their education in Christian schools (free parish schools are still comparatively few and far between), and as the law compels the children to attend some school or other, the free state institutions are nearly filled with them. The "education" which they receive in these establishments is, needless to say, anti-Christian. They are taught to love, honor, and adore the French Republic instead of their Creator, and the saving truths of Christianity are either scrupulously kept from their knowledge or openly attacked and ridiculed in their hearing. The law which obliges young men studying for the priesthood to serve one year in the soldier's barrack is another evidence of the anti-religious fury which animates the ruling spirits of the so-called Republic.

That to be a Catholic in France nowadays is an offence punishable by civic inequality could be proved by examples of which considerations of space forbid the citation. Two proofs will suffice. The Finance or Budget Committee is the most important of all parliamentary committees, and from the nature of its functions it is clear that it should be constituted of men chosen in disregard of party bias of any kind. The present Chamber of Deputies is composed in round numbers of five hundred and eighty members. Of these, four hundred Republicans of various groups represent four millions and a half of voters, and one hundred and eighty Catholics, or anti-Republicans, represent three and a half millions of voters. The Catholic party forms, therefore, almost one-third of the Chamber, and represents two-fifths of the votes cast at the last general election. Now, if the "Republican" majority of the Chamber were actuated by a wish to be fair and honest, one-third of the members of the Budget Committee would be Catholics. The three and a half millions of Catholic voters pay taxes as well as the four and a half millions of Republicans, and have an equal right to a voice in determining the disposition of the money which they pay. But the Republican majority think otherwise; and the thirty-three members who are annually elected to constitute the Budget Committee never include a single Catholic. The second instance, a typical one, occurred in Paris two years ago.

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A competitive examination was held to fill a vacant government position, for which a thorough knowledge of chemistry was the special qualification. At the top of the list of the names of those who passed successfully was that of a very clever young man, who to his proficiency in the science of the laboratory united a character above reproach. He had won the position, and his rivals congratulated him upon his merited victory. But in consequence of a private communication which he received, M. Berthelot, the then cabinet minister with whom the formal appointment lay, passed over the winner and gave it to somebody else, whose name was much lower on the list. . The communication was to the effect that the young man thus slighted lived with his aunt, who was a devoted Catholic, and that he occasionally accompanied her to Mass. An indignant protest was made by the fair-minded press against so scandalous a proceeding, but it produced no effect.

The exclusion of Catholics from the Budget Committee is also dictated, probably, by a desire for unanimity on a certain point amongst its members, who, divided on most subjects, are of one mind when anything concerning the church comes up for consideration. To worry and thwart the church is one of the most congenial pastimes of the majority of the Chamber; to starve her out of the land is a cherished idea amongst the advanced wing. During the last seven years the Budget Committee has made the following reductions in the annual appropriation given for the maintenance of the Catholic Church, as being the state religion: In 1882, 18,000 francs; 1883, 414,560; 1884, 1,958,860; 1885, 6,815,193; 1886, 7,007,003; 1887, 7,710,204; 1888, 7,986,221; 1889, 8,018,621; total, 35,928,572 francs, or $7,000,000—an average continuous reduction of a million dollars a year. And these reductions, it should be borne in mind, are taken from the comparatively moderate sum allowed by the government under the Concordat to the French Church in return for her renunciation of her claims to the vast possessions which were hers before the Revolution.

In another way the hatred of the members of the Budget Committee towards the church finds annual expression. Year after year, since the event already indicated as the point of departure of the Third Republic from the sound principles on which it was originally founded, they have struck off the list of appropriations the sum which goes to the support of the embassy to the Holy See. This renders it incumbent upon the premier to

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move, when the committee's report comes up for discussion, that the appropriation be restored to its place on the list; and the debate which ensues is in reality upon the question whether the embassy should not be suppressed. The motion made on behalf of the government has always been carried by a majority more or less substantial; and this would seem to indicate that there still exists a modicum of common sense amongst the fickle and inconsequent legislators of the Palais Bourbon. The blind hate of those who oppose the government on these occasions prevents them from seeing the ridiculous position in which they place themselves, for before the embassy to the Holy See can be abolished the Concordat must be abrogated. It augurs ill, however, for the continued existence of the diplomatic tie which binds France to the Holy See that the arguments by which successive premiers succeed in obtaining the majority on this question are based upon considerations of expediency and purely material advantage. French Catholic missionaries render an important service to their country, especially in Africa and in the far East, by extending French political influence, and by propagating the French language, French ideas, and French manners. That this influence is considerable is evidenced by the efforts of other powers to substitute missionaries of their own for those sent out by the Church of France. Therefore, it is annually argued, it is France's interest to keep on cordial terms with the Pope. No account is taken of the immense moral power of the church, of the sublimity of her mission to mankind, of the solemn import of the message from on high of which she is the faithful herald. This year the cynicism of the French premier was imitated by the Protestant *Temps*, the organ of the moderate Republicans, certainly the most serious, and perhaps the most influential, journal in France. The *Temps* expressed its regret that "considerations so lofty" as those set forth by the premier should not have had more weight with many of the members of the chamber who made up the strong minority who voted against him. For those acquainted with the history of modern France it is difficult to believe in the sincerity of the regret. The proposal to break off diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and the larger proposal—that of the separation of church and state—of which it is meant to be the precursor, are in the logic of the situation which the hypocritical *Temps* has done a good deal to create. The bitter war that has been kept up against the church for the last ten years has been stealthily supported by the very writers of the *Temps* who now profess to deplore its actual

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and possible consequences. But the policy of protecting abroad the religion which is persecuted at home, of proscribing on their native soil the orders and congregations which are defended in far-off regions, is one against which the conscience of a great people must soon revolt.

On the question of the separation of church and state in France there is as much divergence of opinion amongst Catholics as there is amongst the different groups of Republicans. It is a subject as to which, of course, the voice of the Catholic laity, as such, counts for little or nothing, but with regard to which they are entitled to entertain whatever views they deem consistent with Catholic principles. Their action in the matter will always be guided by the wishes of the Supreme Pontiff. No inconsiderable number of them, men of weight and position, would hail with satisfaction the severance of a connection which seems to them, in the actual circumstances, to be an anomaly. They think that there is something incongruous in the union of their church with an atheistic state. They feel deeply humiliated at the spectacle of their bishops and priests and sisterhoods insulted wantonly by every political upstart who chances to get into a governmental office, from the ministry of public worship down to the mayoralty of the smallest village. They believe that the spiritual interests of their co-religionists, which suffer very much under the existing arrangement, would be greatly advanced by the change. The appropriation for the church has been so enormously reduced that what remains of it is scarcely worth the having. The nation which cheerfully furnishes the Holy Father with upwards of three-fourths of the total sum annually subscribed by the Catholic world as Peter Pence, and which contributes so liberally to foreign missionary enterprises, could be relied upon to support with no niggardly hand the church within its own borders. By far the gravest aspect of the present position of the church in France is the steady decrease of vocations to the priesthood. Three years ago I heard Père Monsabré deliver from the pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris an impassioned appeal to his countrymen to undertake the self-sacrifice necessary to ward off the coming peril. Not many months ago Mgr. Penaud, Bishop of Autun, and member of the French Academy, sounded a similar note of alarm. In a letter which he published he gave eloquent utterance to the distress he felt at the prospect of what the Church of France might suffer from the scarcity of priests; and he prayerfully hoped "that French Catholics will not allow those sacred sources to

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perish from which priests of God are furnished forth," and "that the humiliation of seeing the pre-eminently apostolic nation obliged to have recourse to foreign priests to announce the Gospel to its own sons" might be spared him. It is in the middle and upper classes of Catholics that the paucity of vocations is most noticeable. The condition of abject slavery to the minions of the infidel state which the embracing of the sacerdotal life entails is doubtless the main obstacle that prevents their sons from hearkening to the higher call. It might be thought that the very difficulties surrounding the priest, the indignities to which his profession exposes him, ought to act as a stimulus rather than as a hindrance to vocations; ought to inspire young men with an ardent zeal to dare do all for the love of God. But the human element is strong and the flesh is weak, and heroes are not found by the hundred nowadays.

Were it not for the fear of a royalist reaction, the various divisions of the Republicans in the Chamber would have coalesced upon a measure separating church and state long ago. The wiser heads among the revolutionary wing, which is in power now, deem the time inopportune for a stroke of policy which they regard as one of the inevitable events of the near future. This view is tacitly concurred in by the moderate section, who are indifferent upon the subject, except in so far as it affects the durableness of the Republic. There is a large group, however, who want the church disestablished immediately at all costs; but their influence is rendered nugatory by an equally large group who desire the maintenance of the union between the civil and the religious powers in order that they may gratify their hatred of the church. On the morning after a debate and division on the question of separation, brought forward in the form of a resolution tending to suppress the appropriation for the embassy to the Holy See, I met a friend of mine, a Paris journalist, and a member of the Extreme Left—the group who clamor for immediate separation. He had voted against his colleagues. "I cannot understand your action in the Chamber yesterday evening," I said. "The attitude of your group, that of uncompromising hostility to the church, is quite comprehensible. But I know your sentiments too well to believe that in voting as you did your motive was to benefit the church. Why do you support in practice what you condemn in principle?" "The reason is simple," he replied. "My colleagues may be all right in their attitude on the church question; but if they succeeded in giving effect to their views, one of the principal

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charms which parliamentary life possesses for myself and a good many others who are not of my group would be taken away." I confessed that I could not see the point. "Why," he rejoined with a smile, "so long as the church is tied to the state we can kick the clerics whenever we like. We have an old score against them, you know. If separation were brought about, the church would be free and strong, and, *ma foi!* the clerics would kick us." In these words he voiced the sentiments of an important section of the members of the Chamber of Deputies.

The numerous vexatious measures which have been passed into law for the sole purpose of persecuting their church, and the civic disabilities from which they themselves suffer, have naturally inspired the Catholic laity with a prejudice against the Republic as a form of government. They yearn for a *régime* which will give them liberty, equality, and fraternity. These words greet the eye everywhere throughout France. They are painted by order of the government officials on the walls of every church, of every school, of every public building; they are on the very scavengers' carts. They are every place, except where they ought to be: in the policy of the state and in the hearts of the people. For Catholics the only liberty that exists is the liberty to think as the governing infidels think; the only equality, that of paying taxes for which they get no representation; the only fraternity, that defined by Chamfort, the wit of the Revolution: "Be my brother, or I will kill thee!" Even in the matter of walking through the public streets Catholics are discriminated against. Pardoned assassins and blood-thirsty anarchists, with wickedness in their hearts and blasphemies on their lips, can and do march through them with impunity, flaunting the red flag, the emblem of murder and social chaos; and Masonic sectaries may proceed to Père-Lachaise decked in their idiotic insignia, and inter their dead with whatever fantastic rites they please. But the children of the Church of God may not carry aloft in public procession the symbol of man's redemption; may not, in fact, hold any public procession at all of a religious character. They must move out of the way to let the "red" processionists pass, and listen in silence to the wild shouts for the return of the "glorious brotherhood" of the "glorious days" of the Revolution. A glorious brotherhood and a glorious epoch indeed! It would be amusing, if the theme were not so solemn, to remember what these delirious fanatics forget—that, Saturn-like, the Revolution devoured its own progeny; that in the heyday of their power its ringleaders were thinking of

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nothing else but cutting each other's throats; that Hébert sent Vergniaud to the guillotine; that Hébert's own head was lopped off by Danton; that Danton's was in turn lopped off by Robespierre, and that Tallien closed the gory series by lopping off Robespierre's.

Nor are Catholics themselves wholly blameless for the unfortunate condition of their church and their country. Instead of imitating the energy of their opponents in organizing, in registering, in voting, in spreading political information amongst the people, they have in most instances contented themselves with uttering violent and exaggerated denunciations of the Republic. They might as well denounce the clouds for the inclemency of the weather. An important factor in the situation is the indifference of the rural voter. It is very hard to induce him to go to the polls. He is unwilling to take from the time he devotes to the cultivation of his farm the few hours or the half-day which the recording of his vote would consume. A despicable selfishness keeps him at home. He knows little and cares less about the issues that are to be fought out at the ballot-boxes. So long as he has a hazy notion that there is some sort of a government in Paris he is perfectly satisfied.

It is only a sensible decrease in the price commanded by his agricultural produce, or a marked increase in the amount of his taxes, that can avail to rouse him from his lethargy. As for the cultured class of Catholics, and the members of the doomed "aristocracy," they for the most part hold themselves aloof, watching in idleness the succession of events, and awaiting an intervention of Providence which shall set things right. The old adage that God helps those who help themselves is utterly lost on them. Their inactivity is culpable; it is unpatriotic. By their inanity they have allowed the government of their country to fall into the grasp of the tyrannous clique whose maladministration brought into play that astonishing union of otherwise antagonistic forces which almost succeeded in placing France at the feet of an imbecile would-be dictator like Boulanger.

Such, in brief, is the France of to-day. What it shall be to-morrow will depend largely upon the conduct, in the general elections which are to be held in October, of those whose rightful place is at the head of the Catholic or conservative party. It is incumbent upon those of them who have hitherto been living in retirement to come forth and throw themselves into the conflict. It is incumbent upon all of them to cast aside with their vain

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regrets their barren loyalty to effete dynasties. To break with the past will no doubt occasion a severe wrench. But the welfare of their country demands it. True patriotism requires self-sacrifice. The wounds which have prostrated their native land have not been caused by the Republic; they have been inflicted by those who have administered the Republic; those who have proved recreant to the principles which they profess. Imperialism and royalism have been tried and found wanting. True, there is one grave defect in the constitution of the Republic, but it can easily be removed. The existence of the cabinet depends upon the mutations of opinion in a Chamber where hastily-improvised coalitions, capable of upsetting the most powerful ministry, are possible every day. A glance at the Constitution of the United States will at once suggest the remedy. The forthcoming elections will present a magnificent opportunity to the leaders of the Catholic party. If they cannot exercise much influence over the urban voters, the rural voters are at their service. The conditions favorable to the transformation of the rural voter's indifference into active interest are widely prevalent: the taxes are high, trade and commerce languish, agricultural and industrial depression is felt throughout the land; discontent is rife. A united and determined effort would secure to the Catholic party a majority over their infidel adversaries in the new Chamber. Lafayette accepted the monarchy as the best of republics. If French Catholics are wise in their day, if they are sincerely wishful of furthering the highest interests of their faith and their fatherland, they will accept the Republic as the best of monarchies.

SAMUEL BYRNE.

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GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

IN natural history few things are more curious than the geographical distribution of animals and plants. It may be laid down as a rule in geographical distribution that the areas in which a given species or genus exists are continuous with each other. That is to say, the same species or genus will not be found in places far apart and between which no individual of the kind is to be met with. But there are exceptions to this general rule, and these exceptions are interesting.

In going from England to Japan we pass through countries very unlike England in their physical characteristics as well as in their fauna and flora. But when the whole of Europe and a good part of Asia have been crossed, when five thousand miles separate us from England, we suddenly arrive in the midst of house sparrows, and larks, buntings, wrens, and thrushes absolutely identical with the ones at home. Again, all the members of the genus blue-bird inhabit temperate and tropical America with one exception, a solitary form, cœlicolor, which crops up among the Himalaya Mountains.

Of two species of blue magpie, one inhabits Spain, the other inhabits Siberia and Northern China. The water-mole embraces two species, one of which dwells among the Pyrenees, the other is in Russia, along the rivers Don and Volga.

It is certainly strange that two birds belonging to the very limited ostrich family, and so closely allied as the rhea and the ostrich, should inhabit regions so far asunder as Africa and South America.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of a mammalian genus inhabiting widely separated areas is furnished by the tapir; one species is a native of Borneo and Sumatra, all the other species are natives of South America.

The implacental mammals, or marsupials, such as kangaroos, opossums, etc., are almost entirely confined to the Australian region. These mammals (provided with a pouch in which the fœtus completes its embryonic development) are the earliest to appear in geological time, having been found in Jurassic and Triassic deposits, and they probably stand near the bottom of the mammalian series. Now, the American opossum is the

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only non-Australian representative of this extremely ancient order.

As among the higher animals so we find among fresh-water fishes, identical species divided from each other by half the globe. The shovel-nose sturgeon is confined to the Mississippi River and to the rivers of Central Asia. The perch of the Ganges reappears in the waters of South Australia. The common American sucker has one outlying representative in Siberia.

Among the mountains of Central Asia, confined to Lake Baikal, two thousand feet above the sea, and a thousand miles from the coast, is the singular fish comephorus, whose nearest allies are the mackerels, exclusively salt-water fishes.

The general rule for the distribution of plants is the same fundamentally as for animals. But plants being possessed of uncommon facilities for distribution, their seeds being scattered broad and far by the wind and by means of birds, we cannot expect to meet with so many identical species widely separated as in the case of animals. We shall only mention that the eminent botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, found that the plants peculiar to the Galapagos Islands, six hundred miles from the west coast of South America, have decided Mexican affinities.

But if identical species may be separated from each other by great distances, on the other hand a comparatively short distance will sometimes show a marked diversity in the fauna and flora. On the eastern coast of Africa we meet with giraffes, elephants, lions, and rhinoceroses. But if we journey two hundred and fifty miles, to the Island of Madagascar, we find not one of these distinctively Ethiopian mammals.

The true monkey has also disappeared, and we meet with the half-monkey, or lemur, a lowly organized and very ancient animal, which maintains its existence by nocturnal and arboreal habits. As we go southward along the eastern portion of the United States we seldom lose sight of oaks, sumachs, vines, and magnolias, while the birds and insects differ very little from those further north. But if we cross the short fifty miles which divide Florida from the Bahamas, we find a plant-life essentially tropical and differing scarcely at all from that of Cuba. The birds and insects, too, are not the same as on the mainland; in fact, there is more difference between Cuba and Florida than between Florida and Canada. Yet there is nothing in the climate or the soil to make us look for such a marked difference.

Wallace tells us in his interesting book, *The Malay Archipelago*, that animal life on the Island of Bali is wonderfully unlike

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that on the Island of Lombok, which is separated from it by a channel only fifteen miles wide, but very deep. On Bali we find red and green woodpeckers, weaver-birds, barbets, and black and white magpie robins, not one of which exists on Lombok, where we meet with screaming cockatoos, and friar-birds, and the strange mound-building megapodes, none of which inhabit Bali.

A very few animals have a world-wide distribution. Among these is the bat, which is found in every habitable part of the earth, even on the loneliest islands; although so far it has not been observed on Iceland, St. Helena, or on the Galapagos. One species of bat has been seen on Chimborazo Mountain, at an altitude of ten thousand feet

Among birds the fish-hawk has the most extensive range. Next to it comes the little barn-owl, which is met with everywhere except in New Zealand and a few of the Malay Islands. Next to the bat, the mammals having the most extensive habitat are the leopard and the wolf. But no mammal has so great a north and south range as the American panther, whose home extends from Canada to Patagonia.

But if the fish-hawk, barn-owl, and bat are cosmopolitan, there are some animals whose range is limited to only one country; it may even be confined to a few square miles or less. Not a crow is found in South America, although it exists everywhere else, even in Australia. The bird-of-paradise is confined to New Guinea. The brown and white cactus-wren is met with only on the Isthmus of Panama; while one species of humming-bird, the little flame-bearer, never strays outside the extinct crater of Chiriqui.

Among fishes the most isolated, and perhaps the most wonderful of all living creatures, is the ceratodus of South Australia. It is an extremely ancient fish, fossil remains of a closely allied species having been found in deposits of the Permian age. Its brain presents an embryonic condition; it is distinguished for the primeval form of its fin, and it appears more than probable that from the ceratodus have descended some of the earlier amphibians.

But it was not until 1870 that we knew there was any still existing form of this remarkable genus. In that year a ceratodus several feet long was caught in a river in Queensland. Although it is a true fish, it leaves the water at night, progressing on its fins with a paddling movement somewhat like a tortoise, and goes on foraging expeditions after vegetable food. It browses chiefly

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on myrtle-leaves, and having lungs as well as gills, it is as much at home out of water as in the water. It is covered with scales, and is altogether fish-like in appearance; yet its anatomy presents points of resemblance to salamanders. A good specimen of a ceratodus is preserved in the museum of Columbia College, New York. Here let us observe that whenever a species has a very local range, when it does not exist outside of a certain narrow limit, it is a sign that it is verging toward extinction.

Having given this brief account of some of the interesting facts in distribution, we may ask if there is any explanation of them? or do they all form a tangle which cannot be unravelled? They do not. And we shall find that the study of how animal and plant life is distributed is an important adjunct to geology, for it helps to throw light on the past history of our globe. The phenomena of geological distribution entirely correspond with the phenomena of geographical distribution. In the same geological beds we see mingled the same species. As in geography no species or genus is, as a rule, found in widely separated areas, without also inhabiting intermediate localities, so in geology no species or genus is found parted by a geological epoch; that is to say, it has not come into existence twice.

The geographical distribution of animals and plants is mainly dependent on two causes, namely, the changes to which the earth's surface has been exposed, and climatal changes; alternate cold and warm periods, which cold and warm periods were owing to the combined effects of the precession of the equinoxes and of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit: the epoch of cold being aided, in Mr. Belt's opinion, by increased obliquity of the ecliptic, which would extend the width of the polar regions.

In regard to alterations in the earth's surface, the better opinion is that our continents and oceans have been in the main permanent and stable throughout all geological time; but they have undergone various and wonderful modifications in detail. Every square mile of earth has been again and again under water; inland seas have been formed and afterward filled up with sediment, so that now only the trained eye can detect where they once existed; the continents have been crossed by arms of the sea, isolating portions of them for varying intervals; and the effect of these repeated changes on animal life must have been very great. To adapt themselves to new conditions, the species of the organic world—driven from one region to another—have been slowly changing in form, and these changes and migrations are everywhere revealed in the actual distribution of the species,

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as well as in the testimony of the rocks, which preserve for us their fossil remains.

Undoubtedly the true explanation of many remote geographical affinities is that they date back to a time when the parent group had a wider distribution; groups now broken up were once continuous; fragmentary forms are only the relics of once widespread types; and the more widely the fragments are scattered, the more ancient was the ancestral group.

Thus the marsupials, at present confined to the Australian region and to America, are connected by forms which had spread over Europe and Asia before the close of Eocene times, during which epoch, probably, Australia became an island. America, no doubt, got its marsupials from the Old World by way of the land-bridge at Behring's Straits, although it was a much later migration, for no trace of marsupials appears in the New World before the Post-pliocene age. At an early period the land connection with Australia was cut off and has never since been restored, while long afterwards the northern route between the eastern and western hemispheres at Behring's Straits was destroyed. The marsupials are, therefore, an old-world group, which, though long extinct in its birthplace, has survived in widely divided parts of the globe; the original type undergoing a special development—in the one case (the opossum) to a life suited to an arboreal existence; in the other, to a life adapted to hot, waterless plains. Nor could there be any better evidence of the long isolation of Australia than the great variety of its living marsupials (so different in species from its ancient, fossil ones), as well as the almost entire absence there of animals met with in other parts of the globe. In Australia we have the great kangaroo; the kangaroo rat; the native cat—the smallest not bigger than a mouse, the biggest as big as a wolf; the tasmanian tiger, looking very like a dog, and sometimes called the zebra wolf; the native ant-eater; the beautiful flying opossum, so like the flying squirrel of North America; and the tarsipes, not larger than a mouse, with an extensile tongue, for it is a true honey-sucker. All these are marsupials. But, besides them, we meet in Australia with two of the strangest of existing mammals, viz., the ornithorhynchus, or duck-mole, and the echidna, or native hedge-hog. They are oviparous or egg-laying monotremes, which burrow underground and have points of affinity to birds and reptiles. Formerly they were classed as marsupials. Let us add to them a new marsupial, which is also a monotreme, discovered only last year in Central Australia. It has a small head and rounded snout,

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shielded above by two horny plates, one behind the other. The skin is not perforated for eyes, which consist merely of two tiny black pigmented points. The tail is hairless like an opossum's, and ends in a button. It is an insect-eater, and in general appearance resembles a cape mole. Its marsupial character is revealed by a well-marked pouch bordering the lactiferous area, and no external genital organs are visible. None of the natives, except one old woman, had ever seen such a creature before, and if this specimen be not the very last one in existence, we may safely say it belongs to a genus which is very nearly extinct.

The tapir, which now inhabits only South America and the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, first appeared, like the marsupials, in Europe in the early portion of the Eocene epoch. But it was not until the following epoch—the miocene—that the tapir appeared in North America. Here, however, it seems to have become extinct, only to migrate anew from Europe and Asia at a much later time, and it was this last migration which penetrated into South America. We see, therefore, that the tapir, like the marsupials, had once a far broader distribution, and that, like them, it no longer exists in that part of the world where its remotest known ancestor first showed itself.

The lemurs, whose headquarters are now in the continental Island of Madagascar, had also, like the tapirs and marsupials, their ancestors in Europe: and here let us say that *the best evidence points to the northern hemisphere as the ancestral home of all the orders of mammals.* It seems at first puzzling that this great island, a thousand miles long, whose extraordinary fauna was evidently mainly derived from the neighboring continent of Africa (the presence of mammals on islands is a clear indication that the islands have been united to a continent), should yet be wanting in all the larger and higher African forms. This curious fact may be explained by the connection of Madagascar with the mainland during early Eocene times, when lemurs, as fossil remains testify, abounded in Europe, and when there was more than one isthmus across the Mediterranean over which these primitive mammals made their way into Africa. But the several land-bridges leading from Europe to the southern continent appear to have been submerged for a period, and when they rose again above the water Madagascar's connection with Africa had been broken, so that it was not possible for the higher mammals, which now for the first time penetrated into Africa, to reach the island. That during the epoch following the Eocene a part of Africa was isolated from Asia and Europe by an uninterrupted

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sea from the Bay of Bengal to the Atlantic, is indicated by the marine deposits found in the Sahara and scattered far to the eastward through Arabia and Persia. It is possible that when Madagascar formed part of the mainland of Africa it was also united with India by a vast region now buried in the Indian Ocean, and to which some naturalists have given the name of Limuria.

But the better opinion is that Limuria never existed. It may very well be, however, that in a former age several large islands—Mr. Wallace says perhaps not inferior to Madagascar itself—did extend from near Madagascar to Southern India.

These ancient islands may now be represented by Bourbon, Mauritius, Rodriguez, and other smaller islets, as well as by the extensive shoals and coral reefs such as always indicate subsidence. Nor is it at all unlikely that these detached masses of land, at present either entirely submerged or whose highest points only rise above the water, were the means by which the ostrich-like bird, æpyornis, now extinct, got to Madagascar from India. For we know that birds of this family are good swimmers, the rhea having been seen battling with the waves as it passed from one headland to another off the coast of Patagonia. And this reminds us of the singular toothed bird, hesperornis regalis, from the cretaceous beds of the West, which Professor Marsh has declared to have been a carnivorous swimming ostrich.

In Madagascar the æpyornis found small but active carnivorous animals to struggle against, and through its struggles with these enemies, in which the smaller, weaker birds succumbed, its size and its strength increased until in time it developed into a most formidable bird. But in the other large islands, which Mr. Wallace supposes to have existed, there were no carnivoras, no enemies to molest the birds that settled on them; and hence through undisturbed repose and disuse of their wings there arose, in the course of ages, a race of birds incapable of flight, viz., the dodo and the solitaire. They were allied to the pigeons, and a few of them still lingered on Mauritius, Bourbon, and Rodriguez when these islands were settled by man about two centuries ago. But the introduction of cats and dogs soon exterminated them.

It can hardly be doubted that had the supposed continent of Limuria ever existed, such wingless birds would never have been developed, for the first birds coming to Limuria would have found enemies such as the æpyornis found in Madagascar, and they would have had plenty of use for their wings. That the dodo and solitaire were really abortions from a more perfect type

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is shown by their having possessed a keeled sternum. Wallace maintains that the use of wings on such islands as these birds inhabited would have been absolutely prejudicial; for the birds that flew up into trees to roost, or tried to fly across a river or bay, would have run many chances of being blown out to sea, especially during the hurricanes which sweep over the Indian Ocean.

Let us here observe that analogous, though quite distinct, forms of wingless birds exist in New Zealand, where carnivorous enemies are equally wanting, although we know of no birds so utterly helpless as the dodo and solitaire.

The ancestral ostrich type, like the marsupials, tapirs, and lemurs, at one time no doubt spread over a great part of Europe. We know that ostrich remains have been found in the Eocene deposits of Europe. It was probably exterminated in its birth-place when the higher carnivora appeared. But in Africa, South America, and Australia, where some of the birds had migrated, they found no enemies, for the carnivorous animals had not yet invaded those parts of the globe; and they were able to develop into special forms adapted to surrounding conditions. But the great size, strength, and speed of the ostrich, rhea, and emu were later modifications, brought about by their struggles with the enemies who in time came to molest them.

The cases of affinity between widely separated species of fresh-water fishes, such as the shovel-nose sturgeons and a few others, is to be attributed either to the survival of once wide-spread groups, or to wide-spread marine types having become adapted to a fresh-water existence; while the comephorus of Lake Baikal in Asia, so distinctly allied to the mackerels, and which Wallace calls one of the special peculiarities of distribution, surely indicates that marine fishes can become modified to a life in fresh water.

The fact that the ceratodus exists to-day only in Australia, while its remains have been found fossil in Europe and America, might lead us to suppose a change in the distribution of land and water. But a closer study of this extraordinary fish, which furnishes the most marked instance of persistence in the whole range of the vertebrates, affords good evidence that the ancestral members of the genus were of an oceanic character.

Plants being longer lived specifically than animals, do not so easily become extinct through changes in geography or climate, and moreover, as we have said, their seeds are broadly scattered by the wind and by birds. We therefore find few botanical

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groups whose allies are separated from them by great distances. The interesting fact that the plants peculiar to the Galapagos Islands have a decided affinity to the plants of Mexico, Wallace explains by the past history of the American continent; its separation by arms of the sea at Panama; and when the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were united, a portion of the Gulf Stream would very likely have swept into the Pacific and on its current the seeds of these Mexican plants may have been floated to the Galapagos.

The marked difference between the animal and plant life of Florida and of the Bahamas, although separated by only fifty miles, is to be explained by each having had a different history. The fauna and flora of the Bahamas, so similar to that of Cuba, is essentially West Indian, and descends from the time when these islands, as well as nearly all the West Indian islands, as soundings indicate, formed part of South America; at which time there was not much of Florida in existence. The difference between the fauna of Lombok and that of Bali, in the Malay archipelago, is owing to the fact that the Island of Bali, as the shallow sea indicates, belongs to Asia and was peopled by Asiatic types; while Lombok, only fifteen miles distant, belongs to the Australian region; the boundary line between the two being a narrow but very deep channel.

And now to repeat what we have already said, the present distribution of animals and plants has been mainly brought about by changes in the climate and geography of the earth. Nor could there be a better evidence of climatic change than the fact that at one time poplars, birches, hazels, elms, and the swamp-cypress flourished in Grinnell Land within eight and one-quarter degrees of the pole, as well as the discovery in Yorkshire, England, of the remains of the hippopotamus. This period of warmth was followed by a period of cold, called the Glacial epoch; and it was in order to escape from the deep snow and the glaciers which were slowly burying Europe—and which, if astronomers are correct, lasted, with mild intervals, for almost two hundred thousand years—that the elephants, antelopes, and monkeys, which then inhabited Europe, passed south into Africa over the several land-bridges at that time uniting the two continents. Soundings indicate that one of these land-bridges connected Italy with Tunis, and another connected Gibraltar with Morocco. The former isthmus is to-day from three hundred to twelve hundred feet under water, while the Mediterranean to the east and west of it falls in some places to more than thirteen thousand feet. The sub-

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merged bank at the Straits of Gibraltar is now covered by one thousand feet of water. When the glacial epoch finally came to an end, probably between fifty and a hundred thousand years ago, these land-bridges had disappeared, and the animals we have mentioned were not able to return to their old haunts in Europe. But we find to-day the remains of three extinct species of elephants in Malta, two of which are pigmy species only five feet high when adult; and strange to say, an ape still inhabits the rock of Gibraltar, similar in species to the Barbary ape on the opposite coast.

But the cold period was not confined to Europe. Marks of glacial action may be seen in many parts of North America. Mr. Thomas Belt, a good authority, believes that the huge boulders, three thousand feet above the sea, near Ocotal, Nicaragua, were carried there by glaciers. Professor Hartt, in *Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil*, has found glacial drift and true moraines from Patagonia all through Brazil to Pernambuco; while the most extensive plateau in South Africa bears unmistakable evidence of ice action. But if this be true—if, as the author of *The Glacial Period in North America* maintains, the cold was simultaneous in both hemispheres—we may well ask, What became of animal and plant life? where did it go to find a refuge? Let Mr. Belt answer:

"I believe that there was much extermination during the glacial period, that many species and some genera—as, for instance, the American horse—did not survive it, and that some of the great gaps that now exist in natural history were then made, but that a refuge was found for many species on lands now below the ocean, that were uncovered by the lowering of the sea caused by the immense quantity of water that was locked up in frozen masses on the land."

Mr. Alfred Tylor, in the *Geological Magazine*, vol. ix., believes that the ice cap of this period must have caused the sea to fall at least six hundred feet. But Mr. Belt calculates that an ice cap existing in both hemispheres at the same time, and reaching almost to the equator, would have lowered the level of the sea not less than two thousand feet. There are certainly many facts tending to prove that at the height of the glacial epoch the land all over the world stood much higher above the water than it does now.

The Azores might then have formed the summit of an extensive plain, stretching a thousand miles from east to west; and Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, and the Bahamas would have been united with each other, as well as joined to Yucatan and Venezuela.

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In the East Indies, too, many islands would have been formed into one, and it was perhaps now that the tapir found his way to Borneo and Sumatra. And in these regions, happily laid bare by the sea, animals and plants may have been able to exist. But by-and-by the ice age ended. And now, if we may believe Mr. Belt, something awful happened that has never been forgotten—a cataclysm of which a dim tradition has come down to us through the ages.

Plato tells of Atlantis having been swallowed up in one day and one night by the ocean; and in the *Teo Amoxtli*, translated by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, we read of a country overwhelmed by the sea, out of which thunder and lightning issued: "The mountains were sinking and falling when the great Deluge happened."

Is the story told by Plato in Europe and by the Indians in America altogether to be despised? Atlantis may well have been the broad plain of the Azores, and the engulfed regions mentioned in the *Teo Amoxtli* may have been the uncovered lands in the area now included in the West Indies. When the ancient snow and the glaciers of thousands of years began to melt and flow down off the continents, an enormous body of water must have poured into the ocean, and many a low land, teeming with life, may have been drowned in the almost world-wide inundation. And the Flood may have been accompanied by numerous rendings of the earth's crust, and by volcanic upheavals of unparalleled fury, owing to the great transference of weight from the poles toward the equator. Indeed, an actual change in the earth's centre of gravity may have occurred. But whether or no we agree with Mr. Belt's views of what took place when the glacial epoch ended, these views are not so improbable.

And now let us conclude by saying that if we accept the latest results of geological and palæontological science; if we make use of the key which the theory of descent with modification furnishes us; and if we study the various ocean depths, which may point to a former union of islands with continents, we shall be able to solve very many of the puzzling problems of natural history.

WILLIAM SETON.

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THE FIRST CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF SPAIN.

I.

FOR about ten or twelve years past lamentable divisions among Catholic publicists have existed in our country. Some were partisans of the dynasty restored with Alphonso XII.; others sided with the Carlist cause, which since 1833 has been represented by three Carloses in as many civil wars; the latter were most implacably opposed to any compromise whatever with liberal principles, while the former favored partial tolerance. As these contentions found expression in the press and were warmly advocated by either side, the cause of religion suffered serious detriment; the bonds of charity were loosened, main questions were left aside for the sake of secondary ones, and the common foe improved the opportunity of these discords to resume their assaults against the pope, the church, and Christian truth.

This sad state of things occasioned general sorrow. There was need of a powerful, authoritative, and energetic hand to restore unity, and a clear voice to call forth from the depths of this ever faithful land those rich fountains of living water which in times past had made Spain the privileged soil of Christianity.

With this end in view, the wise Bishop of Madrid conceived the idea of a great Catholic congress, at which all the Catholics of Spain should meet by their representatives, and in which they would undertake in common the task of defending the interests of religion, and agree upon the most efficacious means for the moral reform of society.

The same prelate, with the assistance of competent persons, drew up rules and regulations, which were published on the 15th of last October. By these he convoked the congress for the 24th of April of this year, and indicated the topics for its discussions. In order to proceed methodically, six sections were established: the first to discuss clerical matters and ecclesiastical censorship; the second, those of a scientific nature; the third, those relative to teaching; the fourth, those connected with charity; the fifth, those relative to literature, arts, and the press; and the sixth, questions concerning the management of the congress, precedence, reception, and attendance of its members. In accordance with

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these rules, the routine of the congress was placed under the direction of a central committee composed of members residing in Madrid, and chosen by the bishop of that diocese, assisted by the representatives of the other prelates of Spain and by the heads of the different sections. Members of the congress were either titular or honorary. The former were to take an active part in the deliberations, and the latter to support and help the congress with their personal or social influence, with donations, subscriptions, and in any other possible manner.

Article XIX. of the Rules provided that during the public sittings of the congress neither discussion nor controversy should be allowed, and only those were permitted to speak who had obtained from the central committee a right to the floor, in order either to present some of the indicated scientific theses, or to read some memoir or a brief relation concerning some work or institution of general utility from a religious or a social standpoint. General discussion was to be confined to the meetings of the sections or large committees hereafter described. In order, also, to prevent the public sittings from being too lengthy, forty-five minutes was the maximum of time allowed for the presenting of a thesis, and fifteen minutes for the reading of a paper or statement. In order to insure the doctrinal purity of matters laid before the congress, all were to be submitted beforehand to the inspection of the central committee.

Such, briefly stated, was the organization of the congress recently held in Madrid, and which will mark an epoch in the religious history of Spain during the present century. The following is a summary of the subjects for study and debate allotted to each section.

The first had in charge to consider the most efficacious means in our day for reviving and sustaining the Catholic faith in the people; to ascertain what religious orders and associations are best adapted to spread piety and secure the frequentation of the sacraments among the laboring classes; to devise a permanent system for the protection of the ministers of religion from calumny; to find ways to spread a knowledge of and promote the works of Peter Pence, the Propagation of the Faith, and the Holy Childhood, also for providing for the needs of convents of nuns and of poor churches in Spain; for promoting the observance of feast days and of the precept of fasting, and to secure to the dying the reception of the last sacraments; to devise means for practically obtaining for the church its rights in regard to cemeteries, and particularly of that of denying Christian burial in cases

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that call for it; to consider what are the duties of Catholics in the matter of the temporal sovereignty and independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the best way to fulfil them; also the expediency of having a Catholic centre for the organization of congresses, pilgrimages to Rome, the Holy Land, and the most celebrated shrines in Spain; the best way to encourage vocations to the priesthood, secure maintenance of the clergy, and the exemption of seminarians from military service; and, finally, the advantages to be obtained by getting up every two years statistics about the condition of the Catholic Church in other countries.

The second section had in charge the consideration of the subject of science in its relation to the teachings of the church, and of the refutation of certain theories which are in opposition to the latter.

The third had in charge to formulate rules for the better defining of the respective rights of church and state, and to demonstrate in what respect those of the former are at present suffering detriment; to show how far rights of parents in the matter of the education and instruction of their children are infringed upon by existing laws, and what measures are needed to remedy existing wrongs in that respect; to consider the rights of Catholic educational institutions and the supervisory power of the church in educational matters, also the best way to give effect to Article II. of the Concordat; to determine what standard schools under secular direction should have in order to entitle them to be considered Catholic; what is needed for the promotion of Catholic Sunday-schools and catechism classes; and for the Christian training of women desirous of following teaching or some other professional career.

Section four had in charge to report on charitable institutions at present existing in Spain; on present obstacles in the way of their prosperity and usefulness; on the condition, moral and physical, of the laboring classes; on institutions intended for their benefit and advancement; on objections to the labor of women and children in great centres of production, and on other matters for the betterment of wage-earners; and about the share of effort which Spain is called upon to take for the abolition of slavery in the interior of the African continent.

Section five had in charge to consider subjects connected with the cultivation and development of literature and the stage; with archæology and Christian art and architecture, and their application to wants present and future; proper religious music and the Gregorian chant; the duties of Catholic writers in regard to the

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church, with the evil effects resulting from giving publicity in the press to duels, suicides, and the perpetration of great crimes; the management of the Catholic press, and the means to be adopted for its extension.

Section six had specially in charge needful arrangements relative to the holding of the congress.*

II.

As every Catholic periodical in Madrid is affiliated with some political party or other, the bishop thought it proper that none of them should be entrusted with the task of officially representing the congress as its organ in the Spanish press. He accordingly started a paper for that special purpose under the title of *The Catholic Movement.* The first number appeared on the 27th of last October, containing an appeal to Spanish Catholics closing with the following words: "The editors of *The Catholic Movement,* which has been founded to expound the ideas of the congress, remove suspicions, prejudices, and animosities, and to defend the Papacy in its spiritual as well as its temporal power, entertain the hope that they will have the active support of Spanish Catholics in this creditable and very honorable undertaking. They consequently hope that when the hour comes for the opening of the congress, when they will see themselves amidst a large concourse of people, congregated around our prelates, blessed by the Holy Pontiff, all will be prompted to exclaim: 'Behold our beloved Spain awakened from her lethargy, shaking off her indifference, and crushing in her robust hands the viper of discord! We are still worthy to be the favorite sons of the Mother of God; we once more show that we are Catholics by our own free choice; again we can claim to form the vanguard of that Christian army which will free the Vatican prisoner from the power of his enemies, and restore to him, besides his freedom, the entire and majestic splendor of his sacred dignity.'" In its first number the organ began to publish the names of promoters of the congress, and kept the list open until it had assembled, when it was found to foot up fifteen hundred names, a greater number than ever before recorded for any Catholic Congress held in Europe.

The central committee, as soon as organized, on the 19th of December, forwarded to His Holiness Leo XIII. a message ending

* This summary does scant justice to the clearness, comprehensiveness, and thoroughness with which the topics referred to were drawn up.

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with these words: "We proclaim ourselves determined to unite our efforts and desires with those of all the other faithful in the Catholic world, in order to claim the independence of the illustrious successor of St. Peter; because we believe that there is not a member of the great Christian family who can enjoy tranquillity of conscience and security in the profession of his faith as long as the beloved Father and the Supreme Pastor of that family remains under duress, the vassal of a foreign power." It is unnecessary to state the welcome which the congress received from the Holy See. The letter of Cardinal Rampolla to the Bishop of Madrid, under date of August 31, is as enthusiastic and eulogistic as could be desired. The Holy Father showed himself exceedingly pleased with the undertaking, and looked forward to great benefits from it for Spain and for the church.

As regards the Spanish episcopate, they all adhered to the plan of their eminent brother of Madrid, and in the "bulletins" of their respective dioceses they advocated it and brought to it numerous and enthusiastic adherents. The Bishop of Madrid arranged that the public sittings should be held in one of the finest churches of this capital, which was properly prepared and decorated; the Municipal Council, despite its liberalistic character and the affiliation of its members with Masonry, having co-operated in the work of decoration, so great was the influence and prestige of the venerable bishop. Finally, the central committee resolved that a medal commemorative of the holding of the congress should be struck; and as this work was entrusted to a good artist, the result is a beautiful work of art. On its face is an engraved cross and two palms with artistically interwoven branches, and this inscription: "*Et fiat unum ovile et unus pastor*"; and on the reverse: "*Primer Congreso Catolico nacional, celebrado en Madrid, en la iglesia de S. Jerónimo, siendo pontifice S.S. Leon XIII., en* 24 *de Abril, de* 1889." *

Having thus disposed of the preliminaries of the congress, we must now take up the subject of its sessions, premising that the result has been beyond the brightest hopes, and that the first Catholic congress of Spain opens a new era of progress and triumph for religion in our country. Having been convoked under circumstances apparently unfavorable, it has really proved a great success. A few months sufficed for all needed preparations, the bishop having himself superintended the entire undertaking.

* First Catholic National Congress, held in Madrid, in the Church of St. Jerome, during the Pontificate of Leo XIII., on the 24th of April, 1889.

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III.

The church in which the public sittings were held was decorated with remarkable taste. The walls were hung with rich tapestries and banners, and were adorned with the escutcheons of Spain and the Pope; spacious galleries were erected; the floors were richly carpeted, and the *ensemble* was magnificent.

On the 23d of April, at three P.M., a preparatory session was held under the presidency of the aged Cardinal Benavides, assisted by thirteen prelates. In the morning a general Communion was received by the titulary members, a solemn High Mass was celebrated in the cathedral, at which the nuncio of His Holiness officiated, and a sermon was preached on the importance and aims of the congress by the secretary of the nuncio, Monsignor Almavar, archpriest of the diocese. In the afternoon the session was largely attended, there being more than one thousand members present. It opened by sending a telegram to Rome expressing devotedness to His Holiness. After a brief speech of the venerable president, many enthusiastic despatches of adherence were read. Then the hours for meeting and the duration of the public sittings, eight in number, were settled, and the places where the different sections were to meet selected. When these and other minor details of organization were disposed of the session closed with lively cheers for Spain and the Pope-King. Let us now take up the account of the proceedings at the public sessions.

IV.

The appeal of the venerable Bishop of Madrid had been responded to by eminent writers ready to develop the theses submitted to the consideration of the congress. It was noticed with pleasure that among them were learned professors of the official universities, especially of that of Madrid. The papers submitted were many and good. A committee appointed to that end selected those which were to be read at the public sessions. The aggregate of said writings form a monument of Christian science. Theodicy, moral laws, political economy, civil law, history, literature, and art—in fact, human knowledge in a variety of branches—furnished the material for excellent productions. At no time in the present century have Catholic writers made so creditable a

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display of their learning. It has now been made evident that in Spain Catholics have the lead as regards science and literature. The unbelievers make more noise, display more activity, but they prove shams in the end. To get at solid knowledge on all manner of subjects, recourse must be had to learned Christian men.

The congress held its first public session on the 24th, at three P.M. Two hours in advance multitudes of persons belonging to the most distinguished social circles began to repair to the church, converted, as we have said, into a hall of assembly. More than two thousand people were gathered together within its spacious walls. The aspect of the platform was most imposing. Cardinal Benavides presided, having eight bishops on each side of him. It looked like a council of the church.

After the session had been opened, a numerous choir sang without accompaniment the hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost. Then the cardinal-president delivered an eloquent speech, duly explaining the importance and significance of the congress just inaugurated, its eminently Catholic character, the results it was expected to accomplish for the triumph of the church, for the reform of manners, the development of sound studies, and the glory of Spain. Enthusiastic applause greeted the words of the illustrious cardinal. In conformity with the decisions arrived at in the preparatory meetings, that at each of the public sessions three addresses were to be delivered and two papers read, the president called for the opening address by Señor Sanchez de Castro, professor of literature in the University of Madrid, who read a most eloquent discourse on the theme, "The Roman Pontiff should now and for ever possess temporal power as a guarantee for the free discharge of his apostolic duties." The numerous audience listened with an enthusiasm which showed itself by constant applause during the address, which abounded with historical facts, profound thought, and incontrovertible arguments. It was followed by another and an eminently practical one delivered by the young Marquis of Solana, in which he set forth a permanent system for the defence and vindication of priests and religious orders against the hatred and calumnies to which they are subjected. It is hardly necessary to add that the address met with the applause which it so well deserved.

Of the two papers read at this session, one was on the origin, development, charitable work, and general condition of the Community of the Servants of Mary, by the Rev. P. Minguella, an Augustinian; the other was on the Congregation of the Brothers

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of St. Teresa of Jesus, by Señor Olivares y Biác, vice-secretary of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice. Both congregations are Spanish, of modern creation, have had a rapid growth, and are among those which recommend themselves by the good results they accomplish.

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL.

Madrid, May 1, 1889.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAT EST VIXISSE.

I.

To have lived!
To have felt a quickened beat
Of the heart in spring;
To have known that something sweet
Moved the birds to sing;
To have seen dim waves of heat
O'er a field of green retreat!

II.

To have found the hiding-place
Of the wild-wood rose;
To have held, a little space,
Any flower that grows;
To have known a moment's grace
Looking in a loved one's face.
To have lived, to have lived!

III.

Still, doth it suffice alone
That the world is fair?
O'er what fields have these hands sown?
Are they gold or bare?
And though all the flowers are flown,
If to God my heart is known,
Then shall I in truth be shown
How to live, why to live!

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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MONSIEUR DUVAL'S LOUIS QUATORZE.

I.

THE lusty negro hucksters, of beggarly rags and imperial gait, who swarm the streets of an old Southern town, saw a pretty sight early one morning, when they paused in front of a small shop to ask coaxingly, "Any nice berries dis mornin', my missus?" It was a slender girl, dark-haired and dark-eyed, the creamy tint of her clear skin set off by a gown of dull blue stuff and a black velvet ribbon around her throat. She stood on tip-toe to reach a lump of sugar to her canary overhead, and, with red lips puckered, whistled clearly and melodiously several bars of an operetta, to which the bird listened with his head on one side and the depreciating air of a professional critic. Then she looked up and down the narrow, winding colonial Main Street, where the sun was just gilding the slanting roofs of shingle opposite. An unusually energetic native, hose in hand, was watering the ground in front of his place. The odor of moist soil came to her with a breath of violets from a fruiterer's stand near by. "Ah, the delicious air!" she said with a half-sigh of contentment; "I am glad we came here." In the meantime an elderly and obtrusively bow-legged darky had taken down the shutters from the one window, and there was disclosed a wonderful assortment of curls, wigs, and toys for the head, with an array of pins and poking-sticks of steel such as Autolycus never dreamed of. The crash of a falling shutter brought the girl's thoughts back to practical matters, and, with smiling response to the negro's "Mornin', missus," she tied on a white apron with a charming air of business, and presently disappeared, seeming to take with her half of the delicious freshness and fragrance of the Southern spring-time.

If Hudson Longwood, clerk in a wholesale hardware store, had not slept too late this same morning, he would not have needed to depart from the hereditary, leisurely step which usually took him, with due punctuality, into the uncertain light of his employer's countenance. Nor would he, in his unwonted haste, have nearly upset a lady into the gutter, and, just escaping this, have carromed into the arms of a man who stood half-in and half-out of a door-way on Main Street. "I beg your pardon," said he with that fulness of courtesy which in an age of haste has

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come to be thought provincial. The man, not answering, reeled from the shock and fell slowly backward. Longwood hastily caught him, and was then conscious of a velvet coat sleeve and a curious hardness and heaviness, and, looking into his victim's face, encountered only the unresentful stare of a pair of glass eyes gazing fixedly out of a waxen face. The young fellow's ears crimsoned warmly with the instant confusion of a man without humor at such a mistake. But no fleering, gibing youth of his acquaintance chanced to be passing; and inside the shop was no one more formidable than a dark-haired girl, who stepped quietly from behind the counter and, without a trace of the smile which he dreaded, helped him to steady the assaulted effigy on its mysterious foundation. "There is no harm," she assured him, in very pretty English, with just the faintest foreign accent. "It is only papa's Louis Quatorze. He has often the compliment of being mistaken for a person."

Ordinarily the youth's very practical mind would have revolted at this statement, in view of the dummy's preposterous simper, amazing curled and powdered wig, embroidered coat, and gilt snuff-box, held stiffly forth in one waxen hand. But how could he doubt any fact so soothing to awkwardness, and so sensibly cooling to overheated ears? Besides, he had but a moment for hurried excuses. Such other incoherencies as: "Pretty girl"; "What shop is that?—must be a hair-dresser's"; "Who the deuce is 'papa'? and why does he call his dummy 'Louis Quatorze'?" —may have afterwards winged their slow way through his mind, but were soon put to flight by a busy day with Steele & Co.

It was only when strolling homeward in the dusk, scissors and knives, shovels and tongs, weights, chains, and similar objects of art well off his mind, that the morning's incident recurred to him. "A. Duval, Artist," he read from the hair-dresser's sign. "What does 'artist' mean—a barber? Why, that's Hatton's place, that's been vacant so long"; with that intimate knowledge of others' affairs, and altruistic interest in them, less common in large cities or where the thinker's mind is devoted to generalities, glittering or otherwise. "I heard he had a stranger, a little Frenchman, for a tenant. I guess he'll get the rent of the off months out of him. Ah! here's my friend, the dummy." But Louis Quatorze's glassy stare steadily ignored any previous scuffling acquaintance with him, and likewise the present attentions of various dusky little shoe-blacks.

"Das Mass Linkum w'en he git ole," said one, "an' he hair dun tu'n w'ite."

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"You fool, boy!" was the retort courteous of another; "das a juke! 'Tis on'y a juke kin hab all dat gole on de coat." If they had confined themselves to admiring comments all would have been well, but shortly one of them laid a sacrilegious hand on the ribbon of no particular order worn by Monsieur Duval's anointed; and out came a small man with white hair and mustache, and fierce black eyes, who swore thrice, emphatically, in his own language. Over his shoulder looked another pair of eyes, a little anxious but half-laughing. Longwood, turning suddenly on his heel, dispersed the shoe-blacks by pointing out an approaching policeman, and went in.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said Monsieur Duval, effusively. "I find them fatiguing, the street-boys here, the small negroes. They lay hands on my admirable figure, my Louis Quatorze."

"It might be well," said Longwood, practically, "to take the dummy in. Then your customers could admire it as well, and it would not bother you with a crowd of boys. It's rather uncommon here—so very fine, you know."

"He is fine," assented M. Duval; "he is of inestimable value. He has been with me for years. All the way from France he has come. If you think he will be safer in-doors I shall keep him here," clearing out an available corner for him. "Monsieur is most kind. Can I do anything for him?"

"Some—some hair-pins, I believe," vaguely.

"Josephine, my daughter, some hair-pins for monsieur."

Longwood now, with what he thought to be deep artfulness, appeared for the first time to perceive the young girl. On her part she met his glance with sudden recognition, and the gleam of amusement she had carefully avoided showing in the morning. Spreading before him various little packages, taken from a glass case, she said, smiling:

"Your interest in Louis, monsieur, is doubtless in amends for your attempt at revolution this morning. You would not see the sovereign insulted whom you tried to depose." Her little jest was wasted on a rather obtuse youth; but her pretty smile was not so, nor her soft voice, nor the graceful turn of her head. His unconsciously intent look caused her to assume a certain formality.

"Will these suit monsieur?"

"Oh!—ah!—quite well," stammering; "and if they should not please—ahem!—my mother?"

"They may be exchanged, without doubt."

Monsieur Duval, who had now finished arranging Louis

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Quatorze to his satisfaction, stepped back with an enthusiastic: "My faith! he looks well there in the shady corner. His Majesty is in no one's way now. It is an improvement, on the word of Aristide François Marie Duval!" His daughter smiled in sympathy, and the young fellow lingered an instant. Whatever may have been his idea on entering, it was, in some subtle way, clear to him now that circumstances here were not favorable to what he would have vaguely and ingenuously termed "a good time" with a pretty saleswoman. If he had needed further proof of this, it was given in the courteous bow which seemed to dismiss him.

When he reached his home the family tea was progressing; a meal which in this most conservative of towns sturdily holds its own against the late dinner of the rest of the world. His mother looked up at him from the head of the table with pitying eyes, and a habitual nervous touch of her thin hands to the widow's cap she wore. "At work until now, my poor boy? How tired you must be! I suppose it is too much to expect of a Mr. Steele that he should have any softness for others." This with the restrained contempt she showed, in his absence, for her son's employer. It seemed to her a cruel injustice of Fate that this "nobody from nowhere," as she had described him to an intimate, a mere capitalist, an English mechanic originally, should hold in thrall, for a consideration, the son of Colonel Longwood, the grandson of Judge Longwood.

"My dear Sue," she had said that very day to the same intimate, who was Hudson's godmother, "I never fully realized the contrast between former days and these until I went once into the place where Hudson works. There I found my poor boy"—her voice breaking and large tears suffusing her eyes—"my son, Hudson, on his knees before an iron machine, rubbing it"—very slowly and solemnly—"with an oiled cloth! Can you imagine it, Sue?"

"Maria, I can imagine it," replied Sue, divided between sympathy and a desire to laugh. "But Henry has a better place, you said?"

"Henry has just obtained one of the city offices. It seems too bad when those places go to people one never heard of before the war. Our own people, who have nothing now, ought to be provided for."

"I would not say so, if I were you," dryly commented Sue, otherwise Mrs. Willard. She had not an exalted opinion of Henry's parts, and she had lived now for some years in a metro-

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polis, where life is viewed from a broader plane than in her girlhood's home.

"One must not even talk freely these days, it seems," sighed Mrs. Longwood; "we did not care, nor even know, before the war."

"My dear Maria," interrupted Sue briskly, "you remember I was here for some time after the close of the war, and can bear witness to much heroism in endurance. But, after all, the present is the present. I am told," with a laugh, "that Sarah Hawkins remarked the other day that she had had nothing to eat since the war, and you know she is very, very stout."

Echoes of this dialogue may have been still sounding in Mrs. Longwood's ears; for she said, absently, as she handed Hudson his second cup of tea: "I am sure I have never had cause to doubt the existence of Providence; for never has a Longwood, no, nor a Hudson, wanted for bread!" The inferential humor of this, that the mere commonplace starvation of Smith or Jones should never tempt one to agnosticism, was unperceived by her sons, who, after a reverential pause of adhesion to her sentiment, went on with their discussion of country sports. Henry's animated account of a recent visit to an uncle's small river plantation, the only one left in the family, was heard with the interest common to men who have spent much of their boyhood in the country. The elder brother was, in contrast to Hudson, a very rapid talker, running his words together; which, with local peculiarities of pronunciation, such as "I wa'nt" for "was not"; "wite" for "white"; "cyart"; "gyarden," and "gyirl," made it sometimes difficult for a stranger to follow him. Presently he went out; the mother moved away about some household task, and Hudson was left alone.

He walked restlessly in and out through the high-ceilinged, bare-looking rooms. The house, large and old, was built in the colonial style, a wide hall-way through the middle, broad piazzas to the south. The outer surroundings looked better by night than by day; the street, once fashionable, being very narrow and dark, and all around having sprung up dingy shanties and corner bar-rooms; from the water-side, not far off, coming often loud, quarrelling voices and odors of fish. In-doors, though carefully neat, the household gods were few in number, and noticeably ancient and forlorn. There was some handsome oak panelling in the parlor, which held further a few well-worn pieces of horse-hair covered furniture; a pair of heavy silver candlesticks, and some bits of finely carved ivory, overlooked probably

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by an invading army when collecting souvenirs of its Southern trip. A mahogany arm-chair, in which Lafayette once sat when visiting an ancestor, was still in evidence; as well as several family portraits, one with a bayonet-thrust in the corner, and some fine miniatures smiling, indifferent to the family vicissitudes. There had been trying times when, though deeming it sacrilege, Mrs. Longwood would almost have treated these last in Charles Surface's reckless fashion, but here they were still; and here were the old judge's books, unopened now by any one. Hudson thought, in an undecided way, of countless relatives whom it was his wont to visit evenings; and then, bringing a paper-covered volume from a table, sat down beside the student-lamp. It was some tale, perhaps by the "Duchess" or "Ouida," as those ladies shared between them what admiration a very practical mind had to bestow on literature. He presently leaned back, thinking idly of his mother's remark about Providence. As far as he was concerned, the past glories of his house were merely a fairy tale, having come to an end before he was born. He did not remember his distinguished grandfather, nor his less distinguished father, or, indeed, any one belonging to him, whose name might be used to conjure by. Since his birth, shortly before his father's death, black Care, before a clandestine visitor, had become an open and permanent dweller in the house. The handsome coach-horses, with plantations, slaves, plate and china, had long ago trotted away into nothingness. So had—strange, or possibly not strange, to relate—all taste, ambition, or culture beyond the ordinary. But he had kept through a long term of hard work and self-denial a fine simplicity, a single-minded honesty, a truthful directness, far more than ordinary. He took his square, sturdy form and pleasant, homely face across the moonlit piazza, down the steps leading into the garden. Here was contained all the poetry he knew or cared for in life. This blooming, luxuriant, old-fashioned Southern garden was his care, and his alone. It was he who dug and weeded, planted and watered, and reserved to himself the right of giving. He carefully cut now a glowing red rose, the first on the tree; then called across the low fence to a negro passing:

"That you, Abram?"

"Das me, Mass Hudson, sah; I jess comin', praise Gord! from de class-meetin'."

"What are you doing now?"

"I an't doin' nuttin', sah—dat's to say, studdy. I does odd jobs fur a French gemman, Mistah Joowal, on Main Street. I

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has de rheumaticks a good deal, Mass Hudson, an' my jugglin' wein's werry bad; but de Lord 'll purwide."

"He'll provide something strong for you, Abram, if you play off on Mr. Duval any of those tricks I've heard of from my uncle."

"Now, Mass Hudson, enty Mass Robert know, an' enty you know, dat de grace ob de Lawd hab straighten up my hah't—et he an't straighten my legs," in a lower tone.

"Keep straight, then; and here's a dime for tobacco."

He thought, as he went upward with his fragrant rose, that in a day or two he might exchange the package of hair-pins still in his pocket.

II.

It was, in fact, but three days after that Josephine Duval, singing softly to herself behind a lace curtain in the rear of the shop, while she manipulated, mermaid-wise, locks of golden hair, not growing, however, on her own shapely head, looked up at sound of a footstep, and murmured: "It is the Frondeur."

She pushed aside her little wooden frame, and stepped forward, politely attentive.

"The hair-pins I bought, Miss—Miss Duval, did not suit my mother. She likes them longer."

"But certainly," producing others.

"She asked me to get her a comb, you know—a comb for her back hair." He usually spoke the truth, but finding the descent to Avernus delightfully easy, this unhappy youth was preparing some other invention when, by good fortune, his eye fell on Louis Quatorze.

"Ah! does your father like the new place for him better?"

"For Louis Quatorze? But yes, thanks. The little blacks give no trouble now. I found them droll, but he did not. It surprises you, perhaps," with hesitation, "his care for that figure?"

Then responding to his interested look: "He brought it with him from Paris when we came to New York. It was all he had left from his beautiful place, on the Rue St. Anne, after the Communists smashed everything. He is Royalist, you know, and had his *clientèle* in the Faubourg, and he thought this figure had the grand air, and so—and so," half-laughing, "we have fallen into the way of calling it Louis Quatorze."

"From New York? You thought you might do better here?" tentatively, leaning on the glass case.

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"Oh! for example, no. But my father was hurt at the trenches, and it left his chest weak, and the early spring in the North was so bad for him, the doctor said. He did well there, and I have been at the convent in Canada always. But he is old now, my father, and must rest; and I learn affairs to be—I should say—a business woman."

"You are only two? You will not be lonely; or have you friends here?" His curiosity had but the masculine justification of her sweet voice, and dark eyes, and curved lips.

"It is lonely sometimes," with a wistful note. "We know no one, and I miss my friends so much, and papa his. But," cheerfully, "we have each other." Then bethinking herself that this was a stranger, and not knowing or accepting his justification, she handed him his purchase with her little conventual bow.

An excuse could readily be found for returning soon again. He discovered as an interesting historical fact that his mother had never worn a "back-comb" in her life. It must be exchanged. Josephine suggested some tortoise-shell pins, which proved to be somewhat higher in price.

"I would rather not go over that price. I am economical, you see," with a smile; adding, with entire simplicity, "I am obliged to be."

The girl quietly sought another trifle; but looking for the first time with something like interest at the young fellow she had heretofore found ugly, and even a little common in his gray business suit, she saw that his teeth at least were beautifully white and even, his eyes frankly respectful, and his figure well knit, if undersized.

"You see," he said, moved in unwonted fashion to talk freely, "I must practise economy for the people before me, who did not have to do it. You have studied, of course, about our civil war at the convent?"

"Certainly—yes."

"Well, my people were planters, and I was born after slaves and all were gone, and it has been hard times here ever since."

"But we are in sympathy!" she cried, opening wide her brown eyes. "It is just alike, the case. Papa, come here. It is Mr.?"—"Longwood"—"Longwood will interest you."

"A. Duval, Artist," had been reading his paper behind the lace curtain, but his soul was yearning for a sociable chat, as his daughter knew, and he came promptly.

"But it is precisely alike!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm,

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when he understood the subject. "Our fortunes have been the same. Just as the enemy ruined your plantations, houses and all, so was my beautiful studio on the Rue St. Anne destroyed by those beasts of Communists. Ah, monsieur! if you could have seen my plate-glass windows shattered on the pavement, and my flasks of hair-tonic, composed by myself! I have sold it to princesses! We are, truly, companions in misfortune!"

Hudson Longwood was sensible of much mental confusion as the old Frenchman stated this conviction. He had been educated to believe the material ruin of the house of Longwood and its like a stupendous fact unparalleled in history, except, perhaps, by the fall of the Roman Empire, or the undoing of the royal line of Stuart. And here was a French hair-dresser claiming brotherhood in misfortune! If it was true that to have been rich and proportionately influential, and to become poor and so obscure, was as momentously unpleasant for one human being as for another, then certain of his ideas would require readjustment. He wondered what his mother would think of these wild and whirling words; then his eyes falling on Josephine's piquant, softly-tinted face, he decided not to mention the subject to his mother for the present. Abram was now putting up the shutters for the night, but Monsieur Duval, enchanted to have an auditor, fitted by Lachesis herself to sympathize with him, suggested: "Fifine, my dove, perhaps monsieur would try a cigar with me in our little parlor."

The young man, with a poetic lightening which amazed himself, thought this "dove" more like a brilliant humming-bird, or one of his own fresh, dewy, deep red roses.

"I do not smoke," he replied, "but should enjoy a little more talk with Mr. Duval."

"You do not smoke? That is well; it is a bad habit," said the Frenchman, with the common easy approval of other people's abstinence from one's own small vices.

"Not because it is injurious," explained Longwood, unfortunately candid, as his mother considered him, "but I never had pocket-money as a boy to buy tobacco, and now I do not care for it."

"Very right, very right," said M. Duval, who had not heard him as he led the way through the tiny workshop, behind the curtain, into a small parlor in the rear, Josephine following after a few moments.

"How very pretty!" thought Longwood, entering the room, small, it is true, but very cheerful and cozy, after the large bare

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rooms to which he was accustomed. An engraving or two and a few aquarelles by Josephine herself brightened the walls. Her little sewing-table stood in one corner, her father's smoking-stand in another. The canary in his shining cage reposed after a day of song; a knot of violets stood in the long-stemmed vase under a marble Psyche, poised for flight on a bracket.

"You have a garden?" he asked Josephine.

"What you see," smilingly, pointing through the glass door, which opened on a square of grass with scarcely room for the traditional cat, and shaded by one large fig-tree. "Oh! the violets? I buy them sometimes from the fruiterer."

That, at least, he thought, might be remedied. She took out from a tiny buffet a foreign-looking straw-covered bottle of some very light wine, which, with glasses, she placed where her father could help himself and his guest. The evening was mild, and she wore a gown of creamy paleness and a touch of golden yellow at the throat. Her father talked about Paris and New York, Prussian and Communist; but what man with eyes in his head could listen with Josephine Duval moving about the room! As she sat down afterwards to some bit of work, Abram came in, reporting lights out in front and all closed. He was making his usual shuffling bow of good-night when Longwood asked him:

"Ever show Mr. Duval how you can jig, Abram? He used to be the best jig-dancer on my uncle's place once, Miss Duval."

"Mass Hudson," solemnly, "dem dar was my undegin'rate days. I an't bin shake a foot in de dance sence tree years nex' Chrismus; sence I bin jine de chu'ch, all my singin' an' shoutin's fur de Lord. 'Tis mighty ha'd to keep outer de debbil's claws when you goes caperin' an' jiggin'."

"I did not know the devil was fond of jigging," said M. Duval.

"He am fond, Mistah Joowal, sah, ob ebbry t'ing dat jubilates, kase den you forgits de Lawd, an' in two shakes he got you!"

In a few minutes after his disappearance there came from an African church near by sounds of congregational singing.

"I can distinguish Abram's voice," said Josephine. "It is wonderfully rich and mellow. I think he leads. He seems very pious."

"He may be now," replied Longwood, dubiously, "but I ought to tell you that his plantation record was not a very good one. He is quite a fearful liar; I know that myself."

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"Ah, well!" said Josephine, "he has doubtless changed."

M. Duval spoke of something else; he was not interested in the peculiarities of the African race, and Longwood found himself giving animated accounts of boating, swimming, shooting adventures in the country, making himself a little the hero of these events, as Othello before him was tempted to do, by a pair of eyes softly interested, and slim hands lying idly on their work.

"Will you sing for us, my daughter?" asked M. Duval later on; and the girl put the broad ribbon of her guitar about her neck, and sang two or three French and English ballads.

"Was not the last Spanish? You learned that at the convent, too?" asked Longwood.

"Not at the convent; from a—a friend in New York," with a faint blush he did not perceive. This was a memorable evening for Longwood. Here shone on him picturesqueness, grace, color, glimpses of foreign lands, and such things as he had never known or even dreamed of in his life, spent within a radius of twenty miles. He thought of his cousins and other girls he knew, pale, sweet-faced, super-refined in manner, narrow in views, and contrasted them with this one, so softly bright and delicately glowing. He had never realized before how gray and monotonous were his days. What had his ancestors done for him, or what would they do?

When he arose to go it was remembered that he had left his umbrella in the shop, and Josephine lighted a candle to lead the way there. While he sought the umbrella, she carelessly rested her hand with the candlestick on the shoulder of Louis Quatorze, whose glories were now hidden under a long gray duster.

"He looks like a ghost," said Longwood, and in the same breath called out, too late: "Take care, Miss Duval!" for the candle-flame, held too close to Louis' wig, had set fire to the dry curled hair, and it was quickly in a blaze; the lace of her sleeve caught from that, and a bit of burning hair falling on her skirt still farther threatened her. At one bound Longwood had torn the covering from the dummy, had thrown it around her, and, holding her closely in his arms, was crushing out the flame of her sleeve. Was it a lifetime or a minute he held her so, both hearts beating fast, her startled, wide-opened eyes looking into his? Monsieur Duval, whom the sudden blaze had attracted, was here now with a wild—

"Ah, heaven! my Louis—he will melt!" And tearing off the

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still burning wig, trampled it under foot. "It was, alas! his best," he said, mournfully. "But you, my daughter, what is it? are you hurt?"

"More frightened than hurt," she answered, with an attempt at lightness. In fact the hurt was slight, as was seen in the other lighted room, there being only a few blisters on the round, white arm, from which the tatters of sleeve fell back. She was curiously white though, and her eyelids drooped. "It is a mere nothing," she went on, smiling with pale lips, "but your hand—"

"Can wait," said Longwood, briefly, nor would he allow it to be looked at until the arm was duly bandaged; then his rather badly burned hand was tended with gentle ministrations—sweetly smelling rose-glycerine, cool strips of linen, little touches of soft fingers, pitying words; on the whole, a painful burn was a thing to be desired.

He was already in the side-passage leading to the street, after saying good-night, when Josephine called out: "One moment, Mr. Longwood; would it trouble you to mail this letter for me on your way?" handing a letter, stamped and addressed.

"Our friend Mr. Delgado, papa," she said, as though with intention, "will think we are neglecting him—only writing once a week."

"Delgado—who is Delgado?" pondered Longwood, passing through the silent, dimly-lighted streets. "It's a confounded ugly name, anyhow," he concluded with manifest injustice.

While this young Columbus carried on his discoveries in a fair new land, other adventurous spirits would fain have done the same. A passing glimpse, an apparently unnoticed chance word of admiration from sister or aunt, had incited novel needs in shopping on the part of young men whose daily walk took them past the sign of "A. Duval, Artist." With meagre results, for the most part, apparently; for the Lothario of the hardware establishment remarked one afternoon some weeks later:

"She's a beauty—that little Duval, you know, fellows; but seems a little stiff—distant, you know. Sort of trick, I suppose, to draw you on."

"You find her distant?" said Longwood, slowly; "she has, no doubt, the reserve of a lady."

"A hair-dresser's daughter?" replied Lothario, raising his eyebrows.

"We are small clerks ourselves," replied Longwood, calmly; "and let me tell you, Johnstone, that the young lady in question has a better education and manner, generally, than any of us."

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"Very fine girl, no doubt, as you seem to know," meaningly.

"I was presented by a friend of the family," rejoined Longwood, with frowning directness. The others stared, but said no more, Longwood's dislike to a careless discussion of refined women's names being known, and his muscle highly respected. He found Mrs. Willard with his mother that evening.

"Well, Hudson," cried his godmother, fixing keen eyes upon him, "why are you neglecting me so this visit? You used to like being with me."

"My dear Sue," answered his mother for him, "he must intend his flowers to represent him, then. I never saw him get up so early in the mornings to arrange bouquets as since you came."

"His flowers are certainly a credit to him," was all Mrs. Willard said to this. The merry glance of intelligence she directed towards Hudson proved her a woman of discretion. She had had flowers from him but once. "You used to walk home with me from church, too," she went on, diverging, "and now I only see you on Sundays when I pass the Catholic church."

"The Catholic church!" exclaimed his mother, in horror. The Episcopal body in this venerable city was eminently old-fashioned in its ways. It called itself Protestant, and continued to protest against forms and ceremonies violently rejected a matter of two or three centuries ago. It remembered that Lot's wife, hankering after what she had left, repented it ever afterward in briny tears. So any weak fancy on the part of younger, more frivolous members for pictures, crosses, incense, matins, and the like was gravely discouraged. To read privately about the Reverend Machonochie was all the comfort of progressive young "churchwomen" in this place. So Mrs. Longwood inquired anxiously:

"Is it wise for you, Hudson, to expose yourself to such an influence?"

"I don't know," he said simply. "I don't go in." Then, with unfilial thought of teasing, he said: "But you ought to like that church, mother; you admire everything old and firm in its ways."

She was still protesting when he started with Mrs. Willard for her hotel. When they were safely in the street the latter began, abruptly:

"I know, Hudson, that some pretty girl is causing your neg-

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lect of me. I suppose I may not venture to inquire her name, or whether I know her people?"

"Aunt Sue," he answered, with a directness which took her by surprise, half-jesting as she was, "it is a girl, but you do not know her people at all. She is more to me than all the world beside; but it is of no use," with a change of tone, "for she told me only to-day that she is to marry some one else."

III.

Being unendowed in either way, it seems easier for a man to acquire an enemy than a friend; a single chance word or deed sufficing often for the one, while the hooks of steel necessary to grapple the other are liable either to miss their mark, or to subsequent rust or breakage. Certainly, Monsieur Duval, a well-meaning, gregarious soul, had during several weeks' residence in town made no intimate acquaintance, save his pastor, unless Longwood might be accounted his. On the other hand, he had by some stray reflection on Bismarck converted his next-door neighbor, a German jeweller, into a stolid but implacable foe. To this Monsieur Duval was profoundly indifferent, holding the German nation as less than the dust beneath his feet, notwithstanding its chance successes.

"I see," said he, one evening, with some unchristian satisfaction, glancing up from his paper over his glasses, "that animal of a Mollenhauer has been robbed. His store was broken into last night."

His daughter did not hear him, for Longwood was just then entering, after a length of absence. Since the morning she had told him the fact, merely, of her engagement to Mr. Delgado, a retired tobacconist in New York, he had exerted sufficient self-control to stay away; but to-day, all in a moment, he had remarked to himself, quite unnecessarily: "I am just a man—not an angel, and I must see her." So here he was now, with his hands full of roses.

"I have much missed—your flowers," she admitted, smiling enchantingly over the rose-blooms before she buried her face in their fragrant coolness.

"It was stupid in me—I might have sent—I have been so busy," he stammered.

"I would be sorry for Mollenhauer," pursued M. Duval, eyes and mind still fixed on his paper, "but a little trouble may do him good."

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"I did not properly congratulate you on your engagement the day you mentioned it, Miss Duval," Longwood said, in a low tone and stiffly, as one recites a lesson. "Let me do so now."

"Thank you many times," murmured she, apparently intent on counting her roses.

"Yes, it may do him good," repeated Monsieur Duval, going behind the screen in pursuit of a match.

"You are very kind to take an interest," said Josephine, raising her eyes now; then, perceiving that some rash speech was trembling on Longwood's lips, she turned hurriedly to take something out of a drawer. "It is the picture of Monsieur Delgado" —holding it out. Longwood took the photograph, glanced at it, then laying it down, looked at her steadily.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, in a tone low but full of indignation, "that that is the man?"

"Why?" she faltered, "he is fine-looking, I think."

"But he is old, old—as old as your father."

"Not quite," weakly.

"Can you tell me, on your honor, that you love that old man?"

"It is no question of love," she answered, constrained by his vehemence. "Mr. Delgado is wealthy, a friend of my father's, and very good and kind. He can take care of me. It was arranged while I was at the convent."

"And you are so tame, or so cold, you will marry that old man without caring for him?" still at white heat.

"Mr. Longwood!" Suddenly recalled to her dignity, she threw back her graceful head proudly: "How do you dare—what right have you to speak so to me?"

"A right that you know very well—the right that comes from loving you myself with all my heart and strength; and Josephine, I do believe—" Just at this point M. Duval returned through the rear door, while through the front came Mr. Mollenhauer and a policeman. The German looked apoplectic. He seemed to see no one but M. Duval, whom he abruptly addressed: "I vas robt last night, as berhaps you know, Mistair Duval! Dey hafe took diamants and vatches. My cook haf seen a man get ofer your fence pefore de morning sunshine, und dinks he come not off your yart again. I don'd say notings against nopoddy, but I must look for my diamants."

Monsieur Duval's fierce wrath on discovering that this meant a search-warrant for his premises was as nothing to Longwood

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beside Josephine's pale face of horror. She stood speechless, with distended eyes, while Mollenhauer and his attendant, escorted by M. Duval, breathing fire and flame, went over the house. The young man's tact, newly born from deep devotion, taught him to speak no word, but merely to push towards her a chair, on the back of which she leaned. He quietly directed Abram, now, to put up the shutters and leave lights burning. The search outside was so short and perfunctory as to suggest to him an idea that the German did not really suspect Monsieur Duval, but was using this insulting means of paying off his grudge. They moved about the shop, however, looking here and there; and Louis Quatorze being in the policeman's way, he pushed him aside, then started suddenly, for he had heard a faint jingle. The dummy's velvet coat, made, like most articles of Paris, with artistic perfection, was furnished with pockets deep and wide. These it was but the work of a few moments to explore, and from the staring figure's dress were brought forth, in the midst of general consternation, several fine watches and chains, and four or five diamond rings. The rest was like an oppressive dream: Josephine's frozen misery melting but for a moment to tell her father that the horrible mistake would be quickly set right, she knew; Mollenhauer's stupefaction, that his charge should be justified after all. When they were gone Longwood took the girl's hand, hanging limply by her side: "Josephine, dearest, do not look like that, for God's sake! It will all be cleared up to-morrow."

"Oh!" she cried, wildly, "how could such a thing happen to a man so old, and always brave and true and honorable?"

"We will prove him so to-morrow, you will see," with a firm, reassuring pressure. "My uncle is a lawyer, and I am, at least, your friend."

The sympathizing tone was too much for her; she burst into tears. "Oh, my dear father! and I am all alone without him"; and suddenly, in her forlornness, she threw her arms around the waxen neck of Louis Quatorze and sobbed on his shoulder. A furious, irrational desire to rend his pink-and-white Majesty piece-meal took possession of Longwood. It was hard that her tears must be shed on that irresponsive breast when he stood there!

"Josephine, sweetest"—probably Mr. Delgado's betrothed did not hear—"oh, my dear love, don't! You break my heart!" He took her hand once more, kissing it with chivalrous devotion worthy of his courtly grandfather, this youth, who had often bluntly declared he "saw no use or sense in kissing a woman's

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hand." When she had recovered, in a measure, her self-control, he left her for a moment to speak to Abram.

"Abram, can your wife come here to stay with the young lady to-night?"

"I sorry, Mass Hudson, but we gwine to a settin' up; an' we'se de bes' shouters dere. 'Tis too bad 'bout Mistah Joowal, but I done yere him say 'tis a good t'ing fur de Dutchman."

Longwood's resolution was taken. "Miss Duval," he said, quietly re-entering, "will you do us the honor of spending the night at my mother's? You can't stay here alone. The burglars may be still in the neighborhood."

"Oh!" she said, raising a tear-stained face he longed to kiss, "your mother would be surprised. She does not know me."

With steady persistence he overruled objections; sent her masterfully for her hat, saw to the fastenings, and half an hour afterwards was presenting her to his mother with a grave, "Mother, let me introduce Miss Duval. Her father and herself are strangers here, and he being detained from her to-night, I have persuaded her to accept your hospitality."

The girl's beauty and grace added a little misgiving to Mrs. Longwood's secret amazement; but her training enabled her to welcome the unexpected guest with at least a show of cordiality.

"No trouble at all, my dear," she assured her, and, at a hint from her son of Miss Duval's fatigue, led the way to a spare room.

"I knew I could trust your kind heart, mother," said her son, on her return, forestalling searching inquiry. "Her father's being away left poor Miss Duval very desolate this evening; and they are strangers."

"Yes," doubtfully, "but who is she? I don't know them."

"Her father is a fine old fellow, a Frenchman, a—ahem!—hair-dresser, but,"—quickly, on sight of the gathering cloud—"they are only here for a while, and the young lady is engaged to a wealthy retired merchant in New York."

It was as well, however, that Mrs. Longwood's prejudices were not too heavily taxed; her hospitality being needed only until the next evening, which restored Monsieur Duval to freedom and to his daughter's arms. This happy result was due to Longwood's exertions. He might not have found courage to ask the necessary holiday but for a letter in his pocket just received from an intimate friend in the West, laying siege there successfully to fortune.

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"I have my own moderate capital," he wrote, "and what I need in a partner are the energy, industry, and honesty I know that you have." With this in view, it was easier to confront Steele & Co.'s surprised reluctance; and the day was spent in novel detective work. There was his uncle to consult, Mollenhauer's cook to interview, a clue obtained through one watch which was missing and traced, and Longwood's suspicions, all along pointing to Abram, were confirmed. That fallen pillar of the church, being enforced to confession, owned that since Louis Quatorze had been his charge, to uncover in the morning, dust off and enwrap again at night, the innocent dummy had frequently been an unconscious receiver of such unconsidered trifles as might be conveniently hidden on his august person, until removal was safe. Upon this Monsieur Duval was shortly liberated, and Abram, with many appeals, led off to execution.

Was it his absence, Longwood wondered, which caused the little shop to be unopened at the usual hour for business? It was still closed when he approached at twilight, and he then entered the narrow gateway, and, walking swiftly along the side passage, tapped at the parlor door.

"Come in," said Josephine's voice, and when he went in he found her alone, looking pale and dispirited. He asked immediately:

"Is there anything wrong?"

"It is papa that is sick to-day in bed, but not very ill, I think. Only the shock and his excitement—anger, I would say—that such a thing could happen to him."

"May I see him?"

"But certainly; he wants to thank you. Will you take the trouble to go up?"

In half an hour he came down, saying cheerfully: "You need not fret about your father; he will be all right in a day or two. It was just the excitement, and he not being strong. I think I have done him good. He likes to talk to me."

"Of course," gratefully, "you have been always so kind."

"In course of time, I do believe," very deliberately, "he might like me as well as he does Mr. Delgado."

She blushed crimson, but only said:

"He told you we were going back? He cannot bear this place after yesterday."

"That is not just, when only that rascal Abram was to blame. But I do not mind. I am going away myself. Will you let me write a letter here?"

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"But certainly," with some curiosity, arranging pen and paper on a small table.

Then he went quite close to her and took her soft hands firmly in his own work-hardened ones. "I want you to write a letter first."

"A letter? What letter?"

"Josephine, my letter will be in acceptance of a favorable opening in the West, and I want you and your father to go with me; but first you must write to Mr. Delgado, and ask him to give you back your word, because you have met some one you really love!"

"Mr. Longwood!" trying to withdraw her hands.

"You need not write it, then, if you will look me straight in the eyes and say you do not love me."

She drew herself up proudly, and commenced: "I do not." Then her eyes falling under his gaze, she could only hide them on his arm, murmuring: "Oh! I do, I do!"

After this things went badly for Mr. Delgado, retired tobacconist, of New York. And if "A. Duval, Artist," had been gifted with the kind of eyes disclaimed by Sam Weller, he might have seen two letters written in his little parlor with varied, interesting, and picturesque interruptions.

It is probable that Longwood's irrepressible buoyancy of aspect might, in any case, have attracted maternal attention; but as usual with him, the straightforward way seemed the best.

"Mother," he said, at the first opportunity, "I have had a letter from Wilson, in Natoka, offering me a partnership in his growing business. I would not have thought of it if Henry's salary did not make you both very comfortable now. As it is, I have accepted."

"O Hudson! I shall miss you so. And you will miss the dear old ways here and our own people so much. But, if it is for your good—"

"Yes, mother," more slowly, "and you will be glad to know that I need not be entirely lonely, as I am thinking of being married soon."

"O Hudson! to whom?"

"To Miss Duval," very clearly; "the young lady who was here the other night. She was engaged then, but it is broken off, and she is to marry me."

A crash as the quaint old cup she held fell unheeded.

"A stranger! a nobody! tradesfolk! One of us to marry so, and so many nice girls among our own people!" she mourned, as

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one without hope. Hudson she knew too well to attempt to dissuade.

Henry could only give the faint comfort "that it wasn't quite so bad's if they were goin' to live here."

In her despair she resolved on a bold step; and in the course of the day Josephine was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Longwood. Her smiling welcome was acknowledged only by a haughtier bearing of the widow's thin, black-clad form.

"I will sit a moment, thank you," accepting the offered chair; then without farther preface: "My son informs me, Miss Duval, that he has made an offering of his hand to you. He may not have told you that such a marriage would not have my approval, nor that of any of his people. We think it most unsuitable."

"Your disapproval would grieve me, but how 'unsuitable,' madam?" color mounting to her cheeks.

"Unsuitable," repeated her visitor, impatiently, "that one of the Longwood family, settled here in colonial times, and always wealthy and influential, should marry a foreign hair-dresser's daughter."

Josephine's color deepened into crimson, but she answered gently: "I know from Mr. Longwood himself that all that has been gone a long time. Our circumstances are alike, for my father was rich and has now but a small income."

"Your father!" with cold surprise. "I hope that you do not compare my son to him!"

"No, madam," replied Josephine firmly, "I do not. To be a hardware clerk, like Mr. Longwood, may be higher than my father's business, though he was always head. In other things—looks and manners—forgive me, I find my father much more distinguished!" Mrs. Longwood winced. "I knew, as a child, people of rank in Paris; to keep up prestige they needed wealth, or remarkable personal gifts. It must be more so in this republic, where there are no established castes. Without any of these things, or special culture"—here came an expressive gesture.

"It is to be supposed," icily, "that the society my son is accustomed to would unfit him for your friends."

"Pardon me," still gently but very steadily, "I have been carefully educated, yet I have not heard, before coming here, the name of Mr. Longwood or his friends. Again, my father and his few friends nearly all speak two or three languages, are musical, paint or draw, have all travelled more or less, discuss the affairs of the world. I do not find these things with Mr. Longwood."

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Here Mrs. Longwood winced again. "You will, perhaps, ask me then, why, why?" This was turning the tables indeed; but Mrs. Longwood sat mute, as though stunned. "Ah!" said the girl, with a soft illumination of her beautiful face, "he is so good and true, and strong and manly, that I—yes, I love him!" When, after the little foreign bow, Mrs. Longwood found herself once more in the street, there was left on her troubled mind an impression that this was at least a lovely and spirited creature.

"O Sue!" she cried piteously, seeking Mrs. Willard later, "can you do nothing for Hudson in this infatuation! And what is still worse, I understand he has met the Catholic priest here and will soon join the Church of Rome."

"I can go and see his sweetheart, Maria," answered Mrs. Willard. "He has been with me, and I have promised to meet him there."

So this forlorn hope failed her too. It was dusk as Mrs. Willard hastened to keep her appointment. The hair-dresser seemed to be in darkness, save a faint glimmer from Monsieur Duval's room. The lady stepped along the side passage, smiling at the novelty. The parlor door was ajar, and as no one answered her tap she entered. A murmur of voices drew her attention to the door opening on the shop, which, with the lace curtains, was wide open. A candle held by a young girl lit up her face of delicately glowing beauty, while her fresh voice insisted:

"Yes, sir; you must do homage to Louis. Was not he the cause of it all?" And there was the prosaic Hudson, while Josephine's laughter rang out, bowing lowly to a most astonishing dummy, and saying: "I thank your Majesty."

"And I too, sire," said the girl, with a magnificent curtsy. "Permit me to touch your gracious hand," with a pretence of kissing the fingers which held the snuff-box.

"I call that a waste of material," said the youth sternly; and—"Take care!" cried Mrs. Willard, involuntarily, at the same moment, for Louis' wig was once more in danger.

"I suppose," she remarked later, when Josephine's blush had subsided, "that when I visit you two some day in the West I shall find reverently enshrined in your fine mansion Louis Quatorze."

"I am not sure," said Longwood, most ungratefully; "he has played his part, and does not belong to the present. He might retire now."

JEANIE DRAKE.

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NOT from the hot flames of sorrow
Cooled she her heart in God,
Not from a sight of sin's horror
Sought she a refuge in God,
Not from the mad whirl of pleasure
Turned she famished to God,
Not from love's dear buried treasure
Mounted her soul up to God,
Not from the pain of sad loving
Less than "an image of God,"
Not from the shame of first proving
Men false to her and to God:
But all in her youth and beauty
Turned she with joy unto God,
Rapturously loving each duty
That brought a message from God.
A creature who longed for the gladness
Intended for men by God,
And found that the world in its madness
Knew not that joy was in God.
Vowing her life richly freighted
With beautiful thoughts of God;
Forgetting, in love, that she'd weighted
Her youth with the cross of God.
And her cheek and her brow have brightened
In the radiant glances of God,
And her smile and step have lightened
With some of the swiftness of God.
And her soul in tender communing
Expands like a flower in God,
A lily whose exquisite blooming
Is fair to the vision of God.

MRS. JOHN J. LITTLETON.

Nashville, Tenn.

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ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH AND CLEMENT BRENTANO.

A THOUGHTFUL student of history is often made to pause in order to remark what seem strange instrumentalities in the production of great events, and in the kinds of commemoration which rescues them from oblivion. It has pleased God at various times, and at times when such manifestations were least expected, to show mankind how infinitely above their greatest he may lift up one of his least: as in the case of David the stripling, the maiden Esther, and that long list of weaklings who by such election have become the heroes and heroines of the world. We have been led into this reflection after reading the *Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich*, by Very Rev. E. R. Schmöger, of whose revelations Goerres in his *Mystique* says: "I know of none richer, more profound, more wonderful, and more thrilling." In some respects these are the most interesting that have been made in many centuries. In infancy, before she had learned to utter words, this woman understood entirely the significance of the feasts and holidays of the church; afterwards recalled with full accuracy her consciousness and the chief incidents of her baptism; and the first words ever spoken by her mouth, when in the second year of her age, were those of the Lord's Prayer. At four years her habit was to rise out of sleep in the depths of the night, and, her knees upon a little block that she had set beneath a simple picture of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Saviour, spend much time in prayers, of some of which these are examples: "Ah, dear Lord! let me die now, for when children grow up they offend thee by great sins"; and, "Rather let me die than live to offend my God!" Already, and in answer to her own prayer for an expiatory life, she had begun to impose upon herself penalties in behalf of the sufferings and faults of children of her acquaintance. "I knew," she said afterwards, "that God never sends affliction without a design. And if these afflictions weigh so heavily upon us at times, it is because, as I reasoned with myself, no one is willing to help the poor sufferer to pay off his debt. Then I begged to be allowed to do so. I used to ask the Infant Jesus to help me, and I soon got what I wanted." These prayers were uttered day and night, in labor and pastime, for her father was poor, and, although small and delicate herself,

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she had to do much of even the hardest work in the field. Yet she had the gayety inseparable from innocent childhood, and at times was irritable and whimsical like the rest of her age, and it is marvellous how even in babyhood she exaggerated her infirmities, suffered for them, and tried to subdue them. At five she received assurance that she was to become a religious. Here is an account of the visitation:

"I was only a little child, and I used to mind the cows—a most troublesome and fatiguing duty. One day the thought occurred to me, as indeed it had often done before, to quit my home and the cows, and go serve God in some solitary place where no one would know me. I had a vision in which I went to Jerusalem, where I met a religious in whom I afterwards recognized St. Jane of Valois. She looked very grave. At her side was a lovely little boy about my own size. St. Jane did not hold him by the hand, and I knew from that that he was not her child. She asked me what was the matter with me, and when I answered she comforted me, saying: 'Never mind. Look at this little boy. Would you like him for your spouse?' I said, 'Yes.' Then she told me not to be discouraged, but to wait till the little boy would come for me, assuring me that I would be a religious, although it seemed quite unlikely then. She told me that I should certainly enter the cloister, for nothing was impossible to my affianced. Then I returned to myself and drove the cows home. From that time I looked forward to the fulfilment of this promise. I had this vision at noon. Such things never disturbed me. I thought every one had them. I never knew any difference between them and real intercourse with creatures."

It interests deeply to contemplate this little child of humble parents, gay among the gay, in social intercourse wilful, taking with submission rebukes, yet in this, while accorded by Heaven visions, interpretation of prophecies, sometimes led along the places in Jerusalem and Bethlehem where the God-Man had been born and reared, where he had worked, suffered, died, risen from the dead, and ascended to his Father, and in the simplicity of childhood wondering at none of these things, believing that she had seen nothing outside the experience of the children of her acquaintance.

At twelve, hired as a feeder and tender of cows to a kinsman of her father, faithfully, cheerfully minding her work, yet she began to take advanced views of her vocation, wearing next her person a coarse woollen garment in prelude of the expiatory life which she was destined to lead. After three years, taken home while making preparations to be put with a seamstress, she made known to her parents her hopes of a religious life. They opposed these with much hostility, urging among many other considerations that a poor, ignorant peasant girl like her was most unfit for

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such a vocation. Her answer was: "God is rich; though I have nothing, he will supply." How much more strong often is childhood than manhood!—stronger because, not taught in the experience of disappointment, it trusts undoubting the promises given to its aspirations, and boldly advances along its appointed way. Not that this child was not to suffer from the postponement of these aspirations, but to suffer without complaint, even with thankfulness. In those years, from seventeen to twenty, while in the employ of a mantua-maker for the sake of earning sufficient money for admission into a convent, she let her wage week by week go to the poor instead of being laid away in accordance with her purpose. But already had she realized that superior to the reception of heavenly visitations; superior to the gift of looking back and forth over time and space, tracing the events of the distant past and future in countries far and near in the sequence wherein they had occurred and were to occur; superior to these and to all human hopes and endeavors was charity, and that whatever apparent loss befalls the purest, loftiest aspiration from delaying in order to answer the claims of charity was not a loss, but a gain, and the more precious because of the temporary disappointment in these lesser things for which greater were willingly deferred. In the midst of such alternations, all in the line of virtue and piety, these three years were spent. It was indeed a sign of the extraordinary mission to which she had been called that when her application without a dowry was made to the Augustinians of Borgen, was favorably entertained, and she entered among them with a thankful heart, beholding the laxity in the spiritual state of the community, she took her leave, and again, utterly poor in fortune, and now become as poor in bodily health, she looked about her for another house wherein her yearnings might be realized. First she asked for the Trappistines of Darfeld. Answered by her confessor that in conscience he could not consent for one so frail of body to join an order so severe, she turned to the Clares of Münster. The condition imposed by them was that she should first learn the organ, and thus be able to render some compensation for the absence of a dowry; and although she had for music a dear love and a delicate ear, she never could acquire the art. It is pitiful to hear the reason. To Dean Overberg, who years afterwards became her guide, she said:

"As to learning the organ, there was no question of such a thing. I was a servant of the family" (one Soentgen, an organist of Coesfeld). "I learned nothing. Hardly had I entered the house when I saw their misery,

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and I sought only to relieve it. I took care of the house. I did all the work. I spent all I had saved, and I never learned to play. Ah! I learned in that house what hunger is! We were often eight days together without bread! The poor people could not get trust for even seven pence. I learned nothing. I was their servant. All that I had went, and I thought I should die of hunger. I gave away my last chemise. My good mother pitied my condition. She brought me eggs, butter, bread, and milk, which helped us to live. One day she said to me: 'You have given me great anxiety, but you are still my child! It breaks my heart to see your vacant place at home, but you are still my child!' I replied: 'May God reward you, dear mother! I have nothing left; but it is his will that I should help these poor people. He will provide. I have given him everything. He knows how to help us all.' Then my good mother said no more."

We must uncover our heads and bate our breath in the presence of one who can act and speak like this! Be it known besides that at that very time she was sought in marriage by a young man regarded by her parents as well fitted in all respects to be her husband. But the thought of such a union was appalling to her very heart of hearts. Thus to serve and thus to want while waiting for the accomplishment of a purpose, a divine mission that had been longed for since earliest childhood, to see her hopes deferred from year to year, and yet never to complain or think of yielding up, were evidences of the preternatural as irrefragable as ever have been presented in the history of mankind. For was not her life to be a life of expiation? She had been born in a period wherein, particularly in Germany, little interest was felt in the existence of a supernatural vocation; when young women entered convents in the main from considerations far below those which might be expected to lead even to a very earnest desire for such a manifestation of the divine will, and that indifference this poor girl, of a poor family, frail, uncultured, and undowered, must expiate. Her reception at last (after vain applications at several religious houses) by the Augustinians of Dülmen was due to the fact that the daughter of Soentgen, the organist, who was a good musician, applied for admission at the same time, and her father, influenced by gratitude to his benefactress, and in admiration of her virtues, would not allow his daughter to enter except she could take along with her this dear companion. Well may that be called the crowning act which, towards the end of her sojourn with Soentgen's family, occurred one day at noon-tide as she was kneeling in the Jesuits' church at Coesfeld, when the Royal Bridegroom, in the form of a radiant youth, presenting himself, and holding in one hand a garland, she chose that which he simultaneously presented in the other—

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a crown of thorns—and when laid gently on her brow, lifting both her hands she pressed it firmly down, and afterwards carried with her to the grave the glorious stigmata, which over and over again were to be seen by all her acquaintance. "Treat me as the last of all, and the least of all," she asked of the superioress on the day of her reception, and her request was gratified.

But for the never-failing confidence which we must place in the Creator while fitting those of his creatures whom he most loves for their specially chosen work, we should feel too much pain in the contemplation of the sufferings endured by this girl during her novitiate; hard work, the subject of unresting contempt and detraction, made the victim of grossest slander, reprimanded in full chapter on baseless accusations, apparently hated for her physical infirmities, her poverty, and her virtues, made to ask upon her knees pardon of her associates for offences of which she ought to have been known to be guiltless, and afterwards denied the freedom of proving herself guiltless, yet sometimes flinging herself down before the Blessed Sacrament and crying: "I will persevere, even if I should be martyred!" It seems almost incredible what she told long afterwards to the man who was to be the chief historian of her career. "In spite of these trials, I have never been so rich interiorly, never so perfectly happy as while there, for I was at peace with God and man. When at work in the garden the birds perched on my head and shoulders, and we praised God together."

When the time of her novitiate expired, and the conventual chapter sat in deliberation upon her case, no reason could be assigned for her dismissal other than that from her bodily weakness she must become in time a burden on the house. In fine, she was voted to remain, being then in her twenty-eighth year. "After my profession my parents became reconciled to my being a religious, and my father and brother came to see me and brought me two pieces of linen."

During the remaining years previous to the closing (in 1811) of the convent of Agnetenberg, the same repugnance and neglect attended her. It is of human nature to grow wearied in time at the sight of a frail, diseased creature that will neither grow strong nor die. "How was it," was asked of the sisters by authority, "that Sister Emmerich was not loved in the convent, and why was she so persecuted?" They could only answer by admitting the facts and disclaiming knowledge of any reason. The mother answered: "It seems to me that this was the cause: Many of the sisters were jealous of the particular interest the Abbé Lam-

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bert took in her, and some thought her ill-health made her a burden on the community." The excellent old man referred to, an exile from France, her fast friend during ten years, fatherly, meaning to be tender, but never comprehending the greatness of her mission, discouraged her relation of the visions that came to her, called them mere meaningless dreams, yet bore her from the dismantled convent to the house of a widow at Dülmen. After the death of Father Chrysanthe, who had been her confessor, Father Limberg, a Dominican, then and since the suppression of his monastery in Münster residing in that village, came into that relation to the nun, and he also followed in the line of discouragement. Even while the blood was flowing from her stigmata the abbé, who had been chaplain to the convent at Agnetenberg, had said to her: "You must not think yourself a Catherine of Siena"; and he cautioned the Dominican in these words, "Father, no one must know this! Let it rest between ourselves; otherwise it will give rise to talk and to annoyance." And this seer of heavenly sights, in her humility, rejoiced in the suppression, and continued so to rejoice until the command came from heaven to her to let the glorious things that had been communicated to her be made known to the world.

It comes not within the limits of a magazine article to more than allude to the ecclesiastical commission instituted by Von Droste-Vischering, Vicar-General of Münster, afterwards renowned as Archbishop of Cologne, with the co-operation of Dean Overberg, for the investigation of the rumors concerning these apparitions. Persons outside the Catholic Church must wonder if they but understood how rigidly careful is the church in such investigations. It is painful to read of the many various, ingenious, apparently pitiless tests to which this girl was subjected. "The physicians," said the report, "have been more unreserved than ecclesiastics in pronouncing the case miraculous, as the principles of science furnish more certain rules for their guidance." Yet, after such irrefragable evidence, Father Limberg felt or seemed to feel it his duty to treat her as any other religious; and it grieved her if on any occasion he relaxed the sternness which it was his habit to employ, to which in her spiritual life or elsewhere she was used to yield most passive obedience. It is another evidence of such caution on the part of the church that henceforth, during the succeeding years, while every one was in continual expectation of her death, no effort was made to preserve the revelations that were being imparted. She knew full well what was to be done. To the eminent Dr. Wesener, who attended her long,

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she said (September 26, 1815) : " I have yet another task to accomplish before my death. I must reveal many things before I die." Again : " It is certain that not for myself do I lie here and suffer. I know why I suffer! Publish nothing about me before my death." And again : " I know indeed why I lie here. I know it well, and last night I was again informed of it."

For three years longer she lay there in the silent endurance of pains of which it appalls even to hear the mention, and waited and waited for one to come from afar. She had not been told his name nor the place from which he was to come, but for years she had been familiar with the face he was to wear, the tones in which he was to speak, the ways he was to lead in doing the work that he would be sent to perform, and the trials to which she was to be subjected in a relation which, had it pleased God to answer her prayers in that behalf, gladly would she have avoided. Already she had given him a new name, *The Pilgrim*, a name by which in all her speeches he was designated. At last he came, and his coming was almost as surprising to the simple folk of that rural community as that of Tyrtæus, the elegist, whom the Athenians, answering the request of the Lacedæmonians for a general in their war with the Messenians, sent to them in derision. In Frankfort-on-the-Main had been born a man who, now forty years of age, was numbered among the illustrious men of letters in Germany. He was a novelist and a poet, an ardent disciple of the Romantic School, which had been making a long, patriotic struggle to throw off the yoke of the classicism of France. He had been a thoughtful student of Dante, Calderon, and Shakspere, and had attained much fame by his published works, *Ponce de Leon*, *The Founding of Prague*, *The Fair Annerl*, *The History of Caspar the Brave*, and other works, among which was *The Boy's Wonderhorn*, a collection of old popular German songs, which have had a most salutary influence upon the modern lyric poetry of his native country. This book he had written in connection with Arnim, another well-known author, who was a Protestant. He was not objected to on this account by his colleague, who, a Catholic in name, like thousands high and low then in that region, cared not enough how a Catholic was bound to think, and perhaps as little how to act. Lately, however, a change had come over him, and having made a general confession, he felt himself, although not very definitely it appeared, submitting to be led back to some sort of practice of the religious duties which theretofore he had been neglecting. One day, apparently by accident, having been shown a letter in

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which was related some things of Anne Catherine Emmerich, he became considerably interested. It was yet some years before he was to meet her. Finding himself one day in the vicinity of Dülmen, accepting an invitation of a friend, he went to the house wherein she dwelt, and, with the exception of a brief interval after a first sojourn of some months, there he remained during six years. This was Clement Brentano, whose name must be for ever associated closely with hers, for our knowledge of whose wonderful career we are indebted to him mainly. Fascinated by the sight and conversation of the invalid, he lingered and lingered, with purposes far short of being definite in his own mind, but vaguely pointing in the direction of a poem in which he was to immortalize in song the dreams of this most strange dreamer. His coming, not at all understood by himself, yet foreseen and waited for by her, served to give free vent to the thoughts and the words which had been pent within her own being by the inability of one of her directors to comprehend her and the timidity of the other, and it was not until her spiritual direction had been assumed by the wise and gifted Dean Overberg that Brentano could become what he had been sent there to become, that and nothing more, Anne Catherine's amanuensis. A strange person for such a task! A high-bred poet, ardent, restless, wilful, on whose brow was many a laurel-leaf won in the fields of poesy, came to this poor abode, into the chamber of an uncultured invalid, having to pass "through a barn and some old store-rooms before reaching the stone steps leading to her room." There he was to stay to the end of recording, what time out of other multifold engrossments she could give to their utterance, her rapturing words until death should put an end to the revealings she was to disclose. How happy she was now! "I am amazed at myself," she said to him one day not long after his coming, "speaking to you with so much confidence, communicating so much that I cannot disclose to others. Yet from the first glance you were no stranger to me. Indeed, I knew you before seeing you. In visions of my future I often saw a man of very dark complexion sitting by me writing, and when you first entered the room I said to myself, 'Ah! there he is!'"

The poet, dreaming of the high part that himself was to play before the world in the poem that he was to create upon a theme so unexpectedly found, was delighted with his finding. In letters written to friends he described her as a "flower of the field; a bird of the forest whose inspired songs are wonderfully significant, yes, even prophetic." He believed that "being sick unto

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death, living without nourishment," her state "might be improved if some change could be made in her exterior condition," as the having a good servant who might "relieve her of domestic cares, and ward off everything that could give her anxiety." Fain would he have had her removed from that dull town which "may have attractions for simple souls." He was too simple-hearted himself to indulge any feeling like contempt or any other than a sort of poetical compassion when he wrote the following:

"It is a little agricultural town without art, science, or literature. No poet's name is a household word here. In the evening the cows are milked before their owner's doors. The feminine employments of the gentler sex are carried on in the fields and gardens, preparing the flax, spinning the thread, bleaching the linen, etc. Even the daughters of well-to-do citizens dress no better than servants. Not a romance is here to be had."

Anne Catherine knew and she felt not only that her visions were to be recorded by this man, but that through her influence he, a man of genius and celebrity, who, in some sense a Catholic, yet found little peace in believing, might have his disquietude removed to return no more. Not long before he had said: "I feel that if I seek peace in the Catholic Church I shall find myself in such perplexity and embarrassment as to render my position worse than before." Yet it was most touching afterwards to see how blessed to his being were the influences of the sufferer into whose confidence he had been led. "The blessed peace, the deep devotion of her child-like countenance awoke in me a keen sense of my own unworthiness, of my guilty life. In the silent solemnity of this spectacle" (she was in prayer) "I stood as a beggar; and, sighing, I said in my heart, 'Thou pure soul, pray for me, a poor, sinful child of earth who cannot pray for myself!' I feel that my mission is here, and that God has heard the prayer I made to give me something to do for his glory that would not be above my strength!"

Henceforth the relations between these persons have an interest more peculiar, it seems to me, than ever have been known to exist between two friends. Transported with admiration for the woman and her wonderful graces, yet the native ardor, wilfulness, and impatience that he could not entirely yield impelled him to many an act which put upon her much distress, and at one time brought about a separation. But through the prudent management of Dean Overberg he was allowed, greatly to her happiness, to return and there remain until the last, and in spite of his continued waywardness, and his repeated expressions of

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anger and disgust that his friend had to be interrupted so often in her narrations by the poor, dull, uncongenial people around her, before whose claims she put not even the ecstatic beholdings that in ever moving sequence were before her eyes, he kept watch by her side. Sometimes she reprimanded him with a gentleness beautiful as one of her loveliest visions, smiling at his too anxious wish to put unneeded polish upon her rude Westphalian dialect, and to plant flowers more than fruits in his garden; yet obeying the heavenly monitor's injunction to persevere, she pointed before his astonished eyes to scenes which, far beyond all dreamings of philosopher or poet, are, perhaps, the most extraordinary in all the history of the militant church. That Clement Brentano was elected to record these visions is as patent as that Anne Catherine Emmerich was elected to behold them.

And what visions they were! Take *The Dolorous Passion of Christ.* Published but a brief while ago, what has it done already in holding back an age so prone, outside the Catholic Church, to unbelief! It is the most imposing monument to the church that, at least for many a century, has been erected. The great things inscribed upon it would have been far more numerous, though not more splendid, but that the chosen servant of the Most High never failed to remember that among all gifts coming down from heaven was charity. Upon that poor bed for years and years she lay, her wretched body always racked with pains beyond the cure of human physician, and in the midst of sights of ineffable beauty and significance, often denying herself to the Pilgrim eager to catch and throw them upon his canvas, but never, not one time, to the poor, the unlettered, the lame, the outcast, who came, some for relief, some from sympathy, some from curiosity belonging to the vulgar. Sometimes one is moved to smile at the frettings of Brentano, thoroughly honest as he was, at these frequent interruptions of his work by the importunities of the ragged rabble of acquaintance and kinsfolk. Yet such outbursts did not let him relax. The charm that at first had fascinated held him bound to the last. He who had come a seeker for a theme of poesy, remained a disciple; alternately docile and argumentative, but finally yielding to irresistible influences, and accepting them with gratitude. Often she had chided him, but in words of affection: "The Pilgrim prays nervously, mixing things quickly. I often see evil thoughts running through his head; they peer around like strange, ugly beasts! He does not drive them away promptly; they run about as over a beaten path." And he would answer, "Unhappily, it is only too true." Yet

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after she died he proved the efficacy of her admonitions, spending his remnant of life in works of charity.

We might like to linger before some of the visions of this woman: Among the wheat-fields, when the tired harvester was exhausted with the tying of the sheaves; with Noe in the Ark offering incense on an altar covered with red and white; with Moses among the bones of Jacob; with Josue at the sun's delay; with Zephyrinus suffering from persistence in maintaining the dignity of the priesthood; with St. Louis at his first Communion; with the guardian angel while leading into the Seven Churches; at the feasts of the Scapular and the Portiuncula; with Our Lady of the Snow; on the mountain of the Prophets; with Judith among the Mountains of the Moon; with the suffering bishops of the Upper Rhine; among the sacred relics that from ruined convents and monasteries were brought to her, of "St. Agnes, and by her a little lamb"; before the "veil of the lady who went from Rome to Jerusalem and Bethlehem"; with St. Agatha, martyred in Catana; with the youth converted at the martyrdom of St. Dorothea; with Apollonia, the widow, on a cape of the Nile; with Benedict and Scholastica; with Eulalia, virgin martyr of Barcelona; with Francis de Sales and Frances de Chantal; with Valerian at the side of Cecilia, first a mocker, then a convert; finally before that package from Cologne enclosing shreds of hair from the heads of the Blessed Virgin and Him who all in all was her Father, her Bridegroom, and her Son!

In all these things were designs far beyond our ken. We can only contemplate them with awful reverence, and strive to be thankful both for the lowly maiden to whom the Deity made such signal manifestations, and for the poet by whom, so strangely, yet so felicitously, these manifestations were recorded.

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A STUDY OF MODERN RELIGION.

II.

WHAT I find in the modern conception of God, as expressed by philosophers like Spinoza and poets like Goethe, are these three elements: First, an overwhelming sense of dependence on some Power or Being, infinitely mysterious in its qualities and unsearchable in its ways, which, dwelling "afar from the sphere of our sorrow," as Shelley sings, never unveils its face, yet is so near that in momentary ecstatic moods we have a true experience of it, and can reply to the base Atheism which would deny all beyond sense and matter with an "I have felt," as the poet of *In Memoriam* did long ago. Again, consequent upon those moments of rapture that come to all, and yet more upon prolonged scientific research and experiment, a conviction that the Infinite abides in all things, and is their very life. Nature, the Earth-spirit chants to us in *Faust*, is "the life-garment that Deity wears," woven upon the "roaring loom of Time"; and instead of the ancient creed wherein he appears as First Cause and Creator, we are bidden to cherish as a grander idea the immanence, in every atom as in all the stellar universes, of a Life, filling them with reality; unhasting, unresting, weaving and working everywhere. It is the Life that does not decay when the world of vegetation, after its hour of ripeness, goes down amid autumnal melancholy in a blaze of color, or when man and beast are untimely cut off; the Power that makes generation to spring up after generation, and "in them groweth not old"; a fruitfulness dwelling in the world as its heart and its seed, the root of all things, which goes down into the depths, and rises up through stem and branches into the heights, like its emblem, the tree Ygdrasil, in the Norse mythology. And, because of its enduring while the visible phenomena come and go like bubbles on a stream, it follows, thirdly, that whether it be called their Substance or their Sum, it alone is real and they are but shadows. It was, and is, and is to come; whilst they now are, and in a little space will have ceased to be.

It surely is but a doubtful inference from these deep thoughts, and more like a logical sleight-of-hand than the expression of genuine feeling, when God is declared to be impersonal; unless it be meant to deny a very gross and childish anthropomorphism rejected by every church in Christendom. And a no less ques-

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tionable conclusion is it—assuredly we cannot term it an intuition of the reason—by which the individual realities have been identified with that which upholds them, survives them, and shares in none of their imperfection or contingency. In that most remarkable "Credo of Naturalism," which Goethe put forth in the year 1780, it is said: "She"—that is, Nature—"lives simply in her children, but the Mother—where is she?" Yet were it literally true that her existence and theirs were identical, were she no more than they, the principle of fruitfulness whereby from age to age the world continues would be impossible. The ground of things which pass cannot be in the things themselves.

Leaving, then, the inferences, true or false, of logic for a moment, let us insist rather on that common and safe foundation where Christian and non-Christian may stand—the ground of experience, be it in things of sense or things of intellect. Those high religious moods which are familiar to Wordsworth, and to others less pure-minded than Wordsworth, bear assured testimony to the fact that in the universe there is Something or Someone whom without absurdity we may invoke. Nay, when we are not asking, but simply meditating, what is that presence of which we become suddenly aware, as though a light had broken out round about us? To have such an experience is to know that we have not been deluded; it is strictly of the spirit, without imagery or conventional language, or symbols adapted from any ritual. It goes beyond the dreams of fancy, and has naught in common with them. But there is no object or scene in Nature, no vision of stars, or of wild waters, or of morning or evening twilight, no tender hue in a blossom, or sweet, simple chant, that may not become the medium of this divine experience. It is spontaneous, and will not be given for the seeking; but as surely as we know a friend by the sound of his voice, so surely can we tell when the Presence is about us. At such moments we feel that it would be always there, and is there always, did we not lose ourselves in the stream of phenomena, and so hide from it, like the guilty Adam among the leaves of Eden. Thus we learn the religion of the Great Silence, which is the beginning of all seriousness. "Truly thou art a hidden God!" cries the Hebrew seer—*Deus Absconditus!* There are "secrets known to all," which distinguish human life from that of the lower animals, truths and facts of existence consecrated in the wonderful Christian sacraments of marriage, baptism, and the Eucharist. We have but to follow this train of thought, and we shall begin to understand that the essence of all religion, as of all reverence, is the acknowledgment

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of secrets too awful for the loud voice of daily speech. After the astonishingly profane controversies, indulged in by every school, which deafened the ears of pious men from the Reformation to the outbreak of the Revolution, it is a wholesome sign that poet and metaphysician suspend at the entrance to their temple the rose of Harpocrates, bidding those that would think worthily of divine things keep silence. It is the religion of those hermits of Thebaïs, who followed the device given them by Arsenius, *Fuge, tace, quiesce.* And it is the meaning of that great and seldom understood institution of contemplative orders in the Roman Church, the abuses or dangers of which I am not now called upon to point out, but which, in itself, is an answer to the soul's genuine need, as its power and grace are testified in numberless ways by modern literature. It is one of the chief meeting-places of old and new.

But we must take account of all our experience, not of one aspect only, though the most sacred. The Infinite reveals itself in Nature, truly, but much more in Man, to whose "deep heart" even Shelley, the passionate lover of earth and sky, knew that he must turn at last. The Pantheist delights to wander by the shore of ocean and lose himself in secret communion with its voices. But there are yet higher degrees of initiation. Life in the individual and in the History of Nations is, on the whole, so tragic, so full of moving incident, that it carries us away from the scene on which it is enacted. At Thrasymene "the fury of the combatants made them unconscious of the earthquake which took place during the battle." Of such battles life is full; men look coldly upon Nature as a painted hieroglyphic, the meaning of which, in their agitation, distress, and accumulated pangs, lies utterly remote from them. That trance of the spirit to which a devout Buddhist aspires cannot be the normal condition of beings constituted as we are. It is the opening of a window upon Eternity, into the depths of the divine ether which has no limits; but *we* are limited, and our work lies in a small room, amid the family, the tribe, and the nation where our lot is cast. It is in these, idealized by sympathy and unselfishness, that the Infinite reveals even a nobler aspect of himself than we could perceive—we, I mean, the ordinary, the average of men and women—in solitude. Left to ourselves, we should be fantastic and stiff-necked, and our religion would become fitful and visionary as a dream. We are required, then, to be "true to the kindred points of Heaven and home," and to unite with our kind in the bonds of doing and of suffering. There is a sense in

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which we cannot be said to love anything but man, for it is through man that we come to know God so as to love Him. The largest and most divine Theology yet to be written will found itself on those words of St. John, the advent of whose age has so often been prophesied: "He that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how shall he love God whom he doth not see?" We need not be afraid of falling into idolatry or anthropomorphism by maintaining that man is the highest revelation of God to man. So far as we know by experience, we are the only living creatures in the visible universe that can speak their thoughts to one another, stranded as we are on this island-world "encircled by the illimitable main." The exercise of virtue, the deeds of human heroism, make us aware of a divine power in things which not the most sublime or the most beautiful objects in Nature could have disclosed. The Monist, therefore, who is willing to ascend the steps of the temple, may here pass on from recognizing an impersonal sacredness in the world to the sight of those personal attributes, Love and Duty and Self-sacrifice, which are no more original in man than the rest of his being, but must be derived from that which makes and dwells in him, at once his source and consummation. Why should we not combine the greatness with the lovingness, the nearness with the immensity, and speak of our Father who is in Heaven? Did he breathe life into our nostrils and not love also? In the Great Silence there are some of the qualities of love, such as peace, humility, gladness, resignation. But in communion with our fellows they are not to be mistaken; and Goethe's lines concerning his own *Iphigenie* hold true of the deepest human experience:

> "Alle menschlichen Gebrechen,
> Sühnet reine Menschlichkeit."

Not a few have drawn near to this truth, by the one side or the other, but only to give it a strange interpretation. They own there must be a union of all men in self-denying sympathy—a Communion of Saints—and that every man is called into it. So far well. But to them it is no revelation of the Eternal; man's own heart, they say, prompts him to pity and love; and though they feel at the root of his life a something out of which it springs, they cannot believe that there is either pity or love in the Most High—a marvellous doctrine, making the effect greater than the cause and allowing the phenomenon to be in its very essence self-originated. But there is another way out of the difficulty. Let us, all through, be loyal to experience.

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Suppose, then, we behold, in the pages of a certain history, a man devoting himself in the most heroic manner conceivable, body and soul, life and spirit, for the good of others, and humankind the better as long as it exists by reason of what he has undergone; suppose the bitterest of deaths endured by a man of sorrows, and its outcome the ennobling of death and sorrow for evermore—is any revelation of the Infinite in Nature equal to this? To have disclosed the secret of death, which seems so much more hopeless than that of life, and thereby to have created an ideal of virtue and purity higher than the world had ever dreamt of, yet accessible to the lowliest, and to have done so, not by preaching a dreary doctrine of annihilation, nor by violating reason and setting up empty Nothingness above Infinite Being—such was the fruit of Christ's dwelling among men, and it is confessed on all hands that he has done what he proposed. *Regnavit a ligno!*

Thus we come from the moaning, inarticulate voices of the sea, and from the contemplation of silent, starry worlds shining in the midnight sky—beautiful indeed, but remote from us—to Calvary, the Mount of Lovers, as it is called by St. Teresa. It is not custom or tradition only that inspires a naturally religious mind with awe at the name of Jesus; neither was it imagination in his immediate followers, or in those who believed on their word, that recognized in the Crucifixion the world's tragedy, an atonement the like of which never was before or since, and God reconciling mankind to himself through Christ. Listen again to the witness of Goethe: The Religion of Sorrow, he tells the nineteenth century, is a height to which the world has attained by means of the Gospel, and from which it will never fall away. I might remark on these astonishing words that they furnish or suggest an argument for the truth of Christianity analogous to that which we find in modern science for the Newtonian law of gravitation. All physics, as we know, must proceed in due observance of that law; to forget or deny it would mean, in the realm of physical research, disorder which could not be healed. In like manner, there can be no religion preached to mankind at large that does not contain its sanctuary of sorrow, for Christ has shown that the cross is the measure of things and the key to all human enigmas. I am not going upon theories or inferences. I am stating historical facts. In the development of man's spirit, Calvary is the highest summit, up towards which all mysteries move, as down from it illumination flows upon the darkest places of existence.

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Here, then, is the Unknown of which men stand in trembling fear, manifesting itself as certainly as it does in outward phenomena, and lifting from its countenance the veil which they have thrown over it. Whilst we study things inanimate, and strive by music, painting, and landscape-poetry to interpret them, it may seem as if the spirit which they adumbrate were less like ours, by far less conscious or personal, than the Christian faith teaches; it is the vast and vague of Eternity, not the life answering to our life, which weighs upon so many like a nightmare. There is art or design or law in every particle and atom, we feel it surely; yet the experience resembles that of a man moving through some strange enchanted palace, who detects a presence unseen, and wanders from chamber to chamber, admiring the order and the beauty, and vexed that the master of the spell does not come forth to meet him. But in the history of the New Testament that still atmosphere kindles to a brightness; the sacred Memnon-face appears. To our generation, as to the eighteen centuries past, the story of that perfect Life and Death is the supreme of arguments; alone it has the power permanently to lift us beyond what we surmise in gazing upon Nature and its marvels, multiplying as it does for us the sweet low music until it fills the world, and giving to it intelligible speech where before it did but murmur, let me say, as with Æolian and unreasoning strings. The charm that drew men to Christ will draw them yet again; his "pure Humanity"—*reine Menschlichkeit*—is a revelation of the power behind the veil which can never be surpassed or superseded; it tells us *intensive* what God is like, as Nature is incapable of doing. Those that were of his company, that touched the hem of his garment, that heard his words and saw him in his deepest humiliation, were convinced that he knew the secrets of Eternity, and made their own, in a certain measure, the interpretation he bequeathed of this world and the world to come. Let us think whether we can go beyond it now.

It is certain that in ourselves we have no revelation but these momentary glimpses that open and shut again, "swift as any dream"; for science, commonly so-called, teaches law but not virtue, and the abstractions of metaphysics are faint and cold when most we need an energy counter to our passions. We must all live, as experience proves, by communion with the strength and wisdom and purity of another. The Stoic ideal, which was Spinoza's, of the lonely perfect man is not human and cannot be realized. Now, I hold that the only Higher Self

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we may reasonably look up to and follow is that Prophet of Religion whose teachings will harmonize life, whether by renunciation or by the use of its opportunities, whose principles abide unshaken though knowledge and experience increase, whose recorded acts are the pattern of perfect grace and nobleness, unrivalled when History has written the authentic praises of hero and saint in every creed. It matters little that conjecture and recklessness and subtlety have done their worst trying to make many pages of the Gospels illegible. What is left, even after men have hacked and hewed with their too often jagged instruments of criticism, will suffice to show what manner of man he was, how he taught and felt and suffered, and the spirit that dwelt in him. To me it appears that the idea, and much more the existence, of Jesus of Nazareth are, when deeply considered, fatal to Pantheism in all its forms. For who can deny that the Person of Christ depicted in the four Gospels, in the Epistles of St. Paul, and in the Apocalypse—the fact as illustrated by the view taken of him from the beginning—is a demonstration that He came from the bosom of the Most High? Is not, then, the Most High an infinite, self-conscious Spirit? To Jesus the Eternal was his heavenly Father. Can modern thinkers, with all their science, arrive at a grander or more intellectual conception of That Which Is, and of its relation to men? And if they possessed, in however slight a degree, the moral strength, the purity, the unselfishness that are perceptible in his character, as we speak, would not their knowledge tend to resolve itself into such a view of life and death as lay before his eyes? Their experience will have to grow wider, then, until it finds room for the Idea of Jesus; they must reconcile their speculations with his existence. The words and works which he has left us are as truly data furnished by experience, as real scientific facts, as the observations of Newton or Kepler. To pass them over and not account for them, is to neglect the elements of a perfect induction and infinitely more disastrous to the science of life than if, while attempting to measure the capacities of genius, we took no heed of Homer, Socrates, Julius Cæsar, and Shakspere. It is to read a curtailed chronicle of man in which what is best can no longer be found. Our so-called prophets, whose fame often rests at bottom on their quotations from Christ's teaching and their skill to render his words in every-day language, are far too silent concerning him. When they count upon their bead-roll the great men who have been makers of the world they will not, or dare not, pause upon his name. Were such omission due to reverence, it would

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add strength to the argument on which I am here enlarging; but as I cannot suppose that to be always the case, I look upon it as an unwilling homage to his incommunicable dignity and a tacit acknowledgment of his elevation above every power that is named among men. And thus, too, we may be persuaded that he came forth from God, not as all things do, but by a way which no other has trodden, *Verbum e sinu Patris;* and that in very truth, and not as Spinoza deluded himself. He has beheld the Divine Original of the Universe in the light of Eternity. As I have written elsewhere, the life and Person of Christ, exhibited in prophecy by the Old Testament, and in historical record by the New, that, and no other revelation whatsoever, no power nor argument, nor experience, will be a match for the Atheism and Pantheism which have been fused together in a Religion of Humanity, or of Nature, or of Nescience—for these names it has, and many more—of which the note is that in identifying man with the One Substance it throws him to an infinite distance from the source of Knowledge and of Holiness. The mediator of God and man is the Incarnate Word, by whose virtue all things, whether in heaven or earth, are kept in their due order, a scale or hierarchy of Being like the ladder of Jacob on which were seen angels ascending and descending and God himself leaning upon it. The last word of Christianity is Reason—belief in the Divine Logos. The last word, as it is the first, of Pantheism is Unreason, the denial and confusion of ranks and orders of existence. But from the elements which it mingles together we can, by due separation, recover the ancient truths. Its contemplation of Nature may thus be made subservient to the doctrine that God is present in least and greatest, and that *they* are in him, though distinct and individual. Its "pure Humanity" should lead us to the Gospels, whence in truth it has been derived and of whose essence it is a degradation. Its doctrine of silence may remind us of the limits that in better days a reverent sober mysticism set to the overbold conjectures of rationalizing theologians, to whom the Deity was a subject for dissection instead of the object of adoration. Its very appeal to darkness, its often frantic exultation in revolt and evil, is not without some compensating advantage in a day when the multitude are taught from Liberal pulpits that "there is nothing in God to fear." There is no evil to fear in God, but there are the consequences of evil done by man, which his righteousness will see carried out. And the larger view of things favored by Monism, and already, as from afar off, suggested in our laboratories and halls of science, begins to prevail

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over the shallow enlightenment to which miracles, prophecies, and the entire realm of the supernatural were things incredible and absurd. To restore belief in the supernatural we must commence by looking at the facts. There was a time when science obstinately refused to glance their way; but the hand on the dial points to a change.

Yet there remains the question to which all I have said is a preliminary. We must, I have insisted, renew our faith in Jesus of Nazareth. But can we believe in a dead Christ? And if not, where is he living at this hour? I propose, in my concluding paper, to suggest the answer by once more appealing to facts which cannot be denied. Mankind, said Goethe, will never descend from the height they have attained in the Religion of Sorrow. Its sanctuary, therefore, is still raised aloft; nor can it be in ruins or a forsaken city like Tadmor in the wilderness, far from the haunts of men. Our duty, surely, is to seek its whereabouts.

WILLIAM BARRY.

PRESENTIMENTS, VISIONS, AND APPARITIONS.

THE Rationalists of to-day (see Webster's definition of the word) have shifted their ground, and abandoned, in combating supernatural religion, the tactics of their predecessors of a hundred and of fifty years ago. With the latter the Old and the New Testament were legendary tales, and Jesus Christ himself—with some, at least, of the more advanced apostles of reason—a myth. But the severest tests of criticism having only served to establish more firmly the authenticity and genuineness of the inspired writings, and archæology, bibliography, and paleography having in their onward progress all contributed to more lucidly illustrate the reliableness of the sacred text, new weapons must now be used to do away with the supernatural. Scores of materialists and pantheists are entrenched behind the following *a priori:* The supernatural is impossible; therefore it does not exist. There is, however, a school of deists who, admitting the authenticity of the Bible and the existence of a personal God, the author of the laws of physical nature, acknowledge the possibility of the supernatural while they deny its actual existence. These endeavor to explain as natural events the countless supernatural manifestations recorded in Holy Writ and in history. Rev. J. M. Buckley,

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the author of an article on "Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions," in the July number of the *Century Magazine*, although a Methodist minister, seems to belong to this school. He starts out by saying: "Exclusive of the sphere of true religion, which does not claim to be an infallible guide except to repentance, purity of motive, and the life beyond, omens, premonitions, presentiments, visions, and apparitions have exerted the greatest influence over the decisions and actions of men." As repentance, purity of motives, and the life beyond (the existence of God admitted) are readily accepted by pure reason, I gather that Mr. Buckley's religion is free from any supernatural element. But he admits the possibility of the supernatural, as can be seen from the following sentence: "To prove that the dead are seen no more or cannot appear to living beings is, of course, impossible." And again: "That God could produce such impressions none who admit his existence can doubt."

Mr. Buckley's logic appears to me defective in many points. It would seem natural to treat of visions and apparitions jointly, inasmuch as there can be no vision without a corresponding apparition, and nothing can be seen without a seer. To prove that there are no supernatural visions is to prove at the same time that there are no apparitions. But the writer in the *Century*, for reasons best known to himself, thought proper to write of visions and apparitions separately. This much is plainly noticeable. His method afforded him an opportunity of arraying under separate heads two long lists of spurious visions and apparitions, which display to advantage his encyclopædical erudition. But his prolixity and redundance of style render him at times painfully obscure and his meaning problematical. Take, for instance, his concluding paragraph, which will give us at the same time the real motive of his writing the article: "If it be assumed that the testimony of one person or of one hundred persons to a supernatural event is not sufficient to prove that it occurred, the question, What becomes of the testimony of the apostles and the five hundred brethren to the resurrection of Christ, and of Stephen to his seeing the heavens open? comes up again. It admits of but one answer. If they had nothing to give us but the fact that they saw a person alive who had been dead, it would be necessary to reject it on the ground that it is far more probable that they were deceived than that such a thing occurred. But that is not the case. They present to us the whole body of Christian doctrine, declaring that it was received from that Person who had predicted that he would rise from the dead, and whom

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they believed themselves to see, and with whom on various occasions they conversed after his resurrection." Mr. Buckley's logic here is not good. If the testimony of the apostles and the five hundred brethren, taken by itself, does not prove Christ's resurrection, it cannot do so by its being taken in connection with the whole body of Christian doctrine, because the resurrection of Christ must first be established before we can accept the truth of his doctrine. St. Paul, who seems to have been a very good logician, argued so, and wrote (according to King James' translation): "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain" (the body of Christian doctrine), "and your faith is also vain." In fact, as Christ predicted his own resurrection, if his prediction be not fulfilled, he is an impostor, and his doctrine a mere philosophical theory. Happily, Mr. Buckley explains (?) himself. "If the body of Christian doctrine, in its relations to the moral nature of the thinker, does not convince him of the divine origin and consequent truth of the record, we know of no other means of doing so." Why not tell us at once that the truth of the Christian doctrine is subjective and not objective? Visions and apparitions evidently do not agree with the writer's system of philosophy. Hence he needs to prove that they are subjective hallucination.

"By vision I mean appearances to the mind's eye where there is no corresponding reality." So writes Mr. Buckley. It would have been more satisfactory if he had given us such a definition as he found it convenient to do for the word "premonition." But it would not have suited his purpose. However, it has the merit of being clear. But it describes hallucinations, not visions. The author evidently takes the two words to be perfect synonyms of each other. What need, then, of nine columns of closely printed matter to prove that "hallucinations" are possible, and that they are not of unfrequent occurrence? Did Mr. Buckley think that one reader of the *Century* among its thousands would be found not believing in the possibility and occurrence of "visions" if they be nothing more than "appearances to the mind's eye where there is no corresponding reality"? What need of the following? "A question of deeper interest and of closer relation to the subject treated in these articles is whether subjective visions are possible to the sane; and, if so, whether they are at all common, and liable to occur as isolated circumstances." But the author's obvious intention was to prove that there are not and never have been any objective or real visions, and that all supernatural manifestations known as

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such are delusions. That much is plain from the conclusion quoted above, which he draws from his premises. He should have then clearly stated his thesis, and not take for granted from the beginning the *propositio probanda.* His whole argument, in form, is a *petitio principii;* in substance his conclusion is wider than the premise. His process of reasoning, boiled down to its substance, is reduced to the following: Subjective visions—that is, hallucinations—are possible and frequently occur. Therefore, there are no objective or true visions. Of course, one proposition does not follow the other as conclusion. The spurious coin rather argues the existence of the genuine. True supernatural visions carry with them the seal of their own genuineness, producing effects impossible to account for on natural grounds. Thus, after the vision of the Holy Ghost experienced by the apostles on the day of Pentecost they were endowed with a universal knowledge of languages, unexplainable except on supernatural grounds. Spurious visions, on the contrary, generally have in themselves the earmarks of their falsity. The Koran demonstrates that Mohammed lied in the recital of his pretended visions, and the writings of Swedenborg show his to be the product of a diseased imagination. Thus the visions of Luther, of Zwingli, of the early Methodists, etc., can be easily explained on natural grounds. But we see that Philip's vision (Acts, ch. viii. v. 26) had a supernatural origin from what followed it (ibidem, verses 39 and 40). It would not be difficult to multiply examples. It is the critic's task to discern true from false visions. Stringing together many spurious with a few genuine ones, as Mr. Buckley did, creates confusion, but will never prove that the latter are not of a supernatural origin. Speaking of St. Teresa, the author says that "there is no difficulty in explaining her visions on natural principles. She was a religious woman in such a state of health as to be subject to trances, and they took their character from her conventual and other religious instructions." Will Mr. Buckley explain on "natural principles" the immediate effects of her visions and trances? The sources of information that tell us of them—*i.e.*, her biographers and herself—inform us also that during said visions and trances she was raised more than once several feet high without visible support, and remained stationary in mid-air for more than an appreciable length of time; and that she foretold future events (every one of which came to pass) quite beyond the control of human or any other material agency. Was it fair to omit, in the description of St. Teresa's visions, all the elements

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which tend to prove their supernatural origin, and then say that "there is no difficulty in explaining them on natural principles"? We are told that "there were great differences of opinion as to the source of her visions," but we are not told that these differences disappeared as soon as the visions had been critically examined, and that, though "several very learned priests and confessors judged her to be deluded by the devil," this very fact proves that there was no difference of opinion as to the supernatural nature of the visions.

Mr. Buckley treats the visions of the dying separately, and lays down the following five canons to prove that they are all hallucinations: "The following facts cannot be disputed nor disregarded in the elucidation of the subject: *First.* Such dying visions occur in all parts of the world, under every form of civilization and religion; and if the dying appear to see anything, it is in harmony with the traditions which they have received." The answer to which is "Not proven." *Second.* "Such visions are often experienced by those whose lives have not been marked by religious consistency, while many of the most devout are permitted to die without such aid, and sometimes experience the severest mental conflicts as they approach the crisis." The argument would have force had it been proved that visions are intended by God solely as a reward for virtuous lives. But such is not the case. *Third.* "Where persons appear to see angels and disembodied spirits, the visions accord with the traditional views of their shape and expressions, and where wicked persons see fiends and evil spirits, they harmonize with the descriptions which have been made the materials of sermons, poems, and supernatural narratives." The author is misinformed. If he will make a good course of reading in hagiography, he will learn that angels and fiends have appeared to dying Catholics under almost every imaginable form and shape. Very frequently he will find nothing traditional about their visions. The argument is *ab ignorantia.* *Fourth.* "Many of the most remarkable visions have been seen by persons who supposed themselves to be dying, but were not, and who, when they recovered, had not the slightest recollection of what had occurred," etc. All those "many remarkable visions" were evidently nothing more than hallucinations of feverish brains. But, I must repeat, they do not prove the non-existence of genuine visions. *Fifth.* "A consideration of great weight is this: The Catholic Church confers great honor upon the Holy Virgin; Protestants seldom make any reference to her. Trained as the

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Roman Catholics are to supplicate the sympathy and prayers of the Mother of our Lord, when they have visions of any kind, I am informed by devout priests and by physicians that she generally appears in the foreground. Among the visions which dying Protestants have been supposed to see I have heard of only two in which the Virgin figured, and these were of persons trained in their youth as Catholic."

To show that Mr. Buckley makes general assertions formulating broad theories without having sufficient ground to base them upon it is sufficient to quote the case of Alphonse de Ratisbonne. He was born, bred, and trained in the Jewish religion, but when grown to man's estate gave up all religious belief and avowed himself a sceptic. Provided with abundant wealth (he was a banker of Strasbourg), his worldly prospects were of the brightest. But on the 18th of January, 1842, while on a pleasure trip, he entered with his friend, the Baron de Bussières, the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, in the city of Rome, where he was vouchsafed a vision of the Blessed Virgin. It proved very efficacious, and caused the young De Ratisbonne to abandon home, country, parents, wealth, the world, and to become an humble priest. He spent upwards of forty years in the exercise of works of charity, and died at Jerusalem in 1884. The Holy Virgin does not reserve herself to Catholics exclusively, but grants occasional visions of herself to men of good-will outside the church. I warn Mr. Buckley that many a "devout priest" is fond of a practical joke. About six million Catholics die yearly. Of this number it is doubtful if six have any vision at all, true or false, at the hour of death. Catholics are probably not as *visionary* as Protestants. The two apostates mentioned by the author had perhaps connected themselves with some of the modern sensational sects. The frequency of visions among Catholics is greatly exaggerated by Mr. Buckley.

He gave us the definitions of premonitions and visions. Naturally we should have expected him to tell us also what he means by *apparitions*. The reader would have then learned the difference, according to the author's conception, between visions and apparitions. But he begins by quoting Johnson's well-known passage concerning apparitions. Johnson's argument is what is known as the *consensus generis humani—i.e.*, that whenever any fact ascertainable through the senses has been accepted at all times, in all places, by the entire human family, it must be true. Apparitions are plainly within the dominion of the senses (unless

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we take it for granted that they are hallucinations, which is begging the question), and have been believed in everywhere, at all times, by the entire human family. Therefore they must be true. The following is thought sufficient by Mr. Buckley to overthrow Johnson's argument: "The concurrent testimony of all ages and nations can hardly create a presumption, unless it be assumed that there have been no universal errors. The assertion that the opinion could become universal only by its truth compels the assumption that all universal opinions are true." The answer to which is: There has been universal ignorance of facts, but no universal errors; that is to say, mankind has never been deceived, everywhere and at all times, in apprehending through the senses material objects. If it has, we must then adopt the philosophy of universal doubt—scepticism; we must reject the testimony of all mankind, the statements of Mr. Buckley included.

"The testimony of a single witness to an apparition can be of little value, because whatever he sees may be a spectral illusion or an hallucination. The state of mind of a person who thinks that he sees an apparition is entirely unfavorable to calm observation, and after he has seen it he has nothing but his recollection of what he saw, unsupported by analogies or memoranda taken during the vision. To say that immediately after he witnessed such a thing he made a note of it is at best to say only that he wrote down what he could remember at that time." This process of reasoning would not be thought worthy of serious criticism had it not appeared in a magazine which has serious claims to respectability. Imagine an attorney gravely addressing the jury in defence of his client: "Gentlemen of the Jury: The testimony of a single witness to a *murder* can be of little value, because whatever he thinks he sees may be a spectral illusion or an hallucination. The state of mind of a person who thinks that he sees a *murder* is entirely unfavorable to calm observation; and after he has seen it he has nothing but his recollection of what he saw, unsupported by analogies or memoranda taken during the *murder*. To say that immediately after he witnessed such a thing he made a note of it is at best to say only that he wrote down what he could remember at that time." According to the author's logic, the testimony of two or a hundred witnesses would not be sufficient to convict a murderer. He says: "It has frequently been laid down as indisputable that if two persons see a vision at the same time its objective and authentic character is conclusively demonstrated. This by no means follows; on the

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contrary, a hundred persons may be confident that they see an apparition, and the proof that they do not may be conclusive." To prove his assertion he tells us of the vampirism of the middle ages: that "some dreamed that these malicious spectres took them by the throat, and having strangled them, sucked their blood"; that "others believed that they actually saw them," etc.; but he fails to give us a well-authenticated instance of one hundred creditable witnesses testifying to their having *seen an apparition*, when the proof that they did not was conclusive. To tell us that the negroes in the South and sailors generally believe easily in ghost stories proves that they are superstitious, but not that there are no true apparitions. The tale borrowed from Mr. Ellis (who published Brand's *Popular Antiquities*) proves that the sense of sight, when properly applied, is a reliable medium to test the truthfulness or falsity of apparitions, nothing more. Mr. Buckley is profuse in quotations of cases of hallucinations, all of which can be accounted for on natural principles. He could have as easily quoted as many apparitions which cannot be explained without the admission of the supernatural.

The concluding argument against the truth of apparitions must be given whole to be fully appreciated. "When we consider the horrible injustice inflicted upon orphans whose estates are squandered by trustees, the concealment or destruction of wills; the ingratitude to destitute benefactors; the diverting of trust funds for benevolent purposes to objects abhorrent to those who with painful toil accumulated them, and with confidence in the stability of human laws bequeathed them; the loneliness of despair that fills human hearts; and the gloomy doubts of the reality of a future existence, all of which would be rendered impossible if actual apparitions took place; the conclusion that neither in the manner of the alleged comings nor in the objects for which they come is there any evidence to be found of their reality, gathers almost irresistible force." Were it claimed by the believers in supernatural apparitions that they can be had at the bidding of man, this argument against them would have force. But such a claim has never been made. As it is, Mr. Buckley's majestic period of some one hundred and twenty words has nothing in it but bad logic.

The author of the article in the *Century* evidently considers mankind as the toy of an invisible, undefinable, unreal something. Man, according to him, has been ever since his creation running after an *ignis fatuus* called premonitions, visions, apparitions;

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which, however, "exclusive of the sphere of true religion, have exerted the greatest influence over the decisions and actions of men." For six thousand years mankind has been swayed by this mighty spell. The six hundred thousand Jews who saw "a pillar of a cloud by day, and by night a pillar of fire," week after week, were hallucinated (Exod., ch. xiii. v. 21). Zachary was hallucinated when he saw an angel by his side in the temple, and when he was struck dumb by the vision (Luke, ch. i.) Mary the Virgin was hallucinated when she held a conversation with the Archangel Gabriel, after which she conceived, although she protested that "I know not man" (Luke, ch. i.) The wise men from the east were hallucinated when they traversed the deserts to follow a star without an orbit (Matthew, ch. ii.) The twelve apostles and the five hundred brethren were hallucinated when they saw Christ after his resurrection; ate with him, travelled with him, conversed with him, touched him, etc. Again, the apostles were hallucinated when, on Pentecost, they beheld the Holy Ghost, and received the gifts of tongues and of miracles. For "when the evidence is rigorously, though fairly, examined, the *Scotch verdict, Not proven,* must be rendered concerning the reality of apparitions."

A careful perusal of Mr. Buckley's article has convinced me that if he has not proved "that in the course of some six thousand years" mankind has been persistently hallucinated, he has undoubtedly demonstrated that even a scientific philosopher may be betrayed into attempting to prove an absurd proposition.

L. A. DUTTO.

Jackson, Miss.

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1791—A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

THE day after the "Crop Over" the colonel had ridden down to the Cape, and finding that Henry Pascal had been prompt to make satisfactory arrangements, he decided upon bringing over his family the following morning. But on the eve of departure, even of a temporary character, one often finds unexpected things to do, and, in the absence of such sources of delay, the Tourners did not prove an exception. Preparations had not been completed when it became evident that a storm of unusual force was developing. The departure was, in consequence, postponed till the next day, and everything made ready against an early move, to avail themselves of the forenoon, which even in the rainy season is commonly open. These preparations had kept them up late, and, after retiring, the outbursts of the elements allowed but a broken rest. The cooled air and quietude, however, that came with the close of the storm invited repose, and Colonel Tourner had fallen into sound sleep, when a piercing cry from his daughter smote his ear.

Her anxiety of mind, consequent upon the general condition of affairs, had been greatly deepened by Henry Pascal's visit and preparations for flight to the Cape, and this evening, after a day of bustle and fatigue, her brooding spirit had risen to a state of positive agitation at the unexpected delay and their having to pass another night in the midst of lurking and horrible dangers. The terrors of the storm lent their aid, and her imagination became so wrought upon that it was long before she could catch even fitful sleep. In one of her rousings her suspicious ear detected, as she thought, footfalls upon the lawn. She rose and looked out. The heavens were shrouded, but the moon was up and cast a dim light. She could see nothing, however, and supposed, as the negroes kept late hours, it may have been some one passing through the grounds after the storm. Examining anew the lower sash of the windows, the fastenings of which she had taken the precaution to secure, she again sought her couch, when presently sounds on the piazza-roof startled her. Were they rain-drops shaken from the boughs, or the stealthy movements of an intruder? With her heart in her mouth she started up, and

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as she drew aside a curtain a negro burst open the sash. She sprang back terror-stricken, and with the appalling cry that aroused her father. Bounding from the bed, he seized his sabre and a brace of heavy double-barrelled pistols, as his daughter wildly entered, exclaiming that negroes were breaking into her room.

"Be in reach of me with this, if you can, and, if I fall, use it upon yourself," he said in a breath, thrusting a pistol into her hand (for it would be impossible, he knew, in the struggle upon him, to control the sabre and more than one pistol; nor could he, being in night-dress, secure the other about his person), and rushing out, for he was a man of courage and a master of weapons, he met the foremost negro in the hall-way and ran him through, yet not without receiving a slash upon the upper left arm. Another negro, making at him with an axe, fell dead from a pistol-shot within the door-way of his daughter's room. At a third, who was entering the window, he fired, but in the dim light the ball went astray, and the negro, adroitly avoiding a sabre-thrust, sprang upon him with a yell. Colonel Tourner was a man of strength as well as courage, but the left arm was helpless from the stab in the muscles, and the negro, who was a powerful fellow, had borne him to his knees, and was wrenching the sabre from him, when he cried out, "Shoot, Émilie!"

She had kept behind her father, almost expiring with terror, yet resolute to help him, if she could. She could tell in the dimness he was wounded, for his left side was all bloody, and when the hand-to-hand struggle began, she saw his disadvantage with an awful, despairing, sinking dread. But as her father went down a tremendous spring of energy suddenly steeled her, and at his outcry, quick as thought, she levelled the weapon and fired at close quarters, the negro pitching over, fatally struck.

Meanwhile, two of the insurgents had broken into the colonel's chamber and were now struggling with the house-servants, who, having rushed up-stairs at the uproar, came to their master's aid. Seizing the pistol from his daughter, the colonel despatched one of these with the remaining barrel, when the other negro was overpowered.

Madame Tourner, at the outburst of terror, had remained a moment in an agony of prayer. She was one of those ordinarily nervous women, whose steadiness comes to the surface in extremities. Descending by a private stairway, with outcries to the house-servants, she ran for the alarm-bell. The ringing and firings at once aroused the plantation. The manager rushed forth with arms, the slaves flocked from the quarters, and falling upon the

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rest of the band in greatly superior numbers, speedily put them to flight.

With a sense of infinite relief Colonel Tourner saw from the window that his slaves were proving faithful, cheered his wife and daughter as they stanched and bound his wound, and hastened out. But the insurgents had fled, leaving several of their number slain in the *mêlée*. Calling his slaves about him, he thanked them again for their devotion, and asked if they would protect him to Petite Ance, where the neighboring whites, he knew, would concentrate for safety. They answered with a will; and directing M. Fanchet to have a conveyance in immediate readiness, he turned in for the preparations. Not an instant was to be lost, for the insurrection would gather every moment in numbers and ferocity. All blood-stained and among frightful corpses, Madame Tourner and her daughter threw on their garments and entered the double gig with the colonel and M. Fanchet. The accompanying negroes, armed with plantation implements and whatever else they could lay hands on, were fleet of foot and kept up with the horses. A third of the distance had been made when, looking back, they saw Belle Vue in flames, fired either by another band or a disaffected remnant of the plantation negroes. At the end of the next mile the negro guard returned, Petite Ance being in view; and, a few moments after, Colonel Tourner and his family, thanking God for their lives, pressed into the distracted village.

Fugitives from massacred homes were flying in at intervals, their agonies finding vent on realizing their personal safety, and increasing every instant the consternation. The terrified people thronged the street, uncertain what course to pursue. Some were for making a stand at the village. Others thought that if the rising was general the negroes would soon unite in overpowering force, and that they could make a body sufficiently numerous to resist the individual bands in which the insurgents were for the moment acting, and reach the Cape. Colonel Tourner's arrival strengthened the latter view, and a considerable party at once set out for Cape François. Progress was as rapid as circumstances would allow, for almost all were afoot, the greater part in naked feet, and among them many tender women, accustomed to every surrounding and refinement of wealth. Negro bands were met, but the party was too strong to be resisted, and towards daybreak reached the Cape. Henry Pascal had remained at his post, eagerly searching and inquiring among the fugitives. In this group he found his friends, and, transported with joy, accompanied them to the Hôtel de Ville.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE.

The morning of the 23d broke dismally over Cape François. The first action of the authorities, as the formidable character of the insurrection became more and more apparent, was to lay an embargo on the vessels in the harbor and send aboard the women and children. Of the British vessels in port, one was despatched to Jamaica for aid, and this step, following the loud talk that had been prevalent at Cape François of a British protectorate, gave rise to a widespread rumor among the insurgents that the English were coming to possess themselves of the island.

The General Assembly was now in session at the Cape. Imitating the example of the National Legislature, it had taken affairs entirely into its own hands, the royalist governor-general, M. Blanchelande, giving a mere formal assent to proceedings he could neither arrest nor amend. The sudden presence of a great and common danger healed the breach. The General Assembly at once placed in the governor's hands the National Guard; as many sailors and marines as could be spared from the ships were sent ashore; all able-bodied men were enrolled into the militia, and a force of five or six thousand straightway organized for the city's defence. A strong mulatto contingent formed a part of this force. For, moved by the extreme gravity of affairs, the General Assembly not only took measures to protect the mulattoes from the threats of the *petits blancs*, but by formal action ratified the 15th of May decree. The mulattoes were, in consequence, entirely won, and with all the zeal that the powerful interests of property inspire (the well-to-do among them being universally slave-owners), they proffered to march with the whites against the insurgents, leaving their wives and children as hostages. A part of the troops was employed in fortifying and guarding the city. An assault by land was possible only at two points—the strip between the bay and the Western Morne, and a narrow exit to the northwest between the Western Morne and its northern companion. The guns of the British frigate *Sappho* commanded the seaward strip, and the attention of the authorities was concentrated upon making good the northwestern passage. The larger and more efficient portion of the troops was designed for offensive operations against the insurgents.

In the midst of all these preparations M. Tardiffe managed to

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elude military service. A soft, sensual, luxurious mode of life—the truffles and capons of Gonaives would alone satisfy him—rendered him averse to war, even had he naturally possessed a more martial spirit. He was, too, secretly with the blacks, and believed they would ultimately triumph, if not through their vast numerical superiority, at least by the aid of the rising Jacobin party in France. Besides, he had no interests in San Domingo beyond his passion for Émilie Tourner; and in behalf of this passion he was eager for freedom to turn to account the auspicious opportunities events were placing before him. Availing himself, therefore, of the recognized influence with the blacks which his extreme and well-known Jacobin opinions had procured for him, he successfully represented to M. Blanchelande, while professing hearty sympathy with the whites in the present crisis, that, as an occasion for mediation might arise, it would be better that he should remain neutral.

Early next morning he made a flying visit to Madame Tourner and her daughter on the man-of-war *Sappho*, where they had quarters. Prior to going he had brought forth from its drawer in the escritoire his bank-book, between the leaves of which were a number of £100 notes recently received from London, and these he took out and held for some moments in a meditative way. He was evidently weighing something, and presently reached a conclusion—a conclusion quite satisfactory, judging from the ripple of complacency that passed over his features, and one apparently involving the use of a part of this money; for, drawing out a note, he very carefully folded it, and securing the same in a neat little package, transferred it to his vest-pocket. Before replacing the book, he turned with triumphant eyes to his bank-account. There stood the £50,000 record of deposit, made four years back! There, too, stood the interest—interest that had been freely used, but still showed a substantial balance. There it was; all down in black and white, and no mistake.

"Sagacious me, happy me," ran his thoughts, "who have this in solid British gold in place of howling, cut-throat blacks and wasted plantations! Émilie Tourner captured, and then for England! For where one's treasure is, there one's home should be also, and there shall the nest be made for this shy bird. The maiden disdains me, but I shall possess her with the greater joy. And you, my potent yellow boys"—as with an exulting *ha! ha!* he patted the bank-book—"aid thy master's cause."

He was cordially received by Madame Tourner, still dazed by the shock she had sustained, and who, in an hour so dreadful,

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thinking less of personal loss than of the common peril, was most eager for authentic news. Notwithstanding the excited throng aboard they succeeded in finding a place apart for conversation; and as they became seated he said, in the bland and turgid style peculiar to him:

"Most heartily, Madame Tourner, do I felicitate you again"—for his greeting had been given with an expression of joy at seeing her alive—"upon your marvellous deliverance. All manner of *on dits* are current in regard to it."

"I am indeed thankful, monsieur."

"Where is mademoiselle, and how is she?" he asked.

"Poor Émilie! she is prostrated, and unable to see any one."

"Is it true," he queried, "that she slew one of her father's assailants? Her magnificent conduct is the town's talk."

"She had skill with the weapon, having often practised with her father, and fired to save him. The ebb of the terrible strain has left her well-nigh undone. But oh! monsieur," she added, averting her head, and with a movement of the hand as if pushing away something dreadful, "spare me from recalling the horrors of that night! Let us speak of the present. What news have you of Colonel Tourner? I have neither seen nor heard from him for the past twelve hours."

"Your husband, madame, is now a veritable colonel, commanding a citizen regiment, and fortifying the Northwestern pass beyond the Champ de Mars."

"What is Monsieur Pascal doing?"

"You refer, I presume, to the younger Pascal?"

"Yes. He sent Émilie a hurried note yesterday afternoon, telling her he expected to be in battle on the 25th—to-morrow—yet saying nothing of his special duties."

"Monsieur Pascal has been assigned to an artillery company, and is drilling at the arsenal."

"Tell me, monsieur, how go affairs in the city, and what is thought of the situation?"

"The Cape is a bee-hive, void of drones," he replied; "every soul pressed into service and laboring most sedulously. Even Monsieur Charles Pascal refuses to be excused, and is in the ranks of the citizen soldiery."

"How happens it, then, monsieur, that we have you here?"

"Have I not sufficient interest in you and yours, madame, to importune for an hour's leave of absence?"

"Your kindness is most considerate," she answered.

"My dear madame," he said, expanding somewhat his usual

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smile, "the leave of absence is a jest. Notwithstanding, my interest in your behalf is none the less sincere. The truth is, a conference with M. Blanchelande has resulted in my being held in reserve for special prospective duties, in the discharge of which I may be far more serviceable than I could possibly be on the field or in the trench."

A moment's pause ensued, when he answered the inquiry he saw upon the lips of his hostess:

"It is known, as you are no doubt aware, that I possess influence with the blacks, and I am reserved as a possible peacemaker."

"Are hopes of peace entertained?" she asked eagerly, "and do you think, monsieur, we shall regain our possessions?"

The latter interrogatory turned the conversation in the precise direction desired by M. Tardiffe, who replied:

"I might answer more definitely after to-morrow's battle. The blacks are concentrating near Petite Ance under the notorious Dessalines, and a number of battalions march from the Cape to-morrow morning to attack them."

"Would our prevailing, do you think, monsieur, crush the rebellion?"

With a shrug of the shoulders, and lifting his brows, he slowly answered:

"Pos-si-bly."

"'Possibly'! do you say, monsieur— 'Possibly,' under these circumstances?" she asked, as the distress upon her countenance visibly deepened. "Mon Dieu! then you despair."

"The sentiment of France, madame, favors the blacks. The planters may recover their estates, but their slaves, in my judgment, *never!*"

"What are estates without cultivators?" she asked, with an absent air and a tone of bitterness.

"The estates, madame, if regained would be but naked soil. Fire, I hear, has devoured the plain. The blacks have destroyed everything, and rendezvous in the mountains. I trust your own sterling slaves have saved Belle Vue."

"No, monsieur; alas! no. The flames burst forth when we were a mile away. We have lost *everything*," tears filling her eyes, "and have sunk at once to utter poverty."

"Hundreds of others, madame, are in similar circumstances," said her visitor in a voice of apparent sympathy.

"So much the worse, monsieur. 'Tis impossible for me to realize our situation. I know the dreadful truth must come—*crush-*

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ingly come; but I am utterly confounded, and as yet it makes little impression upon me that, except the clothes we wear and a casket of jewelry I caught up in leaving, we are absolutely penniless. My woes, Monsieur Tardiffe, are like those sudden and fatal wrenchings of the body which deprive the victim of the power to feel."

"It gratifies me to know," said M. Tardiffe, as if endeavoring delicately to divert from herself her painful thoughts, yet adroitly pursuing his object, "that the circumstances of our Pascal friends are not so deplorable as I had supposed."

She turned upon the speaker a look of interested inquiry, and he continued:

"You remember my mentioning, the evening of the 'Crop Over,' a bit of Cape gossip, that the Pascal estates were to pass under the auctioneer's hammer?"

She nodded assent.

"Well, the gossip was an error," he went on to say, "and arose out of Monsieur Pascal's half-formed purpose to dispose of his profitless possessions."

"In what respect, monsieur, is he better off?"

"I apprehend, madame, that simply to lose all is preferable to losing all and being, moreover, encumbered with debt."

"I suppose so," she answered, in a dejected and negative sort of way.

"Last evening Monsieur Pascal was telling me he had naught remaining save his son's right arm, and he bitterly regretted not having realized, as he had had thoughts of doing, upon his plantations."

"Alas! monsieur, how many are stung with the same regret!"

"At the beginning of revolutionary activity," remarked Monsieur Tardiffe, "I anticipated the probability of these issues and disposed of my possessions here; and I would have bidden adieu to San Domingo," he added, dropping his voice to the pitch of emphasis, "had not my love for your daughter restrained me—a love, alas! that has proven hopeless."

At a loss for reply to the latter sentiment, Madame Tourner asked abruptly:

"What, monsieur, are your present purposes?"

"To take flight the instant I can arrange my affairs. San Domingo is no longer a domicile for whites, even for those possessing affluence."

"And whither do you go?" she asked again.

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"To old England."

"Your investments are there," she remarked.

"Yes, madame; investments in lieu of what otherwise would have been insurgent slaves and estates in ashes."

"Oh! that my husband, monsieur, had shown the same forecast! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed in tones of keen distress, as the thoughts her visitor had been thrusting upon her took effect, "what will become of us? Where we shall go, what we shall do, God only knows!"

Deeming the wound sufficiently irritated for the emollient, M. Tardiffe said, in his kindest manner:

"Be reassured, dear madame, be reassured; you have a stay in adversity, even able and willing friends. At this juncture to realize on your *bijouterie* would be impossible, and I crave acceptance of this," handing her the little package from his vest-pocket. "One word more, madame, *if you please*," as he saw himself threatened with interruption. "If you can't receive it absolutely, reimburse at your convenience. I concede the amplest limit; and remember," laying stress upon his words, "*whatever I possess is freely at your service.*"

She was still on the point of replying, when he again interposed:

"Pray, don't speak of it, madame, don't speak of it, I must insist. The obligation is upon myself for the opportunity. I must now to the city," he said, rising and extending his hand. "Remember, dear madame, you are to feel *perfectly secure* as regards finance. What are we for but to assist each other? And please commend me to mademoiselle."

On opening the package immediately after the departure of her guest, Madame Tourner was surprised at the amount, and doubted much whether, without the concurrence of her husband, she should have taken it. It annoyed her, likewise, that while their pecuniary condition was most deplorable, she had gone beyond the strict reality in stating it, since Colonel Tourner had saved his cash in hand, and "absolutely penniless" was not the actual status. There was, too, a pang from wounded pride in receiving this aid. The result of M Tardiffe's visit, however, was a decided balance of comfort, and for his considerate and ample generosity her thoughts went out towards him in a very grateful way.

Thursday morning, the 25th, a force some three thousand strong, commanded by M. de Touzard, a distinguished French officer, left the Cape in high feather to assault the insurgent camp. The

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march was from the arsenal along the quay, and as the troops passed the *Sappho* at the southern extremity of the city, they received a salvo from the man-of-war. Émilie Tourner was on deck in the throng, but seemed oblivious to the roar and huzzas. In apparent expectancy her eyes were bent upon the troops filing by. Suddenly her countenance brightened as she caught the flutter of a handkerchief from one of the batteries, and a wave from her own answered the salute.

The San Domingo blacks were a remarkably energetic race of negroes, and, in numbers and efficiency greatly underrated by the whites, had now concentrated near Petite Ance. Their leader was Paul Dessalines, twin brother to the famous chief, Jean Jacques Dessalines, who, some years later, aided by yellow fever, drove out the veterans of Napoleon, avenging the perfidious seizure of Toussaint l'Ouverture, and winning black independence. The equal of Jean in ability, he would have equalled him in renown had not his cruelties early in the struggle made him the victim of a conspiracy. The brothers, physically and morally, bore to each other the most striking resemblance. Paul Dessalines was the black slave of a mulatto carpenter of the same name, from whose cruelties he had fled to the mountains, where he raised the standard of revolt. The course of affairs in France and the struggle of the mulattoes for civil rights engendered among the blacks a wild spirit of liberty, which a general laxity of rule throughout the colony greatly favored. Under these circumstances, Dessalines gained many recruits, and soon became the recognized head of a formidable band, and was the chief fomenter of the insurrection. His men were disciplined with inexorable severity and drilled in the most careful manner, arms being readily obtained from the neighboring Spaniards, whose troops were distributed along the line of demarcation, and between whom and the French there existed an inveterate jealousy. They were indifferent shots, but the dreadful bayonet, attached to muskets of unusual length, proved in their powerful hands well-nigh resistless. Dessalines himself was entirely illiterate, unable either to read or write, yet possessed a shrewd intelligence, and delighted in the display of a low cunning. His profound knowledge of negro character, joined to great bodily strength and undaunted courage, enabled him to acquire over his followers unbounded influence. His military talents stood in daring movement and astonishing celerity. In his morals he was execrable, a lustful, bloodthirsty monster, whose savage character was deepened by daily potations of rum. His subordinates trembled before him,

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and never felt their heads safe upon their shoulders until out of his presence. Withal, a preposterous vanity possessed him. He surrounded himself with mimic royalty, gave his officers grand titles, dressed in flashy uniform, and (it is said) even carried about with him a dancing-master, whose instructions, as Mr. McKenzie has humorously observed, very much resembled an attempt to teach a tiger civilization. He made occasional forays upon the plain, retiring with the booty beyond the Spanish line, and his name was a terror throughout all the Northern province.

A league west from Petite Ance, or, rather, from its site, for Dessalines had just destroyed the village in fire and blood, lay a valley, skirted on three sides by dense woods, a sylvan *cul de sac*. At the head of this valley Dessalines had encamped with a force six or seven thousand strong, a force constantly increasing, almost wholly unorganized, many without arms save an axe or a club, yet fresh from massacres, raging with ferocious passion as famished tigers that had tasted blood, and unconscious of the fate awaiting failure. Every step of progress on the part of the French from the time of leaving the Cape his runners made known to the black chief. He awaited an attack, instead of being, as he usually was, the attacking party, because his camp was a centre for concentration, and every possible moment was needed to put in some sort of array the raw and swelling throng. His trained musketeers, divided into squads, he distributed through the mass to serve as centres of discipline and steadiness. Fearing the effect of the artillery, in order to counteract it, as well as to force, as far as possible, hand-to-hand fighting, and give the superb physique of the blacks its opportunity, Dessalines encouraged a notion prevailing among them, that could they once touch the cannon and mutter over them certain magical words the guns would be hurtless.

M. de Touzard rested his troops through the mid-day, and sighting the insurgents late in the afternoon, immediately advanced upon them with his batteries in the centre. The first discharge from the cannon was a signal for the onset of the blacks, who rushed with wild cries to the muzzles of the guns. Several of these were served by experienced artillerists from the ships-of-war in port, and did fearful execution. The blacks, moreover, were exposed to a cross fire from the wings, and before the deadly volleys fled into the forest. The French began to think the battle ended, when the enemy again charged pell-mell from the woods. These charges were repeated with a promptness and impetuosity astonishing to De Touzard; and though the blacks in

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some instances reached the enemy's line and got in bloody work, yet they were invariably driven back by the fatal French fire, and as nightfall approached, Dessalines resolved upon a change in the disposition of his men. Concentrating, therefore, his musketeers, he placed himself at their head, and, followed by his entire force, threw himself resistlessly upon the batteries. The artillerists were overwhelmed, and clubbed or bayoneted almost to a man; the French centre was completely broken, and De Touzard was in despair, when, to his utter amazement, the main body of these brave but untutored warriors, having put the spell upon the cannon and being unconscious of their advantage, betook themselves with a number of prisoners to the woods. The French rallied, and drove back the remainder of the enemy.

It was now dark, and firing ceased. De Touzard, confounded at the numbers and desperate courage of the blacks, and finding they were receiving constant accessions, deemed it prudent to retreat. With the camp-fires burning, he quietly withdrew, leaving his dead and cannon behind, and reached the Cape after midnight. The French loss was small compared with that of the insurgents, who exposed themselves in the most reckless way.

Among the captives was Henry Pascal. He had been struck down senseless, and was about receiving a bayonet stab when a powerful black rushed up and, thrusting aside the weapon, exclaimed: "He's my prisoner!" His rescuer, whoever he was, became lost to him in the darkness and tumultuous retreat to the woods.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERCEDING.

When Dessalines discovered the retreat of the French it was too late to pursue; but he despatched several fleet mulatto runners, who, mingling with the mulatto troops in the French army, entered the Cape in the confusion, and during the night scattered on the streets copies of his proclamation. As shown below, it was a bombastic and sanguinary production, thoroughly characteristic of the man, and written, at his dictation, by his secretary, Chantalte, an educated mulatto; for Dessalines' learning did not go beyond the ability to mechanically scrawl his name.

"LIBERTY OR DEATH!

"Blacks! the God of justice has brought the axe to bear upon the decrepit tree of slavery and prejudice, and raised my arm to

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strike off your fetters. The irritated Genius of San Domingo appears—his aspect is menacing—his hand is powerful. Like an overflowing and mighty torrent, that bears down all opposition, let your vengeful fury sweep away your oppressors. Tyrants! usurpers! tremble. Our daggers are sharpened, your punishment ready! Ten thousand men, obedient to my orders, burn to offer a new sacrifice to Liberty. Awakened from your lethargy, with arms in your hands, join your brothers, and claim your sacred and indelible rights. Where is the black so vile, so unworthy of regeneration, as to pause? If there be one, let him fly; indignant nature discards him from our bosom. Let him hide his infamy far from hence. The air we breathe is not suited to his gross organs; it is the air of liberty, pure, august, and triumphant.

"Yellows! whom the infernal politics of Europeans for a long time endeavored to divide from us, rally to our standard. Similar calamities, hanging over your proscribed heads, should make us indivisible and inseparable. It is the pledge of your happiness, your salvation, and your success. It is the secret of being invincible. Independence or death! Let these sacred words be the signal of battle and of union.

"They tell us that the English from Jamaica are coming to assist the French, and refasten upon our limbs the galling fetters of slavery. Let these English be accursed. Every man from Jamaica falling into our hands shall be put to death.

"Headquarters near the Cape, August 24, 1791.

"(Signed) General Dessalines."

Tidings of the repulse spread like wild-fire, and the morning of the 26th found the Cape in an agony of despair. The inhabitants were horror-stricken and in the most dreadful state of uncertainty as to what course to pursue. It was believed that Dessalines was marching on the city. His force was vastly exaggerated, and many thought it better to at once make terms, even with such a monster, than to provoke his rage by fruitless resistance. Such at the moment was the fear and irresolution that, had the black chief appeared before the Cape, it must undoubtedly have fallen. Happily for it, he was then planning an assault upon Dondon and Grand Rivière, and the inhabitants of the Cape, recovering from their panic, soon rendered its naturally strong defences impregnable.

The news of Henry Pascal's capture at once became known throughout the city, where his frank, open manners and generous

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qualities had made him a universal favorite. In view of Dessalines' proclamation, there was but one opinion as to his fate; for he was partly English or American born, had an English air, and spoke the language as a native. Withal, he had recently arrived from Jamaica, and, in ignorance of the proclamation, would not be on his guard. Beyond this consideration, it was thought the savage Dessalines would not fail to wreak vengeance on the prisoners for the horrible tortures with which certain captured blacks had been just put to death at the Cape. Early on the morning of the 26th Colonel Tourner, who could not leave his duties, by one of his men despatched a note to his wife with a copy of the proclamation, acquainting her with the situation, and deeply commiserating the capture of M. Pascal. He detailed the grounds for the opinion universally entertained in regard to his fate, and added that, as his daughter would scarcely avoid hearing the report, it would be better she should break the news to her without delay, and as considerately as possible.

Confused rumors of the disaster had reached the *Sappho*, wild fears prevailed among the refugees abroad, and the desire for authentic intelligence was intense. Madame Tourner, therefore, received her husband's letter with the utmost eagerness, and immediately repaired to her apartment to read it, accompanied by her daughter. The latter was intently listening, when suddenly her mother's voice ceased.

"What is it?" she anxiously cried, advancing to look over the letter.

"In a moment, Émilie; there is something here for *me*," answered Madame Tourner, as her eyes rapidly ran over the lines.

An explanation was unavoidable, and making a hurried finish, she said before her daughter could speak, and with as much composure as she could assume:

"Your father, Émilie, mentions unpleasant news as to one of our friends."

"What friend? Is it Monsieur Pascal?" she exclaimed almost in the same breath; for she knew he had been exposed to danger, and it flashed into her mind there could be no other friend whose misfortune would be likely to be withheld from her.

"Yes, Émilie; but—"

"Has he been killed?" she broke in with a quivering lip.

"No."

"Wounded?"

"No."

"What, then, has befallen him?"

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"He is a captive."

"A captive in the hands of Dessalines!" she cried out, with a countenance turning deadly pale, as the negro horrors she had lately experienced, and all the stories she had heard of the black chief, conjured up the most harrowing fate. "O Maman! Maman! it would have been better had he fallen in battle!" And she sank into her seat and sobbed aloud in her anguish. Madame Tourner rose, and tenderly kissing her daughter, put her arms about her.

"He yet lives, Émilie, and while there is life there is hope."

"What does my father say?" she asked, looking up.

Her mother remained silent.

"Let me see his letter."

There was a momentary reluctance to yield it, when she wildly cried:

"Oh! I *must* see it, I must know all!" And receiving the letter, she read it and the enclosed proclamation with intense expression, her manner the while undergoing an evident change; for, having finished, she said with a firm voice and resolute air:

"There is but one possible means to save him, and I must put it into immediate execution."

Madame Tourner directed towards her daughter a quick glance of interrogation, and she replied:

"I will crave the intercession of Monsieur Tardiffe; he has great influence with the blacks," rising, as she spoke, to make preparations for leaving.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Madame Tourner, alarmed for her daughter's mind under these terrible and repeated strainings, "are you beside yourself? Will you go to the city, and unprotected, too, when Dessalines is hourly expected, and they are preparing the *Sappho* for action?"

"I have no fears," she replied with a calmness strange to her mother; for her being, though powerfully roused, had become harmonious and steady, as all the faculties settled around a definite, firm, and hopeful resolve. "My father's messenger will be my companion."

"But, Émilie, my child, consider, I beseech you. What grounds have you for reckoning upon success with Monsieur Tardiffe? He has noble, generous qualities, and such an appeal may not exceed their limit; but it would, under all the circumstances, be straining them very far."

"I know," she answered, with the same strange and sudden calmness, more alarming to her mother than the outgush of grief

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had been, "that I have declined his addresses to receive those of the man for whose life I am to entreat his intercession; but these very circumstances are the nobleness of the opportunity. If there be in Monsieur Tardiffe anything great and generous, he will hear me; and I *feel* I shall succeed," she added, glowing with noble thought, and judging him from the standpoint of her own lofty nature. Madame Tourner knew the resolute character of her daughter. She was fearful, too, of the effect of useless opposition upon an already overstrained mind; and conscious, withal, that any hope for Henry Pascal lay in the direction of the proposed step, ceased to remonstrate. In a few moments Émilie Tourner had made herself ready, and stood in the presence of the *Sappho's* commander, Captain Winslow, to ask a permit for an hour ashore. Astounded at the request, the first impulse of the captain was a downright, peremptory refusal. But youth and beauty, pleading for a noble object, make a powerful advocate. Captain Winslow listened, and, as Dessalines had not been reported near, at length yielded to his lovely suppliant on a life and death mission; exacting, however, her immediate return aboard upon the signal of the enemy's approach, a gun from the *Sappho;* and within an hour after the arrival of her father's messenger she had landed on the quay, with her companion, from the jolly-boat of the ship.

They at once crossed to la rue St. Nicholas, Émilie Tourner being closely veiled and directing her companion, for the Cape was familiar to her, and she knew the location of M. Tardiffe's home. A few blocks off, they turned north into la rue Dauphine, up which their course lay. Comparatively few persons were met, the citizens being all under arms at the assailable points. Here and there groups of mulatto women were observed gossipping in low tones, and the city wore a hushed and oppressive air. At the corner of la rue des Trois Chandeliers they passed "Aunt Sabina," in those days a well-known and eccentric Cape character, who for many years had been vending from this corner her famous ginger-bread and sugar-candy. The terrors of the hour were apparently lost upon the aged negress, who occupied her customary stool, with a tray of merchandise before her. A twenty minutes' walk brought them to the Place d'Armes, the most beautiful square in Cape François, and fronting which on the north side stood the mansion of M. Tardiffe. The fountain was playing, and the park, under the influence of the early rains, in splendid leaf and flower, but, absorbed in her thoughts, Émilie Tourner was oblivious to external objects. Of the church alone, just south from the park, did she appear conscious, and, in passing it, de-

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voutly crossed herself in supplication upon her mission. Here she dismissed her attendant, with a message to her father to see her as soon as possible. A stroke from the knocker brought the valet, and she was ushered into M. Tardiffe's luxurious drawing-room.

When he presently appeared he was so utterly confounded at meeting Émilie Tourner, and at such a crisis, and with a countenance so stricken by the terrors and griefs she had experienced, that for a moment he could not speak. Recovering himself, he quickly advanced, extending his hand, and catching from the intense soul before him a spirit of reality, broke through the mask of blandishment he commonly wore, and exclaimed with genuine feeling:

"Mademoiselle! Is it possible? In God's name, what has happened?"

In low, intense tones, without a blush or hesitation, for self-consciousness was sunk in an overpowering fear for her lover, she answered:

"Monsieur Pascal is a prisoner, and I am here to ask you, as the only hope for his life, to intercede with Dessalines; a word from you, monsieur, can save him."

M. Tardiffe was again completely thunderstruck, and for an instant could not reply. When he did, it was to repeat the words:

"To intercede with Dessalines! Mademoiselle, do you know anything of this man?"

"I have heard of him," she replied, "as a bloody-minded, merciless marauder, and he swears death to every comer from Jamaica."

"Yes, mademoiselle; and if he has heard of the horrible and indiscriminate torturing of blacks here, his fury is boiling to revenge it."

"It needs not, monsieur, to deepen the character of Dessalines. I know enough to feel persuaded that you alone may save Monsieur Pascal, even if it be not already too late to make the effort."

"It was not my design, mademoiselle, believe me," replied M. Tardiffe, falling into his usual manner of speech, "to assure you of the fate of these unhappy captives, but to indicate the danger, even to an intercessor, with Dessalines in his present mood."

"But you have great influence with the blacks," she answered.

"I have influence in that direction, they say, mademoiselle; though quite probably it is overestimated."

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"And I have ventured here, monsieur, to beg of you to use it in mercy," spoke the same low, intense voice.

"Mademoiselle," he replied, still bewildered at the request, yet beginning to see in it possible advantages for himself, and delaying an answer until he could better take in the bearings, "I have never met Dessalines."

"But Dessalines, monsieur, certainly knows of you, and he will hear your word. *Let me entreat this favor,*" she added with fervid emphasis, and lifting her hands in supplication; "*beyond it there is no hope.*"

It was observed just now that a lovely woman, in distress, and pleading for a noble end, wields a magic eloquence; and Émilie Tourner's profound grief and appealing look and voice drew sympathy even from a nature as cold and as selfish as that of M. Tardiffe. He could not find it in his heart to prolong or dally with the mental agony visible behind her comparatively calm exterior, and which gave her an almost preternatural aspect; and therefore replied:

"Mademoiselle, I am at your service, freely. Whatever can be done shall be done. But I must have time to consider. What you ask involves difficulty and danger. The whereabouts of Dessalines is not now known. Many think he is advancing upon the Cape. Some definite intelligence will doubtless be received this afternoon, and I shall be able, most probably, to give an answer by four. Under no circumstances could action be taken before to-morrow morn."

Warmly and fittingly Émilie Tourner expressed her thanks, and, rising, said:

"I must now return. I had but an hour's leave of absence, and the time is almost expired," glancing, as she spoke, at an antique French clock, the face of which was ingeniously contrived to form portions of a picture upon the wall.

"But, mademoiselle, you must not return afoot in the heat. I will have a gig instanter," said M. Tardiffe, as he left the room; and ordering a servant to immediately place refreshments before his guest, he went for the vehicle himself, dwelling the while upon this startling request to intercede with Dessalines. Returning with the livery, he rapidly drove his visitor to the *Calle* opposite the *Sappho.* The ship's boat was hailed, and Émilie Tourner went aboard a few moments behind time. Madame Tourner's note and the accounts given by the messenger greatly alarmed the colonel, and the jolly-boat had been scarcely made fast when he hailed its return to the *Calle.*

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"Tidings have just come," he said, as he embraced his wife and daughter, overjoyed at seeing him, "that Dessalines is yet in camp, and planning a move upon Dondon, and I have a bit of time off. I am here mainly on your account, Emmie," turning to his daughter, and using the name by which he commonly addressed her. "I reached Monsieur Tardiffe's just after you had left. Your trip to town was *reckless*, RECKLESS, my child, and it amazes me that Captain Winslow should have allowed it."

"Well, it is all over," she answered, with a faint smile, "and you see me safe and sound."

"I don't see," he replied, "that you *are* altogether safe and sound; your face is flushed, and your eyes look congested," scrutinizing her. "My daughter," he added in quickened tones, as he took her hand and pressed it, "have you fever?"

"Oh! no," was her answer, with an evident effort to brighten up. "Don't you think I have passed through enough to account for some excitement and headache?"

"I dread, Emmie, these keen mental strainings. They are fraught with danger; and it grieves me you should have heightened them this morning by what will prove, I fear, a barren effort."

"There is hope for success, my father," she eagerly rejoined. "As far, at least, as regards Monsieur Tardiffe's willingness."

"Emmie, Emmie, don't set your heart upon this hope. It needs a great height of generosity, such as I must believe is beyond Monsieur Tardiffe's reach."

This remark drew a response from Madame Tourner. The character of M. Tardiffe, as suitor to their daughter, had often come up for discussion between herself and her husband, and she as often had defended it from what she considered unjust disparagements. His recent generous conduct would not permit her to be silent now.

"Monsieur Tardiffe," she said, "has taken all the action which, up to this time, is possible; he has declared his willingness to do what he can, and so far, at least, I think he deserves credit."

"Professions are cheap things, Marie," dryly observed the colonel.

"He was our first visitor since our arrival on board," went on Madame Tourner, worried at the unfair reflections upon her friend. "He came here early yesterday morning to inquire after us, and offered, too, to place his means at our service."

"Professions again, my dear, and in this quarter I have never doubted Monsieur Tardiffe's ability."

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Madame Tourner had determined for the present, at least, to withhold from the knowledge of her husband M. Tardiffe's benefaction; but the opportunity to maintain her view and clear the character of her friend was an irresistible temptation, and she replied with an air of triumph, as she drew forth the bill:

"Does not this £100 note Monsieur Tardiffe left with me prove him a man of *deeds?*"

The colonel's face darkened in silence. Never before had money been received under such circumstances. Madame Tourner saw his chagrin, and hastened to exclaim:

"Forgive me, my husband! Monsieur Tardiffe's delicacy presented it not as a gift, but to be paid back whenever we choose. I was in doubt whether I should receive it, and knew not the amount until after his departure. But, whatever our own views about taking it, its bestowal, I think, shows him to be something more than a bundle of mere professions."

"Marie," the colonel gravely said, pursuing the train of thought awakened by this incident, "we are not yet outright beggars."

"My husband, what have we left, save a remnant of cash and a few pieces of jewelry?"

"Getting back our own, Marie, is not impossible."

"Oh! that I could see the faintest ray of hope," she exclaimed. "Shall we get back our slaves, with the negroes in open rebellion, and the current of national legislation setting in strongly towards emancipation?"

"But, Marie, the horrible deeds of the villains must change the current."

"And do you suppose, my husband, the negroes would yield then, outnumbering us as they do, and flushed as they are by their successes?"

"And do you suppose," rejoined the colonel with emphasis, "we shall not be able—aided, as we hope to be, from Jamaica—to bring an effective force against them?"

"Oh! Colonel Tourner, I can't imagine a darker prospect. Even were our slaves regained, how could we get on our feet again, with fields stripped and every house in ashes?"

"Affairs are dark, dark, Marie, I own; yet light has broken over darker outlooks. As for this money, I grant the generosity of the act; but my wish is that you hand it back, and that you say to Monsieur Tardiffe we have enough for present wants. When a loan is needed, there are other friends I would prefer seeking."

"My dear husband," his wife replied, still pressing into view

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her despairing thoughts, "where can you find that other friend who is not also beggared? And should one be found, what security have you to offer for a loan? Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what is to become of us?"

"Come, come, Marie! Our talk is distressing Emmie, whose looks, by the way, give me concern. I've been absorbed in public duties, with little time for thought upon personal matters, yet I am not and shall not be hopeless. Great mercies have been granted us in the sparing of our lives, and, whatever the darkness, in the path of right I shall look for light."

"Emmie, my dear child," he continued, turning to her, and speaking in a voice of subdued tenderness, "calm yourself, and yield to whatever God may will. You are a brave girl and a good Christian, and an hour like this is a trial by fire. The panic is waning, and the Cape can be made sure against all the force Dessalines may bring. In any hap, you and your mother are thoroughly safe here."

"Do you think there is hope for M. Pascal?" she asked in an intense way, indicative of her burning thoughts.

"Have you read my note to your mother, Emmie?"

"Yes," she said, "but I thought your opinions may have undergone some change for the better."

"I have nothing to add, my child, and let us not dwell upon this."

"Do you think, please let me ask, that M. Tardiffe's intercession would be successful?"

"I have warned you," he replied, "not to set heart upon his trying it."

"But, my father, *should* he attempt it, what think you would be the issue?"

"Well, Emmie, I can say thus much: M. Tardiffe has undoubted weight with the blacks, and should he have the daring and greatness of soul to meet Dessalines and press the cause, I believe there would be good ground for hope. But I must have a word with the captain before leaving."

And so saying, he sought Captain Winslow, an interview with whom in reference to certain matters bearing on the Cape's defence consumed the residue of the colonel's time. Kissing, therefore, his wife and daughter, and bidding them keep brave hearts, and promising, if nothing prevented, to see them again on the morrow, he took the jolly-boat and was speedily put ashore.

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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AMIEL AND PESSIMISM.*

I.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD recently stormed the reading world with a questionable boon in the shape of a novel which was widely read and commented upon, and which is now being safely stowed away to give place to the next novelty. The book pictured the disintegration of the faith of an Anglican clergyman beneath the cold touch of scepticism. The arguments and temptations to which the hero yielded are not stated; they are simply hinted at; we do not know their strength. We only know that a soul wrestles unto death and is overcome. The book has been regarded as a propagator of Agnosticism. Perhaps it is. And if so, it is because Agnosticism has become an intellectual fashion. As a matter of curiosity, we should be glad to come upon a specimen of the intellect honestly seeking the truth and influenced in its search, to the extent of a hair's-breadth, by *Robert Elsmere*.

Mrs. Humphry Ward now introduces to the reading world another work, the *Journal Intime* of Amiel, and whether it is to be regarded as a bane or a boon we shall leave to the reader to decide. It is a powerful book. There are passages in it worthy of Pascal. It is the revelation of a soul wrestling in all earnestness with all the various life-problems that come before it—sounding all and solving none. Amiel was born in 1821 and died in 1881. He was educated in the doctrines of Calvin. From his twenty-first to his twenty-seventh year he studied in Berlin and travelled through Europe. He afterwards settled down in Geneva, making an indifferent professor, a solitary student devouring all kinds of books, reserved, but ill-understood except by a few intimate friends, who were continually deploring that "a man so richly gifted produced nothing or only trivialities." Amiel was the victim of revery. He lacked will-power. He confesses as much himself: "I have too much imagination, conscience, and penetration, and not enough character. The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity, to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid."

* *The Journal Intime of Henri-Frédéric Amiel.* Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. London and New York: MacMillan & Co. 1889. Pp. i.-xliii., 1-304.

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Such is the man whose journal is before us: a soul in which the beliefs of Calvinism are shattered by the philosophies of Hegel and Schleiermacher and Schopenhauer; a soul in which you look in vain for a consistent system of thought, and which out of all the wreck seems to have saved the Calvinistic sense of sin, a sense of personal responsibility, an intense feeling of the transitoriness of all life, and a yearning for the Nirvâna of Buddha. In 1848 he began his journal with the beautiful Christian sentiment, "There is but one thing needful—to possess God." In 1873 he is overcome by his old enemy, the sense of the vague. "It is," he says, "a sense of void and anguish; a sense of something lacking: what? Love, peace—God, perhaps." That Presence which was a certainty to him at first is now a perhaps. He feels and bemoans this drifting away from the old moorings: "My thought is straying in vague paths; why? *Because I have no creed.* All my studies end in notes of interrogation, and that I may not draw premature or arbitrary conclusions, I draw none." Unconsciously does he find himself landed in harmony with Schopenhauer, even while insisting that there is good in the world. He writes: "The individual is an eternal dupe, who never obtains what he seeks, and who is for ever deceived by hope. My instinct is in harmony with the pessimism of Buddha and Schopenhauer." * His intellect still sees the good and the true of life; † it revolts against the blasphemies of Bahnsen and Proudhon, and foresees a reaction in favor of Christianity. ‡ His religious instincts sustain him to the end in a spirit of resignation to God's will. But the God of Amiel is not the God of Christianity; it is rather the God of Spinoza. He has retained the Christian formula of expression, but he long ago abandoned what he calls "Semitic dramaturgy." Does not this sentence read like an extract torn from *The Imitation?* "Crucify the rebellious self, mortify yourself wholly, give up all to God, and the peace which is not of this world will descend upon you." § And again he says: "To me religion is life before and in God." ‖ And yet he is far removed from the spirit of Christian mortification and expiation.

But the problem that pressed most heavily upon Amiel was the problem of evil.

"Ah!" he exclaims, "the problem of grief and evil is and will be always the greatest enigma of being, only second to the existence of being itself. . . . The Christian says to God: 'Deliver us from evil.' The Buddhist adds: 'And

* 31st August, 1869. † Ibid. ‡ 29th December, 1871.
§ 15th April, 1870. ‖ 30th April, 1869.

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to that end deliver us from finite existence, give us back to nothingness!' . . . One thing only is necessary, the committal of the soul to God. Look that thou thyself art in order, and leave to God the task of unravelling the skein of the world and of destiny. What do annihilation or immortality matter? What is to be will be. And what will be will be for the best. Faith in good—perhaps the individual wants nothing more for his passage through life. Only he must have taken sides with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno against materialism, against the religion of accident and pessimism." *

The vacillation running through his life is also part of his thought. He cannot long hold to a thread of argument. The main idea projecting from this passage is acquiescence in the Must-be. But the problem of evil remains unsolved. It crops up all through the journal, but with no better result. He asks: "Is not destiny the inevitable? And is not destiny the anonymous title of Him or of That which the religious call God? To descend without murmuring the stream of destiny, to pass without revolt through loss after loss, and diminution after diminution, with no other limit than zero before us—this is what is demanded of us." † And to his credit be it said, he lived up to this rule of bearing suffering and disappointments with great patience. The pathos of his last entry, made on the eve of death, is most touching: "A terrible sense of oppression. My flesh and my heart fail me. *Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué!*" ‡ Submission, indeed, to the Must-be, but no hope. A death worthy of a disciple of Sakya-Mouni. Amiel struggled against pessimism through life, but pessimism had practically taken up its abode in his soul and he was more at one with Schopenhauer than he ever admitted to himself. Were it not well to examine a system that has wrecked so many promising lives, and is daily more and more pervading our current literature? Pessimism is a problem of the hour.

II.

Schopenhauer is the philosopher of pessimism. Let us ask him his solution for the problem of reconciliation between the secular and religious elements of society. But first a word upon the pessimism of the nineteenth century. Leibnitz was emphatically the philosopher of modern optimism. He taught that all was for the best in this best of possible worlds. During the eighteenth century his optimism prevailed among the writers and thinkers of Europe. It entered as a soothing element into the philosophy of superficial complacency then prevalent. Shaftesbury and Boling-

* 24th April, 1869. † 5th January, 1877. ‡ 19th April, 1881.

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broke basked in its sunshine. Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, feebly reproduced its main tenets. Hume picked flaws in it. Voltaire cleverly satirized certain aspects of it in his *Candide*. With the dawning of the nineteenth century a spirit of unrest and vague yearning hovered over sensitive natures. Châteaubriand was for a time under its influence—during which he wrote *René*—but he cast it off with the infidelity that threatened to blight his beautiful intellect. Byron inhaled its noxious vapors; they rendered him cynical and embittered toward the world, and inspired *Cain* and *Manfred*. Lamartine took the malady in a milder form; its presence may be detected in the melancholy tone pervading some of his sweetest poems. Heine felt the depth of human misery, and his muse sang the world-pain, *Der Weltschmerz*, but his moods were many and he could not long remain a pessimist. Lenau was deeply impressed with the vanity and the transitoriness of all things; their fleeting seemed part of himself.*

But the poet of pessimism is Leopardi (1798–1837). A life-long invalid, his body racked with pain, his soul ever stooping to drink of the waters of pleasure, and, Tantalus-like, ever finding them recede farther and farther beyond his reach, he came to look upon life as the greatest evil and death as the greatest good, and he sang the song of the world's desolation and unhappiness—*infelicità*—with the nerve and calm of confirmed despair. Life was to him something wretched and dreadful,† a burden which he dragged along with loud murmuring. "He everywhere saw lamentation, cruelty, cowardice, injustice, and weariness."‡ And the vision was to him a source of dreary delight. "I rejoice," he wrote to his bosom friend, Giordani, "to discover more and more, and to touch with my hands, the misery of men and things, and to be seized with a cold shudder as I search through the wretched and terrible secret of the life of the universe."§ Life had for him no other worth than to hold it in scorn.‖

Elsewhere he tells us: "We are born to tears; . . . happiness smiles not upon our lives; our afflictions make heaven rejoice."¶ In the poem in which, in a final groan of despair, he concentrated all the sorrow, all the agony, all the defiance of his unhappy life, he assures us that "on this obscure grain of sand called earth . . . nature has no more concern for man than

*Es braust in meines Herzens wildem Tact
Vergänglichkeit! dein lauter Katerakt!—*Die Zweifler.*

† Opere, i. 59. ‡ Licurgo Cappelletti: *Poesie di Giacomo Leopardi*, p. 38.
§ *Epistolario*, i. 352.
‖ Nostra vita a che val? Sola a spregiarla.—*A un Vincitore nel Pallone*, op. i. 57.
¶ *Il Sogno*, op. i. 84.

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she has for the worm." * Need we wonder that he should envy the dead? His pessimism grew into his soul till it became part of himself. Patriotism, enthusiasm, aspirations for the good and the true in their highest and most ennobling sense, all came to a premature blight beneath the touch of scepticism, and his gifted soul stands out parched and arid as the barren sides of Vesuvius on which he was wont to gaze. His life and his writings form a complete contrast with the life and the writings of Manzoni. Each is perfect in his art; but where one strikes out morbidness and blank despair, the other is joyous, hopeful, and patriotic. And the cause of this difference? Within the breast of the author of *I Promessi Sposi* glowed the fire of religious faith; within the breast of the singer of *La Ginestra* that fire had become extinguished and was reduced to a cold burned cinder, such as underlay the broom-shrub he sang. †

While Leopardi was chanting the song of pessimism, Schopenhauer (1788–1860) was forging its philosophy. And what is his solution of the problem of evil? How does he reconcile the secular and religious elements of society? To begin with, Schopenhauer is a rabid opponent of Hegelism. He denies the Hegelian Idea. He sees no growth or development towards a better or a best in this world; he considers it the worst possible world that could have existed, the domain of accident and error, into which man is born that he may live in misery and die the victim of a deceiving power that overrides all things and makes the individual miserable in the interests of the species. That power Schopenhauer calls Will. This is neither the infinite personal Will which we recognize as an attribute of God, nor the finite personal will of the human soul. In the philosophy of Schopenhauer there is place neither for the soul nor for God. Will he defines to be "the innermost nature, the kernel of every particular thing, and equally of the totality of existence. It appears in every blind force of nature; it manifests itself also in the deliberate action of man; and the great difference between these two is merely in the degree of the manifestation, not in the nature of what manifests itself." ‡ This Will underlies all phenomena. It includes the operations of the material world as well as those of man's consciousness—his hopes and fears, his loves and hates. In one sense it may be identified with the noumenon of Kant; in another it is more than the noumenon, or the Thing-in-itself. § It is the ultimate reality of all things, the bond of unity holding the universe together.

* *La Ginestra.*

† *La Ginestra* is the broom-shrub.

‡ *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, i. 131.

§ Ding an Sich.

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It is the real source of all human action, personal and external motives being the special conditions for its various manifestations.* It works without end, and apparently without aim. Pain and misery follow its course. Pain is the positive state of life; pleasure is its negative state. The only real enjoyment in life is that derived from intellectual culture. All others, when analyzed—and the philosopher enters into a searching analysis of each and every source of pleasure to man—are found to be fleeting, unsatisfactory, and merely the absence of pain. This part of his system may be summed up in the words of Byron:

> "Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
> Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
> And know, whatever thou hast been,
> *'Tis something better not to be.*"

What remedy is there for this state of things? How may the misery of man be best ameliorated? The supreme remedy, according to Schopenhauer, is for all men and women to lead a life of celibacy, and thus hasten the end of all human misery. In the absence of this universal understanding, it is the duty of each individual to resist with all the energies of his nature the tendencies and impulses of the tyrannical Will which is the source of all his sufferings. In order to render his resistance effective, he seeks an emancipation of the intellect from the dominion of the Will. This emancipation is brought about, in the first place, by the practice of virtue, and especially of charity and pity for suffering and misery; and secondly, by renouncing all the aims of life, and seeking self-control and resignation in the fastings and mortifications of asceticism. It is the remedy of Sakya-Mouni without the gentle spirit of Sakya to give it life. It is a seeking after Nirvâna. This is a consummation to which the proud and selfish spirit of Schopenhauer was certainly unequal. "He has," says Amiel, "no sympathy, no humanity, no love."†

But why dwell upon this system in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century? Has it not been called "a philosophy of exception and transition"?‡ It is because the exception bids fair to become the rule. It takes no deep insight into European thought to detect its widespread influence. "The whole of the present generation," says Vaihinger, "is impregnated with the Schopenhauer mode of thinking."§ Von Hartmann, while ac-

* Sully: *Pessimism*, p. 70.
† 16th August, 1869.
‡ M. Caro: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1877, p. 514.
§ See Ferdinand Laban: *Die Schopenhauer-Literatur*, Leipzig, 1880, p. 1.

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cepting the same pessimistic views, undertook to reduce their solution to a still more scientific demonstration. He also asserts that creation is a mistake, the result of blind folly, and, therefore, that death is preferable to life, not-being to being. He recognizes a power pervading and unifying all nature and all history. He calls this power the Unconscious. It is instinctive, blind, and yet somehow it works with design. It is ever struggling from the lower to the higher forms of life, bringing with it increased capacity for pain according as it grows into consciousness. "It is an eternal pining—*Schmachten*—for fulfilment, and is the absolute unblessedness, torment without pleasure, even without pause." It is not to be confounded with human consciousness. The latter is subject to disease and exhaustion, is conditioned by material brain or nervous ganglia, and is liable to error. The Unconscious is above all conditions of space and time and matter, and is infallible in its actions. Man is apparently free, but his work is laid out for him and he is moved by the Unconscious. The Unconscious is the organizer of all life. It moulds plant and animal each according to its kind. It determines the various forms of life rather than Darwin's principle of natural selection, which only accounts for physiological changes. The world was born of will and idea. Existence Hartmann conceives to be created out of the embrace of the two super-existent principles, "the potency of existence deciding for existence," and "the purely existent." Now, "the potency of existence" is simply the Aristotelian and scholastic "matter," and the "purely existent" is their "form." Hartmann is only repeating the time-honored idea that all things are the product of matter and form. Will, according to him, is the prime factor of human misery. But there is a scale in the capacity for suffering. The animal suffers less than man, the oyster less than the animal, and the unconscious plant less than all. Thus does suffering increase with the degree of intelligence. This has been formulated as follows: "Pain is an intellectual function, perfect in proportion to the development of the intelligence." *

The Unconscious is the guiding spirit of history. By means of the sexual impulse it founds the family. By means of the social instinct it founds the clan. By means of the instinct of "enmity of all to all," and the consequent struggle for existence, it consolidates the tribe and founds the nation. On, on it moves in its iron purpose through the ages. Individuals are

* M. Richet: *La Douleur, Etude de Psychologie Physiologique. Revue Philosophique*, Novembre, 1877.

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sacrificed, peoples suffer, nations grow and decay and are blotted out from the face of the earth; but, unheeding, unpitying, onward still it moves. It manages so that the right men are born at the right time, that the right work is done at the right moment, caring naught for the suffering and misery entailed in the process. Such, in a nutshell, is the system of Hartmann.

And what is his remedy against all this pain? Does he also seek refuge in the teachings of Buddha? No; but after reading his solution of the problem of evil, you ask if sanity can dictate such thoughts. He considers it the highest duty of man to work in harmony with the Unconscious, and promote general growth of intelligence and spread of sympathy. Then, after all intelligences shall have become enlightened, "and as wisdom grows and the hopeless monotony of grief is acutely felt by the race, humanity will rise up boldly to the last great act of despairing suicide and reduce the Unconscious to its primeval nullity." To this nightmare of a cosmic suicide does Von Hartmann reduce his philosophic dreams. No wonder Amiel should write: "Everything has chilled me this morning: the cold of the season, the physical immobility around me, but, above all, Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious.*" *

III.

A cold, cold study is this. Let us now examine our results in the warm and genial rays of truth as they have been transmitted to us. Our uppermost thought is that the phases of intellect we have been dissecting are abnormal. They are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Amiel struggled against the baneful current, but, as we have seen, to little purpose. Blight and sterility mark his life. His reveries destroyed his will-power. Hartmann had to write his autobiography in order to defend himself against strange rumors. Books have been written to prove an hereditary taint in the mind of Schopenhauer; books have been written to prove that Leopardi's views are the outcome of his physical and moral torments. As one of his admirers forcibly puts it: "Pain has never given birth to hymns of joy, and he who has hell in his soul cannot certainly celebrate the glories of the blessed, nor sing the joys of paradise."† Amid other environments, and with the aid of prayer and the habit of self-control, these lives would have given out other notes.

* *Journal*, p. 162. † L. Cappelletti: *Poesie di G. Leopardi*, Parma, 1881, p. 90.

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Still, if pessimism were confined to a few abnormally sensitive natures, and within the covers of a few books, we might leave it untouched and dwell upon philosophic issues of more general interest. But pessimism is spreading its baneful influence over every department of literature. It has its organs of opinion and expression throughout the world. It has found its way into the books of the hour. You read it in their exaggerations of the miseries of life. It places arguments in favor of suicide in the hands of the coward who lacks the courage to face life's difficulties. It is the inspiring doctrine of socialism and nihilism. The philosophy of despair, it finds no worth in life, for it recognizes life only as a quest after one knows not what, ending in disillusion and disappointment. Do you not find this view of life pervading many a volume in verse and prose that makes up some of the most artistic literature of the day? It is the inspiration of the philosophic poems of Madame Ackerman. It runs through the novels of Sacher-Masoch. It flavors those of Turgenieff. It has indited the *City of Dreadful Night.* It traced *El Diablo Mondo* of Espronceda. In Russia the godless and prayerless asceticism of Schopenhauer has its fanatics.* Bitterness in thought and feeling, and cynicism and inanition are its legitimate fruits. It destroys the normal joyousness of the healthy soul. It is indeed a virulent malady. Thus has the rationalism of the day attempted to do away with God and religion. But men must have a formula into which they can translate their emotions. Religion has supplied that formula in prayer. Rationalism now appeals to science to supplant the religious formula, but science is unequal to the task.

Little good is to be looked for in a philosophy as purely subjective as this pessimism. "The world is my idea—*Vorstellung*—my intellectual perception. The world is my will." So reiterates Schopenhauer. And Hartmann tells us that there is no such thing as happiness, just as there are no such things as God and truth. All are subjective. Things are what we think them. Thus all thought, all science, the moral and the material world, even God, in this system, are reduced to a mere act of consciousness. The philosophy that refuses to recognize object as well as subject as a primary element of thought is bound to end in just such a quagmire. The pessimist's solution for the great modern world-problem—the reconciliation between the secular and religious elements in society—is the destruction of God, the soul, and all religion. He would make a waste and call it peace.

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Juin, 1875.

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Another fundamental error underlying pessimism is that it assumes pleasure to be the object of existence. Now, we are not in this world for the amount of pleasure it may bring us. Both Hartmann and Schopenhauer read in their master, Kant, a higher purpose. He taught them that morality is the chief aim of life; that man is here for the fulfilment of duty; that in this fulfilment is his supreme earthly happiness; that in the struggle to overcome himself he creates his own personality, and that sufferings and mishaps are so many stepping-stones by which man rises to the full growth and development of his nature. Kant might attempt to disprove the existence of God, but he could not destroy the moral purpose of life and the sense of duty in the human breast. And in these planks saved from the general wreck of the *Critique of Pure Reason* we have the wherewith to scale to heaven's threshold and demonstrate the existence of God. The pessimist may reject but he cannot destroy these elementary truths. In their light existence has a totally different meaning, and we begin to realize how vastly before pleasure stands duty.

But bad as the world is in the eyes of our pessimists, the world still retains this sense of obligation, be it ever so ignored by philosophy. The world cannot move without the moral code. Renan, even while denying its obligations, acknowledges its necessity. "Nature," he says, "has need of the virtue of individuals, but this virtue is an absurdity in itself; men are duped into it for the preservation of the race."* Surely if virtue is an absurdity into which men are duped, then indeed is there no obligation. Then is there no such thing as sin. This thought caused Amiel to ask: "What does M. Renan make of sin?" And M. Renan, with his characteristic flippancy, answers: *Eh bien, je crois que je le supprime.*†

If Renan is right, then he who rises up against this terrible illusion and seeks to destroy it—be the consequences what they may—is a true philosopher and deserves well of all men. If Renan is right and Schopenhauer is right, then all honor to pessimism for rending the veil of delusion and revealing the reality. A simple remedy this of overcoming a difficulty, to suppress it, ignore it. As though the dishonest debtor could satisfy justice by wiping out the amount of his indebtedness, or the man who injured his neighbor by word or deed could repair the wrong by ignoring the injured neighbor!

Although the pessimist in his speculations wanders so far away

* *Dialogues Philosophiques*, intro. xiv.-xvii. † Amiel's *Journal*, intro. xl.

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from our most elementary standard of truth, still is he a keen observer and analyzer of men and things. He states facts even while misinterpreting the facts. And our safest method of refutation consists in separating theory from the facts and principles underlying the theory. If we would understand any system we must stand at its central point on a common ground with him who holds the system. It not unfrequently happens that the whole difference between two disputants consists in each giving a different name to the same thing. To begin with, then, there is in the whole animal creation—man included—a tendency that makes for the preservation of the race at the expense of the individual. There is a struggle for survival carried out along the whole scale of vital existence. There are in the human breast fierce passions which, when unleashed, play havoc with the individual and society. It is a natural tendency for man to lift hand against his fellow-man in contention for supremacy. What other meaning have those immense armies now exhausting the energies and resources of Europe? So do the occupants of neighboring ant-hills wage war; they also have their tribe and race feuds; they fight their battles of extermination and subjugation. So far we are at one with the pessimist. But here our roads diverge. Man with us is not all animal; he is also a rational being. Those tendencies and impulses which in the brute creation are a matter of accurately defined instinct, which guides them and measures their use, are in man subject to his reason. And the dictates of his reason are distinct from the promptings of his passions or his natural tendencies. St. Paul recognized and clearly defined these two tendencies in his nature, and he called each a law: "I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members."* It is this natural tendency and impulse that Schopenhauer calls Will and that Hartmann interprets as the Unconscious.

Dark as is the pessimist's picture of the world's misery, it is scarcely overdrawn. The physical suffering, the untold pangs of the wounded and the breaking heart, the groans of remorse, despair and wretchedness, the havoc of war and famine, disease and death—all ascending at every moment from this revolving sphere of ours, in one agonizing wail of pain, is appalling. The church recognizes this misery. She calls us exiles passing through "a vale of tears."† In a variety of ways she repeats the words of Job: "Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with

* Romans vii. 23.

† "Salve Regina."

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many miseries. He cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in the same state."* She insistently impresses upon us that we are not to look for happiness here below, for ours is a higher destiny. One who has faithfully interpreted her mind says: "Thou canst not be satisfied with any temporal goods, because thou wast not created for the enjoyment of such things."† The church alone holds the clue to the miseries of life, she alone has the solution of the problem of evil. Mallock gave his graceful but not overserious intellect to the study of this problem, and what was the outcome of his studies? "Religious belief," he tells us, "and moral belief likewise, involve both of them some vast mystery; and reason can do nothing but focalize, not solve it."‡ After questioning modern science, he finds himself forced to seek the only satisfactory solution in the teachings of the church. Amiel in all his wanderings finds nothing better than Christianity; for the reason that Christianity alone has a solution for the problem of evil. "Man must have a religion," he says; "is not the Christian the best, after all?—the religion of sin, repentance, and reconciliation, of the new birth and the life everlasting." To the church, then, which alone contains the fulness of Christian truth, let us go for the solution of the problem of evil.

Recognizing the sin and the misery with which life is beset, she does not say with Sakya-Mouni: "The great evil is existence." On the contrary, she holds existence to be a boon, since it is a pure and gratuitous gift from a good God. The misery and the pain, though inseparable in the present order of things, are still mere accidents of existence. She accounts for their presence by the doctrine of original sin. The whole struggle going on in every human breast between reason and impulse is an effort to restore the equilibrium in human nature lost by original sin. In her teachings there is no room for the question, Is life worth living? Life is a state of probation. It is within the power of every man to make it a blessing or a curse. Man is born into this world without his consent; he lives within certain environments, over which he has no control; accidents befall him; he is circumvented in many ways; that which he most ardently seeks flies farthest from him; that which he least covets is what comes most readily into his possession. But the measure of man's success in life is not the mere attainment of his desires. This is a life-lesson as old as human nature, but none the less a lesson that human

* Job xiv. † *Imitation*, iii. xvi. 1. ‡ *Is Life worth Living?* p. 269.

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nature is frequently ignoring. Conduct and motive are the two elements that enter into the fulness of human life and make of it a success or a failure. He whose conduct is upright and whose motive is sincere has not lived in vain. His frame may be racked with pain and disease; adversities may befall him and friends forsake him; these things disturb not the calm of his soul; he turns them to account as aids to his spiritual growth. He knows that the be-all and the end-all is not here. He recognizes a life above and beyond the plane of the natural, to which all men are destined and which all men can attain. This supernatural life is of the invisible world. We can neither touch nor taste nor see it, but it is none the less a reality. It is in us and about us. The light of faith reveals it to us in all its beauty and harmony and glory. Therein we read the meaning of the world, the plan and purpose of man. By prayer do we hold communion with this unseen world; by the sacraments does the church communicate to us saving grace out of this unseen world, and by hope do we live to enter upon a new and a higher life in this unseen world.

And now, having glanced at the current of pessimism against which Amiel struggled in vain, we return to the *Journal Intime.* It abounds in some beautiful descriptions, some very clever comments upon the books he was reading or the persons he met, and, above all, in some searching inquiries into the depths of his own soul. Mrs. Humphry Ward has done her work well. But Amiel's Calvinism narrowed and distorted his vision and made his criticisms, especially of any and everything Catholic, extremely partisan. His redeeming trait is his sincerity. But we close the book saddened at the sight of so much talent wasted, such feeble efforts made to break the spell of inanition that was weaving its folds about him, so much subtle egotism gnawing at what was best in him and reducing his brightest hopes and clearest resolves to ashes. The blight of scepticism was upon his life.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. CRAWFORD'S new novel, *Sant' Ilario* (New York: Macmillan & Co.), is the promised continuation of *Saracinesca*—the continuation but not the conclusion of that much-praised tale. On the contrary, for after taking his amused and interested reader through nearly four hundred and fifty pages of exciting incident, bloody battles, family feuds, forgery, blackmail, suicide, unwarranted jealousy and renewed confidence between his married lovers, Sant' Ilario and Corona, and such other solids, liquids, and confectionery as he is continually spreading before the public, Mr. Crawford leaves Faustina and M. Gouache still unprovided with a suitable *dénouement* for their remarkable adventures and their romantic love. Like many another prolific novelist, Mr. Crawford seems settling down as the continuous chronicler of the doings of a certain set of fictitious characters. The tendency is easily understood, and it has provided the groundwork for some of the most memorable of modern tales. Anthony Trollope tells us that he grew so fond of Glencora Palliser, that when a remark he overhead about her at his club drove him home to kill her in the opening sentence of *The Duke's Children*, her passing was a real loss to him. So, indeed, it must have been to many a one among his readers. Characters so handled, in how light and evanescent a shape soever they may first have presented themselves to their creators, must get body with age, as wine does. To have an undisputed property in two or three such "stand-bys," around whom new circumstances gather naturally in course of time, must be a singular lightening of preparatory labor to the professional novelist. What a confusion of mind, by the way, an author might be thrown into should it occur to another equally reputable member of the craft to adopt one or more of his most successfully vitalized creations, transplant them into other soil, wilfully disclose their mysteries, tamper with their consciences, abate their prejudices, amend their manners, and totally unfit them for further use on their original lines! Would any action for libel stand, or, say, for abduction, should Mr. James, for example, lay violent hands on the Rev. Mr. Sewall, or Mr. Howells undertake to tell us what was the real secret of Mrs. Temperly's apparently objectless diplomacy?

Derrick Vaughan, Novelist, by Edna Lyall (New York: Frank

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F. Lovell & Co.), is rather goody-goody in its general scope and style. In part it is a glorification of that vocation of novelist to which its author has been called, and which she treats as one who believes undoubtingly that the Frenchman was right who said "the man of letters has a cure of souls." Some of the details of the story remind us of Mr. Harold Dijon's novel, *Paul Ringwood*, lately concluded in this magazine. Like all Miss Lyall's work, it is conscientiously done, and may be read without weariness even by those who turn to fiction rather for entertainment than instruction.

One of the most obtrusively flat of recent books—if flatness can ever be called obtrusive except in noses—is *American Coin* (New York: Appleton & Co.), by the author of *Aristocracy*. A somewhat prolonged observation of American girls has never brought one resembling either Lillie Winslow or Mamie Snelling under our notice. Possibly that may be because our range has included so few young ladies whose "pas" are millionaires and whose "mas" have but recently exchanged calico and the back kitchen for satin and the best rooms in the best native and foreign hotels. One recognizes perfectly the Daisy Miller type, but who, except the writer of *American Coin*, knows a nice American girl capable of losing herself in a London street at night after the theatre, and of writing such a letter as this to her "preserver" the next day?

"*Earl of Atherleigh, London.*

"DEAR EARL: I call it real mean of you never to have called as you promised. Pa said he wanted to take you by the hand as a man, and didn't care a continental for your title. Ma has stopped in all day for fear of missing you. Charlie, he kept away playing billiards down-stairs, and I—well, I just cried like a little fool, so I did. There, now, you don't think any the less of me for telling you? I never so much as dreamed you were an earl. I should have been real afraid of you if I had known. I'm afraid we won't ever meet again, as we go home from Havre in the French line. But, if you should ever come over to 'Frisco again to see the 'Yo-zem-mite' and the 'Geezers,' as you English people call them, like lots of your countrymen do, why, you must be sure to let pa know at once. I guess he can show you round pretty comfortably.

"Very truly your friend,

"LILLIE."

At this point the Talker's monologue abruptly merged into dialogue—which for convenience of space is printed in small type. The occasion was furnished by the inadvertent reading aloud of the letter just quoted.

"You think that is caricature, do you?" was the unexpected remark which followed from one of the ladies present. "Why, where were you brought up? The woods are full of just such girls as that. I know them by the dozen."

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"I made a distinction," says the Talker. "I said '*nice* girls.'"

"Well, I mean nice girls, as niceness goes nowadays. Girls with plenty of money to spend, and fathers and mothers to do the modern equivalent of what my own mother did for me in a different fashion. I see plenty of them. I've got young friends and relatives about me all the time."

"Girls capable of getting up a german at a hotel for the express purpose of dancing with a strange man whose name they learn only from the hotel register, simply because, as 'Lillie' says, 'he's just too sweet for anything,' and knows how to dress? Don't libe your countrywomen, Polly."

"Get up a german at a hotel for *that* reason?" says Polly in a smiling falsetto. "Is that the worst you've got to say against them? Lillie and Mamie must have been so near decorum's self that I begin to believe your author must have selected them as real models of what ought to be what in respectable American society. It's not what's what, I can tell you that. Why, I've known girls—good girls, mind you—to go off together by the half-dozen at a time to Asbury Park, or the Branch, or wherever else, for the express purpose of having 'a good flirt.'"

"And that means?"

"It means getting into conversation with any presentable-looking young men they may meet there, dining or supping with them, eating ice-cream or drinking soda at their expense."

"And then?"

"Then nothing. Sometimes they learn each other's names and keep up the acquaintance, but usually it is dropped. If they meet each other in the street afterward, the girl don't recognize her 'beau' of an afternoon, and that's all there is about it."

"Incredible!"

"I guess Polly 's about right, though," chimes in a younger speaker. "I know when I was a girl myself, which wasn't so very long ago, I was voted decidedly slow and old-fashioned because I couldn't quite see my way to that sort of thing."

"You had a mother," suggests the Talker.

"So have they," puts in Polly. "Nice, good women, too, who go to church and say their prayers, and don't seem to think there is anything much the matter, except that there certainly is a mighty difference between the new ways of going on and those they were brought up to. Why, I knew a girl who met a man just in that way, in Central Park. Afterwards he followed her up, called at the house, she introduced him to her parents, and first thing you know they were married. And the next thing you know, another wife turned up from Jersey or somewhere with two children. It just ruined the whole family. Kate was an only daughter, her father was wealthy, and set his whole heart on her, and when this disgrace came he took to drink, failed in business, died, and Kate goes down-town to work now every day. And she never was brought up to it, nor her mother before her."

"That was rough on Kate," suggests some one else, "but her father and mother seem to have got something very like their just deserts. That sort of thing must be more the fault of parents than of children. Haven't they common sense? Don't they know their girls are losing their good name and more than that?"

"Ah!" says Polly, "that's just where you're wrong in nine cases out of ten. I told you I meant *nice* girls, good girls, girls that have got their own standard of what is proper, and who don't go beyond it. They go in for fun, they

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say, when you scold them about it. Oh! I've scolded till I was tired, and much good it does! It goes in one ear and out the other."

"I'll tell you about the mothers," says a male voice, coming for the first time into the talk. "For the most part they are good, simple women, either foreigners, or at best brought up by parents who were foreign, and under the strictest kind of supervision. If they never had any approach to the kind of liberty their children take, it was chiefly because 'they wouldn't be let,' and they submitted to restraint without ever getting any very definite notion that there was any reason in the nature of things for the restrictions, beyond the fact that it is the nature of parents to veto whatever the hearts of children are most inclined to. The present state of affairs, caricatured by your novel there, as you seem to think, fairly enough described according to my judgment, is in great part the result of trying to 'swap horses in the middle of a stream.' The old-world idea of surveillance, of governing at every point and all the time, has had to be relaxed here—the climate is fatal to it. We all agree that 'men are governed too much,' and from that the step to children are governed too much is easy. Authority was the word under which our parents grew up; license, modified by what Polly calls 'their own standard of what is proper,' is what our young people are claiming in the rebound. The next generation will be like enough to swing into the just medium, or even go a trifle further back. Meantime, such trash as this *American Coin*, and its predecessor, *Aristocracy*, serve a recognizably good end, though whether they do so intentionally is more than doubtful. Why not paint in all its flatness and imbecility a condition of social life to which those epithets are substantially the worst that will generally apply? If such a state of things can be shown up as absurd and contemptible, so much the better."

The Reproach of Annesley, by Maxwell Gray (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is plainly the work of a woman possessed of more than common powers, though powers of which she is not yet in complete mastery. Her previous novel, *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, has been praised so highly that our anticipations for the present one, in which we first make her acquaintance, were raised somewhat unduly high. Nevertheless, it has unusual merit. Like most of the more pretentious novels of the day, it abounds in passages of more or less poetic prose, descriptive of nature in her various moods. Many of these are fine in a certain way. The words are well chosen and full of color, the sentences are musical. Their defect is that they seldom make pictures to the mind. They are like landscapes which a clever draughtsman and colorist might produce from hearsay if he had never beheld any with his bodily eyes.

The character painting of the novel is better than the scene painting. Some of the sketches of English rustics seem particularly well done, even when they have an invincible tendency to remind one of similar work in *Adam Bede*. It is not always that they do so. Raysh Squire, the bell-ringer, and Daniel Pink, the shepherd, hold their own extremely well, even in comparison with Mrs. Poyser and Bartle Massey.

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Mam Gale, too, is amusing, not least so when she indignantly protests against the proposal made by her "betters" that her consumptive son shall enlist in a regiment going out to India, in hopes that the warmer climate may give him a renewed chance for life:

"Mam Gale dropped, thunderstruck, upon a chair, regardless of the pile of freshly-ironed caps she crushed beneath her. 'Our Hreub goo vur a soldier," she cried, when her indignation at last found voice—"Hreub what never drinked nor done aught agen the Commandments! Our Hreuben 'list! We've a zeen a vast of trouble, Miss Lingard, but we never known disgrace avore!'

"Alice ventured to say that Mr. Annesley had broken no Commandments, as far as she knew, and that his friends were glad when he went for a soldier; to which Mam Gale replied with dignity that she wondered that Miss Lingard knew no better than to forget what Reuben owed to his position in life. ''Tain't no harm vur gentlevolk; they can do without characters and hain't no call to be respectable,' she said; 'but our Hreub, what have always looked to hisself, it do zeem cruel to let he down."

The two girls, Alice Lingard and Sybil Rickman, are also very well studied. The men are less satisfactory. Necessary as it is to the unfolding of her plot, more knowledge of human nature would have made it plain to Maxwell Gray that Edward Annesley's silence when his confidence is demanded by Alice as the sole preliminary to her acceptance of his suit, is not in the veritable order of things between souls bound by the tie she has imagined. A cast-iron plot, conceived beforehand, to which all things else must bend, is a serious thing for a novelist to burden himself with if he aspires to the highest rank in his profession. On that little stage which alone is his, the nearest approach which he can make to that great order and sequence of things which rules the real world around him, is to be arrived at by giving human nature its free play, preserving truth of motive and of action as closely as he may, and then permitting a great deal which seems pure accident to bring about his preconceived end. In life everything may happen except radical changes in human nature itself. There is more than one sufficient reason which might prevail to set asunder, with their own free will, a man and woman between whom exists that unique and pure passion which alone deserves the name of love, and which Maxwell Gray has essayed to describe. For the most part she has imagined it very well. But, granting its existence, it is not in nature that a man laboring unjustly under the suspicion of a foul crime, from which he can clear himself by incontestable evidence, should not do so to the woman he loves, when that is the only obstacle to possessing her; especially when, as is the case with Edward Annes-

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ley, the truth could not injure any living soul. With this serious exception, Maxwell Gray has managed the details of her story with much skill. Her manner of telling it is rather jerky and disconnected, the successive chapters being apt to come upon one with a certain shock of unpreparedness. The book is a clever one, nevertheless, and more than usually worth reading.

Merze: The Story of an Actress, by Marah Ellis Ryan (Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.), shows constructive ability, and a certain literary aptness which might be used to better purpose than in this story. It is more than doubtful, however, whether work of a higher class would gain as wide a public as has probably been reached by the author's present venture. The worst that can be said of it is that it is sensational. It seems to be inevitable that the American and the French novels of the day shall hinge in some way upon illicit love. Bad is the best. The chief choice between them concerns the manner in which the authors handle this perennial theme. As Miss Ryan has succeeded in steering safely between the Scylla and Charybdis through which she freely chose to take her course, she possibly deserves congratulation. But it is a perilous course at best, and we recommend her to study better models than are supplied by the daily journals and the most widely current native fiction.

Miss Laura Jean Libbey is so absurd when considered as a novelist, that nothing but her vogue could excuse mention of her last preposterously silly story, *That Pretty Young Girl.* Immoral it is not, except as inanity and trash must always be demoralizing both to those who produce and those who consume it. When one reflects upon the multitude of potential Laura Jean Libbeys now standing behind counters, or mollifying conversation with chewing-gum on the upper decks of Coney Island boats, and to whose delight alone such books as these can satisfyingly minister, the future looks gloomy. If anywhere the adage that like loves like approves itself as true it is in the matter of the reading that occupies by choice one's leisure. It is unfortunate that the Hahnemann principle that like cures like is not equally true in the same region. Still, since Miss Libbey finds readers in phenomenal numbers, it is pleasant to be able to say with truth that absurdity is her chief fault, her chief merit being, in this story at least, the success with which she imitates—at a long distance, it is true—the scheme devised by Miss Anna Katherine Greene in the contrivance of her plots. That scheme, as the readers of *Hand and Ring* remember, is to have a murder perpetrated early in the tale, and then confuse the reader's mind by

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throwing suspicion on several persons, whose motives and opportunities are laid bare by turns with more or less skill, and each of whom is nearly brought to the gallows in consequence. The mystery is finally cleared up by the discovery that some entirely unsuspected actor has done the deed. Edgar Poe worked on the same lines in that ingenious story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. The trick is not a very costly one, as it consists merely in putting together again the pieces of a dissecting map, one of which has been purposely withheld from those to whom the puzzle was apparently submitted in its entirety.

Miss Libbey's characters have a delightful way of subsiding into poetry at most unexpected moments. Her hero, narrating in the first chapter the troubles which have decided him to commit suicide as soon as he has written them all down, tells how his sweetheart informed him that notwithstanding their intense love, "your bride I can never be." To this announcement he avers that he responded thus:

"'Helen,' I said slowly and with great emotion, 'do you remember the lines of an old poem we read together in a book a few days since? Do you wish me to repeat them and apply them to you?

"'Good-by for ever, my darling,
Dear to me even now.'"

And so on through three stanzas of sixteen lines each, recited, doubtless, in the highest style of back-parlor elocution, until the justly aggrieved Helen put an end to it by sobbing: "Stop! you torture me; I cannot bear it!"

Helen herself is a confirmed elocutionist of the same type. Called into her father's study to receive the dreadful tidings that he more than half-believes himself to be the murderer of the man she was on the point of marrying, and being first asked whether she will promise "to trust and believe in me, no matter what comes, no matter how great the shock!" she answers:

"'I shall always believe in you, papa. My affection is as true as steel, as faithful as the unswerving magnet to the pole. I say with Lord Byron *(sic)*:

"'Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home still is here,'"

until she has finished the whole of the poem. Even the detective, Hubert Harper, when he too falls in love with the all-subduing Helen, that "pretty young girl," declares himself in this style:

"'Miss Trevalyn, Helen!' he whispered, clasping her hand suddenly in his,

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'shall I tell you the reward, and the only reward I would take? Oh, do not turn from me; listen to me! I am not what I seem—an humble gardener—I am Mr. Harper, the detective, and I have learned to love you, Miss Helen, with a love that is so intense it is eating my very life away day by day. I must speak, though this is neither the time, place, nor is it under the right condition, but you are so gentle you will listen to me. I am not a poet, but oh! this I say unto you:

" ' Perchance if we had never met,
I had been spared this vain regret—
This endless striving to forget,' " etc., etc.,

for half a page. The hopeless thing about books like this, when considered as mental pabulum for the multitude, is, of course, their inane, vacuous mediocrity, both of ideal and of execution.

Deborah Death (New York: G. W. Dillingham) belongs to the theosophic, "psychic" school of fiction, but is not a very good specimen of its class. Without being ill-written, it still has not sufficient distinction, either of good qualities or of bad ones, to make it of importance.

The same thing may be said in substance of Mr. Edgar Saltus's new novel, *The Pace that Kills* (New York: Belford, Clarke & Co.) Like all its author's work, it leaves behind it a nasty taste upon the reader's palate. In the present instance, this is attributable solely to the personal flavor of its author, who cannot even avoid immorality in a cleanly way. What Mr. Saltus says of his hero on the occasion when that most disagreeable creature struck his wife, expresses sufficiently well the effect this author has invariably upon his present critic's mind. "By instinct he was not a gentleman," he writes of Roland Mistrial; "for some time he had not even taken the trouble to appear one; yet at that moment, dancing in derision before him, he saw the letters that form the monosyllable Cad." It must surely be the irony of fate which always compels Mr. Saltus to etch a portrait like this at some spot or other of any plate he takes in hand. There is a certain air of premeditation about them, it is true, but their final effect is to recall the words of the apostle concerning him who, after looking in the glass, straightway forgets what manner of man he is.

Mr. William A. Leahy's "poetical drama in five acts," *The Siege of Syracuse* (Boston: D. Lothrop Company), is smooth and easy in versification, and permits itself to be read without weariness. The scene is laid in Syracuse during the Athenian siege, B.C. 414–413. The characters are few and sufficiently well defined, even though they are not full enough of life to compel attention or haunt memory. The drama is, doubtless, a clever and credit-

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able performance, and if, in these prosaic latter days, there were either laurel crowns to be won by skilful versifiers from the eager public, or ducats to be hoped for by them from their publishers, a kindly critic might with a clear conscience encourage Mr. Leahy to continue paying his court to the refractory yet not forbidding muse.

Campion: A Tragedy (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates), is a translation made by the Rev. James Gillow Morgan from the French of the Rev. G. Longhaye, S.J. It reads more like an original than a translation, Father Morgan having, in common with Mr. Leahy, a marked talent for English blank verse. The tragedy is in four acts, preceded by a dramatized prologue, which, as its action antedates by fifteen years the play proper, "cannot," says the author, "be correctly considered a first act." It condenses well the events of the Blessed Edmund Campion's life and death, and sets them before the reader in an interesting way. It would not be easy for the most spiritually purblind to avoid seeing a hero in that noble and faithful soul, and impossible to keep the most plain and simple setting forth of him void of strong attraction.

To any reader who likes a good laugh, without a shade of malice or evil suggestion in it, we commend *The Wrong Box* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. Mr. Stevenson is never otherwise than pleasant in his manner, even when his matter is not altogether to one's mind; with Mr. Osborne's aid he has succeeded in descending to low comedy without loss of dignity. One of the authors, says the brief preface, "is old enough to be ashamed of himself, and the other young enough to learn better." But their readers will be inclined to wish that they may remain just where they are long enough to indulge again in "a little judicious levity" of an equally innocuous sort. We should despair of doing any manner of justice to the fun of the book by condensation; even to sample it by quotation would not be easy without more preliminary explanations of the situations than we have space for. Its mirth-provoking quality is so equally compounded from its matter and its manner that nothing short of the book itself can adequately convey it.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE REVOLUTIONARY DOGMA.*

THE purpose of Mr. Lilly in writing *A Century of Revolution* is to refute the French Revolutionary dogma, which he states as follows: "The essence of the Revolutionary dogma is that only in equality, absolute and universal, can the public order be properly founded. Arrange that every adult male shall count for one, and nobody for more than one, and by this distribution of political power, whatever the moral, social, or intellectual state of its recipients, you realize the perfect and only legitimate form of the state" (p. 14). "To sum up, that complete freedom or lawlessness—for the two things were supposed to be identical—is the natural condition of man, that all men are born and continue equal in rights, that civil society is an artificial state resting upon a contract between these sovereign units, whereby the native independence of each is surrendered, and a power over each is vested in the body politic, as absolute as that which nature gives every man over his limbs, and then 'that human nature is good, and that the evil in the world is the result of bad education and bad institutions,' that man, uncorrupted by civilization, is essentially reasonable, and that the will of the sovereign units, dwelling in any territory under the social contract—that is, of the majority of them—expressed by their delegates is the rightful and only source of justice and of law—such is the substance of the dogma which the Revolution has been endeavoring for a century to unite to the reality of life" (p. 15).

Having placed these definitions upon the nose of his reader as the medium of sight, Mr. Lilly proceeds to point out to him what he wants him to see upon the map of history. His definitions are inaccurate, and therefore misleading, and his use of facts is neither complete nor candid. It is not true that the French Revolution began or was carried through upon the principles stated by Mr. Lilly. It began in hatred of admitted abuses of the governing orders which had become intolerable, and it was carried on to the destruction of the orders themselves, mainly in blind hatred, ferocious, bloody, and often criminal to the uttermost degree. Thus the energizing force was negative. Positive governmental theories and constitutions were drawn up and adopted and changed repeatedly, ranging from anarchism to imperialism; this positive side continually changed, but the Revolution went on. It never gave a reason for itself that survived twelve months, except that something was bad and should be destroyed. And herein is the notorious error of the Revolution, that its only abiding principle is hatred of the bad and its only abiding force is destruction. And it is the initial fault of Mr. Lilly that he fastens upon it a single scheme of politics, whereas history tells us that it has had many and various ones. Louis Philippe's last will had for its first clause a recommendation of the principles of 1789 to his heirs, and he was a monarch and a monarchist. The hymn of the Anarchists is the "Marseillaise," and they hold every form and quantity of government to be tyranny. Both agree in the one and only Revolutionary dogma: Destroy. Napoleon III. claimed to be a true child of the Revolution, and his claim was valid, though he was an imperialist and an emperor.

It is not our purpose to follow the author through his arguments, much less to refute them, for with many of them we agree. But with the main drift of his book we disagree. We condemn the Revolution for what it did, in so far as it destroyed much that was good. As to what it taught, much was true, much was false; or, rather, *it* taught nothing, though revolutionists taught every theory of

* *A Century of Revolution.* By William Samuel Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall.

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political life. The Revolution had a motto: Liberty, equality, fraternity. But a motto is not a dogma.

It seems to us that a partial explanation of the confusion and onesidedness of this book is to be looked for in its author's deep aversion for the French people as a race, evidenced in several places and plainly so. He believes, indeed, in "prescription and privilege," and what he calls the "teaching of history," meaning thereby that the few govern the many by the law of the survival of the fittest; but this is not a sufficient explanation of his attack on the characteristics of the French race, which is in our opinion worthy of the epithet venomous. Together with that is what is to be looked for in its company, the divinizing of the English people. He should have been frank enough to avow himself a Tory, opposed to all form and name of Democracy; yet listen to him: "There are in the modern world two types of Democracy." [By the modern world he means Europe. America does not exist to him. Or perhaps he places the great Republic alongside of France in the prisoner's dock.] "There is the type moulded by an abstract idea, and that a false one, which adopts the *Credo* of the Revolution; which in the name of a spurious equality assassinates liberty and depersonalizes man; which gives the lie to the facts of science and the facts of history; which is essentially chaotic, as lacking the elements of stability and tradition essential to society; which opposeth and exalteth itself above all that is called God or that is worshipped, to the moral law which is its voice, to the laws of social life which are his ordinance—the formula *ni Dieu ni maître* correctly expresses it; which has no sense of any law superior to popular wilfulness, and which is condemned already simply by the very fact that it is anarchic, that it is *consilii expers*, at variance with the reason of things, which no man or nation of men can disobey under dire penalty. . . . That is one type of Democracy, faithfully represented by contemporary France."

We pause here to point out that if Mr. Lilly thought the United States an exception, he must have noted it in this place. What we proceed to quote from him shows a positive exclusion of the American form of government from rational freedom. The reader will be surprised at his exclusive list of the genuine free states: "There is a temperate, rational, regulated Democracy, the product of that natural process of 'persistence in mobility' which is the law of the social organism, as of the physical; a Democracy recognizing the differences naturally springing from individuality, allowing full room for the free play of indefinitely ranging personalities, and so, constructive and progressive, the nurse of patriotism and the tutor of freedom; a Democracy in harmony with the facts of history and of science, and with the necessary laws of human life, issuing from the nature of things, and therefore, in the truest sense, divine; a Democracy where the masses are not fawned upon by the discounters and jugglers of universal suffrage, who so well understand the old maxim, 'Flatter and reign,' but schooled and governed by the strong and wise; a Democracy at once the subject and outcome of law. Such is the Imperial fabric of Democracy which has been reared in Germany, upon the sure basis of national traditions and historical continuity, intellectual culture and moral discipline and domestic piety; philosophers and poets like Kant and Hegel and Goethe and Schiller, true kings of men like the patriot princes of the noble house of Hohenzollern, puissant and prescient statesmen like Stein and Bismarck, being the chief master-builders" (p. 184).

Our readers cannot help noticing that America does not exist for Mr. Lilly's purposes. The study of revolution, democracy, liberty, equality during the past century can be pursued and completed by him as if America had never been discovered, the American Revolution never fought, and a nation of sixty millions of people resting on manhood suffrage was but a dream. Yet the countries from

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which the people flee away to take shelter in the American Republic are the ones that he holds up in favorable contrast with France. The French stay at home with all their troubles; the Germans and the natives of the British Islands cannot get away fast enough to a nation which believes that men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; which is therefore tainted with the "Revolutionary dogma."

We are willing to follow Mr. Lilly in his denunciations of the French Revolution, for it was a saturnalia of crime. But it was not to blame if it placed rights instead of duties as the basis of government; we wish it had done so, for that is a sound theory and, carried out in practice, would have prevented crime and established order, just as, to a limited extent, the English Revolution of 1688 had done. That Revolution is the author's model, he all but worships it; and yet it was but the restoring the fundamental ideas of government in England to the acknowledgment of *rights* from which as a basis it had been shifted to *duties* by the Protestant Tudors and Stuarts. The author says, speaking of Christendom: "The public which gradually arose throughout Europe on the ruins of the Roman Empire was a vast hierarchy of duties. . . . And these duties were conceived of as the source and the measure of human rights" (p. 6).

Now, what we have first to criticise in this assumption is that the author has herein dropped the terminology of free England and chosen that of England under the Stuarts. When the English people unseated James II. by act of parliament—a parliament without a king—and made William and Mary sovereigns, it was not a Bill of Duties but a Bill of Rights which gave utterance to their supreme will. The Bill of Rights is the nearest approach to a written constitution known to English politics, and, excepting the hateful word Protestant, is a true echo of the Magna Charta which hundreds of years before sprang to the lips of free Englishmen from the essence of Catholic doctrine. In the concluding words of the Bill of Rights the Lords and Commons of England "claim, demand, and insist upon all and singular the premises as their undoubted rights and liberties"; not even twisting the relations of men awry and speaking of their rights as the king's duties. This twisting awry is what Mr. Lilly has done throughout his book: "These duties were conceived as the source and the measure of human rights." No; the source and measure of duties are rights, and not the contrary. Civil government, as St. Thomas and all sound Catholic writers teach, is for the people and not the people for the government. There is a government that the people may be protected in the enjoyment of their rights; only in a secondary sense that transgressors may be made to do their duty. In holding the opposite view Mr. Lilly is as un-English as he is un-Catholic, and to be consistent should hold the Gallican theory of the divine and immediate right of kings, and therefore should be as bitter an enemy of the English Revolution of 1688, in which the people unseated their king and chose another, as he is of the French Revolution of a century later.

Pope Leo, in his Encyclical on the Constitution of the Christian State, says men are equal in having the one same nature, the same end and destiny, and the same means of arriving at it. Now, if there be anything else in man that is essential, let us know it. Equality of nature, of destiny, of means of arriving at it is *essential* equality, if the word has any meaning. Such equality generates liberty, necessitates fraternity, and this in every order of life. Nor does this militate against inequality of function, office, gifts of nature or of Providence. But all these last are not corrective, much less destructive, of essential equality. They do not concern essential manhood. In discussing this principle and fact, for it is both, Mr. Lilly, in assailing what he thinks is "the dogma of the Revolution," has injured the dogma of Christianity.

W. E.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

How many members are needed to form a Reading Circle? This question has been asked by many of our correspondents. In reply we may state that the Columbian Reading Union will not make any rules concerning the number of members or the private management of any organization affiliated to it. Our work is to gather information and publish lists of books which will be of assistance to all interested in the diffusion of good literature. Individuals, as well as Reading Clubs, may obtain the advantages thus offered.

Reading circles can be organized in different ways, either in connection with parochial or public libraries, or on an independent basis. It makes a considerable saving of expense if the books to be used can be borrowed from a library. The *Cathedral Library Reading Circle* and the *Ozanam Reading Circle*, both of New York City, are in alliance with Catholic circulating libraries. Books recommended in the lists of the Columbian Reading Union are purchased in each case by the parish library, and are made accessible without extra cost to the members of the Reading Circles. In many places the same plan could no doubt be applied to public libraries.

There is no fixed way of starting a Reading Circle. Some one must begin to talk about the matter. Five members are enough, although a much larger number should be enrolled wherever it can be so arranged. Very few rules are necessary. It is not advisable to undertake a burdensome course of reading. Some profound scholars read good works of fiction as a mental relaxation. The members of a Reading Circle must decide whether they wish to have an annual, a monthly, or a weekly meeting. From Miss Emilie Gaffney, of Rochester, N. Y., we have received the following

PLAN FOR FORMING A READING CIRCLE.

"I propose an initiation fee of fifty cents and an annual fee of one dollar. With this amount to select a sufficient number of books. Each book will contain on the fly-leaf a printed list of members, arranged according to residence. To every member will be sent one or two books, which may be retained two weeks, and must then be passed to the one whose name follows on the list. All books to be passed the first and fifteenth of the month, and the dates when received and when passed to be noted by each member.

"In forming a book club it is necessary to avoid too heavy reading, which would soon discourage all but those above the average literary taste. Many timid persons might be deterred from joining a club in which too much individual effort would be required, and my object in the start being to interest all, I consider this a cogent reason for suggesting this plan, which will give each one an opportunity of becoming conversant with Catholic literature without the necessity of frequent discussion or public reading. However, I hope from this beginning will emanate many *local* clubs for critical study and research.

"Any one desiring to purchase a club book may signify such intention. At the close of the year it will be sold for half the original cost. Books of fiction will be circulated with a more solid work."

The form of personal invitation by letter was adopted to put the plan given above into actual operation. In this way conflicting opinions were avoided at the outset, and those invited were at liberty to attend the first meeting or not as they chose. Only two officers were selected, a librarian and a treasurer. To the librarian was assigned the labor of selecting the list of books by Catholic authors,

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and the arranging of the names of members on a record to be pasted in each book with a view to the speedy transfer of the volumes from house to house.

"Each member receives with her book a card with a few minor directions and the address of the one to whom her books are to be passed after they have been retained two weeks, the time allotted for reading a book.

"It is necessary to have as many books as members, but well to have more, so that two or more small volumes may be sent together, or, if a subject is too heavy for the ordinary taste, one of lighter nature may be passed with it.

"In assigning the books care should be taken to place them so fiction will alternate with solid reading.

"Members should note on the list opposite their names the date when they receive and pass each book. Those who wish a book the second time must wait until the entire circuit has been made, and then apply to the librarian.

"The fee depends on the number of members. Our Circle contains sixty-four members. With the fees given by them were purchased seventy-eight books at a cost of $84 87, the incidental expenses, including printing, reckoned about $8.

"An annual meeting will be held for the payment of dues, to report the condition of books, etc.

"It is intended to arrange soon for special culture by fortnightly meetings. This will form a distinct branch of the Reading Circle.

"With sixty-four members two years and a half will be required for each book to make the circuit. The annual fee will be necessary to replace some of the books which may be worn out before that time." M. C. M.

(*The following addendum to "A Canadian Example," our leading article in this issue, reached us too late to be printed with it.*)

Since this paper was written an effort has been made by certain militant politicians to create in Manitoba an agitation against denominational schools and the official use of the French language; and the Winnipeg *Free Press*, an influential secular journal, in the course of an able leading article, makes, after referring to the language question, this argument in favor of the separate schools:

"It is vastly different with separate schools. That is a matter of conscience, not of convenience. Since the creation of Manitoba the English have largely outgrown the French in numbers, and while this may be a sufficient reason for abolishing the dual language system, it will be seen that is no reason at all for abolishing separate schools. The same consideration which demanded that this concession be made to the religious scruples of five thousand Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, when they formed a full half of the population, must be observed now when they number only a fifth. No disparity of numbers can affect a question of conscience. The French language may go, under the preponderating weight of the English; but no preponderance of Protestantism will justify the withholding of the least right from any number of Catholics, however small. Those of us, therefore, who, in our thoughtlessness, have agreed that because the few French must give way to many English in the absurd and trifling matter of a double language, the few Catholics must give way to many Protestants in the matter of separate schools, will on reflection recognize the important difference in principle between the two."

I may add that the constitution of Manitoba provides for the establishment of denominational schools and for the official use of the two languages, and that the amendment of the constitution is *ultra vires* of the Provincial Legislature.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF EARNINGS, SO-CALLED "PROFIT-SHARING"; BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LABORS OF ALFRED DOLGE IN THE TOWN OF DOLGEVILLE, N. Y. New York, 1889: Printed and published for the section "*Participation du Personnel dans les Bénéfices*," Paris Exposition, 1889.

Alfred Dolge, to-day "the largest felt and felt-shoe manufacturer, as well as the leading manufacturer and dealer in piano materials, in America," has his works at Dolgeville (formerly called Brockett's Bridge), situated on both sides of East Canada Creek, eight miles northeast of Little Falls, in Herkimer County, this State. He uses water-power and employs altogether about 600 hands. His main products are organ and piano felt hammers, felt shoes, sounding-boards for pianos and organs, and piano casings and mouldings. It is pretty evident that he is not much troubled by competition in his business. Most persons understand how great an advantage it is for a manufacturer to be able to make his own prices and stick to them. It enables Mr. Dolge to estimate the value of his services at $25,000 yearly, which he has declared is "what he would ask as a salary to manage his business for a corporation, because he knows he can earn that amount of money." He was born in Chemnitz (Saxony), December 22, 1848, and up to his thirteenth year attended the public school in Leipzig, and then entered his father's business of piano-manufacturing as an apprentice to study piano-building. When seventeen years old, and at the close of his apprenticeship, he came to New York, returned to Leipzig for a short time, and afterwards again to New York, where he found his first employment in the piano-factory of Frederick Mathusek. While employed there his first success was the importation from Germany of hammer leather, which he knew was manufactured there of much better quality than in the United States. He added to that business, which went on increasing, the importation of Poehlmann's wire, at that time comparatively unknown in America. In 1869 he became an importer of piano materials, and by his efforts placed the wares of the German makers whom he represented in the best piano-factories in the United States. This led him to undertake the production of hammer felt, an important article used in the manufacture of pianos. After many discouraging experiments of all kinds he finally succeeded in turning out excellent felt on which he lost money every year, but the profits of his importing business enabled him to stand his losses in felt-making. In 1873 Dolge, then only twenty-five years old, exhibited his hammer felt at the Vienna Exhibition, won the highest prize, and received large orders from European manufacturers. In 1874 the demand for his felts had increased to such an extent that in order to enlarge his manufacturing facilities he removed to the village of Brockett's Bridge, already mentioned. He built there large factories and mills, which are considered among the finest in the United States. In 1876 Dolge received two medals and diplomas at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. At the Paris Exhibition in 1878 he exhibited for the first time, besides his piano and organ felts, piano sounding-boards, and received first prizes for both. The enormous growth of his sounding-board industry compelled him to purchase over 18,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack Mountains, and build three saw-mills, at Otter Lake, Port Leyden, and Leipzig. He brought over from Saxony a forester learned in the science of

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forestry to look after his woodland. Some ten years ago he began the manufacture of felt shoes, of which 1,500 pairs are made by him daily.

Having thus recounted his rise to great manufacturing and commercial prosperity, we have now to speak of another field of labor and philanthropic utility in which he has made himself prominent. He has conceived an idea which he has expressed in these words, taken from a letter to the Chicago *Morning News*, published January 19, 1889:

"There is no doubt in my mind that manufacturers will eventually make all their employees partners in the business, so to say, as there is undoubtedly something wrong at present in the relation of capital to labor. In many instances capitalists enrich themselves immeasurably at the expense of labor. It would certainly be welcomed by the majority of the American people if a plan could be devised, just for both sides, whereby labor will get its rightful proportion of the earnings of a business."

This basic idea is frequently reiterated in letters written and speeches delivered by him (these last mostly at Dolgeville to his employees), and which have been published in the pamphlet now before us. He has not, however, as yet found a plan of so-called profit-sharing that he considers thoroughly practical, and this because the greatest stumbling-block he has met has been that the majority of his men were not sufficiently prepared intellectually for such an experiment. In the meanwhile he proceeds in this wise: He sets aside each year, according to his own decision, a calculated amount of profits of his business for the benefit of his men. This sum, however, he does not distribute among them in cash, but he invests it for their benefit in various benevolent schemes, of which the principal are a pension fund, a life insurance plan, a mutual aid society, a school society, a building fund for the erection of homes, a club house, and a public park.

Pension Fund.—Every regular employee, after a continuous service of ten years, becomes entitled to a pension in case of partial or total inability to work, caused by accident, sickness, or old age, as long as such inability may last, and it is to consist in the following quota of the wages earned during the last year of employment, viz.:

50	per	cent.	after ten years' service.
60	"	"	thirteen years' service.
70	"	"	sixteen years' service.
80	"	"	nineteen years' service.
90	"	"	twenty-two years' service.
100	"	"	twenty-five years' service.

In case of accident while on duty, or of sickness contracted through the performance of duty, employees shall be entitled to a pension of 50 per cent. at any time previous to the completion of ten years' service.

Life Insurance.—Each employee who has, for five *consecutive* years, been in the employ of the firm is entitled to a life insurance policy of $1,000, and, at the expiration of the tenth year of steady employment, to another $1,000 policy. Premiums and all expenses will be paid by the firm as long as the insured is in its employ. For those who have been rejected, an amount, equal to the premiums which would have been paid had applicants been received, will be regularly deposited in the German Savings-Bank of New York.

At present the number of policy-holders is fifty-two, of which number forty hold policies of $1,000, six hold policies of $2,000, three hold policies of $3,000, and three hold policies of higher amount. The total outlay in this department since it was established is $10,441 66. Mr. Dolge discriminates in favor of his high-priced help where he deems it just, as, for instance, the director of his felt factory, who carries $10,000 in life insurance. To the school society he

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contributes $300 a year, and in 1886 donated $7,000 for a new school-house, and $2,000 of taxes besides. He has agreed to contribute $4,000 yearly towards Dolgeville Academy, for which he is erecting a new building at his own expense. The large club-house cost him $10,000, and contains gymnasium, stage, bowling alley, library, billiard rooms, etc. Beer only is sold there; no liquor and no gambling is allowed. He also helps his men to buy their homes. He builds houses for his employees on plans prepared by them, and allows them to pay the cost in monthly instalments of $10 each. He allows his workmen to leave their wages with him, if they so desire, but does not encourage them to do so. At the beginning of each year a reunion and banquet is given to the employees. Remunerations, pensions, and the life insurance he considers to be an equalization between the wages of the workingmen and the increased profits resulting from their work. He protests against the two last-named benefactions being called philanthropic acts on his part; they were simply business-like moves from which he expected to benefit and actually did benefit. In 1886 he was not troubled with strikes. His employees knew well that he would not for a moment submit to a strike or confer with a committee, but would consider every man discharged who was dissatisfied. Mr. Dolge, for reasons which he gives, considers any plan or system of profit-sharing a failure where the profits are divided on a per cent. basis of wages, or by a certain fixed percentage of the net profits, but that it must be considered the duty of every employer to pay his employee, besides the regular wages, whatever he may have properly and justly earned, the estimation of which must be left to the entirely arbitrary decision of the employer.

He expects by January 1, 1890, to have matured a system of detail bookkeeping which will show how much more, if any, a man has earned than the wages paid him. These earnings will be arrived at after deducting from the gross earnings all the usual expense items, such as wear and tear of machinery, salary for himself, interest on capital invested, and a proper amount for the reserve fund. There will then remain the net amount for distribution, from which will first be deducted moneys paid for life insurance and pensions. Whatever remains then will not be paid to the men, but credited to their profit-sharing accounts, giving the men certificates, this money to be invested for them in undoubted interest-bearing securities, and not paid over to them until they either quit, are discharged or retire under the pension law, or are sixty years of age. With such a plan neither the men nor anybody else will know how much profit was made, for it can happen that in a very prosperous year an entire department may not receive anything at all, while another may receive more than usual, according to how the men have worked—more or less faithfully.

Since no percentage has been promised to the men they have no right to ask any questions, and yet they will be encouraged to do their best to secure something extra at the end of the year. Mr. Dolge is a firm believer in the acquisition of knowledge and training of the intellect as the most efficacious of all means towards elevating the wage-earner and the voter; that progress in education is positively necessary; that the only remedy to prevent universal suffrage from proving a failure is education, good schools, plenty of them, and rigid school laws; that it is our sacred duty to make by good education every child a good citizen; but he does not say if this panacea for the immortal part of our being includes training of the will through religious influences, and the inculcation of a knowledge of God and of our duty to him. In fact, I do not recollect to have met with that august and revered name in any of his writings or speeches, not even in a funeral oration, in which he did not even hint that the deceased had an immortal soul. From the fact that in a speech to the Dolgeville Turnverein he alludes to the *fable of*

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the forbidden fruit given us in the Bible, it is more than likely that he is an indifferentist. On that same occasion he denounced "cakes, pies, and especially hot rolls, as the cause of dyspepsia." That was sound teaching, but he might have mentioned the use of tobacco as another powerful cause. B.

SATAN IN SOCIETY. By Nicholas Francis Cooke, M.D., LL.D., with an Introduction by Caroline F. Corbin, late President of the Society for the Promotion of Social Purity; together with a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Eliza Allen Starr, author of *Patron Saints*, *Pilgrims and Shrines*, etc. Chicago: C. F. Vent Company.

This book is a diligent research into the department of human physiology that relates particularly to the laws of life, and a fearless condemnation of the errors and sins which cause the nameless evils arising from the violation of those laws. In the first part it treats of the education of boys and girls, and, in a way in which a medical man of extensive experience alone can speak, it treats of the solitary vice, with its frightful consequences. In the following chapters "The Philosophy of Marriage" and the "Sphere of Women in the World" are treated. Finally, in the last chapters, the "Social Evil" is spoken of. It is a book on delicate subjects, yet it is a book written with an elevation of tone and a purity of sentiment that finds no place for libidinous suggestiveness. We well know that the country is flooded with books whose hidden purpose is to pander to a prurient taste or to advertise some nostrum, or to gain notoriety for some charlatan who has a specific for peculiar diseases. These books tend rather to increase the evils they profess to mitigate. *Satan in Society* is infinitely different from this class. It is as far above it as the widespreading branches of the stately oak is above the stagnant pool that lies at its base. The late Dr. Cooke was a high-minded, conscientious physician, who here lays bare the social sores only to heal them, and he does it with a delicacy of touch and a firmness of grasp that is in the spiritual order like the skill acquired by long experience with the scalpel.

Dr. Cooke was a convert to Catholicity who sacrificed not a little in his conversion to the faith. He acquired a thorough grasp of Catholic principles, and on disputed points he states his own convictions with no uncertain sound.

It is refreshing to see an eminent physician state plainly and frankly, "without putting a tooth in it," that the child has a divine right to be born, that it would be better to murder the child in the cradle than the one in the womb, and that the physician who would undertake to procure abortion or to destroy life in the womb in any other way, or for any other reason than he would after birth, is "a monster and a scoundrel."

It is related that when Dr. Cooke went to Cincinnati to deliver a course of lectures before the Pulte Medical College he called to pay his respects to Archbishop Purcell. When that venerable prelate entered the room he exclaimed, extending both arms, "Dr. Cooke, author of *Satan in Society*, come to my arms, my son! You have attempted a difficult work, but it was needed, and you have done it well."

A SHORT CUT TO THE TRUE CHURCH; OR, THE FACT AND THE WORD. By the Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C.P. Notre Dame, Indiana: Office of the *Ave Maria*.

This little book is really very much to the point and to the purpose. It is not addressed to everybody, but merely to those who, as the author says at the start, "believe with me in the Divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the four Gospels, but are not in the communion of Rome." And, thank God! there are a good many such left yet; the whole non-Catholic world has not become agnostic

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or altogether infidel. Father Hill has a very large audience to address, and one, moreover, on the whole, at least in our judgment, more sincere and earnest, as well as more enlightened, than the unbelievers and the sceptics.

The first part, the direct proof of the church, strikes us as uncommonly good. It is just the plainest and clearest kind of common sense, the nail hit on the head every time, and at very short intervals; not a word is wasted.

In the second part, as we may call it, though there is no formal division of this kind, the author takes up the principal difficulties which stand in the way of Protestants, and prevent them from examining the claims of the church. These "mountains," which he "tunnels," are four—the Papal Supremacy, Transubstantiation, Confession, and Devôtion to the Blessed Virgin. These he handles very ably, and in his treatment of the second and fourth especially there is a good deal which we do not remember seeing in any popular treatise before. The style is here necessarily more diffuse, but perhaps none the worse for that, for the taste of the majority of readers.

The book is really an interesting one, and from the excellence of its style, as well as the importance of its matter, an easy one to read. We would advise Catholics as well as Protestants of the kind not a few of us ourselves have been, to read it; for it is so short and plain that much of it may be kept in mind, and may be of service when we are talking to Protestant friends. And it would be a very good idea to call their attention to it, or to lend them a copy, for they are not very likely to see it, or any Catholic book, unless we do so.

PAGES CHOISIES DES MÉMOIRES DU DUC DE SAINT-SIMON. Edited and annotated by A. N. Van Daell, late Director of Modern Languages in the Boston High and Latin Schools, etc., etc. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889.

This small 12mo volume contains selections from the voluminous memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon, which have afforded such valuable materials for writing the history of France during the seventeenth century. There are in the text a very few misprints which should have been avoided. Besides the preface and a useful appendix, there are three introductory pieces; one on absolute power, from the writings of Alfred Raimbaud; and the other two, one on the court of Louis XIV., and the other on his biographer, are essays by Henri Taine. All three are interesting and serve a purpose of instruction as well, though, to some persons, the last two might seem a little onesided. Saint-Simon was the chronicler of the miseries and meannesses which either accompanied or were concealed behind the glory and splendor of his time, and which he industriously labored to truthfully reveal to succeeding generations. He was a man of strong resentments. His style is faulty though vigorous, his sentences are frequently disjointed. Sainte-Beuve, quoted in the preface, points out this defect forcibly in these words: "*Sa phrase craque de tous côtes.*" The thirteen extracts have been well selected; the subjects are likely to interest readers well enough up in French to understand the author. They will find instruction and entertainment throughout, and it is to be hoped will derive edification from two chapters, one descriptive of the nascent virtues and excellent intentions of the young Duke of Burgundy, heir apparent to the throne; and another which gives a full narrative of the last moments of Louis XIV. His reign of seventy-two years, during which, as he contritely confessed on his death-bed, he had too much indulged his taste for erecting buildings and for war, and had not sought to bring relief to his subjects as he felt he should have done, was closed by a truly Christian death. A proper appreciation of the importance of such a closing of earthly labors might lead one to say, without exaggeration in his case, that having "set forth a deep repentance. nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." B.

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A TREATISE ON SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY AND ITS APPLICATION TO GEODESY AND ASTRONOMY, with numerous examples. By John Casey, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.U.I., Member of the Mathematical Societies of London and France, Corresponding Member of the Royal Society of Sciences at Liège, Professor of Higher Mathematics and Mathematical Physics in the Catholic University of Ireland.

The author's preface tells us that this work is intended as a sequel to his treatise on Plane Trigonometry. It is certainly constructed on the same lines, there is the same evidence of wide reading in the latest works on the subject, both English and Continental, and the same critical and masterly treatment by which the book has been reduced to a connected whole, instead of remaining a thing "of shreds and patches." The old methods, where it has seemed advisable, have been altered for better ones, many of which are original. There are over five hundred examples, a large number of which are themselves interesting theorems. In particular we may draw attention to Cauchy's beautiful method for solving the various cases of oblique-angled triangles, to some interesting convergent series due to Brünnow, and to many important theorems due to Hart, Keogh, Neughberg, P. Serret, etc. By expressing the Spherical Excess as 2F instead of E great simplicity has been attained in a large number of important formulæ. We have Frobenius' theorem, a determinant relation between the mutual powers of one set of five small circles on a sphere to another set of five. The deductions from this theorem and its particular applications are very numerous and interesting. Amongst them we find here Dr. Casey's theorem, that if four circles on a sphere are touched by a fifth, and the mutual powers of two opposite pairs of circles be multiplied in every way, the sum of two of these products is always equal to the third. This theorem, which is an extension of Ptolemy's theorem, was proved by another method in Dr. Casey's original paper as far as we can recollect. There is an interesting chapter on Inversion and Stereographic Projection, much of the latter being taken from P. Serret's work. There is another kind of Inversion used by Dr. Casey himself for the first time in his memoir on "Cyclides and Spheroquartics," and introduced into this work (p. 105). We have no time to describe it or other matters of interest which we have noticed in turning over the pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE LIFE OF ST. BONAVENTURE, Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, Superior-General of the Franciscan Order. Translated by L. C. Skey. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MITCHEL. With an Historical Sketch of the '48 Movement in Ireland. By P. A. S. Dublin: James Duffy & Co.

THE CHURCH QUESTION IN SCOTLAND. A Proposed Scheme for its Solution. Glasgow: James Cameron.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL. Containing an authentic account of the translation of the Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, with full information about the "Pious Union." By the author of *The Penitent Instructed*, *The Augustinian Manual*, etc. Seventh Edition. Boston: Cashman, Keating & Co.

MANUALE CLERICORUM. In quo habentur Instructiones Asceticæ Liturgicæque ac variarum precum formulæ ad usum eorum præcipue qui in Seminariis clericorum versantur. Collegit, disposuit, edidit P. Josephus Schneider, S.J. Editio tertia, recognita et emendata. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, Chartis et Typis, Frederici Pustet.

REMARKS UPON THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRST-AID MOVEMENT. By Daniel Murdoch, M.R.C.S. London: Published by the Author.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Prepared for use in Catholic Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Francis T. Furey, A.M. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by James Grant Wilson and John Fiske. Six vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co

OLD CATHOLIC MARYLAND AND ITS EARLY JESUIT MISSIONARIES. By Rev. Wm. P. Treacy, author of *Irish Scholars of the Penal Days*, etc. Swedesboro, N. J.: St. Joseph's Rectory.

THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. By Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S.J. Freely translated and adapted by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. Permissu superiorum. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

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THE LESSONS OF A CENTURY OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

A CENTURY ago there was in the United States a single Catholic college. Georgetown was established in 1789. Two years later St. Mary's Seminary was opened. Since then our colleges and seminaries have been multiplying throughout the land. During the first half of the century our parochial schools and academies were few and far between. The clergy were sparse, Catholics were poor and struggling, and churches had to be built and paid for. Hence the difficulty of maintaining parochial schools. Here and there an Irish or German schoolmaster would wield the rod in the basement of a church, upon no other income than the uncertain pittance the children might bring him. Mother Seton established the Sisters of Charity. Bishop England, in Charleston, attempted to establish a community of sisters, but failed. Bishop Timon made the same attempt in Buffalo with no better success. Religious orders are not organized in a day. In 1847 the Brothers of the Christian Schools opened their first house in the United States, at Calvert Hall, Baltimore. Their beginning was very humble. In the following year they opened a school in Canal Street, New York. Since then these and other religious orders of men—Franciscans, Xaverians, Brothers of Mary, Brothers of the Holy Cross, Brothers of the Holy Ghost—have spread rapidly over the country, and the good work continues to prosper under God's blessing. Teaching orders of nuns and sisterhoods have multiplied with still greater rapidity. Seminaries and colleges and universities, free-schools and orphanages and protectories, schools for the higher education of women and schools for the deaf and dumb, schools for the Indian and schools for the negro, all exist in one or other part of this vast continent. All

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these educational works are now being crowned by a great Catholic University, which purposes to give the latest and best word on all subjects of higher study. It is with no small pleasure and thankfulness to God that every Catholic can read the following testimony borne to our educational strength and efficiency by a non-Catholic authority:

"All other denominational service in education is partial and irregular compared with the comprehensive grasp of the Catholic Church. Their aim is all-inclusive and assumes no other agency. Ignoring the public school, their plan is co-extensive with their membership. With one-fifth of all the theological seminaries, and one-third of all their students; with one-fourth of the colleges, nearly six hundred academies, and twenty-six hundred parochial (elementary) schools, instructing more than half a million of children, the church is seen to be a force which, educationally considered, is equalled by no other single agency but the government itself. . . . As a matter of fact, ninety-three per cent. of them do maintain parochial schools, in which are educated, generally by the priesthood, rarely by laymen (except in the teaching congregations), the 511,063 pupils. In addition to these are five hundred and eighty-eight academies, usually for girls, and ninety-one colleges." *

This is the record of our centennial cycle. Those who saw the lowly beginning have lived to witness the placing of the coping-stone upon the structure now on the way to completion. It is a noble showing. Our educational progress has kept pace with our growth in other respects. But let us not allow ourselves to be dazzled by our present splendors. Let us not take unto ourselves the credit of what has been done for us by others. Nay, in the midst of the sending up of sky-rockets and the waving of bunting and the blank-cartridge roars of laudation and glorification that is now going on from throat and press, let us pause and think a moment of those who bore the burden and heat of the day, and fought for us the battles and won for us the victories which we are now celebrating. Above all must we never forget the noble and stubborn stand taken by Archbishop Hughes in the great cause of education at a time when the sky lowered and our very existence as Catholics was threatened. Let us not forget the privations of teachers, the self-denials and almost heroic sacrifices of priest and people in order to maintain these schools. It is within the memory of all of us how brothers and sisters, after breathing the poisonous air of ill-ventilated and over-crowded class-rooms, would return to a wretched abode, narrow and confined and poorly furnished, and open alike to the severe cold of winter and the intense heat of summer. Day after day, year in, year out, did they move in this circumscribed round of duty, till disease and exhaustion overpowered them and they died, happy that they were

* Boone, *Education in the United States*, pp. 267-268.

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allowed to do some little good among God's chosen poor. Great was their privation and suffering, and cheerfully was it borne. We look about us and we sum up the results of a century and we call them splendid; but we make no record of the religious men and religious women whose lives have gone into the building up of these splendid results. Be it so; the task is faithfully done by the recording angel of the hidden sacrifices. This day of holocausts is fast waning. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the reverend clergy and the generosity of the people, our school-houses are large, commodious, well lighted and well ventilated, and our religious teachers are comfortably housed, so that in airy rooms they can breathe freely after the excitement of the day's duties in class, and calmly prepare their work for the next day. Without such a house it is impossible for the most robust constitution to withstand for any length of time the strain of spending five or six hours with a roomful of children, and immediately afterwards shutting one's self up in retirement and study. A large dwelling-house may mean luxury in the eyes of the world, but it is simply a matter of life or death for a religious community.

In consequence of the poverty of our people and scarcity of money, our schools suffer in many ways. Our teachers are but ill-paid. Even our religious teachers would find it to their advantage to receive more than the mere pittance now allowed them for food and clothing. It may be asked: What more does the religious want? Were man living on bread alone, personally he would require little else. But whatever surplus remains in a religious community goes to the support of a novitiate, a normal school, the infirm and the aged, and the running of the administrative departments of the order. With larger means the young men and young women aspiring to be religious teachers could be given a more thorough training; the normal schools could be more fully equipped with chemical and physical apparatus and specimens in natural history—all of which are most expensive. So, also, in every community the library could be increased and made more efficient. Some pastors have been very thoughtful in this last respect; we have known them at auction sales and elsewhere to procure large quantities of books for the libraries of the sisters and the brothers. Some of our publishers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, have made generous donations to the libraries of religious houses. After all, books are a teacher's tools. And what is any workman, be his skill what it may, without his favorite tools? Here, then, is one advantage to be derived from more generous payment of teachers. Our religious orders will be able to man our

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schools with more competent and better-trained sisters and brothers. But this is not all.

No matter how numerous our sisterhoods and brotherhoods become, they cannot monopolize all Catholic teaching. We must have Catholic lay teachers. Much of the success of our Catholic schools will depend upon the character of these teachers. Now, what is the fact? Our parochial lay teachers have no standing as a body. We have not far to go for the cause. They are poorly paid. They have no inducement to continue an hour longer at their post than they can help. If clever teachers, they too often pass over to the public schools, where their merits are recognized and their services liberally remunerated. Here and there we meet exceptional cases of men or women who fully realize the great dignity of being Catholic teachers, and who accordingly devote their lives, their energies, their talents to the noble cause in as great a spirit of self-denial as any religious teachers. They are driven to it from the sight of the great need, the immense harvest and the few laborers. But theirs is the rare exception. And it is certainly sad to contemplate that the calling in life which of all human callings is the most elevated should be so slighted. In whatever light you look at the teacher's profession you find it a noble one. To mould intellect, to develop character, to influence the whole future of a soul by directing the youth and turning his tastes and aspirations in the path you would have him follow—there is no more sacred calling than this, after the priesthood, which is a divine privilege. Some are unworthy to touch this holy work; no man is too great for it; no man stoops in undertaking it. Surely it should be thoroughly respectable. Surely our Catholic lay teachers should cultivate a sense of the dignity and responsibility of their position. Now, though we cannot ennoble the teacher's profession in the sight of God and his angels, much may be done to raise its standard in the sight of men. As things now are, no young man or young woman of fair endowments finds an inducement to make teaching in our Catholic schools a life-work. Remuneration is too scant. The result is that all our best Catholic teachers, at the time that their experience has ripened, pass from the work of the classroom to other callings in which they are better paid, and give place to raw recruits, who in their turn acquire experience at the expense of the children.

Thus we find that, much as has been done, all our educational problems are not yet solved. We cannot yet rest upon

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our achievements. The second century of our educational existence will find many things to complete and amend in our present institutions. It is best that we look the fact full in the face, and recognize it, and set about supplying our shortcomings according to time and occasion. Self-complacency is the bane of many a noble undertaking. When we begin to congratulate ourselves on our achievements we cease to make further effort. From that moment decline and decay enter into our work. It is true of the individual; it is true of nations; it is true of institutions. And were this paper devoted exclusively to the work of eulogizing, it had better remain unwritten. In the midst of our jubilation a little introspection made, not in a carping spirit, but with charity and good-will and real desire for our educational progress, in the same temper in which we indited other educational articles which met with the approval and appreciation of the thoughtful and the learned, cannot fail to be wholesome, and will meet the views of the reverend editors in asking an article on the subject.*

Take our primary schools. It is difficult to define the limits to which studies should be carried on in them. In our large cities there should be central high-schools, in which boys who can afford to remain long enough at school might enter and receive a more extended training. These high-schools would determine the extent of the primary course. But without defining what may or may not enter the course, we can lawfully insist that the three R's be well taught. Now, as a matter of fact, is this not a crying evil in all our American elementary training, one from which our young men suffer in all their collegiate careers, that very many of our children after five, six, seven years' attendance in schools cannot read intelligibly; cannot spell; write a poor, illegible hand, and are unable to make the simplest mathematical calculation? Look at the examination papers of the average candidate for West Point, or the Naval Academy, or for entrance into any of our colleges, and note the tale they unfold of negligent teaching at the time that they should have been well grounded in this primary, essential foundation of all knowledge. Can teacher and pupil not be impressed with the fact that while it is no great honor for any person to speak and write with ordinary correctness his mother-tongue, it is a great discredit for him not to be

* To avoid repetition of what we have said elsewhere, and for clearer development of what we here can only hint at, we would refer the reader to the following papers from our pen: 1. "Psychological Aspects of Education," a paper read before the Board of Regents of the University of New York, July 11, 1877. New York: E. Steiger & Co. 2. "The University Question in England and Ireland," *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, October, 1878. 3. "What is the Outlook for our Colleges?" in the same *Review*, July, 1882.

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able so to use it? Let the three R's be learned before anything else. It will make all other study a pleasure.

Our parochial schools must be kept Catholic in tone and spirit. Our books must be Catholic; our historical knowledge must be studied from the Catholic point of view; our Catholic religion must be clearly expounded, and her ritual and ceremonies made attractive. Is there nothing to mend in this regard? We have school-books enough with the name Catholic attached. How many of them are worthy of that name? We ask the question, acknowledging our utter incompetency to decide. But we have seen in our day many changes of books, and we have come to the conclusion that that publisher will succeed best who gets up the book with brightest cover, neatest type, clearest pictures, and best paper. Put a book written by the ablest educators in the land into a slovenly binding and you will not find one teacher in ten to touch it. We are in this respect becoming no better than our non-Catholic public-school brethren. In the matter of the extravagant get-up of text-books, America has become the laughing-stock of Europe. It has more than once become literally true that books have been judged and adopted by school-boards merely on the merits of their covers. However, the text-book is the least instrument of education. Provided it is succinct and covers the ground, the teacher can develop, and the less reliance placed upon the book and the more the teacher explains, in words few, clear, and to the point, the better it will be for the pupil. He must memorize; but he memorizes in order that he may understand the teacher's lesson intelligently. The mere recitation is not the lesson. Another complaint about text-books in parochial schools is their want of uniformity. A parent moves into a neighboring parish, and forthwith that parent must purchase as many new sets of books as he has children going to school. This is found to be a great hardship. Here, also, we can only indicate the grievance, not suggest a remedy. Tastes differ, publishers must live, and competition is strong. But if our parochial schools are to be anything more than nominal, if they are to compete with other schools, they must be uniformly graded and subjected to strict supervision. In each city there must be an inspector. And this inspector must be no theorist. He must be a practical teacher, who has taught class himself, and therefore knows all the difficulties that beset the teacher's position. A mere educational *doctrinaire* would only worry the teachers, upset the school, and experiment on the pupils. Such an inspector were worse than none.

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We come to our academies. Here, also, thoroughness is the great, all-important need. Are our pupils well drilled in whatever they have gone over? Are they well posted as to all that goes to make a good sentence? Do they know the essentials of English grammar? We do not believe in the long and laborious drill in parsing and analysis that runs over years of school and ends in nothing practical. It makes one neither a better reader, nor a better writer, nor a better speller. Were the time so spent occupied in writing composition, or in developing sentences, or in learning to appreciate some of our literary masterpieces, it would be a clear gain to the pupil. Whatever our boys have studied in arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry, or mensuration, do they know it well? Is it so known that they can continue with security their studies in the higher mathematics? And how are they grounded in their Latin and Greek grammars? Is it sought to make them familiar rather with Latin and Greek construction than with many authors? The mere skimming of a classic author without a good foundation in grammar and construction is great waste of time, and handicaps the pupil later on in his collegiate course, when he should be prepared to bring a certain relish and appreciation to the reading of his author. Are the students of our academies grounded in a few principles of natural history and the physical sciences? If not earlier, at least in our academies should our pupils acquire some elementary knowledge of the great divisions of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms; they should understand whence we derive the coal that warms them, the chalk with which they write on the blackboard, and all the minerals that fall under daily observation and are in daily use. Then the student should be initiated into the divisions and subdivisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He should not live and die ignorant of the origin and history of the things within his immediate environment. What he learns in this respect should be well and properly taught. We are not in favor of cramming, nor do we ask our academies to initiate their pupils into all the 'ologies of the day. This were folly. We are somewhat surprised to find a man of Sir John Lubbock's attainments endorse that superficial dictum of Lord Brougham, that one should try to know "everything of something, and something of everything." And this he calls not being possessed of a smattering, but "being well grounded."* It is one of those brilliant generalities that dazzle, but will not bear analysis. How may one know everything of any the least subject? How get to know something about all subjects? Impossible.

* *The Pleasures of Life*, p. 181.

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Away with the vague and the indefinite from our educational courses! Be our teaching thorough. Again, we would not be understood as complaining. At the writing of these words an incident has come to us which will show that we have no reason for complaint. A student of one of our academies presented himself for West Point. There were several candidates, some of them from our public high-schools, some from private non-Catholic schools. They were asked to read, which they did with more or less expression. They were then told to give in turn an account of their reading, and the only one to do so with intelligence was the student of our Catholic academy, and he won the prize, standing first in every branch. Nor is this an exceptional case. In many of our academies is solid work being well done.

Turn we now to our convent schools. We are all proud of them. They are to-day among the noblest and most powerful strongholds of womanly virtue in the land. They have been the educators of our Catholic mothers and our Catholic sisters. Every convent school is a garden of choicest and rarest flowers of girlhood and womanhood, exhaling modesty, purity, and all those amiable qualities that make our homes an earthly paradise. The convent schools are real educators. Who can name the infinite pains the nuns take with every child confided to them? How they study every fold of character, touch every fibre of the heart, and mould the soul through childhood into girlhood, and from girlhood to budding womanhood. They never grow tired in their efforts to control children's impetuosities, keep their vanity within legitimate bounds, and teach them the great and useful lesson of self-control. In after years, when worry and suffering come upon her who was at one time "the sweet girl-graduate," with what a sigh, an intense pleasure, she looks back to the days she spent within the peaceful haven of the convent walls. Even a Louise Michel or a Georges Sand cannot contemplate those days without emotion.

But while the nuns leave little to be desired as educators, is there nothing in which they may not improve in their methods and subjects of instruction? Is their course in literature sufficient to carry their pupils beyond a taste for the novel? Do they give them a desire for solid reading? Do they gratify that desire? The instruction they impart, is it of that robust character that it really grapples with subjects and presents their great principles and main issues before the pupils? Or does it simply nibble at the odds and ends of a subject in such a manner as to conceal the principal branches and leave the pupils content with the crumbs given them? Can our convent graduates in general liter-

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ature, in solid scientific study, hold their own with the graduates of our non-Catholic seminaries? Will the knowledge they have acquired carry them through to any of the universities or any of the professions which are now opened to our young women? Have they settled literary principles? Are they prepared to form a clear judgment as to the merits or defects of a book? Have they mastered a good, sound course of historical reading? Or is their knowledge of history confined to the mere text-book? Are they prepared to answer the objections raised against their religion? Have they literary ballast enough to keep them from gushing over the latest literary fad or craze, and at the same time to see whatever merits it may possess? Are they prepared—without being at all blue-stockings—to undertake serious reading in history, in popular science, or upon any of the social questions of the day? We only put these questions as an introspective review. We do not pretend to answer them. We dare say some of our convent schools are fast coming abreast of the times and preparing to do full justice by their charge; let us hope that before long all will be found equal to the best schools among our non-Catholic neighbors.

Then there are our colleges. Have we reason to be satisfied with their working? Do we find nothing in them to improve upon? We are now speaking of those institutions in which real effort is made to give a thorough collegiate training; not the numerous boarding and day-schools bearing the name. Have not our professors been overworked? How else may we account for their sterility in literature and science? Young men and old men, in the midst of onerous duties and responsibilities, are flooding the press with original work of considerable merit, with editions of the classics, in Latin, in Greek, and in Anglo-Saxon, writing thoughtful articles for periodicals, reading papers at literary and scientific gatherings; of all these, what percentage is Catholic? In Germany the professor who ceases to produce is considered a dead branch. According to this, how much dry wood there must be in our Catholic colleges!

Hitherto our collegiate courses have been carried out upon exclusively seminarian lines. The classics have had a predominance. And yet, considering the time devoted to them, our graduates have not acquired that proficiency which might have been expected. Only recently an eminent professor in one of our leading theological seminaries asked us why it was that young men graduating from our Catholic colleges were so ignorant of Latin construction. Is it not due to the absence of thoroughness

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in the earliest years' study, and to the superficialness with which authors are afterwards skimmed over? Boys are put reading the poets too early, and the labor expended on them is all lost so far as Latin construction is concerned. A study of the idioms of Cicero and Cæsar is the only study that avails for purposes of prose composition. Now, classics as they are taught, and a short course of mathematics, and a very superficial course of history and English, with a few experiments in physics and chemistry, is the make-up of our collegiate training up to the philosophy year. To these is added a course of some text-book giving the essentials of scholastic philosophy, with or without explanation. The whole trend of modern thought is ignored, or casually alluded to as a thing outside and far away. Modern literatures and modern sciences—social, political, physical, and æsthetical—are all knocking at our doors for admission, and we cannot keep them out without doing grave injustice to our students. These young men are to live and labor and fight their battles out in the nineteenth century, and they are equipped in sixteenth-century armor. Somehow—this is not the occasion to discuss so fruitful a theme—an adjustment must be made, and place given to modern literatures and modern sciences in our schedules of study. Lastly, in our colleges, above all, must there be a complete religious training: the doctrines of the church fully exposed, the errors of the day pointed out and separated from the truth on which they are based, the beauty and significance of ritual and ceremonial shown forth. Every Catholic student finishing his collegiate course should perceive the plan and purpose of the church in the world's history. There now lies before us a letter from one who has made a special study of every eddy and current of modern thought, whose name is identified with what is highest and best in modern literature, and speaking of the higher education, he says: "The waste of time and material is enormous. . . . If I were to say in one word what I think most wanting to us, I should declare it was a reform in the principles and method of teaching. But where is it to begin?" Catholic educators, where is it to begin?

We Catholics hold the traditions of all education. Whatever is had to-day from Greece or Rome has come down through our Catholic ancestors. As we hold supernatural truth in its completeness, so also should the whole of natural truth be ours. Therefore, in our schools should we find place for every science and every art. This is another part of the work of the second century of our existence, to establish schools for the various branches of science and art. Have we ever considered the untried pos-

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sibilities of our educational institutions in America? There are many such in which we Catholics may excel here in the future as we have excelled elsewhere in the past. Why may we not with time possess a school of art that will educate all America? Ours are the traditions of art in their purest and best forms. To us belong the Leonardo da Vincis, the Fra Angelicos, the Michelangelos, the Rafaels. And when one of our Catholic ladies interprets for us their masterpieces in language classic and elegant, we feel a new sense awakening within us, and we are all the better. Compare the criticisms of Eliza Allen Starr with the sometimes coarse remarks of Ruskin or the insinuations of Taine, and you will at once form a faint conception of how Catholic feelings and Catholic instincts alone can direct true art. Is it a dream beyond all realization, in these days of wonders, that in every large centre there may not be such schools of ecclesiastical art as is that of St. Luke's, conducted by the Christian Brothers, in Ghent, Belgium? We will have churches to build and decorate then as now. Why should we let our beautiful Catholic traditions, our noble Catholic ideals, become lost in modern realism?

Then a wide field is open in the organization of schools for the study of the mechanical arts. The future of the world is in the hands of the workingman. Now is the day and the hour in which to hold him under control and give him guidance. The morrow may be too late. It is with a sense of terror we notice the amount of anti-Christian and anti-social reading matter that is being circulated among the artisans. They are a hard-headed, logical class of men, who do their own thinking while working at their trades; they like to be spoken to seriously; they are not content with trashy reading; they must have solid works. You will find in their hands treatises on political economy, tracts on the social evils and their remedies, works of self-improvement. You will find among them certain leading spirits who give color to their views and teach them how to interpret their readings in a good or bad sense. They will reason with you and look at many sides of a question before accepting its conclusions. They are a most independent body. They ask no favors. They stand on their rights. You may convince them, you may lead them, but you cannot drive them. Their children's children are the future rulers of the land. How may they be reached? By the establishment of schools for the trades and mechanical arts in which a Christian atmosphere is inhaled and the Christian spirit is preserved. These schools would graduate a certain

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number each year, who would be in great demand as foremen, and who by their education and general intelligence would wield influence in the clubs and associations of which they would be naturally the central figures. Through such a class of skilled mechanics, with a Christian spirit, might the workingmen and artisans of America be preserved from the socialistic deluge that now threatens the world.

Besides the technical schools which would reach only a special class, another and a comparatively large body may be reached by technical night-schools, in which mathematics, drawing, and surveying could be taught. There are thousands of young men in our large cities who would gladly attend such schools during two hours a certain number of times in the week, and who would be most grateful for the assistance thus rendered them.*

Lastly, a want pressing us upon all sides, an urgent want which we cannot too soon set about remedying, and which we cannot too earnestly study, and devise ways and means to compass, is this: How may we keep our boys, especially of the poorer class in the congested districts of our large cities, out of the saloons and the contaminating influences under which they live after they have left our parochial schools, say from their sixteenth to their twentieth year? Generation after generation of this class pass through our schools. They have made their first Communion; they have been confirmed; they have frequently knelt in confession, and yet what becomes of them all? What multitudes of them fall into sinful habits of life! How very many of them are anything but a comfort to their pastors or to their aging parents! Now, how can this class be reached and held to a sense of duty and respectability? How can the faith be kept aglow in their breast so as to sustain them in temptation and render them honest, upright, law-abiding citizens? Will sodalities keep them together and bind them to the church? Will Catholic clubs and Catholic literary societies? Will charitable organizations? Will lectures? Will public entertainments? These things all appeal to the young man of respectable home and good home-training—but do they touch the hearts of the sons of poverty and destitution? We know not; what we do know is that prayer will benefit them and God in his own good time will send the man who will reach them and teach others how to reach them and mould them into good citizens and sincere Catholics.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

*While writing this we find with pleasure the announcement made that St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, has opened a night-school in which poor youths may be instructed gratis in Latin and Greek (New York *Sun*, September 9, 1889). It is a step in the right direction.

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RELIGION AND MULLIONS.

THERE is a subdued but palpable humor, a delicately reserved satire, not the less delicious on that account, in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's story * of the youth of his father. It pervades without obtrusiveness the margins of the great roadway over which that strong and quaint man trudged, always athletic even in his errors, always manly even in his mishaps, seeking truth and finding for many years only hardship, perplexity, and opposition. Mr. Ward has given a singularly comprehensive picture of Oxford, of the time that drew so many intellectual giants from mere æstheticism of religion into rock-based theology and Christian love. He has drawn a powerful sketch of one of the most original and forcible leaders of that striking procession into whose still passing ranks the finest thought of England contributes annually many notable men and women. Equally with the truth of the single portrait, the toning of the picture must fascinate every observer. No light is forced; no artificial draperies hang beside the rugged and muscular subject. Ward appears in absolute simplicity of character; the view of Oxford, of his contemporaries, of his associations and domestic and collegiate career, is alive with charming truth. The volume deals only, it should be added, with the earlier life; it ends with his conversion. His great life was to come afterward. He was to be professor of dogmatic theology by the choice of Cardinal Wiseman; Pope Pius IX. was to confer upon him the Doctorate of Philosophy; he was to become editor of the *Dublin Review*, and in its pages refute the theism of John Stuart Mill. He was to become, with eccentricities and imperfections, one of the stalwart figures in Catholic England, and to leave after him—he died in 1882—an imperishable addition to the best English literature.

The humor of this first volume, gentle and restrained, exists in the phenomena of the time and the circumstances surrounding religious life in Oxford. It is not at all in the design of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book. Where it appears in the text it is spontaneous and inevitable because of its propriety as a legitimate part of the story. Goethe has correctly pronounced humor one of the elements of genius. It protects the greatest of intellects from the consequences of false reasoning; by making incongrui-

* *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* By Wilfrid Ward. Macmillan.

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ties obvious, it has preserved statesmen and poets from ludicrous or mortifying blunders. The want of it deprived Wordsworth of the power of discriminating, as Lowell has so wittily said, between truth, which is the breath of the muse's nostril, and fact, which suffocates her. An almost Scotch poverty of humor has prevented Mr. Gladstone from detecting the many self-contradictions in his controversial writings, and tricked him into that famous pamphlet of fifteen years ago in which, having hung upon the wall of his vast mind a ridiculous assumption concerning the Vatican Council, he proceeded to expound therein a long series of erroneous inferences and ingeniously absurd deductions. Intuitively the world that understands the vast range of Mr. Gladstone's industry has come to appreciate the certainty of this modern peripatetic to lose his way in downright seriousness; and moved by that scientific approval which selects the best things a man does and forgets the paltry, the erring, and the transient, the Vatican pamphlet has been forgotten.

Nothing could be more unlike than the humor of Sir Thomas More and the humor of Ward, the Oxonian. Both were devotees of the classics; both were trained in the austerest dialectics; each was profoundly religious by nature, and both, humble and reverent, could smile at misfortune even while it tortured body and harrowed soul. The humor of religious natures is necessarily akin to humility. The more a reasonable creature contemplates the folly and the term of human life, the more acute is his contempt of its pomps, whose emptiness he is enabled more clearly to perceive. The longer a disciplined mind dwells in the peaceful calm of sane reflection, the deeper his duties or opportunities may carry him into the quiet world of scholarship, the more fully he realizes the vanity of pretentiousness and the insincerity of assuming that it is in anybody's power to know more than a very little of this world's knowledge, and none of that of the next except what God has chosen to impart. It was this consciousness which made Thomas Aquinas so impervious to flattery; it was the manifest incongruity between his apprehension of his attainments and his conviction of the greatness of the knowledge unattainable in a human life that caused him to shrink with actual grief from the posts of responsibility and distinction to which he was so often called in vain. It was this correct but for common mortals unintelligible appreciation of incongruities—this noble humor—which helped to make him for all time "a mystery of moral loveliness."

The humor of Sir Thomas More was subtle, witty, penetrating,

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and exquisite. It was that of a temperament in which the philosophic habit contended with the fancy of the poet and the charity of a saint. There must have been an incessant combat between his natural tendency to be caustic and his acquired grace of being invariably sympathetic. He could not but jest even on the scaffold; but his most pungent quips wound only hypocrisy; his most elaborate satire is aimed only at the stupidity of the calculation that political contrivances are ever going completely to remedy the evils and inequalities of human society. A man bred in university erudition and expert with the foils that sawed the air of college life during periods when air-sawing was the chief gymnastic, he was devoid of that insistent combative spirit which usually is inherent in energetic tempers. Ward in many respects was the opposite of Sir Thomas, while resembling him in massive and imperturbable simplicity. He was less subtle, more virile, less penetrative, more resonant; slow where More was alert, ponderous where More would have been incisive and fatal, belligerent where More would have been patient and silent. Ward was not the equal of More in accomplishments, and lacked the natural inclinations that rendered the great chancellor the most capable critic of art and of architecture, the most eminent æsthete (we may not be pardoned for saying) of his time. Ward had not More's versatility, his love of nature, his fondness of sea, of sky, of the mountains, the vales, the birds and flowers, that found in the patron of Erasmus a lay Saint Francis. Taking into account their totally different stations in life, their corresponding philosophic and theological habits, there is enough in common between them to make their disparities attractive. Both prove, in essentially unlike ways, that humor, gayety, a child-like superiority over the dismal and gruesome, capacity to smile kindly at even the rasping and anguishing of human influences, are harmonious with, perhaps an indispensable constituent of, healthful intellectual activity.

In his early youth the humor and the genuine morality of Ward manifested themselves closely together. One of his progenitors was clerk to one Cornwallis, involved in a pathetic incident this side of the Atlantic (at Yorktown, to wit), from the effects of which he recovered sufficiently to participate with unfeigned disgust in the corruption and abolition of the Parliament of Ireland a few years afterward. The Ward who paid the king's forces off at Gibraltar did not accompany him to America, having engaged in the more agreeable if not more honorable duty of marrying a Spanish wife with the suggestive name of Raphael;

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and certain traits in Ward of Oxford are traceable to the heritage of intensity and enthusiasm thus introduced into Isle of Wight veins. Ward's father was a Tory member for London, a director of the Bank of England, an authority on finance and an investigator of the East India Company, a friend of the Duke of Wellington and a famous cricketer. The family lent useful men to the statesmanship of earlier times, one of them being a *protégé* of the younger Pitt; another was in one of Lord John Russell's cabinets. Ward himself in his childhood was a sturdy fellow, not to be dragooned into politeness nor very changeable in any respect, except by the grace of God. He was addicted to music and mathematics—a natural and delightful combination; he yearned for the theatre and he detested society. Prodigious talent in certain gifts was associated with an awkwardness, a clumsiness, and a taciturnity which made him seem generally bored. On one occasion, when forced by his father to go to a children's ball, he behaved himself with desperate impropriety, during the whole evening giving out what Sydney Smith so admired and rarely got in Macaulay, "a brilliant flash of silence." Like Macaulay in only one respect, he had an extraordinary memory, and read, like him, everything he could lay hands on. He finally escaped alone, and ran home through muddy roads and pelting rain, his feet wet in his evening shoes. He was never asked to go to another party.

With all his love of fun, his pranks and propensity for adventure, he felt a horror of the vices that had established themselves in the preparatory school to which he was sent, and before he entered Oxford a spirit had been born in him which was to burn with unflagging zeal for the purifying of the education of English youth. Fond of sport, but amenable to law; indifferent to conventionalities, but rigidly honest in all his doings, his conscientious detestation of the low, the coarse, the ignoble, became so well known in his young manhood that he was easily named among the coterie who lent in his day to the quadrangles and river paths an odor of something better than fighting, of something more rational than cramming.

It is not the purpose of this article to touch upon the grave controversy which was developed out of the Tractarian movement. It is only to look for a moment upon that strain which preceded this momentous impulse and which has survived it; which dwells in Oxford as in a pagan temple; which breaks out in ritualism and sobs in languid religious poetry; whose germ is in every tender and worshipful heart, and which to many excellent souls is religion. A great architect, himself a convert to the Catholic

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Church, visited Ward several years before the latter's admission. He was a devotee of Gothic architecture, which his father had done so much to revive in England. He found upon Ward's table the works of Saint Bonaventure and the *Summa* of Saint Thomas. He believed with Faber, but in a material sense, that Christian culture,

"—rejecting heathen mould,
Should draw her types from Europe's middle night."

To him Gothic architecture alone was suitable for the rendering of divine service. When he became acquainted with the profound earnestness of Ward, now in the middle of the task which he had set to himself—the solution of his own religious doubts—the architect declared to a common friend: "What an extraordinary thing that so glorious a man as Ward should be living in a room without mullions to the windows."

Nothing was more natural in Oxford, and the words were uttered in a sincerely devout spirit. Pugin spoke for a vast body of cultivated Christians who then and now confound taste with prayer, and to whom theology necessarily implies almost, if not quite on par with itself, conventionalized externals artificially related to faith. The mediæval environment, translated into a modern fad, possesses a talisman for imaginations that conceive of cathedrals as necessarily filled with only dim religious light, and who amiably cherish the illusion that light to be religious must be dim. Ward was not of this weakly if gentle tribe. "What are mullions?" was his brusque reply. "I never heard of them!"

The chief trouble with Mullions Christians is that they want only mullions and not windows, and that mullions stand to them for the whole duty of man. The trouble with mullions under such conditions is that they keep the light of God from getting into a temple, and they keep the eyes of a Christian who makes a cult of mere æsthetics in religion from seeing the beautiful world that is outside them; what is vastly more important, from seeing that while the world itself is beautiful it is filled with the helpless, the crippled, the unfortunate, the misled; with poverty that needs assuagement, with children that have no parents, with old age abandoned to despair on the threshold of the grave; with the dead hand, which is no longer mortmain in real estate, but entailed bigotry or unbelief which goes down from family to family, acquiring nothing but encumbrances of added doubt; and the theism which ribbons itself out with various fine names, but is dead for all good in this world and totally careless of the next. Mullions in religion has much to do with religious mortmain.

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To poetic minds there is something very alluring in incomprehensible religious symbols. The mullion has been architecturally consecrated. It is universally admitted to be, if not religious, at least ecclesiastical. It is not exclusively Gothic. Nor has it an antiquity to boast beyond the period when Norman-French was stamping its graceful caprices and beautiful dreams upon the plastic English that was not yet all English, but considerably Scandinavian and somewhat Dutch. If we look into its pedigree the scriveners are found at fault. In the standard dictionary where the Wards not in Oxford may seek to cure their ignorance, we are told that mullion is perhaps from the French to mould; and possibly out of this the Mullions Christians may derive a consolatory myth. They may fancy that Christianity with mullions is moulded more upon the mediæval than Christianity without mullions; that it is more æsthetic and represents a higher grade of religious sensibility and a more splendid ritual than a plainer Christianity. Unhappily, there appears to be no warrant for this etymology. The correct form of mullion is munnion, according to the best authority; and munnion is, alack! only a stump. The mullion of a window in a Gothic or Renaissance temple is the stump of the division before it breaks off into the tracery. Beautiful as well designed and skilfully executed tracery is, essential as is the stump to the frame of the opening for air and light, it is the air and the light after all that are essential; and while mullions are highly decorative, if the house be harmoniously composed, it is possible to exaggerate their importance.

Oxford has become the home of mullions Christianity. The Wards are less numerous than they were in the elder half of the century. The university supplies England now with politicians, literary men, candidates for benefices in which the income is the only living—the occupant is generally dead in all senses but the physical. Honest men there are in great numbers, earnest and unselfish men, striving, many of them, to do good for their fellows. But the pews are empty except upon social occasions, and the gap between the Establishment—all mullioned—and the poor, for whom the Gospel is supposed to be peculiarly intended, since they have nothing else, are little disposed to soil the cushions or find heavenly consolation in the mullions. No other city in the world is so generally mullioned as London. The light is shut out as firmly as possible from the churches, from the Houses of Parliament, from the Law Courts, from the Temple. It is shut out desperately from the million or two of starving toilers in garrets, in attics, in even the lowest floors of the great rat homes that

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tumble upon each other's scrawny necks in miles of narrow and dingy lanes and courts. The learning of England is infatuated with lancet windows; and the mullion that ornaments the exteriors of the most imposing edifices in the cathedral towns is apparently no more insensible than the smut that hides the light from English poverty in factory centres and metropolitan dens which the police never enter except in squads.

Ward was a Christian without mullions. Some years later he had a house built, and Pugin was the architect. The latter had contrived a remarkably fine screen for Old Hall College, near which Ward's house was. But in it "comfort was preferred to beauty of form; lancet windows were tabooed; plenty of light and plenty of air were insisted on at the cost of any infringement of the rules of art." Pugin felt the barbarity of Ward keenly. He regretted building a house for him at all after he found how profligate was his insensibility to mullions. He deplored that such a man was permitted to live near the screen of Old Hall College. Indeed, the screen became a contention. There were pro-screen men and anti-screen men. Because Ward criticised rood screens as undevotional, Pugin wrote to him: "I consider you a greater enemy to true Christianity than the most rabid fanatic."

Life as well as religion was very practical with Ward. He was married when he entered the Catholic Church. He resigned his post in Oxford. He was without any but the scantiest income. There were no mullions on the windows for either him or Mrs. Ward. A very humorous glow is perhaps unintentionally imparted to this portion of the chronicle. The clergyman who had eased his ferry across from the younger into the older church showed, he says, "such a knowledge of human nature. He told Mrs. Ward to make a retreat and to practise certain austerities; but he told me to unbend my mind as much as possible and go to the play as often as I could." As it was necessary for Mrs. Ward to be cook in the cottage, her retreats were possibly culinary. There may have been mullions upon the kitchen, for so unsuccessful was she that when friends were invited to dine upon a haunch of venison sent as a gift to Ward, one of them had the shocking manners to say it tasted like cold wet blanket. Happily, Ward came into an inheritance soon afterward; and although he adhered to light and air in preference to mullions, they were enabled the remainder of their days to have healthful diet with their healthful Christianity.

The life of Ward at Oxford is felicitously as well as truthfully

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written. The picture has changed little except that one who visits the town to-day will feel that mullions are more and more, and faith is less and less, within its enticing precincts. Ruskin was indeed justified in pronouncing its great street the most beautiful in the world. Whatever one's creed or cult, Christian, Pagan, Buddhist, Confucian—or nothing but mullions—one might well wish to live in Oxford. Westminster Abbey makes even an Irish heart soften to hard England. In Oxford all national and racial metes are effaced. Its clusters of colleges, its groves, its meadows and river are monumental witnesses to the universality of scholarship and the democracy of true learning. Intellectual and moral progress is epitomized in its hoary structures. The prevailing tendency of the age—to get away from religion of every positive kind—is emphasized in the memories that are most popularly cherished. The visitor is led to Addison's walk, but the door is locked that leads to the pulpit in which John Henry Newman preached the sermons that have troubled a century. The tree under which Heber, remembered as poet, loved to study is carefully protected from clipping; the slab that covers Pusey must be discovered by chance. The days when ivied cloisters echoed the chants of studious monks are not gone more completely than the later ones when Anglicanism felt the pulse of tremendous spiritual individualities yearning for worthier work than the dry didactics of the lecture-room or the suave offices of state functions.

It is one of these spiritual Anglicans, Dr. Jessop,* who has said that the Church of England has never known how to deal with a man of genius. Where he has not been the object of relentless persecution, he has been at least regarded with timid suspicion, shunned by prudent men of low degree, and forgotten by those of high. "In the Church of England there has never been a time when the enthusiast has not been treated as a very unsafe man." Wordsworth felt this even in his early time. Mullions were then as they are now the preponderating feature of Oxford architecture. The more modern the structure, the more pronounced the munnioning. The ancient spirit of open air, of love of sun and delight in humanizing contact, has been yielding steadily to "mental stone-breaking" in the closet and pedantic exclusion in libraries; to palsy of spirituality and to agnosticism concerning all things not material. Wordsworth's question was answered half a century ago. Time has confirmed the reply.

"Is ancient piety for ever flown?"

* *The Coming of the Friars.*

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The crowds who used to flock about the Anglican altars in the earlier years had disappeared.

> "Alas! even they seemed like fleecy clouds
> That, struggling through the western sky, have won
> Their pensive light from a departed sun."

Mullions have their value. They are a graceful and monotoning influence. They have acquired an eminent moral significance. It is already very much deteriorated in consequence of making them a commonplace of hotel façades, market elevations, and town-hall fronts. They note the roads by which religious symbolism is disappearing in England. The mullion, even in religion, is not to be derided. Ruskin has observed in *Præterita* that it was well for him to have been born in a humble house in Brunswick Square and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to have been born in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at. It is certain, he adds, that it would not help matters in the least to have Warwick Castle pulled down. So with mullions and religion. It is better to have religion without mullions and have mullions—yea, the entire category of æstheticism—to surprise and entertain, than to have only æstheticism and no faith here or hereafter. It is certain that religion would be badly off without Gothic and Roman and Renaissance; it is a pure and authentic impulse in the heart that seeks to embellish ritual and temple with decorative dignity, and to make the holy places of earth shrines for the beauty its Creator has conferred upon it, and the love of which he has implanted in our nature. But mullions may be made too much of. Pugin's luminous mind became clouded by the excess to which his culture of Gothic carried his too sensitive imagination. The misery that pervades England to-day and has convulsed her capital is a loud protest against a mullion Christianity. Be it Agnostic, Anglican, or Catholic, it may please the eye of the æsthetic; the Christianity of Christ pleads for air and light, for love and practical brotherhood. It is an affectation, not a true thing. It is material. It is deaf and dumb. It is incapable of healing a soul or binding up a body. Against its woodenness rises up, in the verse of Katharine Tynan,

> "The world's cry, desolate,
> Like a sad, gray, wounded bird,
> Beating wild at Heaven's gate
> And One speaking not a word;
> Like a dead King keeping state
> With his tender heart unstirred."

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

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A CALL.

"NOW what will I read?" I was saying to myself, I thought, in my study chair,
Looking up at my books from shelf to shelf, fondly feeling there,
In their words enshrined, lay many a mind of the greatest that ever were.
'Twas at the moment my eyes fell on the one I had long loved most,
And labored at, too, for all that I knew men said, "'Twas love's labor lost";
As if lost could be labor honestly loved, whatever it cost!
With that thought, while I looked, like a Presence stirred the depths of my inmost sense;
Not as seen or self-felt, but as being there known of my being's self-reverence.
Then—ah! why try to explain? What more may I know
Than as of over-consciousness was mystical outflow,
My life from, to that life-word of the World's Scholar-Saint,
As there my spirit his would seize, but, yearning so, waxed faint
For very sweetness of the yearning. When forth, like a living breath,
As the spirit of his spirit came, mine strengthening, and yet
So sweetly soothing! Earth's cares, e'en the old self-care, did die
Within my soul, the while the whole of what used to say "I,"
Alert, instinct with some new sense, as of a second youth,
Felt living the true life at last, Love listening to Truth.
Seemed the Voice to say, not in the way of sound to hearing's sense,
But as spirit unto spirit, in pure thought's conference:
"'Tis time. Turn in. Within thee seek the centre of thy soul.
Self silence there. Then shalt thou hear Mind's mystic echoes roll
From out the everlasting hills, self telling of the whole.
So shalt thou sing. And though the voice, yea, though the words be thine,

Shalt for the universal need
Of head and heart, of truth and deed,
Thought-echo the Divine!"

T. J. O'MAHONY.

All Hallows College, Dublin.

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SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

IT is rather remarkable (or perhaps, in view of certain tendences, we should say, it is not in the least remarkable) that in all the tergiversations of three hundred years of Shakespearean Criticism, some very apparent and sublunary, and absolutely ascertained data of his life and ways, remain entirely unhandled.

This simple, unostentatious gentleman, who, by minding his own business, accumulated one of the largest fortunes of which we have any record in King James the First, his times; this man, who brought the English stage up from the vilest condition of the cock-pit and the bear-garden, and made it what it is at its most and its best—an Arbiter of Letters and of manners—this man never trod the earth! He walked, not the London pavements, but the Empyrean! His motive and aim were to teach Ontologies and Eschatologies to his fellow-men and to Posterity. He wrote *Julius Cæsar* to warn humanity against the error of confounding Patriotism with Passion; his *Tempest* to show that Enchantment, Astrology, and Sorcery were really Engines of Personal Providence; his *Lear* to teach how Emotion, vexed to a Strain of Life, must centralize into an Arch-Form of Tension, which would form a Derationalization of Nature-Movement!

I hasten to say that I do not understand the above terms. I merely copy them literally from some of the latest London (not Bedlam) Shakespearean Commentary! Without comment upon them, my only purpose, in this brief paper, is to call attention to a very commonplace concern indeed, absurdly vulgar, indeed, as contrasted with the noble introspection above indicated. I merely desire to basely suggest that perhaps we could construct an alphabet of William Shakespeare's Handwriting!

Of the four or five so-called autographs of Shakespeare (and they are well enough known, and there is something in favor of each of them), I do not propose a recapitulation. But, of them all, there is one which, by English Law and by all custom, precedent, and probability, MUST be authentic. I mean the last signature at the bottom of the last of the three sheets of paper upon which William Shakespeare's Last Will and Testament was solemnly written. The Law required that a testator's name should be written on each sheet. It did not say that each sheet should be SIGNED by the Testator. But the Testator was supposed to

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sign, once and finally, the document; otherwise it could not have been his Will at all. Now, the first two sheets of Shakespeare's Will bear each the name "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"; but the writing (and the orthography, for that matter) of each is as unlike the other as both are unlike the "signature" in the Florio, or in the Title Deed. But, on the last sheet, there are the words, "BY ME, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," as follows (and that he wrote them thus with his own hand and not by another's, is only to say that by the document so signed his worldly chattels were disposed, and his realty devised):

Now, I am not aware that any commentator has called attention to the fact that, out of the twenty-six letters of the English Alphabet, here we are informed how William Shakespeare wrote thirteen, viz.:

a—b—e—h—l—k—l—m—p—r—s—w—y.

And—if, perhaps, it would not be quite as transcendental as finding the lofty purposes of Trinculo or Ariel in the *Tempest;* to conjecture, that from the forms of certain letters at the point of a rapid writer's pen, we might shape certain others—possibly we might assume that William Shakespeare's *g* or *q* was something like his *y* or his *c*, and his *o* something like his *i* or his *e;* or his *u* and his *n* and his *v* not so very different from his *m*, save in a stroke the less; or his *d* like his *q* or his *g* reversed, or his *t* more or less like his *l*—if we might go as far as this, I say, we would then have substantially the alphabet that an English writer uses; for we have only left the *j*, *f*, *x*, and *z*, four of the least used of letters, and the *j*, after all, was indifferent with the—was only in fact an initial—small *i;* and *u* and *v* were mainly written as one.

It would be interesting indeed to proceed further, to demonstrate that the above postulate, if granted, might throw some curious lights and shadows upon what commentators are pleased to call the CRUCES SHAKESPEAREANÆ (by which they mean the readings which most of us absorb, even if we cannot quite synthesize the meanings of). Perhaps my limits might justify a single example. When Juliet is longing for night to come, that

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her banished lover may snatch his first nuptial visit, she says, in pathetic poetry (the second quarto of 1599, the first of 1597 containing no such lines):

> Spread thy close curtaine, love performing night
> That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
> Leape to these arms, untalkt of and unseene.

Nobody, I venture to say, who can read this passage with any appreciation at all, is troubled because "runaways eyes"—standing by itself—is a term not exactly definable by equivalents. Certainly, even if unintelligibly wrenched from the context, it is a liquid symbol most congenial to the tearful and tender invocation of the husbandless bride. But all Juliet's tears cannot keep the commentators off it. They read "rumours eyes"; rumourous; rumourers; Cynthia's; rude day's; soon day's; roving; sun-day's; curious; envious; sun away's; yonder; runabouts'; runaway spies; runagate's; Renomy's (*French* Renommée=Rumour), and so on, and so on, to infinity.

But, if we joined them, and said that perhaps the second quarto printer of 1599 printed from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript, and that every other printer since, from that day to this, has simply followed him in making the word "*runaway's*," whereas what Shakespeare wrote was:

> Spread thy close curtaine, love-performing night
> That *nooneday's* eyes may winke, and Romeo
> Leape to these arms, untalkt of and unseene;

(and that the figure of noonday mournfully weeping at the coming of sunset was a not un-Shakespearean figure or conception), let us timorously attempt to construct, from Shakespeare's script alphabet, the latter word:

Would it not be something like this? (the characteristic being the tendency to an upward stroke at the ends of words):

And would such a reading convince a Shakespearean commentator that there was something to be said in favor of letting well enough alone?

APPLETON MORGAN.

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CHARITABLE WORK IN SPANISH PRISONS.*

EVERY attentive observer or worker in the field of charity in our country can hardly fail having noticed certain impediments to its free general exercise, resulting from the absence of unity of religious belief. In the first place, there is no uniform understanding as to the proper base for charitable action; some place it on religious, others on mere philanthropical, motives. Some, through religious sympathy or necessity, confine their dispensations to members of their own denomination; others use theirs as a cover for active proselytism; while others again, repudiating any such purpose, burden what they give with something or other that is repugnant to the consciences of the recipients. Moreover, religious aversion, or religious indifferentism, in the givers, and the lack of sympathy resulting therefrom, will naturally make their effects felt in many ways.

In view of the above considerations, it should be interesting to examine into the work and results of charity in Christian nations or communities where those who give and those who receive are both fully united in one religious belief. Spain in particular presents very suitable examples for this study, and one of them has been selected as the subject of this article.

It is not amiss to mention here that with our people there is a general indisposition to give that country due credit for the good institutions and good customs which it possesses. A recent instance occurs in the report of the commission (in this State) to investigate the most humane and practical method of carrying into effect the sentence of death in capital cases, wherein the fact is ignored that Spain is more than half a century in advance of the State of New York by adopting exclusively the *garrote* as preferable to hanging, abolished in all Spanish dominions and dependencies by royal decree of April 24, 1832.†

There is at present in Spain a long-established charitable guild of laymen, called *La Real Archicofradia de Caridad y Paz*

* *Memoria historica del piadoso instituto de la Real Archicofradia de Caridad y Paz y catalogo de los Hermanos asistidos por ella des de 29 de Agosto de 1687 hasta 26 de Octubre de 1867; presentada y leida en junta de 28 de Octubre del proprio año, por el Secretario* D. Mariano de la Lama y Noriega. Madrid, 1868. Manuscript extracts from minutes of the society.

† Although under the title of "Burning" sufficient information was given in the report about that mode of infliction of death penalty, in use in many other European countries at the time it was in Spain, it was besides very unnecessarily brought in under the heading of *Auto da fé*. The authors of the report do not seem to have been aware that in London, *as late as* 1788, one Phœbe Harris was burnt alive before Newgate for the offence of coining.

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(The Royal Archconfraternity of Charity and Peace), who aim at earning the reward for having visited our blessed Redeemer in prison; which merit, he tells us, will, with other special ones, be remembered by him, and be so potent on the day of judgment. Their charitable work consists in helping to prepare for the world to come criminals under sentence of death, in accompanying them to the scaffold, and providing their bodies with Christian burial. They also, at the present day, visit for purposes of assistance and consolation convicts in the prisons of Madrid and of the principal cities and towns throughout the realm.

A very remarkable feature in the case of this corporation is its uninterrupted active corporate existence for at least four and a half centuries, and the active personal services which its members have continuously rendered during so long a period.

The origin of the confraternity is connected with a very remarkable event. At the close of the fourteenth century a professor of the University of Paris had argued publicly against belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and also against other teachings of the church. His opinions were condemned as heretical by the Archbishop of Paris and the doctors in theology of the university. From their decision he appealed to Pope Clement VII., whose chair was then in Avignon, but fearing an unfavorable result to his appeal, he made his way to Spain, hoping to make there converts to his teachings. But as a belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was long seated in the minds of that people, and widely spread, from the monarch down to the humblest subject, so far from meeting with any welcome, he was driven out of the land.

In the year 1421 John II. and his queen, Doña Maria of Aragon, were prompted by the event above narrated to erect in the *Campo del Rey*, in Madrid, the first church in that city in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. They besides founded and instituted a lay confraternity, to whom the church was given in charge, and who had the additional duty laid upon them of assisting, consoling, and giving Christian burial to all criminals undergoing the death penalty, and to the friendless wretches who happened to die in the streets and public places of Madrid. The church became a favorite one, and much resorted to by the citizens of that capital, and possessed on its main altar the royal gift of a beautiful image of the Blessed Virgin.

After a lapse of sixty-five years, in 1486, the Bishop of Astorga, Don Garcia Alvarez de Toledo, founded a small hospital, the first one known in Madrid, and built it close to the church

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above mentioned, and gave it the name of *Hospital de la Concepcion.* He devoted it to female patients, equipped it with everything needed for twelve beds, and gave it in care of the confraternity in charge of the church. The hospital did good service, particularly in 1580, when all Spain was afflicted with a severe catarrhal epidemic; but in 1587, it having been thought advisable to merge the eleven hospitals then in existence into a general one still existing, this measure involved the suppression of the Bishop of Astorga's foundation. Philip II. having signified his desire to have for royal purposes the land occupied by the church and hospital, the confraternity parted with their realty, and with the price obtained for it bought the chapel of *Santa Cruz* (Holy Cross), which they hold at the present day, and continued their charitable work in connection with it, substituting for the care of the sick, from which they were exempted, the providing poor orphan girls with dowries, and feeding prisoners on Christmas, Easter Sunday, and Pentecost. Their church was very unfortunately visited by two destructive and calamitous fires; by one which occurred in 1620, in the sacristy, many and very valuable documents and records, inclusive of the charter of foundation of their society, were burned; and by the other, which happened in the night of September 8–9, 1763, everything contained in the church was wholly destroyed. In the course of years two other confraternities became merged in theirs, both connected with hospitals, one called *de la Concepcion*, and the other *de la Paz** (of Peace); this led to the formal adoption, in 1797, of their name as it is at present.

It is customary in Spain to have criminals condemned to death spend the last three days before execution either in the regular chapel of the prison, or in a room prepared as a chapel, in which an altar for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice is placed, as also other religious emblems suitable for reviving religious impressions and arousing sentiments of contrition. This practice is called *poner en capilla* (to put in chapel). As far back as 1567 the confraternity had begun to particularly devote itself to seeing that that class of sufferers should receive Holy Communion before death, and for providing and suitably equipping *capillas* in prisons where they were needed. The Holy See recognized the value of the services thus rendered by granting to the confraternity several privileges, one of which was that, if

* Some say that the hospital, which was for consumptives, was known as of Holy Job, whose patience and resignation were there held up for imitation, and whose image is now on an altar in the church of Santa Cruz, the only one in Madrid where he is venerated. But it is also more probable that the name was owing to the marriage of Philip II. with Isabel of Valois, which led to a lasting peace between Spain and France.

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the condemned had approached the Sacrament of Penance and desired to receive Holy Communion, the confraternity might have it administered at a Mass celebrated for that purpose *two hours before dawn*. The charitable work of providing with Christian burial the bodies of destitute persons found dead, either from disease or accident, in the streets of Madrid was kept up by the guild until 1809, when a change of government and other circumstances brought about its discontinuance. The expenses of these burials, while the custom lasted, were paid for by alms, obtained by a member of the society, who for that purpose was stationed at the portal of a certain prison, where the corpse lay for a stated time as in a morgue, and where he appealed to the charity of passers-by.

At the present day the guild administers its charity in this wise to criminals under sentence of death.

As soon as the *mayordomo mayor* or president of the guild has been notified of the death sentence, he goes, in company with the treasurer, to the prison where the condemned man is confined, informs him of it, draws near to him, greets him cordially, *embraces him*, and accompanies him to the *capilla*. Then, after attending to his immediate needs, the president arranges the duty of attendance to be discharged by the *mayordomos* or members of the confraternity, two at a time, and relieved every two hours. He hands the *alcaide* or superintendent of the prison a list of the names of the members who are to serve, and provides for the condemned man's meals. In regard to these, the regulation is that they are to be plain and good, without any attempt at gratifying whims or particular appetites; they are to be eaten out of metal utensils only, no glass nor stoneware, nor knives and forks being allowed; meat or fish is served without bones, and the bread is cut up in very small slices.

The president then hands to the member first on duty the keys of the chests containing the articles belonging to and needed by the corporation in the exercise of its functions, and also a list of the names of the colleagues selected for service. He then ascertains from the proper authorities the hour, place, and manner of execution, and when the removal of the corpse will be permitted. He then goes to the church of Santa Cruz, directs two lights to be kept lit on the altar of the Blessed Virgin in that church and certain others until the society's work is all over, and also the display at its doors of two framed statements of the spiritual favors granted by the Holy See to persons sentenced to death, and to charitable persons contributing to their

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spiritual or temporal relief. He arranges with the curate of the church or his representative about the Mass of supplication to be celebrated on the occasion, posts up a notice of the Mass in the usual place, and, if time permits, publishes same in a paper called *Diario de Avisos* (daily notices), so that the faithful that care to do so may have it in their power to be present at the service. A table, upon which are set a crucifix and two lamps, is brought out into the small piazza before the church of Santa Cruz, and members of the confraternity are present by it for the purpose of receiving alms of charitable persons, and remain at their post until their associates return from the cemetery after having given burial to the body of the executed criminal.

When the sentenced man takes his meals the president, treasurer, and one or more associates attend and serve him in the presence of his spiritual advisers, the superintendent of the prison, and the *alguacil* on guard, and recite the usual prayers before and after the repast. On the last of the three days spent in capilla another Mass of supplication is celebrated in the church of Santa Cruz, which is usually numerously attended.

On the night before execution the condemned man is made one of the Brotherhood of Caridad y Paz, so as to entitle him to all the spiritual favors and indulgences accorded to its members. This is accomplished in quite a formal manner by the president, secretary, and such other members as the former may require to be present. The newly-made brother signs in a book of record the entry of his admission, is informed that he is at liberty to dispose of one-fourth of the aggregate of alms collected for his benefit, and that his last wishes will be faithfully carried out so far as circumstances and the regulations of the brotherhood will permit. The remainder of the alms is applied to cover the expenses incurred by the brotherhood in the case, and any surplus over and above these is devoted to offerings for Masses celebrated by needy priests having very small incomes, who receive for each Mass eight *reals* (forty cents).

On the morning of execution the president and treasurer are on hand, and, after the doomed culprit has received Holy Communion, "with that tenderness and charity which its religious meaning requires," clothe him with the black tunic which he is to wear. For a regicide or a parricide it is yellow, with red sleeves and with a yellow cap. He goes to the scaffold in a cart, escorted by the entire body of the confraternity, to which he now belongs, and preceded by a priest bearing a crucifix and wearing a green cape. Two associates carry boxes containing

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water, wine, biscuits, and vinegar for the brother's use in case he should become faint on his way to death. In the portal of the prison is placed an image of the Blessed Virgin, before which, upon leaving, he kneels and implores her blessing and assistance. The duty of going at day-break of that day through the streets of Madrid, asking alms for the sentenced man, is also incumbent on the confraternity. Two boys go along on the occasion, carrying locked alms-boxes, and each ringing a bell. There are, however, some cases in which this is not done.

As soon as the execution has taken place, the bells of Santa Cruz begin to toll, and the knell continues until the confraternity have returned to it from the scaffold, reciting on the way prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed brother. Then follow other services and a low Mass, which also take place in the church of San José, because the place for executions lies at present in that parish.

At the time appointed by law the confraternity return to the scaffold, take down the corpse (which all other persons are forbidden to do), invest it with the Franciscan habit, and carry it to the cemetery, where, after saying over it the usual prayers, it is laid to rest in consecrated ground.

Men in military service condemned by court-martial to be shot are cared for by the guild the same as civilians sentenced to die by the *garrote*, with this difference only, that the corpse is taken in charge as soon as the shooting party has filed off from the place of execution.

The society has kept records of the names of all the condemned to whom they have ministered from the first of August, 1687, and whom, in their charity, they always designate as *hermanos* (brethren). The mode of execution, the prison, and amount of alms collected are stated in each case. Up to the 26th October, 1867, they had assisted one thousand and thirty-four, of whom a few were pardoned shortly after having been placed in *capilla*, others, in very rare instances, on the very scaffold, or as they were getting ready to be shot. Very many belonged to the Spanish army; a very few were women; one of these, in 1687, *was a slave*. The names of the priest Merino, who in 1852 attempted the life of the queen of Spain; of the patriotic General Riego, garroted in 1823; of a patriotic parish priest, who with many French officers and soldiers suffered death during the period of French domination—all appear in the record. The death penalty was, up to 1832, inflicted principally by hanging; by burning, once in 1702 and twice in 1704; and from 1692 to 1765, eight

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times by *garrote* and burning, which latter part of the sentence must have applied to the culprit's remains after death. The confraternity point in triumph to the fact, ascertainable from the records, that out of the entire one thousand and thirty-four two only died impenitent, and these were not natives of, to use their own words, *nuestra querida España* (our beloved Spain). The alms collected vary greatly in amount; for instance, in one case they were thirty-three *reals;* in another, three hundred and fifty-three; in another, that of Merino, three thousand five hundred and sixty-two; in another, four thousand six hundred and fifty-four; which, assuming the *real* to be *vellon*, worth five cents, would be respectively equivalent to $1 65, $17 65, $178 10, $232 70. But they generally exceed one thousand reals, say $50. As the average annual number of sufferers attended to by this society of charitable laymen during the period of one hundred and eighty years, ending in 1867, is nearly six, it is plain that the aggregate of their labors must have been pretty arduous, rendered more so by the manner of annual distribution; for while in the early years only one, two, or three offenders have been sentenced per year, and none in 1703, during the first half of this century they have been numerous in consequence of very many condemnations of military men by court-martial. Thus the total was forty-four in 1811, thirty-nine in 1812, forty-two in 1824, thirty-seven in 1825, twenty-five in 1837, and sixty-five in 1866; of which last twenty were artillery sergeants, all shot at the same time.

It appears from extracts from the minutes of the society from 1878 to 1886 that, through an organization having conferences like those of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the sphere of utility of their labors has become enlarged and more comprehensive. The *Obra de la Carcel* (Work in Prisons), to which they now devote themselves, takes in imprisoned convicts, to whom they try to do spiritual and material good. They have established conferences in Pamplona, Santiago, Vich, Vittoria, Tortosa, Tudela, Montanchez, La Bispal, Huesca, Villavieja, Reus, Valli, Torrente, Manresa, Montilla, Orense, Alcoy, Alicante, Antequera, Sabadell, Tarragona, Tuy, Bañolas, Barbastro, Borja, Mataro, Siguenza, and Coruña.

The work of these conferences consists in visiting the prisoners semi-weekly, weekly, or not less than semi-monthly, according to the needs of the locality; giving the convicts good books to read, arranging for the recital with them of the Rosary or Salve Regina at stated times, and, what is most important of all, getting them to go to confession and Holy Communion

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and perform their Easter duty, in the reception of which last sacrament the members always, and sometimes at Easter the prison officials, join. The conferences distribute clothes to prisoners that need them; in many prisons they give elementary instruction; in others, like Manresa, where the prison fare is very poor, they eke it out at times with a little better food, and not unfrequently they spread out *un rancho estraordinario*—what we would call an extra good square meal. In Vich efforts to keep the convicts employed at some productive industry have been successful, and the case is mentioned of a man who had lived away from his wife many years, and whose evil courses had at length brought him to prison; after his time was up he took up a little door-mat shop and supported his family in peace and respectability. In Valli the conferences even attend to having the prisoners' hair cut and kept in decent appearance.

An Englishman, apparently an intelligent Protestant, who had seen Pius IX. wash the feet of the pilgrims during Holy Week, was heard, at *table d'hôte*, by a lady relative of the present writer, to give out as his impression that it was a "na-asty business." His appreciation could not further go. It is quite probable that others also of like tone of mind have been similarly impressed by the sight he had seen.

Well, very unpleasant personal service is very often just what the exercise of heroic charity requires. It is evident from what has been related in these pages about the labors of the *Real Archicofradia de Caridad y Paz* that in the past its members have had abundant personal experience of work trying and repugnant to human nature, and that those of the present day fare no better. When holy Tobias, in order to give dead Israelites sepulture, left his dinner, hid the corpses by day in his house and buried them by night, he must have felt his labor to be somewhat repulsive. But Holy Scripture tells us how it appeared in the eyes of God.

It is reliably stated that "over sixty thousand persons are to-day prisoners in the various penal institutions throughout the United States, and that, in addition to this, there are over eleven thousand inmates of reformatories!" No doubt a large proportion of these are Catholics. Here, plainly, is a large field for Catholic laymen to labor in, doing good in such way as may be possible and advisable.

May the example of devoted charity to prisoners set for so long a time by these sons of Spain serve for edification to all, and for instruction and suggestion to some of the American Catholics who may read this account of it! L. B. BINSSE.

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1791—A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER IX.

VAIN PLEADING.

IMMEDIATELY upon her father's leaving Émilie Tourner sought her sleeping apartment for repose, declining *le second déjeûner*, the light midday repast common among the upper classes in the West Indies. Madame Tourner had partaken of refreshments, and was sitting at the table abstracted when M. Tardiffe's card, requesting a private interview, was handed to her. She at once received him, and they conferred together long and earnestly.

The substance of his communication was, that San Domingo could no longer be a fit place for whites; that, had emancipation been brought about peacefully and by degrees, with the institutions and methods of civilization preserved, and the negroes gradually raised to a fair standard of citizenship, their freedom, as he believed, would have been a blessing to all; but that, having risen in merciless rebellion, the ignorant and bloody wretches would keep the colony a pandemonium; that, under the most favorable circumstances, prosperity could not return for a generation, and that he had resolved, by the first opportunity, to leave for England; that if Henry Pascal were alive, of which he had very little expectation, his penniless condition morally freed mademoiselle from her engagement; that M. Pascal himself, as soon as he had time for sober reflection, could not, as a man of honor, do otherwise than insist upon the release; that his own desire and purpose was to offer himself again in marriage to the daughter; that the effort of his life would be to provide for her a happy home in Old England, and that he would welcome her parents to share it with her. He thanked Madame Tourner very warmly for her friendliness towards him, expressed the hope that she would second his final suit, and asked her to give to mademoiselle the note he presented, as an answer to her supplication to intercede with Dessalines in behalf of Henry Pascal.

Madame Tourner entered into M. Tardiffe's views and hopes with the utmost eagerness. The latter had sedulously cultivated her, and succeeded in thoroughly insinuating himself into her favor. Flattered and pleased by his adroit blandishments, she

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remained deceived as to his real character, and regarded him as being altogether the most eligible offer she knew of in the colony. From the first she had been partial to his suit, as the colonel had been to that of Henry Pascal. At the same time she entertained a just regard for the high character of the latter, and, her daughter's decision having been made, acquiesced in it cheerfully. Now, however, as the fortunes of both families had been swept away at a stroke, and the continuance of the engagement, in her view, out of the question, she considered it the plainest wisdom and a moral necessity on her daughter's part to accept M. Tardiffe's offer. A lady of fashion and of luxurious tastes, which wealth had enabled her freely to gratify, the sheer poverty confronting her was an unspeakable dread, and she became wrought up almost into an ecstasy for the complete and happy deliverance so easily within her daughter's power. She was persuaded M. Tardiffe had the qualities to make a good husband, and could in time win Émilie Tourner's affections; and the contrast between her daughter's portion as the wife of such a man, with a home of affluence in sterling Old England, her father's ancestral land, and where she herself had but recently been educated—the contrast between this outlook and a life of despairing poverty in distracted San Domingo, with the island in the hands of insurgent slaves, and not an influence at work or in prospect under which the colonel could expect to lift himself up, was so overwhelmingly for the former view that she could not be without hopes that the offer would commend itself to her daughter's solid judgment.

Nevertheless, she thought with alarm of opening the subject to her, a request M. Tardiffe had been particular in pressing. She well knew how closely the affections of Émilie Tourner's strong nature were knit to Henry Pascal; the excitements and terrors, too, of the past few days were visibly affecting her; and, deeply loving her daughter, she dreaded to add aught to the strain. But she regarded it as a life-and-death crisis. It was a vital moment, not to be recalled, for attempting the deliverance of her daughter and family from unutterable wretchedness, and Madame Tourner summoned her resources to the delicate and fateful task. As four o'clock drew on, Émilie Tourner rose from the ottoman, whereon she had vainly wooed sleep, and made ready to meet M. Tardiffe. Her expectations for a favorable response had been heightened by the news her father brought, that Dessalines was yet in camp. She presently joined her mother, and, scanning the quay, expressed the hope that M. Tardiffe would justify his reputation for punctuality.

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"I trust you are feeling better, Émilie," said Madame Tourner, greeting her daughter in a cheery way.

"No, maman, I am *not* better, and my father's apprehensions may be realized. I shall be glad, indeed," shading her eyes with her hands as she spoke, as though the light was painful, "when the interview with Monsieur Tardiffe is over."

"I hear," remarked Madame Tourner, hesitating from a sense of dread to open the subject her mind was full of, "that Captain Winslow intends sailing for England as soon as the safety of the Cape is assured and the embargo raised."

"For England!" musingly replied her daughter—"England is a favored land."

"It is indeed, Émilie."

"Strange that this people should be so quiet and prosperous, while a few miles over the channel another people are writhing in political insanity!"

"Would to God, my child, we were all there!".

"I have passed some happy days in England," remarked Émilie Tourner, unheeding her mother and speaking in the same musing way, as her eyes pensively looked out over the northward waters, "days so expectant and hopeful. Ever since my return the clouds have been darkening, darkening over us."

"I hear, too, Émilie, that Monsieur Tardiffe is to leave for England by the first opportunity; perhaps on the *Sappho*."

"I'm not surprised," answered the daughter. "My surprise is that, having transferred his wealth thither when he saw this storm brewing, he should have remained till it burst."

"You know the cause, Émilie. Who has held him in San Domingo?"

"I have never given him encouragement, maman," she quickly answered.

"Alas! my child, 'tis but too true. As affairs have gone, it would have been far, far better had you listened to Monsieur Tardiffe's suit."

"But the matter is decided, maman, and why should you recall the issue now? I hope," she added, "he will soon be here," as she again scanned the quay and drew her hand across her forehead.

Madame Tourner's moment had come.

"Émilie," she said, speaking slowly and with a sudden accession of mingled tenderness and solemnity, "I have somewhat to say to you, and I beseech you, as though they were a mother's dying words, to hear me patiently."

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Surprised at the strength and abruptness of the appeal, her daughter answered, as she drew back in the attitude of amazement:

"Maman, what can you mean? Have I been disposed to be wanting in proper respect for your opinions and wishes?"

"When I look, my child, upon your stricken face," her eyes filling at her words, "I dread to speak; but I *must* speak. Will you consider what I have to say?"

"Maman, what *do* you mean?" she replied, more and more astonished at her mother's language and manner. "What I must know let me know at once, and I promise the filial heed you have ever received."

"Émilie, my word is this, and bear with me in saying it: If Monsieur Tardiffe seeks your hand once more, let me implore you to ponder the opportunity."

A solicitation more unexpected, and, under all the circumstances, more trying, to Émilie Tourner could scarcely be conceived. With disaster and distress multiplied around her, and her tenderest anxieties profoundly roused at the desperate straits of Henry Pascal, it was an appeal, at the very moment she was endeavoring to rescue her lover, to turn her back upon him for his discarded rival. She perceived, too, in the suggested breach of faith a moral obliquity, and altogether her mother's words smote her intensely. Hardly believing her ears, she exclaimed with suppressed indignation:

"And this from you to me, maman! Is it possible you can counsel so heartless an abandonment of Monsieur Pascal—at the hour, too, of his utmost need, and when my effort for him springs from the relation I bear to him?"

"My heart bleeds for you, my daughter," tenderly answered Madame Tourner. "Alas! that they who love must often weep. But hear me through, and decide. Have you not promised filial heed?"

"I have," she replied; "but, mon Dieu! why reopen here this closed issue?"

"I will tell you, Émilie. Émilie, I love Monsieur Pascal, I applaud your effort for him, yet I see not how the engagement can continue."

"On what grounds?"

"Because the fortunes of the families have changed, Émilie. Monsieur Pascal is penniless, and what dowry could you bring him?"

"If the worst should continue here, he still has expectations,"

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replied Émilie Tourner, with evident effort and reluctance at speaking, yet unavoidably drawn into the conversation.

"You refer to the Harrison project in Jamaica?"

"Yes."

"But you are aware, Émilie, of the common talk, that this rising of the slaves must rouse those in Jamaica, and that the hope of England's interfering in our affairs is founded upon her fears in this direction."

She looked towards her daughter for an answer, yet received none.

"Monsieur Pascal's expectations, Émilie, are very doubtful; were they far more assured, mere expectations are not the proper preparation for matrimony; even were they realized, Émilie, Monsieur Pascal's income would be meagre and insufficient, with an infirm father, too, now dependent upon him."

Émilie Tourner sat silent, with eyes downcast. Fever was in her veins, and grief swelling in her heart.

"Émilie," her mother continued, "had the fortunes of the families a year since been what they are to-day, do you think Monsieur Pascal, whatever his affection for you, would have sought you in marriage?"

Her daughter still sat silent.

"For a stronger reason, Émilie, are you morally freed from the engagement, because both of you have suddenly sunk from affluence to poverty; with all the trainings of affluence remaining; and Monsieur Pascal, as soon as he can reflect, will, I feel sure, insist upon the release."

An answer came from poor Émilie in a flood of hot tears.

Sorrow is king of this world, thought Madame Tourner, as her eyes tenderly dwelt upon her stricken daughter. Her tears she deemed it best not to attempt to interrupt. She herself, though hoping the worst now over, was nevertheless greatly moved. The pang she felt compelled to inflict upon her daughter touched her motherly heart to the core, and, Émilie Tourner's paroxysm of tears having passed, she said to her, in a voice low and full of sweet sympathy:

"It distresses me, Émilie, very deeply indeed to have to say these things; but a mother's love moves me, and if I have chosen this hour to speak, it is because an unparalleled and appalling crisis is upon us."

"Maman," answered her daughter, to whom tears had brought temporary relief, and who for the moment felt less disinclined for a part in conversation, "I understand you, and believe you speak

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for what you think is best. But even should reverse of fortune result in cancelling the engagement" (her eyes filling again), "it is enough that my hand cannot be given where my heart is withheld."

"Émilie," rejoined her mother in a tone of earnest yet tender expostulation, "it is a school-girl's notion that matrimony must needs be the sequence of a passion."

"Matrimony, maman, is a sacrament, and a holy estate, and, should I wed Monsieur Tardiffe, I would be guilty before God."

"No, Émilie, no; what justifies marriage, on sentiment's side, are the qualities that command friendship."

"And are you yet to learn, maman, that Monsieur Tardiffe, in my own estimation at least, is lacking in such qualities?"

"His wooing was rejected, Émilie, as I had supposed, not from positive dislike, but because your preference had been won in another direction."

"I forbear," rejoined Émilie Tourner, "to speak here of his character as I have read it, for he shows a disposition to aid in Monsieur Pascal's rescue, and so far I own his conduct noble, and am deeply, deeply grateful."

"Émilie," said her mother with increasing earnestness, and encouraged by a willingness on her daughter's part to bear the conversation, "our straits are desperate; one word from you can save us."

"I know our forlorn condition, maman; no word from you can deepen my sense of it, and to any honorable sacrifice I would give myself oh! how joyfully."

"The hour is supreme, Émilie; out of it issues for life will come. Reflect before finally answering Monsieur Tardiffe. I *beg you on my knees*," exclaimed Madame Tourner, with passionate energy, rising and apparently about to assume the humiliating posture.

"Never! You must not! Will you forget, maman, a parent's dignity?" exclaimed Émilie Tourner, rising herself and extending her hand deprecatingly.

"I forget everything, my child, save the pressure of this crisis. Will you weigh your answer, Émilie?" she added, resuming her seat and bending upon her daughter an intense look.

"You have my word to give you filial heed. But, maman, be brief, if you have aught else to say. I feel I hardly know how," passing her hand across her brow, for the momentary betterment was vanishing before the rising fever. "I can scarce sit up, and this light seems burning into my eyeballs."

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"Bear with me, my daughter, one moment more. Émilie, Monsieur Tardiffe is a gentleman, amiable and in every way accomplished, a man of experience and ripened judgment, of ample fortune, and with no faults that a good wife would not be able to control."

She paused, expecting a reply, but Émilie Tourner sat mute, with her head bowed and the left hand shading her eyes.

"A man of such a character, Émilie, devoted to your happiness, should command the friendship that justifies marriage. If you would listen to him he would take us all to England—to England, where you have lived some happy years, and for which, since these awful days have darkened over us, I have often heard you sigh."

She glanced at her daughter, but no response came from the bowed form.

"The alternative, Émilie, is wretchedness for you and for us. We are face to face, my daughter, with absolute, hopeless poverty, and this, to those who have known affluence, means a living death. Even should our slaves be recovered—a hope I see no expectation of ever being realized—how utterly despairing, Émilie, would the prospect be, with the estate in ashes, our friends as stripped as ourselves, and the colony all torn and at the mercy of Jacobin legislation! Your father, Émilie, is unskilled in any calling. Were it otherwise, where would positions offer in distracted San Domingo? And could a position be obtained, the pay would be that of a menial and cover vulgar wants. His mind is now absorbed in other directions—the defence of the Cape excites and engrosses him; but he must soon wake up to his personal condition, and cruel, cruel days, Émilie, are at hand —days of weary and fruitless strugglings with poverty, and of bitter memories, and humiliation for his family. Oh! my daughter, save yourself and us from lifelong woe!"

Her mother again paused; and lifting her head, and displaying a countenance on which grief and illness were tracing unmistakable lines, Émilie Tourner replied:

"Maman, I shall weigh the answer, as you have asked me to do; but I *must* retire. Call me when Monsieur Tardiffe comes."

"He has been here already, Émilie," said Madame Tourner.

"Been here already!" she cried out in blank astonishment. "Why did you not call me?"

"It was unnecessary, my daughter."

"He refuses, then," she said.

"No, Émilie, he has arranged to go early to-morrow morn-

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ing; but he goes conditionally, and his valet is to be here at six for your answer. This is his note."

She seized it and read:

"MADEMOISELLE: San Domingo can no longer be an eligible abode for whites, and by the next ship I bid it adieu for England. On the eve of departure let me solicit again the hand I have sought so long, and place at your feet what fortune I possess, and the love that repulse has not diminished. Let me ask you—and your parents—to share with me a happy home in a noble land, far away from this frightful island.

"Your mother is empowered to explain matters more fully; and should this note receive your approval, I shall hasten to comply with your request, and imperil my life in the attempt to rescue M. Pascal.

"I am, mademoiselle, with profound respect,

"LOUIS TARDIFFE."

In her disturbed state of mind the closing sentence, for an instant, was unintelligible. She re-read the note, and its import delivered a blow not to be withstood. The sudden extinguishment of all hope for Henry Pascal, save at the price of wedding a rejected suitor, from whose character she shrank, and whose heartlessness now took such an advantage of her necessity—together with her mother's distressful appeal—was too much for an already overburdened spirit, and Émilie Tourner sank fainting to the floor.

Madame Tourner's experience in the plantation hospital taught her the proper course at this crisis. Quickly adjusting her daughter's form to a horizontal position, she applied cold water plentifully to the face. Under these influences Émilie Tourner rapidly revived, and, her mother having hurriedly called in help, they assisted the patient to her apartment, where, exchanging the dress for a wrapper, Émilie Tourner sought her bed, desiring to be left entirely to herself and protected against light and noise. Madame Tourner retired to the sitting apartment, and, collecting her thoughts, received comfort at this dreaded interview's being over. On the whole it was much more satisfactory than she had had reasons for expecting, and she was not without some decided hopes for a successful issue. She felt convinced her daughter's practical mind must see that the engagement to Henry Pascal was at an end, and several considerations encouraged the impression that she would, upon reflection, think favorably of M. Tar-

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diffe's offer—brilliant under ordinary circumstances, and now plainly providential. Misinterpreting the source of Émilie Tourner's comparative passiveness (for it was illness, not a tendency to acquiesce), she considered it hopeful that her daughter did not resist the appeal more decidedly. Her wish, too, just expressed, to be left entirely to herself, was taken to signify reflection on what had been said to her, and reflection, under all the circumstances, Madame Tourner regarded as a prelude to the hoped-for decision. The advantageousness of the proposal in every way, and the moral necessity of closing with it, could not but commend itself, she thought, to her daughter's practical intelligence; and even should she regard its acceptance as a pure offering to her parents' welfare, her mother knew there was a spirit and a piety equal to the sacrifice, for Émilie Tourner was heroic of soul, and a daughter, too, in whom filial affection and dutifulness were ornaments of grace to the head and chains of gold about the neck. These favoring circumstances being dwelt upon by Madame Tourner, and colored and exaggerated by her intense desires, she was wrought up to think that what her daughter ought to do she would do, and awaited the arrival of M. Tardiffe's valet with some sanguine anticipations. From time to time she softly approached the entrance to the apartment of her daughter, whom she found apparently resting in quiet, and would not disturb.

The exterior quiet, however, was fallacious. Émilie Tourner was on the verge of acute illness. The fever was fast passing into delirium, and her outward repose was in vivid contrast with the agitation of the mind, whose chambers were thronged with dreadful visions drawn from the horrors of the past few days. At six the valet arrived punctually, and Madame Tourner entered her daughter's apartment as the latter, in a state of semi-consciousness, was rousing herself from one of these frightful visions, in which the monster Dessalines orders Henry Pascal to execution. Seeing her daughter awake, she said:

"Émilie, Monsieur Tardiffe's valet has come; are you ready to give an answer?"

"Oh! let him save Monsieur Pascal," she cried in tones of deepest pathos, starting up and resting on the elbow, and speaking with a wild, terrorized look, which, in the shaded room, was lost upon Madame Tourner.

"On the conditions, Émilie, he has asked?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Shall I write him in your name?"

"Yes; he must save him."

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"O Henry!" she cried, with an outbreak of tears, and for a moment becoming herself, "what horrors have I dreamed! The light," she almost screamed, looking towards the entrance to her apartment, the curtain of which Madame Tourner had partly drawn, "is blinding me—oh! my head is bursting!—let me be alone"—and she clasped her hands to her forehead and sank back upon the couch.

In the agony of a great grief even a mother is an intruder, and Madame Tourner immediately withdrew. Anxiety in regard to the decision now gave place to sympathy for the sufferer. She knew through what pangs the decision had been reached, and her heart was wrung for her daughter. Still, there was a vast sense of relief that it was all over, and over so happily. It would all be for the best, she knew, and her daughter's words rung in her ears as angels' voices. The prospect cleared up beautifully. A dark, devouring cloud rolled off from before her, and a flood of silvery sunshine began pouring in. She at once addressed herself to the note to M. Tardiffe, and wrote as follows:

"DEAR MONSIEUR TARDIFFE: I write in haste and in Émilie's name. She accepts the conditions; and I trust and believe, should you find M. Pascal alive, that you will be able to rescue him. Émilie, as you may suppose, is in great distress. But the storm will soon be over, and all, I am sure, will be bright and for the best.

"Be on your guard against the claws of Dessalines. He is a veritable tiger, and I shall be in dread till your return.

"I remain, monsieur, most sincerely,

"MARIE TOURNER."

Madame Tourner handed the note to the valet, and saw him off, and had returned to her quarters but a few moments when, hearing her daughter's voice, and hastening to her side, she was astounded and very greatly alarmed to find her in a state of delirium, in which the names of Henry Pascal, Dessalines, and M. Tardiffe were continually and piteously recurring. The ship's surgeon was immediately summoned. After a brief diagnosis he pronounced it a case of acute and critical cerebritis, superinduced by intense mental strain. Help was called in, and the patient soon disrobed and the prescribed remedies administered, when Madame Tourner withdrew a moment to despatch a second note to M. Tardiffe. As ardently as she desired the match with the ex-proprietor, yet she was a woman of honor and a true mother, and

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would not, for an instant, allow M. Tardiffe to act under mistaken impressions. She accordingly wrote to him that her daughter had been suddenly stricken with brain fever, and that her supposed assent to the "conditions" was given, as she now feared, in a moment of delirium and irresponsibility.

On applying to Captain Winslow for the service of a messenger, she found that the hour for allowing permits ashore had passed. The letter was delayed, therefore, until the following morning, and despatched then at the earliest practicable moment. It failed, however, of its object; for the messenger reported on his return that M. Tardiffe had left for the country an hour previous to his arrival.

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RONDEAU OF EVENTIDE.

AT Eventide, when we are prest
By shadows, and seek any rest
That twilight brings at waning day,
Ah! well with us if we can say
For aye we sought and found the best.

God's hand all nature has caressed,
Till beauty is his love confessed,
Till bud and bloom his love display
Through Eventide.

Why should we not pursue our quest
For such good things as bear the test
The things worth loving bear alway?
"Full life, full life," we sometimes pray,
Full life to higher life addressed,
Till Eventide!

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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A STUDY OF MODERN RELIGION.

III.

To feel the need of religion is a first and necessary step towards acquiring it. When the multitude of conscientious and cultivated men have begun to cherish that feeling in their hearts, when experience has convinced them, as it will, that neither the masterpieces of Athenian literature, nor the art of mediæval Italy divorced from its faith, nor the Renaissance, nor the laboratories of Berlin and Paris, can give them what they seek—an assured hope beyond the tomb and peace at the centre of their being—they will be prepared to undertake another kind of search and, perhaps, to return upon paths they had forsaken, to Christianity with its glad tidings and its universal creed. It is much, it is more than we can duly estimate, that Religion is coming once again to be recognized as a faculty in the constitution of man, as a power outside him in Nature, as an aspiration that cannot be thwarted without disaster, and, in brief, as the crown of human existence.

The age of Voltaire, which discarded all but the coldest Rationalism as an unsubstantial dream, is passing away. The conception, at once so disheartening but in the eyes of a great number so plausible, that the world is merely a series of mechanical movements regulated by the formulas of physical science, shows signs of yielding to a larger, deeper thought. A new philosophy, call it for the present Monism or Idealism, has come upon the scene, and, without suffering man to linger in La Mettrie's hideous prison, flings open all doors and strikes asunder the walls that closed him in. It bids him, by the voice of a thousand singers, look out upon Nature indeed, blooming around him in the sunshine, eternally young and fair, and breathing such a spirit of poetry that he cannot wonder if their strains

> "—modulate with murmurs of the air,
> And motions of the forests and the sea,
> And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
> Of night and day, and the deep heart of man."

In this keen feeling of life and its mysteriousness, in its enthusiasm and contemplative worship of the ideal in Nature, which

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therein appears as the "mother of an unfathomable world," sacred and in some way responsive to invocation, lies the charm of Pantheism. It seems to be ever in the presence of the Great Unknown, watching its shadow and the darkness of its steps through worlds innumerable. It has a spiritual sense, and by means of it is familiar with the "open secret," to the thought of which corresponds a mood of ecstatic silence, of wonder which cannot be expressed. Have I no warrant, then, for discerning some at least of the elements of religion in these things? And may I not view them, as Cardinal Newman exquisitely suggests in treating of a parallel subject, on the "ascending course of inquiry and of faith"? Why, my argument runs, should not a sincere Pantheist, who has escaped from the prison of abstract forms and dead matter, rise steadily upward on that ascending scale, learning what the phenomena of life betoken and from them gathering analogies whereby to apprehend, though not indeed to comprehend, the infinite self-conscious Spirit who is their cause but not their substance? Why should he not from the vague Impersonal go on, aided by his enthusiasm for Art, for the Beautiful in Nature, even as Spinoza sometimes appears to have done, to the thought of a categorical and perfect Intelligence (to use the expression of Novalis) self-contained, and of so high a quality that all other knowledge, compared with it, is ignorance? But in thus ascending he would have discovered in man the capacity of a Beatific Vision, and in God its object, boundless in all His attributes. Nature, not so much worshipped as lovingly interrogated, will then confess itself to be a means, not an end, a mythology leading on to Religion, or a sacramental system of which the inward significance is the Divine Nature itself communicating its grace to mankind. Everything, again Novalis remarks, how individual and chance-seeming soever, will then be capable of realizing God for us, will be an instrument in the universal organism, in the Cosmos visible and invisible, which is upheld and informed by the Holy Spirit. This wide-reaching doctrine takes us, on the one hand, very near to the conception, indispensable to our daily life, of an overruling Providence; on the other, it prophesies of the Incarnation.

Pantheism I look upon as the perversion of a deep instinct to which these various teachings of the Christian creed are the answer. The indefinable aspirations that lend to modern poetry so strange an air, showing themselves now in an overwrought passion of joy and now in brooding sadness—always, perhaps, mingled with a grain of fantasy—have to my thought the pre-

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sage in them of something beyond what is seen, like the sweet-smelling branches and birds of a plumage hitherto unknown that, cast upon the shores of Europe by western gales, awakened in Columbus a suspicion of lands from which they were brought across the ocean. This, too, I find in the pregnant writings of the author whom I have already quoted. "There are many flowers in this world," he says, "of unearthly origin, which will not flourish in our climate, and which are peculiarly heralds and loud-voiced harbingers of a better existence. Such, above all, are religion and love." Let us complete the suggestion and the argument by turning to another profoundly philosophical thinker, Pascal. "Consider," he bids us in the well-known summary of his argument, "consider the foundation of the Christian religion. Here is a religion contrary to our nature, which establishes itself in men's minds with so much gentleness, as to use no outward force; with so much energy, that no torture could silence its martyrs and confessors. Consider the holiness, devoutness, humility of its true disciples; its sacred books, their superhuman grandeur, their admirable simplicity. Consider the character of its Founder; His associates and followers, unlettered men, yet possessed of wisdom enough to confound the ablest philosopher; the astonishing succession of prophets that heralded His coming; the condition at this day of the Jewish people, who rejected Him and His religion; its perpetuity and its holiness; the light which its doctrines shed upon the contradictions of our nature;—let any man judge, when he has taken these things into account, if it be possible to doubt whether it is the only true one."

So far I had reached in my last article. The Life of Christ, I said, is a disclosure, even to the eyes of science, of moral perfections which must have their ground in the nature of things, like all else that we experience. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself," is the sum of the Gospels. But it is likewise authentic history recorded in the world's annals. From Jesus of Nazareth we can trace a spiritual transformation onward which, beginning with the individual, little by little extended its influence till it fashioned anew the Roman Empire, and for more than a thousand years impressed its seal upon every form of civilized life; so that, as the ambassadors of Pyrrhus on seeing Rome had described it as the temple and throne of all the gods, in like manner a pilgrim travelling from Asia to the remotest bounds of the West, might in his own dialect have exclaimed that Europe had become the kingdom of God and of His Christ. All other powers had vanished before the Cross. Not only was

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it borne at the head of armies and woven into the diadem of kings, but—a far more significant token of its greatness—at the corner of every street and the entering in of every village it was raised on high, that all things might be seen to acknowledge the sovereignty of Him who died upon it. The Galilean had conquered; the Religion of Sorrow, not forgetting its austerity, was seated on the thrones of the world. An ideal communion of mankind had been established by the authority of Jesus, and on the pattern of His Life. The Incarnation was to be perpetuated in His mystical body, the Church, for so tradition understood Him to have laid it down to His disciples: "Lo, I am with you all days." If we consult history, and not imagination or prejudice, we shall perceive from the middle, at least, of the second century—to go back no further—the lines growing distinct on which the mediæval Theocracy was founded, as well as the great, all-embracing Ritual, inwardly sustained by His Presence, of which all the details were signs or instruments to renew in the hearts of His people the Birth, the Passion, and the Teaching of the Only-begotten Son. This was that spiritual kingdom which ruled from Constantine to Napoleon, and in which the Idea of Jesus itself became incarnate.

Not for a moment do I forget the tragic shadows cast upon mediæval history, whether by the ignorance, the ferocity, or the superstition which were ingrained in races that could not lift themselves to the Christian height. Nevertheless, it was an age of divine faith; and its ideals, so far as they were derived from the Gospel, can at no time be antiquated. When the sixteenth century, in its reforming zeal, substituted the letter of an infallible Book for the living Spirit of Jesus, and dissolved the Christian consciousness, organized hitherto as a Church, into the private judgment of the individual, it took a backward step, and, while it imagined that it was restoring Israel, did in its consequences make room for anarchic heathendom, where every man's hand is raised against his brother's. The reliance on single texts, torn from their place and made shibboleths of a language to which they did not belong, has proved fatal to the religion of Protestants, and has degraded the humane conception of society in which the first Christians believed. "Texts" have been urged in defence of every extravagance and of a cruelty which the heathen never practised on so large a scale. Polygamy, free-love, persecution, slavery itself, have been defended by an appeal to the Sacred Volume. A terrible sermon might be preached—and against how many so-called churches?—on that most pregnant

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but most neglected of single texts, "The letter killeth." Truly it killed, in America no less than in Europe, century after century—killed soul and body together, and is still in ten thousand hearts doing its deadly work. Of the letter, as of the law, we may declare with St. Paul that it is "holy and just and good." But a dead letter, misinterpreted, can be no rule of conduct for mankind. Idolatry, be its object Bible or Church, is always idolatry; and to make that which was ordained as a means of communion with God into a wall shutting out the sight of Him, is the essence of all "creature-worship" and "will-worship." Rightly therefore did Lessing tax his Protestant brethren with making an idol of the letter. He bade them think that Christ was greater than the Bible, and was its end and true significance. "Let that *mind* be in you which was in Christ Jesus." There is no going beyond or behind those words; they are the believer's Great Charter, securing his freedom and tracing the path of his development. The relation of each man and woman in the Church to their Redeemer is personal, daily, intimate; and while the creed which we chant assures our community of thought, the living, practical application of it has ever depended, under God's Providence, on the faithfulness with which individuals enter into its spirit. The prophetic office among Christians is not confined to the sacerdotal order, but may be given to one or other, as God wills. Let us consider, for instance, how it was fulfilled by St. Catherine of Siena, or St. Teresa, by Savonarola, Dante, or Pascal, each of them lights to enlighten their own and after ages, while the appointed guardians of the faith were often careless and perfunctory, doing what they must as ill as it could be done. The formal teaching was safe, but the Idea which formal teaching can never adequately represent, where was that living except in the humble saints who looked upon it as their Exemplar, and who enabled the multitude to see what it truly was even when these did not follow it?

Thus by the positive witness of history we may confront the real Christianity with its counterfeit. That Catholic Church, possessing as it did the secret of drawing millions into closest unity, combined with it in a wonderful degree the power of fostering, I had almost said of creating, individual types of character. The Gospel story painted in its frescoes, sculptured in its soaring architecture, acted over again in its most moving ritual, preached by the wayside, wrought by meditation and penance into the very flesh and spirit of its ascetic men, this it was that raised up the Columbas, and the Winfreds, the Bernards, Hildebrands, Norberts, Francis of Assisi and Dominic; the heroic mediæval kings, Louis,

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Stephen, Ferdinand, and, in another class, Roger Bacon the student of science, Columbus the explorer, Copernicus the new geographer of the universe. With such names the calendar of the Roman Church abounds, yet some of the grandest are wanting there and may well some day be added, from Joan of Arc to Father Damien, unconscious heroes of whom the highest civilization would be proud. They did marvels and fled from the praise of them; they had no taint of Pantheism, yet they saw God in all things. Their lives were full of beauty, sweetness, tenderness, while they were marked as strongly with the greatness of daring action. If Christ ever lived again, it was in such souls as these. Faith, purity, silence, patient welcoming of sorrow, renunciation of things perishable, hope in the Unseen—to these issues were their spirits touched, and by a strength confessedly not their own. For if Christ was multiplied in them, to Him they gave the glory.

Now the Catholic Church, descended from those ages and plainly inheriting their tradition, nay, their life, professes to be supernatural in her innermost essence. If the reason of her long continuance, her persistent vitality, be demanded, she points to the promise of Christ in Scripture and to His presence, within her by his Spirit, on her altars by His Eternal Sacrament of Love. To no such vivifying presence can the Reformed sectaries lead us; all they took away, or could take away from the sanctuary which they abandoned, was the historical truth that there *had been* a Christ. *Fuit Christus.* From the New Testament they turned as by instinct to the Old, for a plan of life. They renounced the Beatitudes and with them the essentially Christian conception of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. They reduced St. Paul to a metaphysician of the gloomiest type; or they became Christians of the school of Epictetus and Seneca. The indwelling life, the supreme authority of Jesus in a human brotherhood to which all must belong, they utterly denied by their doctrine of predestination, and put to scorn in their social and political economy, of which the fundamental maxim was borrowed from Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Personal religion came to mean selfish isolation, as success in life meant trampling on the weak and defenceless according to the law of supply and demand. "The resolution of religion into emotion, the negation of the value of work, the contemplation of the scheme of salvation, with a certain quantity of devotional reading"—such is Mr. Froude's account of Evangelicalism, and we all know that Evangelicals are Protestant of the Protestant. By way of counterpoise, we may dwell upon the intense money-making, slave-driving Secularism which rules non-Catholic society with an iron hand, scoffs at

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salvation and its schemes, and talks of God and Satan as "contingent futures" of no marketable value. Is not Christ dead to these? "Dead?" echoes Heine with one of his cynical laughs; "yes, and the Christian religion is in course of liquidation!" If only the churches of the sixteenth century were taken into account, beyond all doubt the sarcasm would be justified and the bankruptcy of faith at hand.

But that which was from the beginning, "the word of life," which is bound up neither with a dead Book nor with empty abstract "schemes" of "salvation," proves its vitality in our day by its effects, as it did before the Reformation was heard of. The past never returns; Luther and Calvin have gone their way, leaving no heir but Socinus, who in his descendants is visibly yielding to Spinoza, to Giordano Bruno, to the schools of Rationalism or of Pantheism. But while the past is in its grave, the eternal does not change. The Idea which was made visible in Jesus Christ manifests as great a power over the individual's thought and manner of living as ever it did. The society which it created is yet sustained by it. When we view Christianity in the Catholic Church we see that it has retracted nothing, doubted nothing, altered none of its dogmas, nor abated one jot of its pretensions. In conflict with the rulers of this world's darkness it has dared and suffered greatly; but its unfailing persistence would be shown to-morrow, were the flood to come and sweep away those military governments which outwardly are strong but within have no principle to bear them up. To overthrow historical Christianity, resting on the rock of St. Peter, is a far more hopeless enterprise than to turn back Europe to its primitive barbarism; for it would be needful to conquer not a system or a tradition of men but, as Catholics believe (and they have the argument of eighteen hundred years to confirm them in their belief) the Son of God Himself dwelling among men.

When I consider, on the one hand, that renewed devotion to the Person of Christ which is the most cheering sign of the times, and on the other, that hatred of the idea of Personality characteristic at once of Monism, of an over-driven physical science, and of the multitude of political and social theories now in the ascendant, I seem to perceive the lines of future cleavage in society coming surely to the light. Impersonal Nature or the living God—such are the alternatives of that tremendous battle. To have nothing but an abstraction over one is to be lawless and free—but free in a destructive not an ennobling sense. Those who speak of an "autonomous conscience" in the German schools do

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not mean a conscience not subject to man, but one which owns no God. They are resolved not to "retain God in their knowledge," for they cannot but feel that an impersonal, unconscious Nature is incapable of becoming a true object of worship, or the sanction of the moral law; they are aware that it is, after all, in the language of Milton, "a buzzard idol" without sense or intelgence, nay, as Goethe contemptuously remarked, it is "a goose into which we must put a meaning if we would make anything of it." The innate law of Spinoza fails in the long run and with the majority of men to curb the lower instincts. Pantheism, on the descending scale, becomes lust and self-will, artistic indifference, or a cultus of the supposed "larger possibilities" which Satan has always attached to the knowledge of evil and to the taste of forbidden fruit. The abstract and the impersonal, I am convinced, will turn out, as time goes on, to be the Great Adversary "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped." It is the Everlasting No, "*der Geist der stets verneint*," of which we have heard terrible things from some of its prophets.

As, however, in the reformed churches there have always been apparent diverse tendencies, one towards the truth of Christianity and the other away from it, so now in the vague modern religion, or religiosity, of which I have been speaking, we may discern principles that make for the old faith no less than rebellious instincts with which no worship of God in any sense is compatible. In every sect there are men of good will, desirous to follow the light. To such, be they called Agnostic or Pantheist, we who profess the creed of the Gospels, have a mission; we are bound to think of them and for them, if we would enlarge the skirts of Christendom or provide against a future in which Protestantism, as we have known it, will be no more. It is idle to seek the living among the dead. Books of controversy written for the sixteenth or the eighteenth century are out of date. Methods of arguing in which the inspiration of Scripture, the authority of Fathers and Councils, were taken for granted, are simply futile in the eyes of a generation that has broken with church traditions of every kind, Catholic or not. We must make a new beginning, though we preach the ancient faith. And the first step towards an undertaking which every day renders more imperative, is to enter into the thoughts of those who differ from us, to interpret rightly the principles on which they reason, to sympathize with the good and the beautiful in which they believe, and, in short, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, what-

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soever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," in the ten thousand phenomena that make up modern life and literature, to deal with them as our fathers did with the elements of truth in Greek and Roman civilization, that so they may be brought to baptism, and in the name of Him from whom every good and perfect gift comes down to us, be consecrated. Nature has been called an enigma and a parable; it is for Christians to make it a Sacrament.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE BEST MUSIC FOR CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

THAT so much of what practically concerns the form of public divine worship can only be completely realized by congregational singing is a thesis which has been pretty fully discussed from various points of view in the pages of this magazine. Besides the favorable opinions expressed in several of our Catholic journals, the writer has privately heard both from clergy and people quite enough of unqualified agreement with the arguments presented to convince him that with the right-thinking congregational singing is a pathway of intelligent devotion into which multitudes would gladly press if once opened to them; and their sentiments are also quite assuring that no one will appear to take up the cudgel for the defence of the present system of concert music in our churches. Despite its general use, every one who cares enough for the subject to express an opinion feels himself quite at liberty to step out and deplore, denounce, and even ridicule it as an intrusion, a nuisance, and, in not a few places, a scandal.

An amusing specimen of this popular criticism lately appeared in the London *Tablet*, on the performance by the choir in a Liverpool church, from which I cull a few sentences. "I think the whole mass that I heard last Sunday was in an exceedingly bad style. A few remarks on the *Credo* will explain what I mean. The bass began very quietly to declare his belief, and presently the tenor woke up apparently and acquiesced in the opinions (?) of the bass. The soprano had seemingly been engaged in conversation while this was going on, and had no time to say anything, but suddenly, though tardily, gave vent to her belief also by a startling and unearthly yell—somewhere up at G

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above the stave. At the negro minstrel performances some such surprise is practised upon one of the 'corner men' who is singing a song in a melancholy mood, and draws from him a startled and indignant protest. The congregation was no doubt startled, but it could not protest. This plan of never allowing the different voices to say the same thing at the same time was characteristic of the whole mass. When one voice was saying one thing, the rest were invariably silent, or saying something else, and no two voices saying the same, except perhaps when all joined, with every conceivable sign of disunion, in saying *Amen.* At the *Crucifixus* the listener became puzzled by the evidently intense grief of the singers, not that our Lord was crucified, but that it happened under Pontius Pilate, and their feelings seemed to be specially lacerated by the fact that Pilate's name was Pontius. Perhaps, however, the composer thought the word *Pontio* meant 'crucified' and thus led his singers into a trap. The wailing at this part of the *Credo* was very painful. . . . I could not understand why it should be so painful to the lady who used the tremolo to express her belief in the Holy Ghost unless she was only a half-converted Greek. She trembled and writhed over the two words, and died away in agonizing distress, bequeathing the business to the tenor, who believed in something else. The rowdy joy of that body of singers at the prospect of 'the life of the world to come' was something that baffles all description. The whole mass was a congeries of spasms, jerks, wails, groans, and shouts. Oh! how I longed for a little intelligible melody that would express the meaning of the words and speak to the minds and hearts of simple people."

I take it that the gravamen of complaint against modern church singing lies in this: it is nothing but a musical concert for an audience to listen to, who, hearing it, will be pleased or displeased, charmed or indifferently bored, by the performance; but in any case will be drawn instinctively to criticise it, just because it is a concert of performers, during which, moreover, the people are prevented from enjoying, or lose sight altogether of, their privilege and duty to unite *personally* with the singing as an act of divine worship. This complaint is equally applicable to the whole system, whether the music be that of the tuneful operatic style, or the more religious-toned compositions which the Cecilian Society is now offering to church choirs to be used in its stead.

The writer distinctly disclaims any personal or professional animosity against the truly commendable and well-meaning efforts of his friends, the Cecilians, to "ameliorate" the present lamen-

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table state of church music. He presumes to think, however, that all true reformations should be founded upon the affirmation of principles which, as they generally go to the root of the evil complained of, are justly esteemed as radical. Now, it can hardly be said that the Cecilian movement has gone to the root of the church-music evil. That the movement and phraseology adopted by them is more reverent and decorous, apart from the declaration in their programme that before all the chant is and should be esteemed as the true music of the church, is indeed a great gain in itself, not to be lightly estimated; but it cannot be denied that in the amelioration of the fundamental evil they have not advanced one step, and have besides carried intelligibility of the musical phraseology in many and specially in their choice productions to a region where the musically uneducated mind cannot follow.

There is another point worth noting. To give a decent rendering of their worthy compositions would require the voices of far more skilled performers, both as vocal artists and readers (and, I may add, as Christians full of personal faith), than now generally stand among the choruses who "do" the popular masses and vespers of the old style.

On the whole, I think I would rather be present at the murder of one of Mozart's or Haydn's masses than at the murder of one of Dr. Witt's, Greith's, or Stehle's. The former might, at least, be more or less amusing, but the latter would be exasperating. But be there murder or be there none, I, who have been one of the audience, have certainly been on the rack criticising, and either writhing in every nerve, or else sliding deliciously down a musical toboggan hill in blissful excitement, and put into a condition which makes "worship" between whiles very like dragging the sled up-hill again; and I fancy I can see many a "worshipper" feeling just like myself. So long as the concert style is sanctioned the mouths of the people will be shut. "To sing the praises of God" is a definite act of worship. If the people do not sing, then they do not perform that act, an act of the highest order and of the very first importance, as I think has been sufficiently proven in former articles.

If the people are to sing, then the Cecilian masses, despite their reverent tone and dedication to the saints, will have to go to the concert-hall along with the masses of Haydn, Mozart, and others.

But now comes a very serious practical question. Having abundantly discoursed upon "How to cook the hare," I hear

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some one ask: "Where is the hare to cook?" It is quite evident that the organ-loft contains no music which the people down-stairs could sing, not only because they lack the vocal education requisite for such a task, but because it is a form of musical language utterly beyond their comprehension. One might as well expect them to pray in Sanskrit or Choctaw. That the vast majority of all modern compositions performed by church choirs are notably lacking in melody (commonly called *tune*), and depend for their effect on both mind and heart upon the harmonic result obtained by combination of different vocal movements and expressions, is a fact of which most unmusical people are ignorant. To the common people only such music is agreeable, popularly liked, and remembered which offers to them more or less of a distinct tune. That explains why the music of the Cecilia Society fails in obtaining popular favor. In its own order it is too good for the common mind to appreciate. "It may be very fine music," I have heard remarked, "but there is no tune to it." And, because it is not like the vulgar and flashy music generally heard, some ignorant persons speak of it as "poor" music.*

It would be cynical and unjust to deny to composers of sacred music for the church the motive of desiring to dedicate to the service of God's praise those works in which they have sought to express greater scientific and artistic perfection of tone, even at the risk of not being understood by the uneducated masses. Neither can one say that such rare productions of human genius are in themselves unworthy as offerings to the Most High, or would be unacceptable in his sight. That question is nothing to the present point. Worshipping God by song, and a true though simple song, by those who can only offer such melody to him, is an act of religious privilege and of moral duty of which they must not be debarred because a few geniuses are able to give a

* In an article on "Dr. Witt and the Restoration (*sic*) of Church Music," in the *Month* (June, 1889), by H. S. Butterfield, the writer says of the music composed by the Cecilia Society: "With reference to the catalogue, it has been said that some of the compositions therein are poor. Of course they are, because the weakness of choirs has to be considered. The humblest village choir must be reached. 'Worthy music for divine worship, the edification, elevation, and education of the people by means of devout and solemn music, down to the smallest village —that was his [Dr. Witt's] programme. Is it not a grand one?" By no means, if we are to understand, as it seems, that poor music is good enough for poor and humble folk, but fine, artistic music is to be given to the rich who can pay for it. Here, at any rate, is a plain confirmation of the justice of our complaint against the whole system. In the praises of God by church song the people have no lot or part except to listen. All honor to Dr. Witt for his good intentions, but had he succeeded in locking up the concert gallery and put the key in his pocket, and used his musical genius to forge another key that would open the locked-up mouths of the people, then indeed his programme of "Worthy music for divine worship," etc., as above, would be a grand one.

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loftier and more scientific expression of musical principles. All sciences and arts, though capable of vast development, are based upon very simple fundamental principles, which can be applied to simple operations.

The clatter of the tea-kettle lid when the water boils is one of those operations, for example, founded upon the same principle as the working of a mighty steam-engine, and, by the way, the song which the tea-kettle sings, simple as it is, shows how sweet and touching even such a simple song may be when accompanied with proper environments. Its capacity of voice and range of tone is limited, but no one can deny its eloquence. My reader, lover of Dickens, will doubtless be reminded of a celebrated concert in which even a tea-kettle performed its part with a certain merry "cricket on the hearth," and I take it that this delightful picture, drawn with such life-like power by the immortal novelist, aptly illustrates the criterion which I propose to offer upon which to judge what is sure to be the *very best* music for congregational singing.

Both tea-kettle and cricket sang "as 'tis their nature to." The truth, the beauty, the moral tone of their song lay in its naturalness. If it were possible to suppose the least trace of artificiality in the melody of either, all charm would be gone.

In point of musical education, whether regarded as a science or an art, it must be owned that the people, as a congregationally assembled multitude, are to be esteemed as so many tea-kettles or crickets. They can sing and they will sing what is truest, best, and most beautiful when they sing what "'tis their nature to." Therefore I take it as not coming too quickly to a conclusion for the perspicacity of my readers for me to assert that the kind of music the fittest for congregational singing cannot be any other more scientific or more artistic than what is natural for all men and all women—young men and maidens, old men and children—to sing.

The appreciation of a certain succession of tones upon which all possible melodies are formed is the result of a natural, God-given instinct which is practically universal.*

* In contradiction to the asserted universality of this instinct of true tone-progression some writers have alleged the inharmonic music of the Arabs and Hindus, and the defective scales of the Chinese, Mexicans, and Africans. But these are aberrations, the explanation of which would be too long to give here. As an argument *à pari* it will be a sufficient reply to say that the existence of polytheism and fetichism found among certain nations does not invalidate the truth of the doctrine that the rational, natural, God-given instinct of mankind is to believe in one God, and that barbarism is a degradation of the naturally civilized man. The popular use of the "*diabolus*" has, *per gratiam Christi*, not yet succeeded in wholly vitiating the rational tonality amongst ourselves, or we too might be quoted as an exception.

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If there be exceptions, and if there are to be found those who do not know one note from another, and are unfortunately musically deaf and dumb, that does not invalidate the general rule. It has been noticed, by the way, that these music-deprived souls are generally to be found, not among the simple and unlearned, but rather among those endowed with rare gifts in the domain of science. Hence the apt saying of the brilliant and witty musician, Grétry: "*Oui, disons hardiment à celui qui n'a ni chant, ni invention, 'Je te condamne à être savant!'*"—Yes, let us plainly tell him who can neither sing nor make a song, "I sentence you to become a scientist!" What he thought of such a condemnation compared with the enjoyments of those favored with the capacity for song, in which the simple and unlearned are seldom lacking, may be gathered for another saying of his: "*Aujourd'hui, plus nous deviendrons savans, plus nous nous éloignerons du vrai*"—To-day the more scientific we become the farther off we are taking ourselves from truth. This sentiment, written in 1794, is not without its own application in 1889.

I have endeavored to make what follows simple enough to be understood by the general reader, but if it should appear too technical to be interesting, I beg such persons to skip it and continue reading from page 203.

To the principles of a *natural* succession of tones—that is, an order of tones ascending and descending, rightly denominated the true natural order, being instinctively intoned by all men alike without special education (exceptions already noted)—I oppose what is properly termed *artificial*, viz., a progression of tones, conventionally assumed as true, but which will, in fact, be found on examination to be actually false.

All musical students know that what is called modern music, whether vocal or instrumental, is founded upon a system of tones arranged according to an arbitrary, scientific division of the octave. This division is either what is *called* but is not natural, viz.: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, or it is chromatic by the introduction of half-tones, named sharps of the lower, and flats of the higher, whole tones adjacent. These half-tones are essentially requisite in order to apply the principle which is peculiar to modern music, viz.: modulation by artificial dissonance from one tone of the scale as tonic to another; as, for instance, modulating from the key of C as tonic or key-note to the key of G as tonic by sounding F♯ instead of F♮ after starting from C. As nature demands us to sing F♮, we can only sing F♯ by artificial intent and effort, in order to change the key-note of our

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tune from C to G. I will just here call the reader's attention to a fact to be alluded to more fully further on, that if we start from F of the so-called natural scale of C, nature would not lead us to sing B♮, but what is called B♭. For the moment one has sung the sixth note of a scale we have affirmed the fourth as a new tonic—F, for instance, in the scale of C.* F as tonic requires B♭ for its fourth, and to sing B♮ requires the same intent and effort as we had to make in order to sing F♯ after starting from C. So that we actually modulate artificially from the new key of F, made tonic by singing A, the sixth of the scale of C, back again into the key of C by forcing ourselves with an artificial and unnatural effort to sing B♮. This will be more evident if the reader will try to sing down the scale beginning at C. How much easier it is to sing C, B♭, A, G, F, than C, B♮, etc., instinctively accenting the C as one will! And it will be observed that if he forces himself to sing B♮, then he is "naturally" led to sing thus: C, B♮, A, G, F♯ (instinctively accenting the B♮), and again G, when lo! he finds he has come to a stop on a new key-note and is in the scale of G. Why? Because, as I showed above, it is the sounding of the major third note above another which determines the first tone as key-note: E determining C, A determining F; and so, when he sang B♮ (major third above G), he announced G as the key-note, and naturally ended there. So, again, it is proved B♮ is not in the natural vocal scale of C.

The conclusion is plain that both the natural and chromatic modern scales are artificial. No such tone-progressions exist in nature; and despite the fact that nowadays almost any singer can turn a modern tune, though musically uneducated, it is not according to nature to do so. He does so by virtue of some traditional education, hearing all music sung and played in this way.

That modern tone-progressions are not only artificial, but practically false and discordant, is easily proved in this way. By most persons it would be supposed that if a singer sang a song of which every note was in perfect tune with a "perfectly" tuned piano or organ, he would be singing correctly. But that would be a great mistake, for, saving the interval relation of each note to its octave, Do to Do, Re to Re, C to C, D to D, etc., for example, every other note of the piano or organ when *perfectly* tuned is in actual discord and out of tune. Ask the man who comes to tune your piano if I am not right. Nature does

* This change of the tonic by natural, diatonic, concordant tone-progression differs essentially from the artificial, chromatic, dissonant modulation used in modern music, and notably in its *moral* effect.

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not divide up the respective notes of an octave into equal divisions of vibration, but the tuner is obliged to so divide the octave. Our sense of hearing is not generally acute enough for us to distinguish the difference, and we fancy the product is true harmony; but it is, in fact, altogether dissonant and out of harmony. Nevertheless, although the mind is not rationally conscious of the effect produced by this lack of harmony, the soul may be said to be morally conscious of it, and does suffer without knowing why, the result being a spiritual damage of no small consequence, which I will presently point out.

Let it be borne in mind, then, that the natural sequence of tones in an octave is not at all the same as those of the piano or organ or of any keyed instrument. But all modern music is written to produce tunes which are founded upon such a sequence. Therefore, again, all modern music is artificial and not natural.

It will be interesting to see this demonstrated by a comparative view of figures representing the relative vibrations of the tones of an octave as they are by nature, and also as we hear them actually given by the piano and organ, and to which we force our voices to bend and comply when accompanied by those instruments.

The natural gamut may be represented thus, the figures representing the relative number of vibrations of sound in a unit of time:

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Sa	Si	Do
C	D	E	F	G	A	B♭	B	C
240	270	300	320	360	400	426⅔	450	480

Compare this with the figures of the piano notes:

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Sa	Si	Do
C	D	E	F	G	A	B♭	B	C
240	$269\frac{49}{100}$	$302\frac{13}{100}$	$320\frac{49}{100}$	$359\frac{85}{100}$	$403\frac{75}{100}$	$427\frac{77}{100}$	$453\frac{61}{100}$	480

From which it will be seen that I was right in saying that every note except the octave is out of tune. There is also another difficult and unnatural complication and dissonance, arising from the fact that nature suggests two different Re's and La's according to whether the mind has taken up Fa as tonic to go on to its fifth Do, or Sol to go on to its fifth Re.*

These facts explain why beginners whose ears have not been

*This fact is fully proved by a profound musical scholar, Rev. Ignatius Trueg, O.S.B.; *vide:* "The Natural Diatonic Gamut compared with Artificial Scales" (*The Voice*, April, 1888, *et seq.* New York: Edgar B. Werner.)

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falsified by practice with instruments appear to sing some tones flat when they sing pieces of modern music. They naturally sing in tune correctly with nature, and, of course, out of tune with the artificially-tuned piano or organ, as shown above.

But now some, if not every one, of my readers will ask: To what purpose all these refinements of differences, which I acknowledge, after all, not one in a million can practically distinguish? Does it all amount to any more than a mere scientific demonstration? What possible effect can all these fractional differences of vibration have upon the singing of a congregation? Before I reply I would like to call the reader's attention once more to the scientific scale of modern music given above, and remind him of all the wonderful scientific music built upon it, and then quote for his meditation once more the words of the musician Grétry: "To-day the more scientific we become the further off we are taking ourselves from truth."

Whether it is better that a congregation of divine worshippers should sing the praises of God, the Author of all harmony, out of tune and out of harmony because modern scientific music with its false tones has the floor and the organ has the gallery, may at least be questioned; but what I insist upon is that, take the people as they are *en masse*, uneducated to sing the artificial scales, if they are to sing with truth—true to nature, with a corresponding moral effect upon their spirit—they must have music which, for its truth to nature, their souls will instinctively appreciate, and therefore feel, and feeling, lead them to make a heart-offering of their song to God. The popular ignorance of the subtle influence of music would be apt to ascribe this reasoning to pedantic exaggeration. Serious musical writers, however, know well that variations in tone so small as to appear unimportant have far-reaching consequences, not only upon the general artistic character of the music which is the product of these variations, but upon the moral sentiments excited thereby; a consideration of vastly greater importance in vocal than in purely instrumental music. As has been well said: "The scale of musical tones is like the skeleton of organized beings, who show different characters, tendencies, and developments as soon as characteristic differences are set up in its construction." Referring to the results of these variations in instrumental music, the same writer, speaking of the scale of tones as given by piano (and organ), observes: "Its defects have had a marked influence on the music written for it. Sustained melody has been more and more obscured; and for it have been substituted infinite and complicated musical

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figures, scales, cadences, shakes, etc., calculated rather to *call up the pride* of a brilliant executant than the musical sentiment of the hearers. For the few simple lines of great musical works are substituted infinite arabesques of a new order of the grotesque." *

One instinctively offers what is natural to God, and what is artificial to one's self; a truth exemplified in the very first records of the human race, when the offerings of the firstlings of his flock by Abel were acceptable to God, and the offerings of the first-fruits of the earth, the results of his own labor and cultivation, by Cain were rejected. It is this difficulty of making a heart-offering of modern music which is its bane. Without a special, spiritual effort, which does violence to prevaricated human nature, it never gets lower than the head, where it is learned, and where its "fallen" nature breeds self-conceit—the offering of homage to self for one's artificially-acquired attainments and skilful performances. How very few persons nowadays think of singing except to be heard by some one else in order to be praised for it? Singing for pure love either of God or man, with perfect sense of self-obliteration, pouring out one's whole self in rapture, would be voted the fanciful ideal of a crank. And he who writes is certainly offering himself as contending for first prize as champion crank when he asserts that the same is the bane of all so-called "modern science," which I dare to stigmatize as *artificial* science when compared to what deserves the name of *natural* science, whose end is the heart-offering of truth, first to God, whom the Psalmist praises as the "Lord of all sciences," and secondly to man. But who cannot see that the real, if not the professed, object sought by the self-crowned scientists of our day is the idolatry of the intellect, shown in the vain attempt to account for the existence and action of all things in the universe quite apart from any logical design or moral purpose, and that the presentation of their scientific investigations for the purpose of inspiring the contemplation of truth as the means of uplifting the hearts of men to God is something not at all in their programme? Who does not see to what a ridiculous extent this science puffeth up?

How does this come about? Precisely as it does in music. They insist upon tuning their scientific instruments to an artificial scale, each one to an artificial theory of his own devising,

* *The Theory of Sound*, P. Blaserna. In faith this writer is an anti-Catholic; but simply as a musician he proves the inferiority of the artificial scale and urges its abandonment. "It has had its day, and has no longer any *raison d'être*. Man is capable of a much finer class of music than that performed at the present day. *Singing would gain enormously by a return to the exact, natural scale.*"

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and lo! the Harmony of the Universe—as they understand it. And they play to us some very pretty and even wonderfully artistic tunes upon their instrumental scales; but just as in the case of modern music, their tone-progression is all out of tune and in discord with the fundamental principles of creation given by the Author of all natural science; hence it all ends just where modern music does by virtue of its artificial principle of modulation out of the key, by an ever-varying denial of the Divine Tonic—God, the logical Reason and Generator of all tone and all creation.

Oh! yes, only relieve yourself of the necessity of constantly affirming God as the Fundamental Tone—the Tonic in the Harmony of Creation—and you can make the most enchanting and sensuously pleasing artificial scientific music. But keep Him in view always, let Him be, as musicians say of the tonic, always "heard," be it in your melody or in your scientific investigations, and I acknowledge that your music or your science will be only simple and natural, in perfect accordance with the common sense and religious instincts of mankind; but the best of it all will be that it will be *true*, and therefore profoundly sublime and heart-compelling.

The true scientist is always profoundly humble and religious; but if you wish to find the exemplars of arrogant self-conceit, I need only to direct you to the writings of the God-denying scientists, before whose self-glorifying dicta the ignorant and unreasoning world of to-day stands with mouth agape in abject wonderment.

Is this a digression? If it be, we have come around to the point I wished to arrive at. The music which people are to sing to God (as also the science which they must offer to him) must be true, simple, natural, sublime, and heart-compelling, and that can only be done by its being founded upon an essentially natural tone-progression, and which cannot admit the false fourth tone ascending from the tonic known as the sensible or leading tone, the sounding of which immediately forces the denial of the original tonic, and compels the affirmation of a new one—Do, Re, Mi, Fa♯, or Fa, Sol, La, Si. This progression, called by all ancient religious musicians *Diabolus in musica*—the devil in music—has its counterpart in science by the introduction of that lying spirit which, if affirmed, denies God as the Origin and Author of the Harmony of the Universe.

No one ever yet sang, "as 'tis his nature to," Do, Re, Mi, Fa♯, or Fa, Sol, La, Si. Take the first boy you can seize upon and

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start him at Do or at Fa; let him sing alone, unaccompanied by an instrument, and see how he will come out. That simple experiment ought to settle the question. Modern music does and must so sing, and therefore it is unnatural and artificial. Being so, it is unspiritual, lacking in the flavor of divine melody, and does not lead one naturally to God, as all music to his praise at least ought to. And what is more, the tone vibrations of the boy's voice while singing, as he naturally will, Do, Re, Mi, Fa♯, or Fa, Sol, La, Si♭, will in neither case exactly correspond with those tones as given by your piano or organ. You may probably not have sufficiently acute hearing to detect the differences, but, as I have already shown, positive differences do exist, as all musicians know. The boy's intuitive perception of nature's laws leads him instinctively to sing true; and because true, his heart is correspondingly affected. The subtle power of tone vibration, although but minutely dissonant, is none the less real and productive of positively moral or immoral results. Force him to sing as your piano or organ plays, and you vitiate the heart-effect, and so much of the divinely natural influences upon his character of what perfectly true song would impart is frustrated.

Now, any congregation of people taken haphazard—or as they, as a rule, assemble for divine worship—are just like this boy. They have the same instinct of true tone-progression—they have it more vividly and express it more naturally than musicians educated to intone the popular false progression—and therefore I conclude again that if they are to be brought under the purest and highest heart-influence whilst giving expression in singing to their sentiments of divine faith, hope, and charity, and have the sentiments of those virtues enforced and deepened thereby, they must have a melody to sing which is perfectly in harmony with that true tone-progression.

I want the best. I am arguing for that, and hoping by my words to forcibly bring the matter home to the consciences of those whose duty it is to give to the people that which they can render to God, who ought to have the best. In that I am an optimist. Just here I allow myself to enjoy a quiet smile at the wonderment of some of my readers who have been accustomed to argue for the use of modern music in church, indubitably the worst kind, on the score of what they have fancied to be a clinching argument—that God ought to have "the *best* music."

I do not say I refuse to take less, if I cannot *hic et nunc* have all. Better is half a loaf than no bread. But I tell you

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there was a time when all the musicians of the church would have abhorred singing your false tone-progression of modern music (as their greatest work, the chant, now still stands in several volumes of melodies, wholly free from it), as they would have abhorred the sight or sound of the devil, and they said so in their celebrated distich,

"Si contra Fa
Diabolus est in musica"—

Si heard with (sounding against) Fa is the devil in music.

Mais, nous avons changez tout cela. But we have not nor can we ever change the musical instincts of mankind, God-given as they are, and given for more profound reasons than it is likely will ever be known this side of heaven.

Is it not a singular fact that so long as church musicians kept "the devil" out of music congregational singing prevailed? No, not at all singular if my arguments have been logical and my conclusions drawn from true premises. History indeed confirms the truth of them by showing us that the introduction of the "diabolus in musica" (not without strong protest) was coeval with the rise of concert performances in church, pretty much in the same style as we have them now, saving that the attractive feminine element was excluded, and that the music was infinitely superior in quality, as it was unquestionably more artistically rendered, as in those days singers were not bond slaves to a noisy organ. It is also true that as this new style of church singing came into vogue the ancient tradition of congregational singing died out. The history of this remarkable revolution in church music is not so very ancient after all, for modern music is not over three hundred years old. Like Protestantism in religion, its principle of life, which conceived and gave birth to both, is individualism, and both will probably die and be buried about the same time.

My reflective reader will here doubtless say to me: If what you assert be all true, then the shortest road to the practical restoration of congregational singing would be to restore the same kind of music, written upon the scale of pure natural intonation, which you say prevailed before the rise of modern music.

To which I reply, that is one way, a good way, and, where it can be done, I would judge it to be the shortest way. I am also of opinion that in more places than is generally supposed that way could be easily found if there was a will to look for it. That kind of music, commonly known as Gregorian chant,

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the church still adheres to officially in all her liturgical books, and has indeed never officially embodied with her words of divine prayer and praise one single piece of modern music. That is to say, the *diabolus in musica*, in spite of his almost universal triumphs in the outside world, and despite his diligent attendance at almost all church services, at which his voice is constantly heard, has never succeeded in getting himself officially recognized by the church. Her words of encouragement and conditions of what she will at least patiently endure, knowing, like God, what is in man, and similarly long-suffering with his weaknesses, although they may have come from persons holding the highest ecclesiastical offices, have never in fact amounted to more than this: The church's own Gregorian chant is the *best*, and we would rather have it; but if you *will* write and sing other music, study that chant as you would a divine model and get your inspiration from it. The nearer you conform to it in style and intonation, the more religious, and, if we may use the term (and we think we may), the more *sacramental*, will your music be in its tone and quality, and therefore more in harmony with the sacramental character of the divine worship of the church. And if you *will* accompany the singing with the playing of the discordant organ, play just as little and as softly as you can, remembering the maxim of the councils of the church, "Music for the words and not words for the music." I think that is a concise, honest, and fair interpretation of all such quasi-official commendations as have been given to any other music but the chant; and if the contrary is believed to be true, I would like to see some one try to prove it.

I have endeavored to come at the proof that the Gregorian chant, of all music now known, is the *very best* music for congregational singing on the simplest principles, and such as, I hold, it is impossible to controvert. To go into detail and illustration of its fitness, its æsthetic value, and to quote one hundreth part of all I have at hand that has been written in favor of the supremacy of the chant from every point of view as religious music, by the most eminent musicians of this and former times, would be to fill a volume.

But while the fundamental principles of pure intonation and true, natural tone-progression, which give to chant its unique, unrivalled character, must be regarded as essential and as incontrovertible as the laws of acoustics which scientifically prove their truth and are confirmed by experiment of centuries, as no less *morally* essential to the best expression and nurture of true

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religious sentiment, I am not prepared to assert that the whole musical repertory of melodies as the outcome of the eight Gregorian modes, or even the scale divisions of true tonal progression as made by St. Gregory, may not become the subject of revision, and, under the inspiration of some other genius and chosen mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost like St. Gregory, a still more perfect and sublime religious music be breathed which the church may adopt as a truer, holier, and more sanctifying expression of her voice of prayer and praise than the chant has been for the past thousand and more years. I must confess, however, that there is very little present promise of the coming of such a mighty minstrel of divine Tone, seeing how vain a task it would certainly be for the most skilled musicians of our day to attempt to compose even a Gregorian melody which would be accounted of any value. One might also as soon look for the coming of another Psalmist like David, whose words the church would accept in preference as the language of a higher and diviner consecration of the soul, and nobler intonation of divine praise than the Song of Israel's Royal Singer, which has been rolling on for centuries in one ceaseless, majestic wave of soul-inspiring and heart-uplifting psalmody. And yet, of course, even that is not impossible. But one thing is certain, neither will happen in an age of which it can be said with Grétry: "*Plus nous deviendrons savans, plus nous nous éloignerons du vrai.*"

If the poets had had half the assurance of musicians, and, having succeeded in getting a stage erected in the church, *à la* choir gallery, for the recitation of their rhymes, dared to clothe their art in like subtly sensuous garb, it is not unlikely that ere this there would have been issued more than one similar "official" commendation from high quarters, and rescripts of paternal advice given to rhymesters who would insist upon writing something ("for the church," of course, and not for their own fame), and having their verses recited by artistic "readers" at Mass and Vespers in place of the old-fashioned and no-longer-understood psalms of David—advice and counsel which (as in the case of music) would no doubt draw the line at what, for instance, should *not* be in Shaksperean, Tom Mooreish, or Swinburnian style, or what might otherwise savor of the theatre, or be "lascivious or impure" in diction. It is also not unlikely that the aforesaid versifiers and their admirers would feel quite sure that their sweet and elegantly turned periods were far superior to the

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antiquated Hebrew antiphonal phrases—at least for high festivals! I leave my readers to pursue this suggestive and entertaining comparison.

Now let us get down to a practical resolution of the difficulty of restoring congregational singing in places where it is assumed that the shortest way through Gregorian chant cannot be taken. Suppose it to have come to pass that in place of the people reciting the psalms of David and the various ascriptions of divine praise of which the Liturgy is composed we found a custom prevailing for centuries for the people to be silent and left to listen to the "reading" by a few chosen artists of poems written in Miltonian, Tennysonian, Faberian, or even, alas! in Swinburnian or Gilberto-Sullivanian style, and that they had become so accustomed to this manner of worship that it would be regarded as practically impossible to return at once to the common use of the church's liturgical language and its recitation by all the people, what would practical common sense suggest as a first step towards the desired reformation? Would it be to make no attempt whatever to do away with the hired artists, but to permit their "readings" to go on, only substituting for the popular and pleasing, and at least somewhat intelligible, poems of modern poets the verses of some antiquated writer like Spenser and Chaucer, or imitations of their style, full of obsolete words, phrases, and incomprehensible spelling, as the Cecilians have done in their attempt to revive or imitate the works of Palestrina, and find equal difficulty with them in procuring artistic readers competent to render them? Would not that infallibly put congregational "reading" still further beyond the hope of restoration?

It seems to me that even if the "readers" had to be tolerated for a while, the first thing to do would be to decide that the artistic reading style is uncatholic and to be got rid of as soon as possible. Then to get the people to do *some* congregational reading, and encourage the practice by having them read all together on stated occasions of devout assembly specially designed for that end. Having become, by supposition, entirely ignorant of the real liturgical language of the church and familiar only with the works of great dramatic and lyric writers, it would be the part of wisdom to prepare a selection of decent, appropriate poems, etc., in modern style though they be, which they can readily apprehend and are more or less accustomed to read. It is plain to see that the two cases are perfectly parallel, and I

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now go on to explain what place or purpose is to be given to the congregational singing of hymns in modern English poetry, set to modern tunes and harmonies.

Though I seek and argue for the best, I am nevertheless not such a rigorist as to hinder the work of encouraging the restoration of congregational singing and prevent the people praising God by the use of even inferior means if better cannot be had or is not permitted them. If I did I would stand self-condemned; for, in order to entice people to sing congregationally, I have myself prepared a collection of modern hymns and set them to tunes in modern music in whose accompanying harmonies and modulations in the melodies the "Diabolus" appears, of course, this kind of music being the only one they have ever heard in their lives, save the chanting of the priest, and the only kind the majority of them now living are ever likely to hear, more's the pity! Neither have I spared any effort to encourage the singing of such music, hoping and praying and vigorously contending meanwhile for what I know is essentially truer, purer, holier, better in every respect for the *congregational* worship of God.

Do I betray the truth by this? God forbid! I am a disciple of St. Paul, and have learned to give milk to babes but to reserve strong meat for the nourishment of men, or I might repeat the advice given me once upon a time, apropos of the question of the immediate presentation of the claims of chant, by a prominent Cecilian: "Let us not throw pearls before swine." It is of the first importance in the interest of popular faith and morals to get the concert style of church music abolished and that of congregational singing established, no matter what music is at first employed, provided the words be at least free from expressions of erroneous doctrine, and the melodies do not shock one's sense of propriety or excite disgust by their puerility. For evident reasons, the use of hymns in the vernacular, used at special devotional services, set to modern music, accompanied by the organ—all in discord though its tones are—presents the most practical means to give congregational singing a start and thus establish a right custom by ousting a false one. If this artificial music is lacking in like power with the Holy Chant in naturally leading the singers to God by its tonal inspirations, that defect can be, and care should be taken that it be, supplemented by directing the people to make positive acts of spiritual offering of their song of prayer and praise. Surely, if it

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is taken for granted that they do make such an offering of the song of the hired gallery singers, it ought not to be difficult to get them to so offer their own song, in spite of the "devil" in the harmonies of either.

But, deeply impressed as I am with the truth of the principles I have adduced, and which have been well proven and sufficiently illustrated, it would ill become me and the vows of my life if, time and opportunity being afforded, I failed to make known their application to that special use of music as the vehicle of divine praise by the people, for the furtherance of which religious duty on their part I have been so persistently raising my voice. I cannot but be conscious that, let the efforts of the friends of the very best music for congregational singing be what they may, they can do little more than plant here and there a seed without the hope of living to see or enjoy either tree or fruit. But who that comes upon an inheritance of barren plains will not at once plant seeds which some day may give wholesome fruit and blessed shade to others who may come after him? I would say to any one who recoils from labor of which he will probably never see the fruit: Let it be no hindrance to thee to know that hogs will eat of the fruit of oaks which thou mayest plant, or that oxen and asses will find shade beneath their spreading branches, and even spurn with their hoofs the very ground that covers thy forgotten bones beneath. *Plant oaks all the same!*

ALFRED YOUNG.

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THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

THERE is a logical sequence in events and a very inexorable one. If we make a mistake, we must take the consequences; if we wilfully do wrong, we shall suffer for it. The principle is one of universal application, and the question just now is whether the Masonic conspiracy which compassed the downfall of the Temporal Power, and brought it about in September, 1889, did not make a very colossal mistake, and is not at this very moment hurrying downward in the logical course which will make it fall over the precipice. We are of the opinion that this is so. The campaign of Cavour and his abettors and allies, Mazzini and the Masons of Italy, was entered on with reliance on "moral force"—*La forza morale*. This moral force was to sweep away opposition. It was to consist in the force of public opinion, which was to be sedulously, cautiously and with great tact, directed against the pope's temporal dominion and against the church to the cry: *Una chiesa libera in uno stato libero*—"A free church in a free state." The press and the telegraph were secured, and misrepresentation was the order of the day; so that public opinion was manufactured and presented daily for the complacent assent of all whose early education taught them to look on Rome as the symbol of oppression in religious belief.

The Italians have a saying: *La bugia ha le gambe corte*—"A lie has short legs"—and a very true saying it turned out to be in this case. This misrepresentation of the real state of things in Rome has been trying to keep ahead; but in these days of pedestrianism the truth is catching up, and the moral force of the world and of public opinion seems to be taking a direction that will bring retribution on those who despoiled Pope Pius IX. of his lawful authority. The great mistake the revolutionists made was in thinking their "moral force" would meet with no opposition; they thought from their reliance on Freemasonry that they would have the support of the world, Freemasonry having spread so widely, and controlling not only cabinets and monarchs, but the press, the great power of the nineteenth century. What could the pope do against this? When to moral force were added the wily diplomacy of Cavour and Ratazzi, the plots and intrigues of Mazzini, the acquiescence of Napoleon, the free corps of Garibaldi, and the cannon of Cadorno and Bixio, success was certain;

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and once gained, Rome could easily be held. And so, when they got into the city of the popes, gazing on the trophies of antiquity and art of the most famous city of the world and delighted with the sight, they complacently sat down and exclaimed: *Hic manebimus optime.* But they reckoned without their host; they were in the pope's house. They did not think of *his* "moral force," which has two elements that make it well-nigh omnipotent: first, the truth, and, secondly, the opportunity to make the truth known. It was a tremendous mistake on their part; so we must not be surprised to see the subsequent career of the despoilers of the pope marked by unmistakable signs of that folly which leads to ruin. To enumerate these signs would be to go over the whole history of Rome since its capture by the Italian army.

There is one thing to be said in favor of the royal house of Savoy: the father of the present king went to Rome against his will and better judgment, and the present king is not responsible for being there; for he did not create the circumstances by which he has been surrounded, and, as a constitutional ruler, he is powerless to alter the condition of things without the consent of the legislative bodies who, through the ministers, govern the land. Both he and his father have always tried to have public order preserved, and the safety of the Sovereign Pontiff secured. But this said, pretty much all is said that can be urged in extenuation of the presence of the king in the city of the popes. The course of the parliament has been marked always by the spirit of undying hatred of the Church of God which characterizes Freemasonry in Europe, and more or less its affiliations everywhere. Suppression of religious orders; seizure of monasteries and ecclesiastical revenues; forced sale of church property—the price not paid in cash, but by public securities at five per cent., *with an income tax of* $13\frac{20}{100}$ *per cent.*;—these and kindred acts ending lately in the Draconian Penal Code against the clergy which is to go into effect on January 1, 1890, have marked the delirium of enmity to the church from which the legislators of the Italian kingdom have suffered.

As an illustration of their deep scheme of persecution, and of their throttling of freedom of speech, we give the following extracts from the code just named:

Art. 182 says: "The minister of worship who, in the exercise of his functions, publicly blames or belittles the institutions, the laws of the state, or the acts of authority is punished with imprisonment not longer than a year, and by fine not exceeding one thousand francs." Art. 183: "The minister of worship who, making use of his position, excites others to contemn the institu-

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tions, the laws, the dispositions of authority, or to disobey the laws, the dispositions of authority, or to neglect duties inherent in a public office, is punished with imprisonment from three months to two years, by a fine of from five hundred to three thousand francs, and by perpetual or temporary privation of his ecclesiastical revenues. If the fact take place publicly, he may be imprisoned three years." "The same penalty may be inflicted on a minister of worship who, making use of his position, compels or induces any one to acts or declarations contrary to the laws, or prejudicial to the rights acquired under these laws." Art. 104: "Whoever commits an act directed to the placing of the state or *a part of it* under the dominion of a foreigner, or to diminishing its independence, or to breaking up its unity, is punished with imprisonment."

The fear of the movement going on in Italy for the restoration of the temporal power has driven the lawgivers of the kingdom to enact these tyrannical laws to punish the priest or bishop who, in the discharge of his duty, is bound to condemn laws that are anti-Christian, and public acts which violate the sacred rights and liberty of the successor of St. Peter, or destroy the influence over his people of him whom all Catholics regard and believe to be the Vicar of Christ. These laws are an answer to the demonstrations which were evoked by the wonderful Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., in which, we may say, all the sovereigns and peoples of the earth joined. The moral force of the Papacy has at last caught up with the "moral force" of the Revolution, and these laws show that spirit of desperation which confesses the imminence of defeat.

But of all events which have occurred to show the hatred and fear of the power of the Pope, not only as a claimant of the temporal power but as head of the Catholic Church, the late apotheosis of the pantheist Giordano Bruno, in Rome, as a counter demonstration against the Pope's Jubilee, and against revealed religion, towers above all for the manner in which the whole infidel world was invited to take part in it, and by the way it did so by subscriptions to pay for the statue and by the actual presence of representatives. It finds its parallel only in the so-called Feast of Reason in the French Revolution, when a courtesan as Goddess of Reason was installed in the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris. This public worship of Giordano Bruno has served to arouse the attention of Catholics the world over, and make them realize that the battle going on in Rome is between Freemasonry and the religion of Christ, and see that the time has come to raise their voice against this state of things, and claim for the Pope his temporal power, of which he has been wrongfully despoiled, and which alone can save him and

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the Church of Rome from the present deplorable condition of things. Let us hear what the Holy Father himself has to say on this demonstration of his enemies. In his allocution pronounced to the cardinals on the 30th of June last he tells what occurred, facts which have already been made known through the press.

The Holy Father begins by saying that after the taking of Rome by the present government our holy religion and the Apostolic See have been subjected to a long series of acts of injustice, but that the secret societies intend shortly to do worse things which hitherto they were not able to accomplish. They have obstinately determined to impose upon the chief city of Catholicity a rule of distinctively profane character and one of impiety, directing against this citadel of the faith the hatred of the world He then illustrates this by the fact of the erection of the statue to Giordano Bruno in Rome. "Of a truth," he says, "as if they had not brought about ruin enough during these past years, see how they try to outdo themselves in audacity, and on one of the holiest days in the Christian year they erect in public a monument by which a spirit of contumacy towards the church is commended to posterity; and assert their will to wage a decisive war with the Catholic faith." "They honor a man twice a fugitive, judicially convicted of heresy, whose pertinacity against the church ended only with his last breath. In fact it was exactly for this that they gave him distinction." "He had no remarkable knowledge; for his writings show him to have been a pantheist and materialist entangled in common errors, and not seldom in contradiction with himself." "He was not a virtuous man, but a very bad one; a man of no public merit, but deceitful, mendacious, selfish, intolerant of others, a flatterer, of abject mind and evil disposition. The scope of these honors to such a man, the language describing them is this: life is to be led without regard to revelation, and the minds of men are to be entirely emancipated from the power of Jesus Christ. This aim of those who honored Bruno is the same as that of the secret societies which are striving to alienate whole peoples from God, and fight with infinite hate and unceasing strife against the church and the Roman Pontificate." "That this insult might be the more marked and its cause more widely known, they resolved to celebrate the dedication with great pomp and with a great concourse of people. During those days Rome saw within her walls a multitude of no mean proportions called hither from everywhere; banners most hostile to religion impudently carried

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about; and, what is especially revolting, there were not wanting some with figures of the evil one, who refused to be subject to the Most High in heaven, the prince of the seditious and the instigator of all rebellions. To this wicked crime was added the insolence of the speeches delivered and of the articles in the press, in which the holiness of what is most sacred was made a jest of without shame and without measure, while that lawless freedom of thought was vehemently extolled which is the fertile source of evil opinions, and which shakes the foundation of discipline and of civil order while striking at Christian morality. This sad work was allowed to be prepared long before, and perfected, those who are in authority not only knowing it, but continually and openly giving it favor and incitement. It is a sad thing to say, and like unto a portent, that the praise of reason rebelling against God should be heralded from this fostering city of the faith in which God has placed his Vicar to dwell; and, whence the whole world is wont to seek the uncorrupted precepts of the gospel and counsels of salvation, there, by an evil change, foul errors and heresy itself are consecrated with monuments. To this have the times led that we should see *the abomination of desolation in the holy place.*"

We do not wish to detract from the eloquence and power of the representation of the Holy Father in this remarkable allocution by any comment of ours. What is here said shows unmistakably the state of things and the nature of the "hostile domination" under which the Pope lives. For Catholics everywhere the contest is for their home—*pro aris et focis.* The determined foe is there, and he must be put out. The Sovereign Pontiff claims his liberty and independence through the temporal power, and more than once the voices of the episcopate and of the noble-hearted Catholic laity have re-echoed his words. Our duty is to aid him as we may, and since it may not be possible for us to help in any other way, we should contribute to strengthen by our prayers, our sympathy, and our words of loyalty that moral force which is rising like a tidal wave, in its own moment to do the augean work of cleansing the chosen citadel of the faith of what now defiles it.

FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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FIRST CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF SPAIN.—II.

V.

THE second public session of the congress was no less interesting than the first. The Marquis of Vadillo, professor of law in the University of Madrid, delivered an address, which was warmly applauded, in which he proved, with all the vigor of a logical and learned lawyer and scholar, that "the rights of St. Peter's successor to temporal sovereignty are indefeasible." "Why are they subject to no lapse?" said the orator; because, against all that constitutes an essential right of the institution in question, exactly as in the case of an essential right of a human being, there can never be recognized any limitation or bar. Who would venture to assert, for instance, that because during many years, nay, during centuries, human slavery existed that it ever involved a lapse of the essential rights inherent to human nature, its dignity, and its liberty? After this address four papers were read in the following order: One by Señor Lopez Novoa, precentor of Huesca, relative to the "Hermanitas de los Ancianos Desamparados" (Little Sisters of the Destitute Aged), established by himself in 1872, numbering to-day eight houses in Spain, and whose work is the same as that of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The second paper was read by Señor Arañar, prebendary of Saragossa, on "The Rights of the Church in regard to Public Education," containing an interesting statement of facts and statistics showing the moral ravages resulting from bad education. Señor Laredo, also a priest, read an interesting account of the "Catholic Schools of Madrid," founded in 1870, supporting at present thirty-three schools in the most neglected suburbs of that city, in which four thousand children are being educated, and six hundred yearly prepared for first Communion. Finally Señor Lajuente, professor in the Madrid University, read an extract from a voluminous work written by him on the subject of "Devotion to the Holy Virgin and her Prerogatives, as proved by the Works of Ancient Art." His erudition, eloquence, and research were much applauded.

VI.

The third session opened, as the former ones, with numerous telegrams of adherence, two of which, from the two congresses of

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Oporto and Vienna, in session at the same time, were welcomed with particular satisfaction. Señor Vogel ascended the tribune, and as a representative of the German Catholic press read a message which was warmly applauded, mainly on account of a passage to this effect: "When it comes to the common interest which we Catholics all have in defending our rights and showing ourselves united in love and obedience to the church and the pope, the distinctive nationalities of French, English, German, or Spanish cease to exist." The Cardinal-President replied to this speech with deserved praise of the German Catholics, whose prudent and courageous behavior has put an end to the Kulturkampf. He proclaimed the union of Catholics throughout the whole world in love for Jesus Christ, in profession of one faith under the guidance of one shepherd, and in a firm desire to bring about the social reign of our blessed Redeemer. Señor Orti y Lara, professor of metaphysics in the Madrid University, read a discourse on the "Temporal Power of the Pope." He demonstrated, logically and philosophically, that the subjection of a superior authority such as that of the pope to an inferior one of a secular prince involves a contradiction. "Let senators and deputies," he said, "be elected who will pledge themselves to defend the pope's temporal power." This address was greeted with encouraging applause.

Being unable to attend the congress, the learned Cardinal San Zeferino Gonzales, who belongs to that foremost rank of philosophers which is an honor to Europe, was desirous of contributing to the work of his learned colleagues in the assembly by an address worthy of his high ability. His thesis was on "The Time elapsed since Adam and Eve appeared on Earth." Prehistoric theories cannot affirm, on any substantial grounds, anything contrary to the Mosaic narrative of the creation of the world and the antiquity of man, nor have they, up to the present time, furnished sufficient reasons for asserting the existence of the tertiary man. It is quite impossible to make selections from the speech, because it is throughout a marvel of learning. "However much," his Eminence said, "geological science may have progressed, it cannot yet determine with precision how old the world is; and the so-called scientists who have tried to do so have made themselves ridiculous. They have even gone so far as to assert that the domestication of the horse occurred nineteen thousand three hundred and thirty-seven years ago—that is to say, in the one hundred and ninety-fourth century before Christ; but they cannot say in what year the reindeer migrated from southern to arctic regions, nor when the elephant disappeared from the southern part of our Spain."

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The learned cardinal nevertheless rejoices at the progress which geology has made, and hopes that the union of all such labors will result in solid elements for the advancement of science.

This session closed with a discourse from the Marquis de Valle-Ameno, professor of political economy at Saragossa, in which he demonstrated that the Catholic Church blesses the development of industry and commerce, and alone can indicate the legitimate place they must occupy in social life. "The church," exclaimed the young professor, "does not nor ever has condemned fair profits; she condemns abuse in that respect as in all other things, and is opposed to *mercantilism*, so-called, which degrades nations, because, having for its motive money-greed, it stifles in souls every noble aspiration, and withers the bloom of every generous nature."

VII.

The sittings of the congress, far from becoming languid, as frequently happens in such assemblies, kept on exciting more and more interest. At the fourth, held on the 29th of April, Señor Murua, canon of Cadiz, read an address in which he learnedly and eloquently advocated international arbitration by the Roman pontiffs, because of their constant love for justice and of the truth which has always conspicuously shone forth in their decisions. After having laid stress on the great naval and military armaments now constituting an unbearable burden for nations, the orator exclaimed: "And who is qualified to intervene between armed nations, in order to avert the terrible shock which threatens to involve Europe in its horrible whirlwinds of destruction? Only the church, and consequently the pope; first, because his power is the oldest existing at present on earth, and is the constant protector of all others; secondly, on account of the sacred character with which it is invested in the eyes of all other national governments."

Next, Señor Uribe, rector of a church in Madrid, read an account of an ancient institution at present existing in Madrid, known as "The Congregation of Native Priests of St. Peter," which is devoted to the relief of poor and sick priests. Since its foundation the number of such relieved in the hospital established by the congregation has amounted to two thousand one hundred, and would have been greater but for the aversion which persons of good social position have to entering hospital, and also the impression of many that only priests natives of Madrid were assisted.

A learned professor of Barcelona, Señor Donadio, read an

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address, proving by solid arguments from Catholic philosophy that, "though liberty really exalts man above all other beings on earth, it does not make him independent of law." The address was in two parts: in the first the speaker studied and defined the true conception of individual liberty as against the errors of positivism and fatalism in all ages of the world; and in the second part he treats of the idea of liberty in nations, and refutes liberalism, in accordance with the teachings of the encyclical *Libertas* of Leo XIII.

Señor Butamonte, the principal of a college, discoursed on the means for rendering effective the rights of fathers of family in the matter of the education of their children, and for enabling them to discharge their duty in that regard. The reasoning of this illustrious professor is irrefutable against the monopoly of education by the state. He shows the moral havoc caused by education without religion. "The will of youth," he argued, "remains untrained; there is no awakening in it of a taste and inclination towards that moral good which it should practise; the noble sentiments of the soul, which should constitute its moral character, fail to develop, and even the tenderest affections, through want of a fertile soil in which to strike deep root, remain exposed, to perish by the lightest breath of sensuality."

This sitting ended with a memoir by Señor Marquis del Busto, on the "Origin, Benefits, and actual Condition of the Congregation of the Oblate Brothers," for the reformation of young people, an institution founded by a Benedictine monk, titular Bishop of Daulia, who not long ago passed away to a better life.

VIII.

The fifth session was held on the 30th of April. It commenced with an address by Señor Uñiguez, a learned professor of sciences, having for its purpose to demonstrate the incompatibility of positivism with science. "Science," he said, "entirely free on its own ground, must ever remember that there is something superior to it, something which, far from presenting obstacles to its development, serves really as a luminous beacon-light." He next went into a conscientious criticism of the materialist and positivist schools, severely censuring that scientific humbug called *spontaneous generation*. Astronomy, to the study of which he is devoted, was termed by him the most perfect of sciences, because founded upon the Newtonian theories of universal gravitation, while the others, inclusive of optics and thermo-dynamics, are based

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only on postulate; his object being to show thereby how little solidity has so far been reached by human sciences. He afterwards took up the famed theory of Laplace, and thought that in the irresoluble nebular hypothesis claimed by that French savant to be the origin of the cosmic world the believer can see the first act of Divine Power. Giving next his attention to the genesis of our globe, he agrees with Newton that any liquid mass submitted to a violent rotary motion ultimately adopts the spherical form. He brought out finally various other arguments, all of them strong, scientific, and presented in a novel form, in order to arrive at the conclusion that it is necessary to admit a primary cause, external to the world, which gave the world birth, and which, through infinite power and adorable providence, continues to preserve it.

This splendid address was followed by another, very short but pleasing and practical, of Señor Valentin Gomez, a dramatic poet and a Catholic publicist. It embraced a criticism of the modern stage from a Christian standpoint, and an explanatory statement of the duties of Catholics in reference to the enjoyment of theatrical performances. He drew the following conclusions: 1st. That governments should be required to establish a censorship for the purpose of prohibiting, as far as present precarious legal means will allow, the performance of such dramatic works as by their plot, literary form, or the display wherewith they are put on the stage are injurious to morality. 2d. That Catholic papers should not advertise or recommend any theatre in which such performances are given, and that they should zealously and unceasingly contend against the abominable tendencies of such theatrical literature, using to that end sensible and conscientious criticisms.

The dean of the faculty of law of the University of Valladolid next had the floor. He examined, and with great ability, positivism in its relations to the penal laws. After having narrated the history of positivism, he attacked the penal anthropological school as opposed to sound philosophy, and concluded by asserting that if such absurd principles succeeded in getting admittance into the camp of science, there would be no longer peace for society nor tranquillity among nations.

This interesting session closed with a learned address of the well-known geologist, Señor Vilanova, who has taken so large a part in scientific congresses of Europe. His theme was similar to that already developed in the third session by Cardinal Gonzales, but he managed to give it such a new aspect and to render it so experimental that it was very interesting.

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IX.

The sixth session opened on the 1st of May. It began with a learned address from the dignified canon of Valladolid, Señor Jerreiroa, author of a history of the popes. He chose for his subject, "The Greatnesses of the Papacy and the Benefits conferred by it upon the World." His discourse met with deserved applause.

Another professor of the faculty of law in the University of Madrid, Señor Torres Aguilar, read an address in which he took up the same topic before treated by the Marquis de Vadillo, the rights of the Papacy. This may be considered one of the best of the many papers read in the congress, in view of the temperance in tone, energy in arguments, and classical correctness of style.

The learned professor of medicine, Marquis del Busto, followed, and presented the following thesis: "The human soul is neither a function of the brain nor of the spinal marrow, and still less a result of physical and chemical forces, but rather a spiritual and immortal substance, entirely independent of the body." He began by stating that he had come to the congress as a Catholic, a Spaniard, a physician, and a professor, in order to give evidence of his faith and patriotism, to protest against that opinion which supposes physicians to be materialists, and also to give his pupils practical examples of the doctrines he teaches them. These declarations called forth great applause. In the name of medical science he made a strong attack on materialism; he dwelt upon the light shed upon science by the spiritual school, which he claimed is the only one that can satisfactorily explain the mysteries of the brain and the marvels of thought. The novelty of his reasoning, founded on anatomy and physiology, secured the admiration of his professional colleagues themselves, who were very numerous in the hall, and brought out enthusiastic applause from the whole audience.

This session was closed by the Dean of Zamora with the reading of a learned paper, in which he fully demonstrated that the church is the real depository of truth, and by divine right the only infallible teacher.

X.

The seventh session, held on the 2d of May, was of varied interest. The opening discourse by the deputy to the Cortes, Señor Sanchez Toca, bore on several questions relative to the teaching of youth. He ended by demanding the enactment of a law which would make teaching free in reality.

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Amidst thundering applause that wonderful man, Señor Menendez Pelayo, ascended the tribune. At twenty years of age he was a marvel of learning; three years later he obtained, after successful competition, a professorship in the faculty of letters, and to-day, when in his thirtieth year, he is a member of all the academies in Madrid and the admiration of the entire learned world. The subject of his address was the "Theological and Philosophical Schools of Spain." It ended by an appeal for the study of Spanish philosophers and theologians. "We may make use," he said, "of foreign philosophic teachings, but subject to very prudential control, because our own form an inexhaustible source for all our needs, and we should make theology the golden axis around which the whole organism of our knowledge should revolve." The enthusiasm caused by this speech was wonderful. It alone would have sufficed to prove the Catholic Congress a success.

The Marquis of Lerna read a very interesting and opportune paper on the relations of the Catholic Church with all other temporal powers.

The proceedings of the day closed with an essay on religious music by the illustrious composer and academician, Señor Barbieri. After a brilliant historical excursion through the field of sacred music, to show the protection which the church has always granted it, he made an eloquent vindication of the Gregorian chant as being the best adapted to the solemn majesty of divine worship, and he expressed ardent prayers for the return of those times when the Spanish cathedrals were real conservatories of music, when the art was professed and taught with classic severity and without forgetting its glorious traditions, and when those singing-schools of young men were organized which were a prolific nursery of famous musicians. He concluded by saying that the church has been the queen and mistress of the art of music, and that it should be our care to prevent her from becoming a slave to bad taste and the profanations prevailing in our day.

XI.

The eighth and last session was a worthy crowning of the edifice. After the reading by Señor Orti y Lara of a paper on the necessity of founding a Catholic university, and after another discourse by a professor of primary instruction upon the importance of religion in the education of youth, the tribune was taken by the celebrated orator and ex-minister of the crown, Señor Pidal y Mon, who delivered an admirable address, in which

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he showed, by most solid and profound arguments obtainable from philosophy, "the false idea of God entertained by those contemporaneous philosophical schools which have separated themselves from Catholic truth." From this speech also it is impossible to select extracts. One passage was loudly applauded: "The *scientist* who has given himself his own diploma of learning proclaims from the height of his professorial chair, 'God does not exist.' This declaration the magistrate listens to with amazement, and, interpreting it according to his conscience, exclaims, '*There is no such thing as justice*'; it reaches the ears of the criminal, who says to himself, '*There is no such thing as crime*'; the youth blessed with family training hears it, and logically concludes that '*There is no such thing as virtue*'; it comes to the knowledge of the governed, and they think '*There is no such thing as authority*'; the ambitious conqueror meditates on it, and says, '*Let us seize Rome and despoil the Vicar of Christ*'; and when the teaching finds its way down into the depths where misery excites every instinct of rebellion and concupiscence, 'We don't want to hear talk about *God*, nor *future life*, nor *heaven*, men cry out; '*science* tells us that these are a *dream and a lie*. We don't want them; what we ask for is *hell*, nonentity, but . . . with as much enjoyment as may be had beforehand.'"

It had been intended to give a popular musical festival on the 4th of May, but such was the throng seeking admittance that the gravest fears of accident were entertained, and the festival was postponed.

On the day following a Mass of thanks was celebrated in the cathedral, at which the Archbishop of Valladolid preached, and with this religious and solemn act the congress, which has filled the Pope with joy and the Spanish Catholics with legitimate satisfaction, was closed.

On the 10th the official organ of the congress published the resolutions finally adopted, an abstract of which is as follows:

1st. The congress resolves first, and before everything else, the defence of truth in Spain, which is comprised in the social reign of Jesus Christ. To this end it will work unceasingly to bring about the re-establishment of Catholic unity in our country; to fill our lives with the spirit of the church, and to make justice the rule of our legislation and the unalterable rule of our social life.

2d. This relates to the paramount importance of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope for insuring his dignity, independence, and liberty in the government of the Universal Church, and proclaims the unanimous vote of the congress that the Roman ques-

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tion, far from being an internal Italian one, is, on the contrary, one which deeply concerns entire Catholic Christendom.

3d. The congress asserts and maintains the undeniable right of the church to direct and supervise teaching in all Spanish public and private institutions of learning, in order to prevent anything contrary to Catholic dogma and morals from being taught therein, which right is recognized by the Concordat of 1851 and the Constitution now in force.

4th. The state being Catholic, is bound to assist and defend the church in the exercise of the right aforesaid.

5th. The congress considers the rights of the church to suffer grave prejudice on the part of the state, because of the monopoly and secularization of teaching; of the suppression of moral and religious instruction in educational institutions, and of making these branches in normal schools subordinate and accessory; of not protecting children attending primary schools from the influence of teachers who either refuse to teach Christian doctrine, or actually teach heterodoxy, or who set bad example by manifestations of impiety and irreligion; of not enforcing the precepts of the church in regard to the prohibition of books and teachings opposed to good morals and sound doctrine, and of permitting immoral and irreligious books in the libraries of educational institutions, and to be even distributed as premiums.

6th and 7th. The undoubted right and duty of Catholic parents to instruct their children in conformity with the doctrines of the Catholic Church; hence their right to require, as tax-payers, from the state, which is Catholic, that all official instruction shall be in every respect Catholic in its character, and that neutral, secular, or atheistical schools in which anti-Christian doctrines are taught shall neither be established nor subsidized by any authority, whether state, provincial, or municipal; this requirement being in accordance with the existing constitution, which, while it tolerates personal dissenting worship, does not authorize public education injurious to religion.

8th. The congress denies, in carefully stated terms, the possibility of any conflict between religion and science, points out the need for the study of the science of metaphysics, and for the establishment of professorships of logic and psychology, to be conducted in harmony with the spirit of the encyclical *Æterni Patris.*

9th. Urges Spanish artists to keep to the path of pure Spanish Christian art.

10th. Relates to the establishment of a central council in Madrid, composed of the bishop of that city as president, and such other members as he may appoint, which shall have in

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charge to look after the public interests of religion until the next congress meets, and by agreement with bishops of other dioceses, to establish ancillary councils therein.

11th. Recommends the establishment of a Catholic daily paper for the special end of defending Catholic interests.

12th. Calls on the charitable faithful not to abate their zeal in the support of existing charitable institutions, nor in the establishment of new ones where needed.

13th. Implores owners of manufactories to take, as a few of them do, measures for promoting the spiritual good of the operatives in their employ, and to prevent blasphemy among them, having recourse if necessary to the provisions of the penal code.

14th. Relates to obtaining from the government the enforcement of the observance of Sundays and festivals by punishing offenders who profane them, to repress the licentiousness of the irreligious press, and prevent the circulation of shameless pictures and caricatures.

15th. While thanking God for the well-known temperate habits of Spaniards, the congress believes that the state should do something for checking the abuse of drink by exercising supervision over drinking-saloons, seeing that they are closed at a stated hour of the night, that prohibited games are not carried on therein, and by stopping all immoral performances and concerts.

16th. Expresses fullest sympathy with the charitable purpose of our Holy Father Leo XIII. for the extirpation of slavery, particularly on the African continent, and hopes that Spain will give the efforts of Cardinal Lavigerie generous and earnest support.

17th. Provides for printing and publishing the addresses and papers read at the congress, as also the resolutions adopted.

In conclusion, the first Catholic Congress of Spain is declared adjourned; thanks are offered to Heaven for the success it has had; expressions of gratitude are tendered to the Holy Father for the encouragement with which it has been favored by him, and next year is appointed for the meeting of the Second Catholic Congress, in the church of El Pilar, at Saragossa.

I have now brought to an end my narrative of the Spanish Catholic Congress, in which I have left facts to speak for themselves, and have been moderate in comments and praises.

What remains is that the tree which has been so well planted shall be equally well cultivated. Let us hope that Spain, shaking off the indifference to which she has been reduced by the sterile contests and divisions among her Catholic people, shall regain her place in the vanguard of the Catholic nations of the world.

Madrid, May 20. MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL.

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MY PURITAN.

My Puritan, I love thee well;
Our souls are near akin,
Far closer knit than words can tell,
For love is most within.
Thou art not of that sturdy race
Who dared the seas and turned their face
A sterile soil to win;
Their pains and courage I admire,
But thou hast set my heart on fire.

I scarce had thought that love would e'er
Spring in my soul and flower,
And least of all was I aware
'Twould hold me with such power.
And yet I'd cast it from my heart,
And bid my Puritan depart,
In that same day and hour
Wherein I found my hopes deceived—
His worth not that I had believed.

What is it that has wrung from me
The tribute of my love?
What but that fine nobility
That lifts and keeps above
The crowds that surge, and sway, and pass,
An unaspiring, heedless mass?
'Tis this in thee I love;
'Tis this that makes thee more the man,
For this I call thee Puritan.

The chains of earth enthrall thee not,
A rare, pure soul is thine,
Whose destiny is ne'er forgot—
That it should be divine,
And scorn to throw its love away
On flowers that blossom for a day
And die with day's decline.
Thy bosom Truth and Strength possess,
And Peace gives thee His blest caress.

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A CENTURY OF CATHOLICITY IN CANADA.

So frequently do we hear of the undue favoritism to the Catholic Church in this country many people have come to believe that here at least it is, and ever has been, the pampered child of a dotingly paternal government. They imagine that at the conquest the church of Quebec, the mother-church of Canada, well nurtured by France, passed under the civil jurisdiction of England robustly developed and hedged about by invulnerable treaty stipulations, which have invariably been most liberally construed. Such, however, is not the case. Even under the French *régime* the church was not altogether untrammelled. The evil influence of Madame Pompadour was not confined to France. We read that the "system of vexatious trickery organized against the church and the people of the country by some of the chief and subordinate officials sent out by the court of Louis XV."* was such that Bishop Briand, the incumbent of the see of Quebec at the date of capitulation, did not weep over the result, as he, in the words of Mgr. Plessis, "perceived that religion herself would gain by the change of domination."

But the effect of treaties, like that of statutes, depends very much on the interpretation; and the nature of the interpretation is contingent upon the predisposition of those in authority. The proximate consequences of the change scarcely justified Mgr. Briand's expectations, though the ultimate result, no doubt, has been in accord with his hope. The treaty of 1763 provided for the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada in so far as was compatible with the laws of Great Britain. That was not very far. The proviso gave a dangerous latitude to those charged with the conduct of public affairs in the new colony; and in the early days they were, as Governor Murray said, "a most immoral collection of men"—men who had come to lord it over the conquered, and who were not at all disposed to put a liberal construction upon the provisions of the treaty. The Imperial Act of 1774 subjected the church in Canada to the royal supremacy and handed it over to the tender mercies of those men, whose great desire was to make the church a creature of the state and the colony Protestant. The American Revolution cooled their ardor. During the war, and for some time after, the Catholic

* *Life of Bishop Plessis*, by Abbé Ferland.

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bishop and priests were allowed to exercise their functions in comparative peace. In 1799, however, renewed efforts were made by the colonial authorities to destroy the authority of the bishop, to control the appointment of parish priests, and to get the schools into their hands. From the time of the conquest the primary schools were mainly supported by the Jesuit endowments, but in 1800 the government seized the property of the society, and thus closed the schools. Much of what was taken from the schools went, as Catholic ecclesiastical property had gone before, to the maintenance of Protestant worship. A great effort was made to get possession of the estates of the Society of St. Sulpice for the purpose of founding an educational institution. Then, as now, it was clearly perceived that the most effectual way of undermining the faith of the people was by controlling the schools. In 1801 a law for the encouragement of public instruction was promulgated with a flourish of trumpets and many protestations of a righteous desire to promote the welfare of the people by supplying more efficient schools than those the church had established and the state had closed. By this law was created what might be called a board of education, consisting chiefly of Protestants, with the Anglican bishop as president. The Protestants at that time were two and one-half per centum of the population. The following extract from a letter* written by an official of the colonial government gives a good idea of the spirit which actuated the administration:

"I have long since laid it down as a principle (which in my judgment no governor of this province ought to lose sight of for a moment), by every possible means which prudence can suggest, gradually to undermine the authority and influence of the Roman Catholic priests. This great, this highest object that a governor can have . . . may be accomplished before ten years shall have passed over. . . . The instructions of his Majesty, by which it is ordered that no person in this province shall have the cure of souls but by virtue of a license under the governor's hand and seal, . . . once followed up, the king's supremacy would be established, the authority of the Pope would be abolished, and the country would become Protestant.

"We have been mad enough to allow a company of French rascals to deprive us for the moment of the means of accomplishing all this, but one prudent, decisive step might rectify this absurdity. In all events I would advise every governor of this province most scrupulously to follow the same line of conduct which has established so widely the authority of the Pope of Rome, to avail themselves of every advantage that can possibly occur, and never to give up an inch but with the certainty of gaining an ell."

This gentleman in his communication used the term "*popish* clergy," and, as an apology for the employment of the not very

* Letter of Mr. Ryland, 23d December, 1804.—Christie's *History of Lower Canada*, vol. vi.

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classical adjective, he wrote: "I call them *popish* to distinguish them from the clergy of the Established Church, and to express my contempt and detestation of a religion which sinks and debases the human mind and which is a curse to every country where it prevails."

At an anterior date the Anglican bishop, Dr. Mountain, who had been given the mitre in England and despatched to Canada as Bishop of Quebec, chagrined at the comparative failure of the efforts to annihilate the church of the people, wrote thus to Lord Hobart, the colonial secretary, at London: "While the superintendent of the Roman Church assumes the title of Bishop of Quebec, he, as well as his clergy, studiously denies that title to the Protestant bishop; he has the absolute disposal of all the preferments in the diocese; he erects parishes and grants dispensations for marrying at his discretion, etc., etc.; all of which functions are clearly contrary to the royal instructions, and all of which are denied to the Protestant bishop."

Such was the animus of the governing authorities when Mgr. Plessis became Bishop of Quebec; and it would be impossible to give a better picture of the condition of the church at that time than is conveyed in this extract from a letter addressed by the bishop to a friend in London in 1806: "Examine the map and you will perceive the impossibility of a single bishop extending his solicitude with any success from Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That space contains more than 200,000 Catholics, and yet there are only 180 priests to supply all their wants. Add to that their numerous difficulties from their entanglement with a Protestant population, and the constant vigilance necessary to avoid being compromised with a government which views things only through the medium of its own principles and is constantly making some new effort to establish the supremacy of the king."

In 1807 the good bishop, weary with constant conflict and discouraged by what seemed insurmountable obstacles to the success of his work, acknowledged to a friend that human resources failed him, and that he scarcely hoped for any amelioration from appealing to the treaty stipulations. The colonial office in England was being urged to inaugurate a vigorous *anti-papal* policy; and Dr. Mountain himself repaired to London, and in many conferences with the ministers pressed that the grievances of which he complained in his letter to Lord Hobart might be removed, and that he might be made in Canada monarch, as to things ecclesiastical, of all he surveyed. Help came from a quar-

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ter whence it was least expected. Lord Castlereagh, in a memorandum on the situation in Canada, gave it as his opinion that the law secured to Canadian Catholics the free exercise of their religion, and to their clergy their accustomed dues and rights, subject to the royal supremacy; that as the Bishop of Quebec, who was not a foreigner, was the head of the church in Canada, his jurisdiction was not opposed to the Act of Supremacy, and that it would be a very delicate undertaking to interfere with the Catholic religion in Canada. It need hardly be said that it was no sense of justice which impelled this noble lord not to apply his Irish formula in the New World. The storm brewing at Washington dictated his course. But even this did not effect a truce. The conflict continued. Governor Craig, who arrived in 1807, placed himself in the hands of his advisers—men who had come to Canada to make an Ireland of Quebec; and the opposition to the church continued. Owing to the exigencies of the times, however, the plan of attack was somewhat modified, or, rather, a more insidious scheme was adopted. The government was prepared to fully recognize the episcopal authority of the Catholic bishop, to confirm him in his see by commission from the king, and even to secure him a revenue, if the government were accorded the privilege of nominating the parish priests, which privilege, it was believed, "would insensibly operate in effectually undermining the people's religious faith."

Writing in 1811, Bishop Plessis gave the following account of a conference had with Sir James Craig: "Yesterday I had a conversation with his excellency the governor, which lasted one hour and three-quarters, in which he exhausted himself, and me also, in speaking, without our being able to fall into accord upon the only point that was agitated, to wit: the nomination to cures. He viewed it obstinately as a civil affair, and as a prerogative of the crown which it would never abandon."

The war of 1812, like the War of Independence, acted as a sedative, of a mild and transient kind, to the anti-Catholicism of the colonial officials. After the Revolution Sir Guy Carleton declared that the Catholic priests preserved the Province of Quebec to the crown. In the interval of peace the clergy were attacked and their loyalty questioned. In 1813 an official despatch was transmitted to the governor of Quebec, informing him that "his Royal Highness, the prince regent, in the name of his Majesty," desired that one thousand pounds should thereafter be the allowance of the Catholic Bishop of Quebec, "as a testimony rendered to the loyalty and good conduct of the gentleman . . . as well

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as of the other members of the Catholic clergy of the province." Still there was a little lump of the old leaven left.

It had been for many years the desire of the Bishop of Quebec to have his vast diocese subdivided. The church, which in the earlier days could easily be ruled by one ordinary and a co-adjutor, had grown with the country. One can now scarcely realize how Bishop Plessis, who had to be ever on the alert to defend his church from the premeditated assaults of the civil authorities, who was striving to develop two or three small seminaries for the training of much-needed priests, and endeavoring to supply the wants of scattered and very differently circumstanced missions from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, could undertake a journey to distant Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and the Magdalens, visiting *en route* the scattered settlements of Acadians, and then making his way as best he could to the faithful who were grouped at different points in the virgin forest of Upper Canada. No wonder he sought relief. When the crozier was placed in his hand he braced himself for unremitting toil, for trials and tribulations. But the burden was more than one man could bear. The zealous pastor bent beneath it and cried for help. Rome was prepared, but another power had to be consulted. In those days it was absolutely necessary to obtain the consent of the civil authorities to the erection of new sees; and, although after years of useless struggling they were compelled by circumstances to recognize the Ordinary of Quebec, they seemed determined to have no more Catholic bishops, at least with native titles, in the British half of the continent. In 1817 the Bishop of Quebec was relieved of the charge of Nova Scotia, which was made an apostolic vicariate and confided to the care of the Rev. Edmund Burke, who had long labored there as a missionary. This, however, was scarce a perceptible lightening of Mgr. Plessis' charge. He wished to have Canada divided into five dioceses: two in Lower Canada, with their centres at Quebec and Montreal; another to comprise the Maritime Provinces, a fourth to include Upper Canada, and the fifth to extend over the Hudson's Bay country and away across the Rockies to where the waves of the Pacific lap our western shore. This plan was in part suggested, and in its entirety concurred in, by the Propaganda; and, in order to secure the concurrence of the civil power, Bishop Plessis journeyed to England in 1819. Just after his departure bulls arrived from Rome elevating Quebec to the dignity of a metropolitan see, naming Mgr. Plessis its first archbishop, and

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giving him, in addition to the vicariate of Nova Scotia, two suffragan bishops, one for Upper Canada, the other for Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and the Magdalens. But, as Bishop Plessis feared, this had only the effect of strengthening the opposition to his plan. On no account would the government assent to his assuming the title of archbishop; nor would they agree to the creation of any new sees. After much negotiating he succeeded in obtaining the acquiescence of the powers that were in the establishment of apostolic vicariates and in the appointment of bishops *in partibus infidelium.* It was explicitly stipulated, however, that these titular bishops were not to have independent jurisdiction, but were merely to be auxiliaries to the Bishop of Quebec, who alone was to have a legal status. Vicariates were accordingly formed, and the men who had been fixed upon to rule over the desired dioceses were consecrated.

The Reverend Jean Jacques Lartigue, a Sulpitian priest, was placed over the district of Montreal, which then contained 189,119 Catholics of, with few exceptions, French origin.

The presence of Irish Catholics was discovered only a short time previously. A priest was summoned to attend a dying stranger, and the stranger was found to be an Irishman. The priest learned that there were compatriots of the dying man in the neighborhood, and invited them to his church. On the following Sunday, in the sacristy of the old Bonsecours' church, thirty Irish exiles met and had the Gospel preached to them for the first time since they had crossed the sea. There were only a few Irish Catholics in Canada at that time, and they came then and afterwards, to different points, under circumstances which so militated against their success that their prosperity cannot but be marvelled at. The first Irish families who arrived at Quebec were so destitute that had it not been for the kind interposition of Bishop Plessis, who placed them with French farmers and well-to-do towns-people, they would have reached the land of promise only to find paupers' graves in its frozen ground. A sad story indeed is the story of Irish emigration.

Over most of the country south of the Ottawa spread "the forest primeval" when the nineteenth century broke upon the world. What is now Ontario was then in the main a wilderness. Among the United Empire Loyalists who migrated there when the thirteen colonies cut loose from Britain were some Scotch Catholics. These were augmented by a colony of a disbanded regiment of Highlanders, led in 1803 from the old country by the Rev. Alexander Macdonell. Both contingents were given land,

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and grants were also made by the government for churches and schools in recognition of the loyalty of the colonists and their pastor, and with the object, no doubt, of strengthening that feeling, so that the crown might have devoted subjects on the border of the young Republic. The first Irish settlers arrived in Upper Canada in 1823. They were not very hospitably received. Application was even made for a military force to drive them out, or to guard the loyal inhabitants; and so exercised were the home authorities by the reports which the loyalists sent them concerning the "riotous and mutinous" Hibernians, that Father Macdonell, who was then in England, was requested to hasten back to Canada to do something with the wild Irish. He assured them there was no cause for fear, and offered to pledge his life for the good conduct of the abused refugees. "Put that in writing," said the Under Secretary for the Colonies. And the bond was signed.*

When Father Macdonell, who was given charge of the vicariate of Upper Canada, came to the country there were only two or three small places of worship† and a couple of priests—one a Frenchman, without any knowledge of English; the other an Irishman, who left the country shortly afterwards. For years the apostolic Macdonell had no fellow-laborers, and had to travel in the exercise of his holy office, often with his vestments on his back, over seven hundred miles of a country without roads or bridges.

In 1821 the Rev. Æneas Bernard McEachern was consecrated, and to him was confided the care of the church in the Maritime Provinces, the Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia having died two years previously. A biography of this missionary prelate would make interesting and edifying reading. His life, however, like the lives of many of the pioneers of the faith in our country, has yet to be written. But what at best can one write of a missionary priest but the mere outlines of his career? Only he who has in perils on land, on river, and on sea preached the Word and administered the Sacraments can fill in between the lines the story of such a life. When Father McEachern arrived in Prince Edward Island in 1790 there were no churches, no schools, no material resources, few Catholics, poor and scattered, and difficulties innumerable. The other provinces over which he was afterwards called to exercise episcopal jurisdiction presented a some-

* *Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell.*

† In the *Reminiscences* of Bishop Macdonell we are told, in one chapter, that there were three churches; in another chapter the bishop is reported to have said that on his arrival he found no churches.

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what similar spectacle. There were a few Scotch settlers, here and there a poor Irish emigrant, and along the shores hamlets of Acadians, who,

> "Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
> Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean,"

drifted back to their dear Acadia.

But of all the ecclesiastical districts into which the old diocese of Quebec was then divided the most uninviting was that conterminous with the country extending from what was at that time called Canada to the Pacific, and from the northern boundary of the Republic to the frozen islands of the Arctic. There roamed the red men, and with them some venturesome Canadians who traded with the Indians for furs. Many of these *voyageurs* married Indian women and settled along the Red River. Father Provencher, who, with Father Dumoulin, was sent to this mission in 1818, was selected for the charge of the vicariate.

In 1824 Joseph Octave Plessis, the last bishop who alone ruled over the whole of Canada, passed to his reward. He lived in the seed-time, and labored faithfully and well. What a transformation has since taken place! "Lift up thine eyes round about and see." "The flowers have appeared in our land . . . the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs, the vines in flower yield their sweet smell." With the development of the country and the growth of civil liberty, the church expanded and threw off the incubus of state interference. Before a decade of years elapsed the titular bishops took native sees; and, in 1844, the Ordinary of Quebec publicly assumed the title of archbishop. Now a cardinal sits in the chair of Laval, and with him six other archbishops, sixteen bishops, and two vicars-apostolic guard the spiritual interests of over two millions of Catholics in this Dominion; and the sacrifice foretold by Malachi is offered by two thousand three hundred priests. An army of religious go about doing good. Cathedrals and churches, flanked by colleges and schools, dot the land; and

> "The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

The people, too, have prospered. There are no more contented and comfortable husbandmen than the descendants of the old colonists who till the soil. Many of the offspring of poor emigrants have in the different walks of life attained positions of wealth, influence, and eminence. Two gubernatorial chairs are

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filled by Catholics.* Three provinces have Catholic prime ministers. In the parliaments of the nation Catholics occupy prominent places, and six out of the fourteen members of the Dominion cabinet are Catholics.

A most marvellous example of rapid development is furnished by Quebec. A colony whose population at the date of the conquest is estimated to have been not more than sixty thousand,† a colony of Frenchmen having to struggle for existence and for faith against powerful and alien rulers, and depending for extension almost entirely on self-increase, has grown in Quebec alone to nearly a million and a half,‡ besides extending its ramifications into Ontario and the New England States. Counting all, the posterity of the sixty thousand now outnumber two millions. A cardinal wearing the pallium occupies the primatial see. The little seminary of long ago has developed into a great university with branches in Montreal, where presides another archbishop. Six bishops and a vicar-apostolic watch over the flock in other parts of the province. Over fifteen hundred priests dispense the mysteries in one thousand temples, and teach in university, seminaries, and colleges. Of the latter and last there are twenty-one, with over half a hundred commercial and classical academies, and two hundred and fifty convents, in connection with the great majority of which boarding and day schools are conducted. There are in addition to these, three thousand five hundred state-supported religious schools, thirty-seven hospitals, and seventeen asylums. Thirteen communities of women and twelve of men devote themselves mainly to teaching and active charity.

It is the fashion with some people to say that Quebec is priest-ridden and crushed by clerical imposts; and what has been written may seem to them but proof of what they assert. Mr. Edward Farrer, the present editor-in-chief of the Toronto *Mail*, an ultra-Protestant journal, effectually disposed of such nonsense in a paper contributed a few years ago to the *Atlantic Monthly*. He wrote: "The habitant is not crushed by clerical imposts. . . . As a class the Canadian priests are men of much merit. Their parishes in very many cases are as large as an English county, and their work, especially in the winter-time, involves not only arduous toil but no small peril. The history of the priesthood is the history of the country."

* The term of a third Catholic governor expired a few weeks ago.

† Garneau's *History of Canada*.

‡ In 1881 the Catholic population of Quebec numbered 1,170,718, a proportion of 861.4 per thousand of the total population of that province, and an increase of fifteen per cent. in ten years.

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In Ontario, where Bishop Macdonell in the first years of the century labored almost unaided, three archbishops, four bishops, and one vicar-apostolic,* assisted by four hundred priests, watch over a flock numbering three hundred and seventy-five thousand.† In the centres of population cathedral crosses point aloft to heaven, and the province which boasts of its Protestantism is jewelled with more than five hundred Catholic fanes. There are a university, three colleges, thirty-seven academies, and two hundred and twenty-nine state-supported parochial schools. The sick are cared for in nine hospitals, and orphaned youth and destitute old age find refuge in seventeen asylums. Different communities of religious teach and tend the poor and sick, while from more than one convent of cloistered nuns ascend perpetual prayer and praise.

Less than one hundred years ago there were in the Maritime Provinces only a few humble chapels like that in the storied village of Grand-Pré, "on the shores of the Basin of Minas"; now there are almost four hundred sanctuaries, wherein every one that asks receives, and he who seeks finds. An archbishop, four bishops, and two hundred and forty priests have the cure of over three hundred thousand souls.‡ For the education of boys there are four colleges, one conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and an academy directed by the Christian Brothers; and four different sisterhoods have charge of forty boarding-schools for girls. A non-religious school system is by law established in the Maritime Provinces, but, notwithstanding this, there are many Catholic schools, especially for girls, maintained without any assistance from the state, except in Halifax, where schools under the direction of religious are supported by the government as the result of a compromise.

The northwestern vicariate of former days is now an ecclesiastical province, embracing Manitoba, British Columbia, and the intervening territories. The Catholics of these regions are only about one-fifth of the population. They numbered in British Columbia, in 1881, 10,043, and in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, in 1885, 23,952. These are ministered to by an archbishop, two bishops, two vicars-apostolic, and one hundred and fifty priests. The Jesuits conduct a theological seminary and college at Winnipeg, Manitoba; and in British Columbia there are two colleges directed by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Four

* One archdiocese and the vicariate extend into Quebec.

† The Catholic population in 1881 was 320,839, an increase in ten years of over seventeen per cent.

‡ In 1881 the Catholics numbered 273,693, an increase of fifteen per cent. in ten years.

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sisterhoods manage a score of academies for girls, and there are several Indian industrial schools under the supervision of religious. There are five hospitals and seven asylums. In Manitoba and the territories the school system is denominational, and the different parishes have their schools. A similar system does not obtain in British Columbia; still a few Catholic schools are in operation in that province.

Catholic progress in this country may not be as striking as that in the United States; yet in Canada the Catholic population has in this century been blessed with a ten-fold increase, and the church, like "a tree which is planted near the running waters," has taken deep root, and its branches have spread over all the land.

J. A. J. McKenna.

Ottawa, Ont.

OUR CENTENARY: A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

A HUNDRED years have passed since the Catholic people of the United States received their ecclesiastical organization by the elevation of John Carroll to the episcopate. Forty or fifty thousand Catholics, for the most part of the honored stock of the Pilgrims of the *Ark* and *Dove*, welcomed their first prelate to their hearts; they had long loved him as the foremost priest among them, and as the most conspicuous clergyman of any denomination in aiding the founders of the Republic to expel the British forces from the country. The clergy were about a score in number, excellent priests, belonging for the most part to the Society of Jesus, then lately suppressed. A hundred years have passed, and with the immense increase of the nation the Catholic Church has more than kept pace. The best blood of every Catholic people has been poured into the national life, till we number upwards of ten millions of souls, have eighty-four bishops to represent to us the mild rule of the Catholic Apostolic hierarchy, and our altars are served by more than eight thousand priests, that society alone to which our first bishop belonged now numbering in the neighborhood of seven hundred members among us, flourishing in the second youth to which it was restored before his death.

We have an ample equipment of colleges, a good beginning of primary Christian education, more than an abundance of female academies. Best of all, we have a University in the city of Washington, founded by the spontaneous will of the people and priest-

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hood, the jubilant proclamation of the Vicar of Christ, and happily controlled by the energy and wisdom of the episcopate.

The charities of the Catholic people of America are in a most flourishing condition, standing easily first among all our works in financial prosperity, in fulness of success, and in the good will of all classes and creeds in the community.

Meantime the church and her people are in good repute among their fellow-citizens. Barring the vice of drunkenness and the evil of saloon-keeping, there is little to be said against the citizenship of Catholics, and these defects are odious to the great body of the Catholics, and must and shall be remedied. Our open enemies are a small number of bigots whose course is a regret to the body of non-Catholics generally. It is true that on the question of Christian schools we stand before the American people with a grievance. But our cause is righteous and we are able to prove it; our tribunal is just, and we cannot doubt an equitable decision.

It is the purpose of this article to cast a glance into the future and to endeavor to penetrate the very inner chambers of the temple. We wish to consider what should be the spiritual traits of American Catholics, for upon the spiritual life will depend the whole external order of things.

The distinguishing trait of Catholicity here or elsewhere must be a quality of the interior life of man, for religion is primarily interior. A religion which fulfils the idea involved in the very name is only at its best development in the order that is spiritual. The main purpose of religion is not to enroll members but to sanctify individuals. It needs organization; but, having organization, it may yet fail of its purpose, which is, indeed, with the many and with all, but with the many and with all taken one by one as well as all together. It is a delusion to fix the success of religious effort upon the glory of its outer aspect. Men may adhere together as religious bodies from principles of cohesion which are but partly spiritual; as a matter of fact, they are largely due to traditions of race and family. These could not originally establish a form of religion among intelligent men and women or maintain it in existence long.

The strongest bonds of Catholicity lie altogether deeper than what is shown by census tables or by perfection of ecclesiastical polity. These last may give a deceptive appearance, but a people full of the Holy Spirit must show many signs of truth besides unity and good public order. Holiness is a note of the truth, and in these days, perhaps, a more necessary one than any of

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the others. Men may cling together and their religious societies resist the solvents of time for a few generations because they are joined by the cement of blood in race-kindred, but the bond of the Spirit is the only eternal bond.

Now, this new nation gives no bond of race-heredity; nay, it is a powerful solvent of those brought from the Old World. Catholicity finds in America principles of public conduct in the political order consonant with its fundamental truths; but it cannot have aids that are governmental, national, or racial in America as it has had them in Europe. The only enduring life of Catholicity in America must be sincerity of conviction in its individual members maturely and intelligently assimilated, together with consistent and courageous Christian behavior.

The Catholic Church among us cannot fail from want of an efficient organization, for it has a perfect one, a divine one. Nor can it fail from feebleness of manhood, for the Irish and the German races, from which its membership is chiefly made up, whatever they may be accused of, are not accused of being effete; feebleness of character is not a trait of the Teuton and the Celt. Nor, again, can we fail because we lack numbers. As already said, our numbers are far over ten millions, and these are well distributed; enough, surely, not only to hold our own but, having the ever-progressive element of truth, to leaven the whole American lump. Under any circumstances, we are not likely to break up and fail soon. But in a future not too distant to speculate on we may fail from want of religion properly so-called—that is to say, the want of cultivation of the interior life rooted in intelligent conviction of the truths of faith and bearing fruit in supernatural love of God and our fellow-men.

Organization may be retained and the census table be yet more enlarged, but the one will be an effigy and the other a false witness if a very large proportion of the members of the church are not earnestly seeking one by one to be entirely conformed to the divine ideal. A prominent divine of the Anglican Church, Canon Westcott, said in one of his recently published lectures that religion that is divine must do two things: it must give man an ideal, and it must provide him with the means of realizing it in his own proper person. We add that the ideal should be supernatural and divine. To equal the highest human ideal is, in a way, to equal only one's self. Now, the moment an individual Christian loses sight of Christ as his own proper personal ideal, as something to be assimilated and put on, to be absorbed into and identified with himself, he may indeed go on externally using the

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means of realizing his destiny, but the inevitable tendency is to drop them also and drop everything positively religious, whether suddenly or little by little. The reader has doubtless known cases of both kinds, men who have stopped church-going of a sudden, and others who have dropped away gradually. But the cause of all failure in religion has ever been the same: men turning away from God in the interior of the soul.

Let us not be misunderstood. Organization is needful, and in the Catholic Church is divine. It is of essential necessity for the interior spirit itself, fosters it, informs it with that brotherhood which gives it its necessary note of universality. But it is a means to an end. The primary end of religion is not the integrity of the Church as an outward society, but it is the interior union of its members with God in a state to which they attain by means far above the natural. This union is, taking mankind and the ages of the world together, conditioned upon the existence of the external society founded by Christ and called the church; so much is undeniable. But one must make a distinction between that which conditions and that which is conditioned, between the means and the end. Furthermore, the church organization is more in need of the interior integrity of the Christian life than that life is in need of valid organization in the external order; of course we speak in a sense apart from the divine aids of religion in the sacraments. The organization will decay more rapidly from the decay of the interior spirit in the people than that interior spirit will suffer from a break-up in the external order of religion, a misfortune which, among an intelligent and well-meaning people, cannot last long. Such a condition of things can raise up saints to repair and to rebuild the tottering house of God. The authority of the church can do many things, but it cannot by itself create saints. The saint is the product of forces which are interior, however truly such forces are communicated by the very act of the worthy reception of the sacraments. The same is true of widespread movements of men which have made the great eras of Christendom, such as the Benedictine movement, the mendicant, and the Jesuit. The inner force is the greater force of Christendom. Let us not forget this while maintaining the divinity of the outer order and pointing out its evident necessity. It is not a Catholic principle that the ecclesiastical order exists for its own sake.

So that we must trust to the interior life among Catholics for the permanence of Catholicity in America. There must be a widespread impulse towards the ascetical and mystical principles and

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practices which bring men's souls into union with God. Maintain the dignity of office, but do not suppose that success in such things is the measure of the success of our religion. Maintain proper and uniform discipline among the people, but be not deceived; conformity is not the supreme virtue, and discipline is not the perfect fruit. What is supreme and perfect in religion is interior union with God. The end of religion is, by the grace of Christ, to raise human nature above itself into a state of supernatural union with the divine nature, giving man a participation through Christ in the nature of God. Now, the fruit and the joy and the substance of this is mainly interior, and forms a new life hidden from the gaze of human vision.

What has thus far been said is plainly enough true, yet needed to be said. It is always necessary to be on one's guard against an excess of *esprit du corps*. It is a good sentiment, but apt to degenerate into boastfulness and over-confidence in appearances; and this is especially true in America. One way of celebrating our centenary is to count our numbers; nor is this altogether vain, for the Catholic citizens of the great Republic are numerous, and the church is powerful here. Nor, taking us as a body, can it be said that we are not good Catholics as far, at least, as outward use of the forms of religion is concerned. Various tests may be applied successfully, such as attendance at divine service, outspoken loyalty, generosity, obedience. But a most important question is, do not these exist among us in a great degree from race traits inherent in our parents and ourselves, and which come from the Old World? How will it be in a couple of generations more? When our people have become Americans, as purely such as are now the descendants of the original colonists, what sort of Catholics will they be? Will the American Catholics of the next century be good ones?

It is certain that we cannot count on the continuance of race traits of character after the race has been changed in the course of successive generations. We must fall back on the interior spirit of Catholicity; that is the first plain fact. The second is that we must seek aid, if we can get it, from the national traits of Americans.

We are good Catholics at this centenary largely because our religion is held in an environment of qualities which are traditional to foreign peoples. Race traits of some sort must be had; religion is not in the abstract. But future generations of Catholics in this country must get these quasi-religious environments at home. The Catholic religion, in itself universal, must actually exist in epochs, races, forms of government, social systems; and these

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make, not an essential difference indeed, yet, nevertheless, a real one. The light of the sun is everywhere the same, but there is a difference in it when reflected from the ruby, the diamond, and the emerald. On one side of a prism the light is colorless, but when it has passed through it is broken into various tints. This illustrates the unity and variety of the true religion; it can be one and yet various. Universality is not only strong but it is elastic. It not only binds diverse elements together, but it does so by such a pliant adjustment as to avoid crushing, or even chafing, innocent sensibilities; nay, it uses every good trait and elevates it into something better without wrenching it from its own native place. Catholicity is one in every race, yet its homes have a difference.

We know that essentially a Catholic is the same here and in the Old World, for his religion is one and universal. But there is an evident difference in the religious traits of, for example, Irish, French, and Italian Catholics, though there is but one Catholicity among them all. The Irishman is by nature a clansman, and that is a chief reason why his conspicuous religious trait is loyalty or fidelity. The Irishman's faith is his natural tendency to loyalty and fidelity enlightened and consecrated and made supernatural; it is world-renowned for steadfastness. On the other hand, the Frenchman is noted for a naturally enthusiastic temperament—the *perfervidum ingenium Gallorum* is a proverb. Hence in religion his peculiar characteristic is the heroic. Zeal is his trait as a Christian, as is enthusiasm as a man, and that is why no nation of modern times compares with the French as missionaries to the heathen. The Italian differs most plainly from both the Irishman and the Frenchman. He is endowed with the gift of interpreting nature in a divine sense; and all nature and art become to him means of symbolizing to eye and ear the truths of revelation. The Italians are supreme in religious symbolism, which is certainly one of the most potent forces of life. Italy, itself a vast gallery of the masterpieces of natural scenery, is the studio of the divinest expression of religious truth. It is true that the Irishman is far from being without zeal or without symbolism; the Frenchman partakes of much that both the Irishman and the Italian have for their peculiar gifts. All I say is that each has something which is Catholic and which is yet peculiarly his own. We might pursue these illustrations and comparisons further, and discuss, in addition, the religious traits of the Germans, the Sclavonians, and others. But enough has been said—if, indeed, it were necessary to say anything—to

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make palpable the fact that nations and races, differing in natural characteristics, must differ, and do, in their assimilation of revealed truth. To be a Catholic is by no means *exactly* the same thing for an Irishman and a Frenchman and an Italian, for a German and a Spaniard; yet they are all members of the same religion, each in a way differing from the others. The difference is found in the diversity of natural traits.

Agreement in the bare articles of faith and unity in one external organism do not secure a uniformity so exacting as to eliminate race differences in religion. *Quidquid recipitur*, say the scholastics, *secundum modum recipientis recipitur;* which may be interpreted thus: As men differ from each other, so does the truth differently affect them.

At the present moment the Catholic people of America are divided into parishes very much in view of the race traits of the Old World, and are ministered to, as far as possible—and that is pretty fully—by priests selected accordingly. The priest who succeeds best with the Irish congregation has a strong flavor of the "*Soggarth Aroon.*" He is the chief of their religious clan. Fidelity to him, personal and affectionate, has much to do with their fidelity to the church and with their Catholicity. But in a generation or two the *Soggarth Aroon* will be a poetical legend; yes, even now there are many parishes, whose people are of Irish stock and good Catholics, and yet in which great harm could be done by placing them in charge of even the best priest who would follow the old Irish policy of dealing with the people. What does this show? Does it show the stupidity of the religious traits of the more Irish parish, or the decadence of religion among Irish-Americans? Neither the one nor the other. It only shows that there is a difference between them which must be taken into account. There are many Irish in America, but America is not Ireland, and it is futile to attempt to make it so, idle even to wish it. There are many Germans here, but Germany is not here, nor is Italy, nor France. This is America.

God has sent the peoples of the Old World to this country to become Americans, not to remain colonies of their mother-countries. The difference between the Yankee and the Englishman of the present day is not greater than that which shall be between Irish-Americans and Irishmen fifty years from now.

The following extracts from Bishop Gilmour's address to the Congress of German Catholics, recently held in the city of Cleveland, is an expression from high authority of the sense of what I have here written:

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"The less we have of sectionalism or nationalism among us the better. The sooner we recognize the fact that we must coalesce and blend the better for our future. This fact seems not sufficiently grasped. . . . Among the subjects quite worthy your deepest thought and calmest discussion is the nationalism that so gravely menaces us with danger. This subject grows steadily apace with our increasing numbers. It will not down; we are fully confronted with it. Shall nationalism be engrafted on the Catholic Church of America? Shall the Catholic Church put on the garb of foreignism? Shall Catholics be arrayed in separate camps or shall they be blended together in a common faith and under a common flag? Shall Catholics be Americans or foreigners? These are subjects that not only demand the best thought of this Catholic congress, but press for consideration. Nationalism is pressing to the front and must be discussed. The bishops and priests must discuss it; the laity must discuss it. The young will not wait. Let me urge upon you the necessity in dealing in a measure at least with this all-important subject. Let there go out from you a clear-cut note. Let the world know we are one in faith and one in country—Catholics and Americans."

If it be agreed, then, that Americans, whatever may be their parent stock, are different in race traits from other nations, the question follows, What will be their dominant characteristic as Catholics?—we mean, of course, in matters which do not touch unity of faith and discipline, for in essentials our religion is the same among all nations. What will men call the distinguishing mark of American Catholicity? Will it be a compound of all the traits of all the nations blended into one in this land? This is an absurdity. Will it be the Irish trait of loyalty? We may hope for a solid faith, but the renowned faith of Erin shall not be ours. Shall the progress of taste and the cultivation of art, keeping pace, as it does, with the increase of wealth, give us the distinguishing feature of Italy's Catholicity, religious symbolism? But who dreams that any land but Italy shall be the home of Christian art? Shall we be borne along upon the deep current of French enthusiastic zeal? We shall have zeal, and symbolism, and faith, and enough of these and of all the other qualifications of good Catholics. But we must be Americans; we cannot be anything else if we would.

We shall seek, then, in American environments the clue to the difficulty. The peculiar trait of our Catholicity will be the product of the strong forces which are especially American. We do not claim them to be American in an exclusive sense, for they belong to the present civilization everywhere; but they are dawning elsewhere, and here they are beaming in nearly meridian splendor: liberty and intelligence. These undoubtedly are the forces of this age which must prevail everywhere, and which do now dominantly prevail in the United States.

While not denying, therefore, these circumstances of life to

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other countries, we may fairly say that they are American in a degree worthy the adjective distinctive. Liberty and intelligence are meant by the providence of God to be characteristic of the times we live in, and to be shared by all. But among the great peoples of the world there is none which enjoys so large a measure of education and of freedom as the citizens of this Republic, if, as to education, Germany be excepted. It is true that we fought a great war for unity, and that obedience to legitimate authority is enforced with penalties, and a large measure of uniformity is attained. But the war was provoked by the abridgment of human liberty in the national territories, and it was ended by the extension of equal civil freedom to a whole race among us. Americans will stop to establish at any cost obedience to legitimate authority, but this is not the great movement. The movement onward in America is for rational liberty. The primary purpose of the law here is to save good men from interference in the enjoyment of their native liberty, and to leave them as free as possible in their personal and private efforts in pursuit of happiness. The best use we have for governmental institutions is that they secure us individually from unjust interference in our endeavors to attain to our destiny. Among the means of attaining to our happiness is a certain amount of obedience and of conformity. But these do not hold the highest places, which are awarded to intelligence and liberty. To be happy, we are persuaded in America, one should be free; and to be worthy of freedom, one should be enlightened.

"What the church," says Dr. Zardetti in his admirable book, *Devotion to the Holy Ghost*,* "will probably be more or less everywhere in the world she is at present in America, a vigorous, free, independent church of individuals. Princes and parliaments the church has not to deal with here, being exclusively based on the people." He then proceeds to show, and in a manner entirely convincing, that the cultivation of devotion to the Holy Ghost is the chief duty of the Christian ministry, to aid them in which he has written his little volume. It is men as individuals, dealing in the solitude of conscience with God alone, who must be sanctified. The inner life, using a sanctified freedom with an enlightened intelligence, must be the life of the American Church. It can be no other. It will be in vain to strive for results by methods of past times, however glorious, or by appealing to traits of distant nations, however near of kin they may seem, unless these are fully adjusted to the new order of Providence, which

* *Devotion to the Holy Ghost:* A Manual, etc. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Brothers.

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deals more directly with the individual. This is the country of the free man, and in those words the church finds her guide in her ministrations. Where the spirit of God is there is liberty, and where liberty is there should be the spirit of God.

"The peril of the day," says Dr. Zardetti, "is the unspirituality of man and the revival of naturalism in the world." To counteract this influence he says that devotion to the Holy Ghost is the most efficacious means that could be used, awakening "in us the consciousness of the presence and indwelling of the Holy Ghost, not only in the church as a whole, but also in each one of us." It is just here that we find the application of the aids to the spiritual and supernatural life of the Christian properly distinguished. All that a Christian gets from God he gets in some sense through the church, but there is a vast difference between the gifts received, because some are external and strictly sacramental, and others are unseen and unknown by any but the very recipient. The former are connected with the uniform practices of the faithful, the latter are the secret touches of God's spirit, experienced in moments of special devotion or infused gradually during seasons of special visitation. These secret touches are evidently far more personal than the external ones, because they are fitted to each individual in his own peculiar personality and are bestowed in a spiritual retirement made sacred against the intrusion of even the most sacred representations of the authority of God in the external order. Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord are the gifts of the Holy Ghost to enlighten, guide, strengthen, sanctify us. These interior gifts are as much the heritage of the Christian as the forgiveness of sins in Penance and union with our Lord in Communion; nay, they are the very substance of that heritage, for the highest dignity the sacraments can give us is the privilege of living by the instinct of the Holy Ghost in the power of his celestial gifts. But these graces bring us into a relation intimate and personal with the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. Our sanctification is made more and more perfect in proportion as the action of the Holy Ghost is more and more immediate, which is the same as saying that the test of fruitfulness in our external devotions is our ability to catch the divine words of guidance ever being uttered within us.

The following words, published in this magazine by Father Hecker less than a year before he died, are a plain statement of the practical method to be followed in dealing with souls in our times, and especially in this country:

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"The work of the priesthood is to help to guide the Christian people, understanding that God is always guiding them interiorly.

"An innocent soul we must guide, fully understanding that God is dwelling within him, not as a substitute for God.

"A repentant sinner we must guide, understanding that we are but restoring him to God's guidance.

"The best that we can do for any Christian is to quicken his sense of fidelity to God speaking to him in an enlightened conscience.

"Now God's guidance is of two kinds: one is that of his external providence in the circumstances of life; the other is interior, and is the direct action of the Holy Spirit on the human soul. There is great danger in separating these two.

"The key to many spiritual problems is found in this truth: the direct action of God upon the soul, which is interior, is in harmony with his external providence. Sanctity consists in making them identical as motives of every thought, word, and deed of our lives. The external and the internal (and the same must be said of the natural and supernatural) are one in God, and the consciousness of them both is to be made one divine whole in man; to do this requires an heroic life-sanctity.

"All the sacraments of the church, her authority, prayer both mental and vocal, spiritual reading, exercises of mortification and of devotion, have for their end and purpose to lead the soul to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. St. Alphonsus says in his letters that the first director of the soul is the Holy Ghost himself.

"It is never to be forgotten that one man can never be a guide to another except as leading him to his only divine Guide.

"The guide of the soul is the Holy Spirit himself, and the criterion or test of possessing that guide is the divine authority of the church."

Therefore Catholics should be made aware that they have a witness of the truth of religion within them, and that it is a peculiarly Catholic virtue to be guided by the Holy Spirit. The whole church of God should concentrate every activity upon deepening the inner life. Never was the true faith in better condition to start upon this noblest of all her offices. Her external authority is secure, fully rounded into dogmatic completeness by the decrees of the Vatican Council. Her children are one not only by reason of hearty agreement of mind and unity of organism, but by an intercommunion among themselves wonderfully perfected by the appliances of modern commerce. Her academical equipment is approaching a completeness more ample than the most sanguine could have hoped for, and the masses of the Catholic people are being daily brought to the enjoyment of sound Christian education.

If the religious life of our people be brought more and more directly under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit, we shall be secure of a future more glorious than the past, and the external order of religion will gain proportionately in unity and universality.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MISS MARY AGNES TINCKER'S new novel, *Two Coronets* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is one of those issues of the Riverside Press which force the present critic to find the motto of the firm, *Tout bien ou rien*, just a trifle over-confident. There is at least one of the first series of Miss Tincker's novels, *The House of Yorke*, and one of the second, *Signor Monaldini's Niece*, which could hold their own when compared with the work of any of the women novelists, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps perhaps excepted, whose names appear on Houghton & Mifflin's list. The first of those tales seemed, as her early readers all remember, to give great promise. In reality, as the same readers would probably admit now with equal unanimity, Miss Tincker's talent, and her aspirations also, really touched their highest mark in it, and have since declined. True, *Signor Monaldini's Niece* was of less value than *The House of Yorke* from the spiritual side alone. Its literary quality did not suffer by comparison with her first effort. It was the author who suffered by the comparison the book forced between her then self and that ideal of her and her possible achievement which the earlier book had permitted one to entertain.

Her present story belongs to what might be called the composite order of architecture in novels. It has no central design. Between the two threads of her narrative, the American and the Italian, there is no connection not purely arbitrary and unessential. They make a twist of which each end is raw, and for either strand of which something else might be substituted with equal propriety and fully equivalent general effect. Even the bearing of the title upon the novel is so occult that to determine it is a labor we abandon in despair. Nor are we quite certain whether there is a moral to Miss Tincker's tale. Against a dark and even bloody background of Italian Catholic duplicity and crime, a sweetly pure American Protestant domesticity is thrown up with all the skill of which the author is capable. When Count Alinori, being at the time a widower of twice her age, inspires Atalanta Elizabeth Martin (a delicious combination that, by the way!) with a passion which would have been her death if her parents had really insisted on making her go back to America and wait a year before marrying him, she is rescued

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from an early grave by "a civil and Protestant and private" marriage in Venice. And when, later on, the count discovers that a near relative of his has committed both perjury and murder, his horror at those crimes is only exceeded by his dread lest Atalanta Elizabeth should ever discover them.

"'For God's sake, Beatrice,' he says to his cousin, 'don't let my wife know.'

"'Why do you not tell her all?' answers Beatrice. 'Why do you have any concealments from her?'

"'Tell her!' he cried. 'Impossible! In the name of God, Beatrice, how can you suggest such a thing?'

"'I think that you might trust to her generosity. All this is not your fault. She will pity you.'

"'It is impossible,' he repeated. 'It would be my ruin and hers. The question is not how she will feel toward me, but of the effect on herself. I know her. If she did not die of horror she would fly from us all as from a people accursed. . . . We are not like Atalanta, Bice. In the sight of God we may not be so bad as she would think us; but we have become accustomed to many things which to her are satanic.'

"'I suppose you know her best,' Beatrice answered with a sigh. 'I only believed that a woman who truly loves is generous.'"

Miss Tincker, we are sorry to see, has not yet cured herself of that peculiar way of looking at her own sex through distinctively male eyes which has done as much as anything toward alienating her early well-wishers. It would be easy enough to characterize it by a word, but some words are heavy. We prefer to let Miss Tincker herself afford our readers occasion to pronounce them. She is describing her American heroine as she appeared to the eyes and thoughts of her cousin, Francis Elder, when, himself unseen, he watched her in the act of shooting a bear:

"She did not float up softly, though her smooth motion made no sound nor jerk; he saw the light strain of the lifting shoulders which seemed to raise the body, and guessed at the lifted foot and fine, steely muscles of the leg."

And again, when Atalanta Elizabeth, descending from an Italian railway train, is seen for the first time by her future husband:

"A cloud of floating brown gauze was blown out the door, and a young lady stepped down with an astonishing ease and lightness, scarcely touching the hand raised to assist her, and not leaning at all. Then, at a word from her cousin, she turned toward his wife. The dress, a little lifted on the step behind her, allowed it to be seen that she turned on tiptoe, and was by no means squarely settled on her feet. A repressed excitement betrayed itself in the count's usually self-contained face."

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Such things as these recall Mr. Egan's way of quoting Louis Veuillot concerning "*ces femmes-auteurs.*" We take into consideration, in estimating this novel and certain others of its author's later productions, the seeming necessity under which a Catholic writer lies who desires to reap some more tangible reward than an approving word from his fellow-Christians. Yet, after all, there are ways of avoiding burning questions which touch belief, and so rouse animosity, without betraying at any point an apparent readiness to concede more than is demanded by the public to which a novelist by profession must needs cater. Suppose one were to suggest to Miss Tincker, that if she really finds it necessary to jump so high in order to clear the puddles in the road, it would be better to choose another path or stand stock still.

Lora: The Major's Daughter (New York: Worthington Co.), translated from the German of W. Heimburg by Mrs. J. W. Davis, is better than either of the tales by this author which the same publishing firm has issued within the year. It is a natural, unaffected, and purely domestic story of a sort on which our German kinsmen seem to have an almost exclusive patent. An unbroken thread of narrative conducts the reader from one incident to another by well-trodden, homely ways, and through an atmosphere suffused with sentiment, until it brings him contentedly to the most orthodox and prosperous of endings. The good are rewarded and the evil punished, deaths happen opportunely, and people inconvenient to the villain of the piece turn up at the most convenient moment for his trembling victims. Why is not that as good a way as any to construct a tale? Does it not sufficiently imitate, in that little world of which the novelist is creator, the system of rewards and punishments to which we who are Christians look as the final explication and rounding out of that which would otherwise be bafflingly incomplete, and too painfully mysterious for mere human nature to contemplate with patience?

Besides its other merits, *Lora* has that of suggesting—too indirectly, to be sure, yet still effectively—the wholesome lesson that there are bounds beyond which self-sacrifice ceases to be a virtue. Mr. Howells, in the face of a good deal of old-time morality which, by dint of repetition, has got itself generally recognized as infallible, has been insisting on that truth with more or less effect ever since he put it into definite form in *The Rise of Silas Lapham.* The issue made in that story, however, was a side one. The strait in which Lora is placed is quite different from that of Penelope Lapham; her difficulties are not sentimental

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ones but very real. Their counterparts occur in actual life with more frequency, one must suppose, than such as Mr. Howells has devised. The situation, at all events, is one which is as old as the hills in the fiction of all lands, from the story of Andromeda down to that of Miss Libbey's *Pretty Young Girl*, or the last "shilling shocker" issued from the London press. Here are the parents, penniless, old, and threatened with disgrace; here is the young, impenitent profligate whose selfishness has brought them to distress; here is the ravening monster with his jaws all wide, fuming with horrid fetor; here the fair virgin, loath, reluctant, trembling with personal disgust, torn between rival loves, her kindred appealing to her on one side, her plighted lover on the other. What shall be done with the virgin? What shall she do herself?

"Tie her fast to the rock!" her next of kin have cried with one voice in every age, in every song and story. "When once we are safe, let her take her chances that Perseus may happen along in the nick of time to set her free. If he never does, as is most likely, or if he comes just at that pinch when the only exit from the situation is through the divorce court, still, what sense is there in making such an outcry? Is not marriage marriage, when all is said and done? One would think we were murdering her instead of providing her with a most excellent husband and ourselves with a security against bankruptcy or the county jail. What is her religion for, if it has not taught her that, for women at least, the greatest of virtues is self-sacrifice?"

Had we the counselling of a girl in such a plight, we should seek to persuade her, not alone in the name of human nature but in that of Christianity itself, not to violate her instincts nor surrender her personal freedom for any threat, or any bribe, nor to avert any natural evil from herself or any other. We should point her to a line of virgins in whom the human ties were strong, but who won their martyr's palm by overcoming them in order to remain true to a more inward and constraining bond. We should remind her of that "Virgin of all virgins blest" whose *fiat* was not spoken to the visible messenger of God until he had shown her that in becoming the Mother of the God-Man she should not forfeit her allegiance to that secret instinct of the Holy Ghost which kept her integrity ever stainless. We should tell her that personality and love are sacred things, not to be outraged for any reason; that though there may be more than one sufficient cause which ought to keep apart a man and woman

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who sincerely love, yet that no call which urges to a loveless marriage ever is a true call of duty. Nine times in ten the sequel to such marriages proves the sacrifice to have been made utterly in vain, even from the point of view of those who furthered them. If they were in every case successful, merely from that stand-point, the case against them would not be altered. Self-sacrifice is, indeed, the essence of Christianity. Our Lord Jesus Christ has bidden us, if we would be like Him, to deny ourselves, take up our cross, and follow Him to the mount of immolation. But what was it He denied Himself? Nothing but ease, pleasure, riches, power, mortal life—the things to which the merely natural man gravitates by the very weight of his mere human nature. But faith, integrity, personal purity—did He ever show any sign of yielding these? Was He ever invited to do so but by the devil? For these are things which have the divine imprint on them; they are the only coin which can buy peace in this life and joy eternal in the next one. And every one of them is more or less defaced and battered, even when not wholly cast away and lost, by whoever ventures upon a marriage from which the heart recoils. Granted that natural love, even when mutual, is not the one all-sufficient requisite for marriage; yet no marriage is justifiable where in some one or other of its grades it does not exist. Why? Because marriage is a natural good, and the means to it cannot be disparate to the end and not defeat its purpose.

That is the sound lesson about love which the novelists, those preachers to the rank and file of every class, would do well to teach. So much sane doctrine any man or woman capable of looking at social questions with unbiased eyes, and gifted with a talent for story-telling, might well inculcate from the stand-point of the natural order. We who are Christians are bound to go further still. While we insist that the instincts of humanity are good in their own nature and never to be wholly disregarded, we must still more strongly insist that though love in its very essence is of God, the Unifier, yet it cannot exist in its ideal fulness apart from the true faith of Jesus Christ. Why? Because apart from Him there is no sure hope of that immortality which pure love demands and foreshadows. Hence the essential evil of mixed marriages, offensive to God and rued by men ever since the days when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and took them wives of all which they chose."

Max O'Rell's *Jacques Bonhomme* (New York: Cassell & Co.) has the merit of being a lively, readable, and faithful representation of a most interesting subject—the well-to-do peasants, shop-

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keepers, and artisans of France. It is the work of a man who knows what he is about, and who has acquired his knowledge less by study than by imbibing it insensibly through his pores. There is a tone about a book written out of the fulness of personal observation which commends it as truthful even to readers who cannot corroborate its statements of fact from studies of their own. One does not instinctively feel as if its generalizing were based on so narrow an induction that he shrinks from its conclusions even when they do not seem obtrusively top-heavy. To readers who have some first-hand French impressions of their own, this gossipy little volume will furnish as ready an answer as is needed to the following rather stupid remarks lately made by Mr. W. S. Lilly in *A Century of Revolution:*

"Can we predicate liberty of the peasant proprietors of France? Can we even predicate of them personality except in the most elementary sense? . . . The French peasant" (M. Zola being the witness against him whom Mr. Lilly summons) "will stand revealed in all the repulsiveness of actual life; consumed with 'the furious passion for possessing land'" (a passion, by the way, which he notoriously shares with certain English proprietors at the farthest remove from the peasant); "avaricious, penurious, dishonest, tyrannical, foul; sunken in a depravation one hardly likes to call bestial; it is unfair to the beasts."

So far Mr. Lilly. Now for Max O'Rell, to the truth of whose portraiture the present Talker can bear some personal testimony:

"To-day the French peasant lives in his own cottage, cultivates his own field, and demands nothing beyond peace and fine weather. No doubt this cottage would appear to an English tourist" (especially if he had forgotten that of the peasant in his own island and elsewhere throughout the blest domain ruled by Victoria the Good) "to be lacking of many comforts. It is carpetless, it is true, but it belongs to him, and that makes up for many drawbacks. He is contented and rich, like the rest of us, not in the things which he possesses, but in those which he knows how to do without. He is peaceful, simple, sober, and laborious. His ideal of life is the independence which is the fruit of labor and economy; he is satisfied with very little in the days of his strength, because the prospect of eating his own bread near the door of his own cottage when his strength is gone makes him happy. So he works steadily, unceasingly, with a wife who is a true helpmate. He is no fire-eater, no dreamer of new worlds to conquer. The surging passions of great towns, bred and fed by vice and improvidence, are horrible to him. He wants to be left alone, and cries for peace at the top of his voice. So eager is he after this blessing that in 1881 his representatives in Parliament upset the first Ferry ministry by a majority of 355 to 68 on account of the expedition to Tunis, although that expedition had been highly successful from a military point of view. In 1882 the Freycinet ministry was defeated on the vote of credit which they asked to enable France to join with England in an armed intervention in Egypt. In 1885 the second Ferry ministry was upset by a majority of 356 to 149 on account of the Tonquin expeditions. So much to show how

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aggressive the French nation is! The permanently aggressive nations are the nations where the people are oppressed and wretched. Militarism is not compatible with national prosperity and happiness. *The prosperity of the common people, and the use they are learning to make of liberty, are the great facts which will tend to make France a nation more and more peaceful.* The French peasant might well express a wish that the government should still improve his position; but he is quiet, and no government thinks of him particularly. If he were to make as much noise as the Paris workman, he might be listened to. . . . The present House of Deputies is all occupied with the question of employers and employed, granting one by one all the demands of the latter. Nobody seems concerned about the rural population, by far the most interesting of all. How is that? Simply because the peasants do not hold stormy meetings, do not speak of erecting barricades, and are quiet, peaceful, industrious, sober, and law-abiding people. The peasant has the sun, and if his harvest is destroyed by the frost, the hail, or the drought, it is for him to make the best of it; while the Paris workman goes to the music-halls, smokes cigars, and talks politics. Suppose the country engages in war, the Paris workman assumes a uniform and sings war-songs, but the peasant sees his land laid waste and his cottage burned down; and this is why you will understand that he feels it his duty to hate Germany in a theoretical way, but hopes and trusts that he may not live to see the day when he or his sons may be called upon to avenge the disasters of the terrible year 1870."

Nevertheless, with all his love for peace and his unwillingness to be used as a counter in games which concern him little, the French peasant does possess by eminence that personality and independence which Mr. Lilly so scornfully denies him. We recall one little hamlet, counting in all not more than thirteen voters, not one of whom was a shopkeeper, and not more than two or three artisans. The rest were peasants and fishermen. They managed to split up into three factions, representing the Legitimist, the Orleanist, and the Republican parties, in one of the elections to which Max O'Rell refers in the paragraph we have quoted, and the canvass was vigorously if quietly carried on to a presumably satisfactory conclusion. True, the French voter, accustomed to a tolerable sameness in the general condition of things despite the frequent treading on each other's heels of what seem opposing influences at the helm of state, probably confides undisturbed in the truth of the maxim quoted by Mr. Hamerton with regard to French changes of ministry: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* He has his own mind about it, though. He has his local papers which are read and discussed in every *café*. In his appearance he is neither brutalized nor bestial, neither servile nor ill-mannered. He looks after his own household, sends his children to school and to catechism, minds his own business and attends to that of his commune. He is a free man and he knows it, and he demands and receives from

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other men the consideration that he gives. Yet Mr. Lilly says of him:

"Doubtless, as a rule, the French peasant must be credited with the virtues of industry and frugality. Without them it would be impossible for him to live. But, on the other hand, he is given over to the spirit of utter selfishness, of complete indifference to all except the pettiest personal interests, of blind hatred and unreasoning fear of everything above his social and intellectual level, of abject meanness displayed by no other peasantry in Europe to the same degree. *And in politics he is the facile prey of the charlatan who can best prey upon these passions.* . . . In political emergencies they are absolutely helpless. They have no principle of cohesion. They are a mere rabble, incapable not only of meeting but even of understanding any great crisis in the affairs of their country. *Shall we account as free these human automata, these voting animals, driven to the ballot-box as sheep to the slaughter, at one time by the government official, at another by the professional demagogue?*"

Surely these would be unnecessarily hard words to apply to one's fellow-Christians for the sake of bolstering up the hopeless fabric of caste and prescription, and the subjection of the many to the few, even if they were as true to fact as they are actually untrue and misleading. But it is unfair to waste on Mr. Lilly's venom space which might be so much more veraciously and pleasantly filled by a less biased observer. Listen to Max O'Rell on that "time-honored Anglo-Saxon 'chestnut': the French language has no equivalent for the English word *home*":

"To feel the whole meaning of those sweet words *chez-soi*, *chez-nous*, one must know the language they form part of. How many English or American people have an inkling of their value? Do they care to know that, some hundred years back, the French used to say *en chez* (from the Latin *in casa*, at home), and that the word *chez* was a noun? That, later on, they took to adding a pronoun, saying, for example, *en chez-nous*; and that the people, mistaking the word *chez* for a preposition because it was always followed by a noun or pronoun, suppressed the *en*, so that now the French language has lost a noun for *home*, but has kept a word, *chez*, which has all its significance?"

We recommend this bright little book to any reader who cares to look at French men and women, French ways and manners through a pair of frankly French spectacles. There is neither moralizing nor philosophizing in it, but there is what is better, a kindly observation which any one devoid of British prejudices, who has lived long on French soil, will recognize as true to the facts and suffused with the spirit of the facts.

The Master of Ballantrae (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is a strong and admirably told story. We do not know why Mr. Stevenson has not as fairly earned the title of Enchanter as Sir Walter that of Wizard. His reader has no option

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about yielding to any illusion which he chooses to create. His magic is both pleasant and convincing. Somewhere, in one of the essays of the volume called *Memories and Portraits* if our memory serves us, Mr. Stevenson appears to confess that his style is a work of art, the result of long and painstaking effort with his first crude attempts to express himself. His labor, surely, was like that of diamond-cutting. There was no hacking into shape of refractory material in order to adapt it to some preconceived, wholly external form. There were doubtless excrescences to cut away, facets to polish, but there could have been nothing to add to a possession so purely personal and individual as Mr. Stevenson's native gift of speech. His style, independent almost of his matter, is a thing to take delight in. And as a teller of tales he has, to our mind, no living English-speaking rival; his work is so well modelled, with never a stroke too many and not one ineffective. He is clean-minded, moreover, and may be safely given to young people, whom he will be certain to entertain.

Jacob Valmont, Manager, by George A. Wall and George B. Heckel (Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.), is not bad for a first attempt. Now and then one comes across a sentence in it which suggests that one or other of its joint producers has, as Mr. Stevenson says he once had, a style in process of extrication. As a story it is rather ineffectual and pointless. Jacob Valmont is a Jew who poses as a Christian, that he may the more readily grasp at Gentile gold for purely Hebraic and quasi-religious purposes. He is a shrewd business man, scheming and unscrupulous, dishonest in large ways and for what he deems great ends, but punctilious enough in small ones. He is an enthusiast for Judaism. He belongs to a secret order whose aim it is to make Israel once more a nation, the Heaven-appointed rulers of the world. Secretly he aspires to seat himself upon the throne of David. Warned by his immediate superior in the "Holy Order," the "Patriarch of the West, Rabbi of the Holy Temple, Prince of the Palace of Jerusalem," that the aforesaid "Holy Order" disapproves of his backing a rascally candidate for office in Vermont, and forbids him to rob his Gentile stepdaughter even to advance the Jewish triumph, Jacob at first concludes to heed the warning, to go in for pure politics and to be strictly honest. But presently his dreams of Israel's future and his own prospective kingly grandeur determine him to disobey in secret, and trust to his assured success to win him pardon. Then one misfortune after another crowds upon

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him. His once-beloved Jewish wife, whom he had discarded in order to marry a rich Gentile, turns up again as an actress, insists on paying him a visit in the character of his sister, finds out all his underhand ways and brings him to very complete grief. He escapes the summons to commit suicide as a penalty for his disobedience to his Order only by the accident of being murdered through mistake by one of his discharged workmen. The reader sees the plot to be fantastic and uncompulsory on the imagination. There is some very fair side-play in the book, however, and it is clean both in conception and execution.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's *Six Portraits* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is made up of essays contributed by her within the last three or four years to various American magazines. They treat of Luca della Robbia; Antonio Allegri, commonly known as Correggio from the place of his birth; William Blake, Jean Baptiste Corot, George Fuller, and Winslow Homer. In associating these artists, so far apart in time and character, the aim of the writer has been first to show "the meaning of individuality in art," and secondly to illustrate the "general truth that it is the part of the student to put himself in perfect sympathy now with one artist and now with another." How far Mrs. Van Rensselaer would be held by experts in art and in art criticism to have succeeded in either of these special aims we cannot undertake to say. She has certainly made an interesting and well-written book, which has a literary value, and should entertain many people to whom the pictures she speaks of are unknown. Coming to those we personally know, we do not read her paper on George Fuller with less pleasure because her estimate of his paintings is higher than our own. With what she says of the masterly and wholly individual work of Winslow Homer we are altogether in accord.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

I DID not have the misfortune, as so many had who were born in New England more than a quarter of a century ago, to hear much of Calvinism with its pessimistic conclusions. My father belonged to none of the sects, though he attended the Congregational Church with my mother, who was a member of it, every Sunday.

He was, however, a religious man, reading his Bible through, "Apocrypha and all," as he used to say, once every year. He did this for over sixty years, and tried to live up to the teaching which it brought home to his heart.

The religious element in my beloved mother showed itself when she promised me to God as a minister of his word while I was of the most tender age.

Every Sunday so far back as I can remember we children used to meet in my mother's room on Sunday afternoon to read Scripture and sing hymns. It was here that I learned the doctrines of the Trinity, the redemption of mankind, the never-ending happiness in heaven for the just. Here I learned that God is a merciful God, good, kind, and compassionate to sinners, wishing that all should come to repentance.

It was towards the close of my thirteenth year, when I had completed the first year in the high-school, that a revival was started in the church where our family worshipped. My parents were away at the time, and I was allowed to attend the meetings every evening. I soon became "convinced of sin," but I could not "feel converted." I felt that I was a sinner, and I felt also that I wanted God's forgiveness for my sins. I remember to-day the keen anguish of mind and heart which pierced me to the centre of my being when I was told the awful, satanic lie, that the reason I did not feel as I wanted to was because in all probability I did "not belong to the number of the elect." Thanks be to God! I rejected this untruth, my own heart and my good angel telling me alike of the truth which I learned from my mother in the words of Holy Scripture: "For God sent not his Son into the world to *condemn* the world, but that the world by him might be *saved*."

The rejection of this falsehood of Calvin was my first positive step towards the Catholic Church.

The next great change in my life came during the same year. I was sent to that great and now famous school for boys in Concord, N. H. It was here that I came in contact with the Episcopal Church, in what is known as the "high-church school." Never can I forget the comfort which the first words of the catechism brought to me. They told me that I was by baptism "made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." Blessed Catholic truth! For six weeks the sting of that revival had rankled in my soul, and now I was at peace. I felt strong.

I asked how my sins were to be forgiven, and I was told that Christ had left power on earth to forgive sins to his ministers. And although at this time I did not confess my sins except to God alone, yet I felt that there was the means of forgiveness ready at any time, and when, Sunday after Sunday, I heard the words of the "General Absolution" read, I truly thought that by their virtue my sins were washed away.

The question now arises in my readers' minds as to my opinion of the Catho-

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lic Church at this point in my life. It may best be told by a little circumstance which happened while I was at this school. L—— C—— and I were one afternoon out together in a boat on the large mill-pond beside which the school stood. He asked me suddenly, without any previous conversation on the subject: "Do you believe in the Pope?" Surprised, I made a very indignant answer, and stated that I had been taught to believe and still did that he was Antichrist. C—— only laughed and assured me, when I asked him, that he believed in him. It is many years since this, and that boy is now a man and, like the writer, a Catholic in deed and in truth. If he chances to read this, I am sure he will pardon me for bringing him into my little story.

It was here that I learned many things—regeneration in Baptism, the Real Presence, the sacrifice of the Mass, prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints. I do not mean to say that these things were taught explicitly by the authorities of the school, but they were floating about among the boys and the masters, and I learned them and believed them as well.

I left this school at last when I was ready to enter college, and for four years I paid very little attention to religion other than attending church every Sunday. I was an Episcopalian, but I cared very little what church I went to at this time, and I was as likely to go to a Catholic church, if the fancy struck me, as to any other. In fact, I remember receiving a rather sharp reprimand from the president for attending St. Patrick's. He told me if I did it again I should be marked absent from church each time it happened until, being absent a certain number of times, I might suffer the penalty of suspension.

I remember calling on the Rev. Lawrence Walsh (on whose soul may God have mercy!) and being received with the utmost kindness. My motive, which must have been evident to him, was curiosity to speak to a Roman Catholic priest. Nevertheless, he received me with the greatest kindness and charity, which he knew so well how to dispense to those who needed it.

Thus by little and little were my prejudices wearing away and becoming less and less.

In the autumn of 187— a great thing happened which changed all my plans for the future. There had been with me in college for two years a young man, or rather a boy, of nineteen. Between us sprang up a deep friendship that has lasted until now. Leaving college in the spring of that same year, he went to his home in S——. It was after I had returned to college in the autumn that I received one day a package. I opened it. It was from his brother, stating that W—— had sent his love from his death-bed, and that shortly before he died he had been baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, to which his family properly belonged.

The lesson was a profound one. "Suppose I were to die to-morrow, where would my soul be?" The result was the resolution then made, and not for many years accomplished, to become a priest. It seemed as if a voice had spoken to me, saying, "Except you become a priest you cannot save your soul." No doubt my friend was praying for me. For nearly two years after this I was beset with difficulties which rendered it impossible to pursue my studies with the intention I had formed. But at last a way was opened and I began to prepare for a calling which I believed to be the greatest. I at once found the Catholic Church staring me in the face. One day one of the professors said in class: "You can find all the germs of Roman Catholicism in the prayer-book of the Episcopal Church." This sort of teaching had quite a different effect on me from what he had expected. It gave me a positive love for that church which I had once hated, and then the step from love to union was but short.

I had been an Episcopalian minister about a month and was connected with

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a ritualistic church where they had a fine choir of boys. I had been placed in charge of them, and one of my duties was to visit their homes and become acquainted with their parents. One evening a number of new boys made their appearance, and I took their names and addresses down in my note-book. There was one among them that evening who, on being asked his name, addressed me with the title of "Father." I asked him what church he went to, and he mentioned the name of a certain well-known Roman Catholic church in the city. The next day I wrote a note and delivered it myself to a gentleman of my acquaintance who was a member of that church, requesting him for the sake of the boy to inform his parents and his pastor that he was making arrangements to sing in our church.

The next day I was struck at the apparent absurdity of my action. If I belonged to the Catholic Church, if the Protestant Episcopal Church were a branch together with the Greek and the Roman, then why should I have done such a deed? I resolved then to begin at once the study of the primacy and the infallibility of the pope. For five long months I labored through huge folios, picking out with much difficulty the proofs of the fact that Rome is the centre of unity, and that in order to belong to the body of the church one must be in communion with the see of Peter.

Once I arrived at this conclusion, or, better, when the light of God's grace let me see this truth, then I joyfully made my abjuration and was received.

Since that day I have had, at last, the inestimable privilege of becoming a priest. In closing I beg a prayer from my readers for the grace of final perseverance.

SACERDOS.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

One of the largest Catholic circulating libraries in New York City has followed the plan of admitting no book of fiction unless approved by competent judges, a plan which should be universally adopted. In the catalogue of this library we find an entry printed in bold type, "All the stories of Christian Reid." This is a compliment given to but few authors in the department of fiction. Prompted by a desire to get information on this matter from another source, we examined the catalogue of the Boston Public Library, which is guided on liberal principles, and we find that it contains fourteen stories written by Christian Reid, whose real name is Frances C. Fisher. Among Catholics these praiseworthy stories are now becoming more generally known, though they have been well received by all classes of readers who can appreciate fiction of a high order of excellence.

We are pleased to know that Christian Reid is a constant reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. As a Catholic writer she approves, in the following letter, the work of our Reading Union:

"I have been very much interested in all that I have seen regarding the Columbian Reading Union. It appears to me admirably adapted to encourage among Catholics a knowledge and love of literature, and to train a discriminating faculty, which is much needed. For while intellectual culture is the 'note' of the present age, the means by which ideas are widely diffused and the ruin also of unnumbered souls effected, we cannot afford to ignore it, to neglect the use of so powerful a weapon, and provide no antidote for the subtle poison lurking in popu-

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lar novel, critical essay, and scientific manual alike. We need to encourage the growth of a Catholic reading public sufficiently cultured to appreciate the best books of the best authors, sufficiently critical to discriminate between good and bad literature, sufficiently learned to detect false history and perceive the shallowness of false philosophy. For these ends the first list of books prepared by the Cathedral Library Reading Circle of New York seems so well arranged that no suggestion could improve it. I hope most earnestly that the Union may succeed, and do a great work for Catholic literature, while doing a greater work yet for Catholic minds and souls. CHRISTIAN REID.

"*Salisbury, North Carolina.*"

We are waiting patiently to hear from other Catholic authors on this subject. Any one wishing to get the first list of historical novels, published by the Columbian Reading Union and so highly praised by Christian Reid, can do so by sending ten cents in postage.

From the letters received we quote some specimens to show the opinions already formed of the movement in favor of Catholic Reading Circles:

"We feel an active and very lively interest in the plan for Reading Circles, and earnestly hope it will prove a success. Anything that we can do to further its interests will be cheerfully done. In our opinion it is one of the most useful and praiseworthy conceptions of 1889.

"SR. M. STANISLAUS CAMPBELL, Directress.

"*Academy of the Visitation, Mobile, Ala.*"

"The prospectus of the Columbian Reading Union has been received, with the list of 'historical novels' prepared by the Cathedral Reading Circle of New York. This list, embracing as it does a most valuable and interesting collection of works of fiction, will, with the added books of reference, prove a safe guide to minds thirsting for the good things of Catholic literature and a knowledge of what the church has done and is still doing for the cause of Christian civilization.

"To the youth of both sexes ambitious of preserving and enlarging the education acquired at college or academy such a course of reading will prove of incalculable benefit, and many an hour which otherwise would pass without profit may be converted into a time of usefulness by bringing into the home circle the refining influence of pure Catholic literature. Parents and friends of maturer years will be glad to interest themselves in promoting the good work.

"In the far West it is impossible to obtain Catholic works from local dealers, and the generous offer of the Columbian Reading Union to purchase books for its members is indeed a boon to be appreciated.

"I know that many difficulties will beset the way of the Union. Habits of indifference must be overcome, an interest in Catholic literature awakened, encouraging words and substantial aid freely given, until success crowns its efforts, and daily increasing numbers prove that in union lies its strength.

"*Gilroy, California.* MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD."

"The world does not know enough of Catholic thought. People are enthusiastic over the theories of Theosophy and Buddha, and talk as though such beautiful thoughts could never possibly have been written elsewhere. Those outside the church read a great deal, and on just such subjects; they are always restless, while attributing our satisfaction to a certain contentment with ignorance. It is well to impress them with example, but if Catholics read more and could give better explanations of their different practices, would it not in a measure counteract some of the anti-Christian thoughts pervading our literature? J. E. P."

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"Everywhere I find interest and curiosity regarding the faith. I certainly do not invite controversy, but it seems to me I live in a state of amicable argument with every thinking man and woman I meet. I cannot think my experience is unique, and it is this that makes me feel so strongly the necessity of a broader and deeper religious education. Protestant clergymen, free-thinking lawyers, cultured agnostics, all open the subject of religion in conversation. They would not speak on the subject to a priest, perhaps would not read a Catholic book, and it is only through social contact they learn anything of Catholicism. It fairly appalls me to think how much I ought to learn in order to explain my position. Aided by my experience of many years' unbelief, and a knowledge of the weak points of my adversaries, I get along fairly well; that is to say, if I don't convince anybody I can at least make them thoroughly uncomfortable. But I know I ought to do more. It is difficult to know where to begin in the pursuit of proper intellectual training. I would be thankful if the Columbian Union would indicate a course of reading for those who feel this special want. I want to fight in others the indifference and agnosticism that blighted the best years of my own life. I so thoroughly understand the anatomy of doubt that, if I can ever gain a knowledge of the proper remedies, I will know perhaps rather better than those who have always had faith how to treat the disease. But, as I say, the task is appallingly difficult, and if it were not borne in upon me as a stern duty I would give it up. If you will help me with advice I will be truly thankful. Certainly the idea of the Columbian Union is Heaven-sent, and you have no more admiring and grateful member than myself."

We are indebted for letters and suggestions to:

J. A. H., Pittsfield, Mass.; E. L. T. L., St. Thomas, Tasco Co., Fla.; A. M. H., Cincinnati, O.; A. J. K., Philadelphia, Pa.; R. D., New York City; S. M. P., Portland, Ore.; J. J. M., Toledo, O.; K. M. J., New York City; D. J. S., Jefferson City, Mo.; J. A. McD., New York City; B. A., St. Louis, Mo.; P. F. C., Litchfield, Ills.; N. T. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; C. J., Liberty, Ills.; T. D., New York City; A. F. S., St. Louis, Mo.; J. P. R., Chicago, Ills.; S. M. G., Worcester, Mass.

We have received from Miss Mary M. Meline, of Cincinnati, an account of the plan adopted for a Reading Circle lately established at the residence of Mrs. Debar. The following is a copy of the circular sent to those who were requested to become members:

"CONCERNING A READING CIRCLE.

"Many complaints have been lately made as to the want of patronage of Catholic literature. In several cities Reading Circles have been formed, and in New York it is proposed, through THE CATHOLIC WORLD, to establish a general reading union. I have been encouraged to attempt the formation of a local circle in Cincinnati, which may be affiliated with the Columbian Reading Union.

"A subscription of ten cents a month is the amount decided upon by those circles in active operation. If those who are willing will pay in the year's subscription, $1.20, at once, a sum sufficient to purchase books will soon be accumulated.

"As soon as I have eleven names, I will ask those eleven to meet me and discuss the matter, determine how the circle shall be governed, whether a meeting of the members, for the purpose of talking over the books read and deciding upon the purchase of others, shall be called once or twice a month and decide (each one bringing his or her list) what books shall be obtained to form the nucleus of the circle.

"*Rules.*—Subscription to be paid on the first of every month. Those who

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neglect this for two months to be dropped from the roll. Books not to be loaned. Books to be transferred on the 1st and 15th of each month. Fine for defacing a book, 25 cents; for non-return or lending of book, 10 cents per week."

In explaining the mode of delivering books to members Miss Meline writes:

"I hire a boy twice a month at fifty cents *and car-fare* to carry the books around. He has a pass-book containing the names of subscribers. Each one is required to enter in it the name of the book, date of reception and return, besides the entry on the lists marked 'when received,' 'when returned,' in the front and back of the volumes. The rules are few and simple to insure the safety of the books.

"We have purchased books sufficient for the present membership.

"Among the books I ordered was Ozanam's Life, which is out of print. A great pity, for it should be in the hands of every Catholic. Also *Philosophy of History*, by Ozanam, not to be had. MARY M. MELINE.

"*Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.*"

The librarian of a Reading Circle writes as follows:

"In this city our list of Catholic women contains comparatively few names of literary culture or social experience. Some read standard works, not Catholic, and others read little else than newspapers. My plan interests all these by sending into their homes miscellaneous books by Catholic authors. The reading is, of course, desultory, but a branch for study will be formed later on.

"My experience shows that it is most difficult to unite people with varied tastes on any plan; hence I left nothing to the option of the members except the disposal of the books passed through the club, but presented the details of the plan in the form of a personal invitation. This may seem dogmatic, but has proved even more successful than expected. We had no organization, the members accepting the invitation to join elected a treasurer, consenting to leave all else to me after it had been explained that nothing would be required of them beside the fees, except to pass each book in turn promptly to the member whose name follows on the list and whose address would be sent with the book. * * *"

For the convenience of those about to organize a small Reading Circle we give a fac-simile of the list to be inserted in each book:

Catholic Reading Circle.

....Librarian. .....Treasurer.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION ——.

PLEASE PASS BOOKS PROMPTLY ON THE 1ST AND 15TH OF THE MONTH.

NAMES.	Rec'd.	Pass'd.

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This statement was prepared to go with the list of subscribers:

"Considering the individual tastes of the members, it is hardly expected that they will be interested in all the books passed, but as those selected include many subjects—history, biography, poetry, fiction, and a few religious works—it is thought each member will derive some pleasure therefrom, and have the satisfaction of encouraging the beginning of a work which is expected to result in an extensive intercourse with the best Catholic authors and the formation of many libraries and literary clubs in the future."

We are much encouraged by the letters received from E. F. B., Hartford, Conn.; S. M. C., Sinsinawa, Wis.; I. P. M., Narriston, Va.; J. A. K., Columbus, O.; A. F. S., St. Louis, Mo.; O. A. H., Sunnydale, W. T.; M. G. M., Portland, Ore.; D. J. S., Jefferson City, Mo.; A. J. McD., Marinette, Wis.; J. A. M., Sioux Falls, Dakota; G. H. W., St. Louis, Mo.; A. J. K., Philadelphia, Pa.; E. M. T., N. Y. City; E. A. McM., South Boston, Mass.; G. S. C., N. Y. City; E. McG., Columbus, O.; R. B. M., Portland, Ore.; A. G., St. Louis, Mo.; S. P., Madison, Wis.; M. E. M., Springfield, O.

Through one of our correspondents we have obtained information of a circle organized in Chicago which has proved very beneficial to its members. Our informant thus writes:

"We meet weekly, under the guidance of a zealous priest, to consider the teachings of the church on matters of religion, history, science, and philosophy. We were advised to follow a consecutive course of reading, consulting standard works, and were asked to submit in writing, for explanation and discussion, any individual objections or troublesome questions. These conferences led to a close study of infallibility, the Inquisition, Genesis as related to science, Darwinism, Buddhism, etc., and resulted in unbounded admiration for the liberality of the church and increased confidence in her doctrines. Our circle numbered several Protestant ladies, who were greatly edified and interested. I wish all Catholics had such an opportunity for serious intellectual and spiritual development. A. M."

The information which we give in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will enable the writer of the following letter to answer his own questions:

"I do not think that THE CATHOLIC WORLD has done a better service to Catholics than it is now doing in calling attention to Reading Circles. The methods proposed by the Columbian Reading Union are practical and will suit our people, who for the most part are great readers; the plan will gratify the taste for reading that which is useful as well as interesting.

"When I was sixteen years of age I followed a course of reading planned by a high-school professor, who, I believe, meant well, but I realize now was very injudicious; his plan included such authors as Gibbon, Hallam, Buckle, and Lecky, with the result that it nearly destroyed my faith, and in reality did so for a companion who pursued the same course. It need not be said that there were no Catholic works on the list. I have since been interested in the methods of the Chautauqua Reading Circles. I was about to adopt these methods for our boys and young men when THE CATHOLIC WORLD began to discuss the subject.

"Last week, having occasion to address a society of young men, I called their attention to the Columbian Reading Union as a practical method of literary work, and was agreeably surprised at the enthusiasm at once aroused; they resolved upon immediate action, and it is at their request that I write these lines. We know not how to begin.

"I believe that a circular or pamphlet giving information about the organi-

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zation of circles, embracing the points given below, would hasten the adoption of the reading course very generally:

"1st. How to get up a Circle; what officers required; what fees for membership.

"2d. Should all the members of a Reading Club read the same book, or should the members be divided into circles of 5, 10, or 15, each circle to read one or other of the books suggested in the same group?

"3d. How much ought to be read every fortnight, supposing the society meets fortnightly, as ours does?

"4th. Should the reading be done privately by each member and discussed in public meeting, or should one of the members read aloud to the Club from the book selected to be studied? F. H. G."

From many sources we have been favored with information asked for by one of our correspondents on the subject of Hypnotism:

"In *Brownson's Quarterly Review* for July, 1875, will be found an article on 'Our Lady of Lourdes,' in which the writer sets forth that 'Satan, though a creature, has a superhuman power, and is able to work, not miracles, but prodigies which imitate miracles, and which the unwary may mistake for them. But Satan, being a creature, has no creative, and, therefore, no supernatural power.' This article may also be found in Brownson's Works, vol. viii. p. 104.

"See also Brownson's *Spirit-rapper*, published in 1854, and republished in Brownson's Works, vol. ix. pp. 1–234.

"Father Hecker delivered in 1871, or thereabouts, a very able and satisfactory lecture on spiritism. That ought to be published if it can be found in print or manuscript. * * *"

"Inquiry was made in THE CATHOLIC WORLD whether any reader knew of a Catholic work on Hypnotism. There is a book published by Letouzey et Ané, Paris, called *Le Merveilleux et la Science, étude sur l'hypnotisme, par Elie Méric, docteur en théologie, professeur à la Sorbonne.* The author's name is sufficient guarantee for the scientific treatment of the subject. To me the work seems to have the additional merit of showing the wisdom of the Holy See's decisions on Hypnotism and kindred systems, which is seen by the care shown in distinguishing what is clearly false in these systems from what may be true, and in the refusal, even before scientific proof of what is true in them had been made, to condemn absolutely these systems, although repeatedly urged to do so.

"*Boston, Mass.* T. J. WHELAN."

"The subject of Hypnotism is treated in the *Lyceum*, a Catholic periodical published monthly in Dublin. In February, 1889, the first article appeared and was followed by others during three successive months. What I have read in the numbers of the *Lyceum* indicates that every subject is seriously considered and treated with ability, though, as in the case of Mr. Mivart's stand-point, with an ultra-critical acerbity. * * *"

Through the kindness of the business manager of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we have obtained copies of the *Lyceum*, with the articles on Hypnotism. It is considered in its relations to psychology. By processes purely artificial it has been found that persons may be subjected to an influence by which consciousness becomes disordered or suspended, and strange phenomena are manifested as well of the organic as of the mental order. For different reasons Hypnotism has been examined by students of medicine, by lawyers and theologians. In some respects it is very much like Mesmerism.

The Messrs. Benziger Brothers are agents for the *Lyceum*, to whom Ameri-

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can and Canadian subscribers are requested to send their orders. The articles on Hypnotism are from the pen of the Rev. Father Finlay, S.J., editor of the *Lyceum*.

We publish this month only two of the many letters received from priests, whose words of commendation we esteem very highly. Their active co-operation will give valuable assistance to the Reading Circles in their parishes:

"Please enter my name on the list of membership as the representative of the Young Ladies' Sodality and find enclosed $1 yearly dues.

"I have been watching the development of the Union with great interest and doubt not that it will accomplish much good among Catholics. It is certainly deplorable to see the Catholic youth of our land forced, as it were, to derive their intellectual life from the dangerous books of the public library. I wish all success to this praiseworthy undertaking. * * *"

"I am in charge of a large parish in the country, and I know there exists actual spiritual thirst for Catholic reading. I hope the Union can slake this thirst, and I will use every effort necessary to establish a flourishing branch in my parish. * * *"

In answer to the numerous inquiries made by correspondents we are glad to state that Brother Azarias' essay on "Books and Reading" has been published in pamphlet form and is sold for the benefit of the Cathedral Library. Copies may be had by addressing the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Librarian, 460 Madison Avenue, New York City. The price per copy is twenty-five cents, payable in postage-stamps. M. C. M.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A very interesting lecture, delivered by M. Jules Simon, on the 10th of February last, before a numerous and distinguished audience, in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne in Paris, has been fully reported in the *Bulletin de la Société Antiesclavagiste*, an anti-slavery paper published monthly in that city. The lecturer describes with careful accuracy and from reliable sources the horrors and abominable cruelties of slavery and the Arab slave-trade as at present carried on in Africa. He has derived his facts from Elisée Reclus' work on that continent, from reported interviews with British and French officials there, and lastly from statements of French missionaries, narrators of what they have themselves either seen or been told by credible native witnesses.

Slavery has existed from time immemorial in Africa, and it is estimated that practically at least one-half of its population hews wood and draws water for the other half in a state of slavery. Hereditary slaves are usually treated by their owners "as well as one barbarian knows how to treat another." The great generators of servitude there are famine and war. In a part of the country suffering from a dearth of food a family can get it from more fortunate neighbors only in exchange for their own freedom or that of some of their members. Captives made by war often meet with a much worse fate, being reserved either for cannibal feasts or for human sacrifices to royal majesty. The purposes for which slaves are wanted in Africa are mainly three: If men, to cultivate the soil or carry burdens; if women, to supply harems. For instance, Zanzibar is one of the spots where field-hands find their best use. The clove-plant grows well there, and is successfully cultivated throughout the island. Its culture at first does not require much labor, but when the season for gathering the crop comes one man has as much as he can do in attending to twenty plants. Consequently on some clove plantations there are as many as five hundred slaves.

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The entire transportation of ivory from the interior—one of Africa's most valuable products—and of goods in return, is done on the backs of slaves, who are often overloaded, and then urged along cruelly by the lash. The creed of Islam, with its accompaniments, polygamy and harems, has greatly increased in Africa the demand for female slaves, and it may be fairly assumed that a yet further increase of slavery will follow, as a consequence, on the growth and spread there, already very large, of that belief.

Traffic in African slaves is carried on either openly, or surreptitiously if forbidden by treaties made with European powers. In the former case it has the sanction of the authority and supervision of the king of the locality, who derives a large part, if not all, of his revenues from it, and even pays his officials their annual salaries with slaves. In the latter case, the Mussulman princes, who have bound themselves unwillingly by treaty to prevent a trade which, sad to say, their consciences seem not to tell them is iniquitous, and who conceive themselves to be the great losers by deprivation of it, have to manage things underhand. Parties pay the prince one or two piastres for every slave introduced, and he wilfully closes his eyes to violations of the law. Officials have to be bribed in like manner, and, in the instances of Tripoli and Morocco, it is the only pay governors of provinces get. It was reliably ascertained some years ago that the income from this source of several of these dignitaries amounted to forty or fifty thousand francs yearly. A piastre is the equivalent of four francs, say eighty cents. According to a letter received by the learned lecturer only two months previous, from Father Jamet, of the society of *Les Missionaires d'Alger*, and dated from Zanzibar, quotations for slaves were as follows: In places where there was not an active demand, fifteen *kilogrammes* (thirty-three pounds) of salt would easily buy two slaves. In cities, where usually the market is better, a negro lad eight to fourteen years old would bring twenty piastres, an adult of between twenty and thirty years, forty piastres, and a girl a higher price, according to her attractions. Eunuchs always fetch fancy prices. The learned lecturer then quoted from a bulletin of the *Société Esclavagiste de France* the personal testimony of a British consul at Messfoua. He had noticed that a large number of negro children whom he happened to meet appeared very ill and suffering. He inquired in vain of the Moors who came to visit him in his tent whether the cause of their ailment lay with the drinking water or the climate. Later on he was confidentially informed that these poor boys belonged to a vast establishment for the supply of eunuchs for the harem of his sheriffian majesty, and that out of thirty children operated on at least twenty-eight were sure to die in a slow agony from the effects. The consul's informant added that it would cost him his life if the *caïd* should happen to find out that he had revealed this horrid fact.

Slave dealers get their prohibited commodity, some by regular purchase from owners who have it to sell; others, and these are the more numerous, by organizing bands of two or three hundred men, well armed and mounted on selected camels, who either stir up wars between tribes, and come in afterwards to purchase the captives, or by making during the night raids on villages around which they have lain in ambuscade during the day, and setting them on fire. The result is generally that from 1,000 to 1,500 of the villagers are massacred, and the small remnant of survivors are made slaves and prepared for a long tramp of from 1,200 to 1,500 miles. Each male captive has a sort of bridle and bit put in his mouth; an iron fork, the handle of which rests on the shoulder of the man behind him, is made fast around his neck; his hands are bound behind his back, his feet are bare, and not infrequently his legs are hobbled in order to render flight impossible. The women are fettered and laden with heavy burdens, and their children, if they have any, trot along crying by their side, and when

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they get tired must be carried by their mothers. It is a not unfrequent occurrence for a suffering, overladen woman to be unequal to the task of carrying both burdens, whereupon one of the conductors of the caravan descends from his camel, draws a pistol from his girdle, and settles the matter by blowing the child's brains out while in its mother's arms. The only food the captives get is sorgo and corn. At night they are carefully inspected, and such as are plainly too sick and weak to get to their journey's end are knocked on the head and left, as are those who may have died on the march, to become food for the hyenas and jackals, which always follow looking for this prey, as also do the marabouts and vultures, soaring overhead, intent on getting their share.

The march of these caravans can easily be traced by the skeletons of slaves who have perished on the way, and who almost always have around their necks the iron fastening by which they were secured. It is also an ascertained fact that these overfeasted beasts of prey have more food of this kind than they care or are able to devour.

The waste of life is therefore frightfully great. Reliable calculations show that on an average out of four captives setting out on the journey *one only* reaches its end. One instance is cited in which 1,500 men were massacred to secure fifty-two women; of these hardly fifteen reached their place of destination. In another case five caravans, organized to raid in succession in the same extent of country, accomplished the following ruin to secure an aggregate booty of 2,500 slaves. A land twice as large as Belgium, containing *one million inhabitants and one hundred and eighteen towns*, was so thoroughly ravaged and made desolate that neither inhabitants nor habitations remain. A British consul-general once expressed to a Mussulman sovereign his indignation that such atrocities were permitted. The potentate admitted that the poor sufferers had a hard road to travel before finding masters, but that afterwards their life was not hard, and "they were," he said, "as well treated as European servants."

After the captives have reached their destined market, if it be in a country not bound by treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade, their sale takes place at a fair, just as if they were cattle, along with other goods, and becomes the occasion of great rejoicing. If the market lies in a country whose government is bound by treaty, then the sale has to be managed on the sly. Some slaves are sold for transportation either to Zanzibar or to Turkey in Europe; in the former event they are crowded into large sail-boats; in the latter they are shipped by the fine steamers of the Mahsoussé line, and they pass the supervision of the Ottoman authorities by the payment of a few piastres, and by the owners exhibiting documents which attest that the negroes he has put on board are freed slaves, which of course the poor fellows, who cannot read what is shown them, cannot contradict. Slaves shipped to Zanzibar or the Island of Pemba, where there is also a great demand for them, have to endure on the passage fresh sufferings very different from those undergone before on land. They are stowed away, chained, in *boutres*, large boats carrying one hundred or less, and are so crowded that they have to squat with their heads resting on their knees, and can neither move nor rise. On a platform aft the skipper and sailors sail the craft, and throw, when feeding-time comes, balls of sorgo and maize and beans mixed among the human cargo, each individual of which must get his share if he can. Some are so sea-sick that they cannot eat. Sometimes a destructive epidemic breaks out among them and carries many off. If the *boutre* is chased by a cruiser, the *corpus delicti* with fetters on is thrown overboard, to be devoured by watchful sharks always following in the wake of the vessel. As under the most favorable circumstances some slaves are sure to die at sea, and the dying are to be got rid of as well as the dead, the work of heaving overboard has to be done almost

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daily. Survivors have told a missionary that they have ever ringing in their ears the two-fold noise of a corpse falling into the sea and that of the sharks rushing to devour it.

The peroration of the discourse consists of eloquent and timely expressions of Christian charity and duty, and of grounds for hope; of a tribute of praise to the missionaries who leave all to go to those suffering lands, and of complimentary mention of the initiative and impulse given to the anti-slavery movement by Cardinal Lavigerie. B.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN DUBLIN.

During last August, after celebrating Mass one Sunday morning in the Jesuit church in Dublin, I asked the sacristan at what hour Vespers would be sung. "We have no Vespers," he replied, "but we have a devotional service with a sermon in the evening at 8 o'clock." I confess that I was greatly surprised to hear this, as I had been informed by a Jesuit father with whom I had been travelling that St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, was one of the best working parishes of the society.

But in the evening, when I attended this service, I found it to be of a most interesting and practical character. About one-third of the best seats in the church were occupied exclusively by men who were members of some confraternity. All of the remaining seats were filled promiscuously with men, women, and children. First the Rosary was recited with great devotion, all of the congregation responding to the prayers in loud, clear tones. Then a regular sermon of half or three-quarters of an hour was preached, plain, practical, and to the point. As the preacher descended from the pulpit that vast congregation united in singing a hymn which impressed me more than any singing which I had ever heard in church, except that of the congregation of the Cologne Cathedral and that at the Holy House of Loreto. After the hymn the *Tantum Ergo* was sung with even greater effect, the preponderance of the men's voices being particularly noticeable; and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed.

It seems to me that a better service than this for afternoon or evening could not be found. H. H. WYMAN.

BLESSED IS THE PEACEMAKER.

The city of London claims to be Christian, but the religion of Christ exerts, unhappily, only a feeble influence on the city's social life. A state church, half jealous and half friendly towards its numerous rival sects, speaks, if it has a public voice apart from the state at all, in tones so varying and hesitating that it gives forth an uncertain sound; and it is so identified with the rich and the noble that to the common people it is an intruder; and the smaller sects are weaker still. When, therefore, this vast metropolis was disturbed and its prosperity endangered by the strike of the dock laborers, the official church and the wrangling and petty sects of Protestantism were almost powerless to intervene, although five-sixths of the strikers were born of Protestant parents. At any moment the conflict between labor and capital might have become a bloody social war. Justice and charity had been both violated, or such a crisis could not have arisen.

Now, on such occasions the public looks for some man with a great moral power back of him to intervene. The Protestant clergy could not produce such a man, for he must represent a positive moral force, kindred at once to the rich and to the poor, and the Protestant ministry is too much divided or too much in subjection to the capitalist class to answer the requirements of the situation; even

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upon questions of plain, every-day morality they find it difficult to disencumber their attitude of the vagueness of a religion which is essentially negative. The labor unions and the dock companies looked for something more than a state bishop or a dissenting minister to stand between them. These, moreover, too often feel as little interest in such matters as they are conscious of lack of power, of that which shall enable them to speak as men having power. Who, then, shall represent the higher law?

Cardinal Manning. He is a man full of courage. He is an Englishman, and a thoroughgoing one, full of love of country. He is a dignitary of an institution supremely independent of all classes, and yet identified essentially with the well-being of all. He is a judge in the highest human tribunal. His credentials as a moral teacher are not doubtful. His life is an argument for his faith, which works by charity. His endeavors to make the peace are successful because adequate causes skilfully applied produce commensurate results. The manliness of his character, his sympathy with the poor, his participation in all the great movements of his time and country for the relief of distress, his eminently spiritual life, the unworldliness of his motives, his great age—all this and more of the like characteristics made him welcome to the toilers of the docks, even to the socialists, who have obtained leadership among them. On the other hand, his standing in the intellectual world, his princely office in the great church of mankind, above all, the absolute certainty that the power behind him was the solid foundation of stability in the social order, made it impossible for the reluctant owners of the docks to deny him.

His words touched the dead sympathies of the capitalist and awaked a sign of life. To the workingmen his words sounded with the tones of unfeigned brotherly love. The insignia of his splendid office was no hindrance to his access to the poor man's heart and aroused not their suspicions; and yet that office was a most valuable auxiliary in his gaining the confidence of the rich.

The reason of Cardinal Manning's success is plain. He preaches and exemplifies the living Gospel of Jesus Christ. He has a real office in that dispensation, and he is worthy of it. That gives him a power more than human; he lifts up the poor man, he makes the rich man charitable, and his word is like His who brings peace on earth to men of good will.

All human organizations are at best weak instruments; they cannot rise above their origin. Who can move the rich to pity? Not those who depend upon their favor for very existence. Who can sincerely plead the cause of the needy toilers? Not those who do not know them. Philanthropy needs to be baptized by the charity of Christ and to receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost before it can do its work. Then the evangelical virtue of poverty makes common cause with the poverty of necessity, the divine gift of chastity rebukes and destroys impurity wherever its influence is felt, and the divine counsel of obedience becomes a powerful promoter of law and order, and a lovely ornament of rational liberty.

Cardinal Manning's philanthropy is Christian and Catholic. He labors for men's welfare both here and hereafter. He walks in the pathway, and directs others to walk in the pathway, which Jesus Christ has marked out. He is a well-chosen leader among men, because he seeks not his own glory, but the glory of God. He is one whom none but the malignant fear, and whom all guileless men love. The lord-mayor, the directors of the dock companies, and John Burns, representing British law, British capital, and British labor, all recognize in him a true friend and wise counsellor. "Blessed," says our Lord, "are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN RELIGIOUS LEADERS. Jonathan Edwards. By Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D., Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the *Riverside Press*, Cambridge. 1889.

The series of biographies of "American Religious Leaders" is one of several series, "American Commonwealths," "American Men of Letters," and "American Statesmen," which are in the course of publication by the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The lives of "Religious Leaders" announced, besides the one under present notice, are those of Dr. Wayland, Dr. Hodge, Dr Wilbur Fisk, Archbishop Hughes, Theodore Parker, and Dr. Muhlenberg, to be followed by others.

So far as the style of publication is concerned, the present volume, like all the others of the various series which have appeared, is worthy of the publishers and printers, which is the highest praise, for this sort of excellence, we can give it. The editing, in respect to the index and other appendices of the biography, is in the accurate, scholarly manner of Cambridge.

Dr. Allen writes in a pleasing style, with an evident effort at an impartial critical estimate of the character and work of the great man who is the subject of his memoir. It is very noteworthy that the biographer of Edwards should be sought for in Cambridge, and in an Episcopalian seminary. The other biographers have a close affinity with their subjects. It would appear that in the circle of eminent authors who might be supposed competent to write a biography of Edwards, and who are in the same ecclesiastical connection, no one could be found who would be willing to place himself in the attitude of an advocate of his theology, or in open opposition to the same. Dr. Allen, as an outsider, compromises no one by his criticism. He is in sufficient sympathy with his hero as a religious leader whose character and career are interesting to appreciate his great mental and moral qualities, and his marked influence in and beyond New England in his own and succeeding generations. He is in decided opposition, however, to his specific theological opinions, and therefore a critic, not an advocate or apologist, though free from the *odium theologicum* which would interfere with an impartial judgment of the personal worth of the subject whose opinions are the object of criticism.

Jonathan Edwards was a man of superior intellectual gifts, of pure and severe morals, with a considerable tincture of imagination and amiable dispositions. He had the native capacities of a great philosopher and theologian, and it was not his fault, but his misfortune, that he failed to become either the one or the other His mind and conscience were held in bondage by the tradition of his sect, and although he labored hard to find a harmony between its gloomy tenets and the dictates of reason, his efforts only proved the impossibility of the task. He was earnest, and strove to be consistent in acting up to his religious convictions.

"John Ward, Preacher," is a well-drawn picture of a man of like character, a good and loving man, in whom there is a struggle to reconcile opposing elements. The struggle killed John Ward, and the heroic effort of Jonathan Edwards to make his religious ideas dominant in New England ended in a collapse which finished his career as a preacher and pastor, and gave a blow to his peculiar theology from which it has never recovered. It is now, to a great extent, obsolete. Probably the majority of those who belong to the ecclesiastical connection

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of Edwards, and who read Dr. Allen's biography, will agree substantially with him in his estimate of the character and work of Jonathan Edwards as a religious leader.

THE PARNELL MOVEMENT, WITH A SKETCH OF IRISH PARTIES FROM 1843. With an addition containing an account of the great Trial instituted by the London *Times*, and giving a complete history of the Home Rule struggle from its inception to the suicide of Piggott. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Authorized version. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The writer of this book is a prominent member of that most energetic of all contemporary political parties, the Irish Nationalists. He was born about the date at which his retrospect begins, the "Fall of O'Connell," and his youth and early manhood were passed amid the sadness of the ever-decaying fortunes of his country. He saw his countrymen and countrywomen dying by the roadside in the famine while the shipping bore away the abundant surplus grain of their farms. He saw the great processions of emigrants whose tearful eyes and pallid cheeks and drooping hearts told that they were exiles as well. He has felt all his life the dire oppression of tyranny, alien and bigoted and greedy, brutal and relentless. But his book is defiant in tone, and even jubilant with the joy of approaching victory.

Something like two-thirds of the volume give the story of the inception, development, and present condition of the Irish political movement named after its chief promoter. The other third, which is the first part, is devoted to that miserable era of starvation, flight, spasmodic politics, and rebellion between the break-down of O'Connell and the collapse of Fenianism. We have seldom read a better summary of events and estimate of results than Mr. O'Connor gives us in these first chapters. His thesis is always for Home Rule, understood in both the principles and methods of the present Irish Parliamentary party; and certainly all that happened between 1846 and 1870 seems to furnish arguments enough for the boldness of purpose and the thoroughness of performance of the present leaders. One might say that the first third of the book is a diagnosis of the Irish nation's disease and the rest of it the minute description of the remedies applied by the National party, their application, and the results achieved.

The success of the present movement is twofold, an Irish success and an English one; at any rate, it is so in its general features. The latter is the winning of the Liberal party to the Irish cause. There were promises from both parties before, but there was little else but disappointment and chagrin to show for them, unless we add the periodical absorption and dissipation of the Irish parliamentary representation in the two hostile English parties. At the present time there is the stated adhesion, explicit and effectual—no doubt final—of the entire machinery of the English Liberal party, and its electorate almost wholly gained, the liberal dissidents being toryized to an extent that is likely to sever them for ever from their former party affiliation; and all this without interfering with the autonomy of the Irish party in Parliament. Along with this has come about a general enlightenment of the English people upon the Irish question. It is easy enough for that people to tell what is right and wrong in politics whose lines do not interlace with their own. But when in following the threads of investigation they find them crossing the lines of their own imperial destiny, there are none so blind as the enlightened English, none so mean as the famous lovers of fair play. It is a little strange that the Irishmen who have softened the British heart and anointed British eyes with the oil of righteousness in reference to Irish questions are the most independent and defiant Irish politicians who have ever stopped short of violence—a great fact, assuring an early and fair settlement, and due to nothing so much as the movement so well described by the author of this

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book. Accompanying this result, and in a great degree its cause, is the organization of the Irish voters in Great Britain. It is commonly enough said that Mr. O'Connor himself has had much, perhaps most, to do with this feature of the Irish agitation.

The author's description of the results achieved in Ireland is graphic, sympathetic, and much in detail. He shows how the civil and religious elements have become one, thus stamping the patriotic demands with the broad seal of religious approval in the almost unanimous, not simply adhesion, but hearty participation of the Catholic clergy; and on the other hand adorning the altar with the trophies of Catholic patriotism. How deep a satisfaction fills the American priest's heart to know that the priesthood of Ireland, now leading, now following, have been almost unbroken in their hearty, active, public, private co-operation in the present agitation for the civil liberty of their race!

The unity of the race is another glorious victory of the Parnell movement, in itself enough to secure the final triumph of the cause. The curse of that people has been the clan with its narrowness and its brutish tyranny. Now the clanship is transferred to the whole race, rendering unity of purpose and effort only the more passionate as it unites the ardor of blood kinship to the intelligent and appreciative love of a good cause. It was Irish unity which broke down the last barrier in Gladstone's mind; that the whole of Celtic Ireland, and even part of Scotch Ireland, sent a delegation to Westminster in which there was not a single friend of the present parliamentary union.

This unification of the Irish race embraces the members of the race in every part of the world. The Irishman in the United States or Canada or Australia who is not a Parnellite is considered to have broken the Celtic bond, and he is hard to discover, anyway. Yet more: the British dependencies which enjoy political autonomy, without, we believe, a single exception, have officially expressed their approval of the Irish demand for Home Rule. This is of far greater weight to the English electorate than the almost unanimous adhesion of the people of the United States, in all that the term means, private views, the press, the pulpit, the legislatures, and the executives of the States and of the national government.

The interest one finds in this book, if extremely engrossing, is not altogether pleasant. There are too many sad scenes to make the drama less than tragical. The spectacle of a small, poor, unarmed nation ridden down by the richest and most powerful state in Christendom, brutally, continuously, without even the hypocritical pretence of granting civil rights, is hard to look upon. Later events have deepened the black darkness going before the dawn. It has remained for Mr. Balfour to exhibit a new sort of British tyranny. The English race is stalwart, and heretofore it has been represented in the dragonnades and priest-huntings and peasant-starvings by the genuine English brute. But "the most dangerous and the most cruel of men," says Mr. O'Connor, speaking of Balfour, "are not the robust and the bold and the brutal tyrants. It is the men of effeminate minds and temper. Their vanity leads them to do things that look strong, and their effeminacy induces a certain tendency to political hysteria that has very cruel and very callous elements. . . . Mr. Balfour's acts fully justify this conception of his character."

The author's account of the coercion policy as at present enforced in Ireland, and which the Tory government declares to be its policy for the next twenty years, is very circumstantial. His main line of criticism, based on notorious fact, is that taken by Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberals. If there be any fraction of truth in it, there is no such happy lot as mere obscurity or political ostracism in wait for Balfour, as was the case with Forster. Balfour's name will

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be held in execration and his memory be an heir-loom of horror and loathing to all future generations of the Celtic race, and of all other races among whom love of freedom and hatred of cynical and smiling cruelty shall be cherished.

PRINCIPLES OF THE ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY, GOVERNMENT, AND INDUSTRY. By Van Buren Denslow, LL.D. New York: Cassell & Co.

The domain of political economy is too wide, and its regions yet unmapped too extensive, to permit one yet to say that he can follow obediently any particular guide, even the most distinguished; and we presume that the author of this book would hardly claim such allegiance for his views. It must be owned that he brings to his work very wide and, we doubt not, very mature studies, and he has treated his dry topics with a certain rhetorical elegance which makes his work pleasant reading to any person of intelligence. The volume is readable, some parts of it really of much interest to even the average observer of the social and industrial problems involved in the science—if such it really be—of political economy. We venture to say that Mr. Denslow's work would serve for an excellent book of reference. The arrangement of chapters is wisely made, each of them being fully summarized in the table of contents, and a notably large index of seventy-six double-column pages facilitating its use. In addition to this the paragraphs are numbered throughout, affording greater convenience for reference in case of the revision of future editions changing the present paging.

One pleasant feature is the frequent occurrence of historical excursions with the object of more fully illustrating the author's arguments. These are particularly well written and in a style of condensed English leading us to infer journalistic antecedents in the author. This book differs in many other ways from an ordinary work on political economy, being an honest and fairly successful attempt to philosophize on the secular relations of men to each other and to the temporal gifts of God. We do not, as we began by intimating, quite agree with the author in some of his conclusions, especially those referring to legal corporations, their uses and abuses. He is frankly opposed to the government absorption of railroads, whereas we think the question is, to say the truest word about it, in a state far from settlement one way or the other, the experience of Europe teaching the economy of the governmental system, yet not conclusively settling the question for our peculiar commercial and political environments. The author's theory of the division of profits between labor and capital is not original, nor does he claim it to be so. It is, however, far in advance of the thoroughly immoral principle that labor is a commodity with no more rights against low wages than the soil or the metal has rights against the men who work them. But Mr. Denslow's figures tending to show that as a matter of fact labor and capital actually *do* divide the profits of their joint production are suspicious and, we fear, illusory.

What the author has to say on these subjects and the other equally interesting ones embraced in his wide scheme of economic and social philosophy is extremely valuable, not simply from the weight of his own conclusions, but because he groups together and compares statistics and authorities so numerous and well chosen as to give him the undeniable merit of patient, intelligent, and extensive research. With reference to the tariff controversy, he is a moderate protectionist as to policy, and a thoroughgoing one as to theory. He is also a moderate advocate of the uses of paper money. Taken altogether, the book is one which may serve for a text-book for college classes and even, as we have said, for a book of reference. There is a pleasing absence of dogmatism, and a kindly and tolerant tone towards his opponents' views throughout.

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THE DARK AGES. Essays Illustrating the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries. By S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A. New Edition. With an Introduction by Frederick Stokes, M.A. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

A history of the Middle Ages written purely in the interests of truth is what a vast number of our fair-minded countrymen are anxious to find. The writings of the older Protestant historians are filled with such coarse and filthy abuse of the eras which mark some of the greatest triumphs of the Christian name, witnessed the holiest lives, and wrought the most wonderful moral and social reforms in the world that they are self-condemned.

As writers of this class whose writings are useless and dead I may instance the following: Mosheim; Robertson, the author of *History of Charles the Fifth;* Warton, the writer of *History of English Poetry;* Jortin, and Blanco White. The author of *The Dark Ages* was a Protestant clergyman, distinguished for his love of historical research and acquaintance with mediæval books and manuscripts, who in the essays before us has exposed the glaring misrepresentations and absurdities of the above-mentioned writers. No one who reads these essays of Dr. Maitland can fail to see that he has had the cause of truth most at heart. "Whenever," he says, "I give a reference (unless the contrary is stated) I copy immediately from the book to which I refer." They have been extensively read, as they were first published in the *British Magazine* between March, 1835, and February, 1838, and since then three editions have been exhausted.

It is needless to remark that the old lines of misrepresentation of this period have now been abandoned. Later Protestant historians for the most part consider Catholic Christianity as most suitable for the Middle Ages, and as designed by the providence of God for them, and some consider it to-day as the best form of Christianity for vast multitudes of men and for particular races, and are not in sympathy with those who make war upon it.

When this work first appeared in book-form, in 1844, the Oxford movement was in its full vigor. Accessions to the party of Newman and Ward had become so numerous that the instinct of alarm among the Evangelicals and Church-Liberals was aroused to the highest degree. Everything that had ever been said or could be said against the Catholic Church was caught up by them and reiterated with fresh venom. At length the indignation of Dr. Maitland, the fair-minded and scholarly librarian of Lambeth Palace, was aroused and he was prompted to write a refutation of some of the vile historical calumnies of unscrupulous bigots.

This exposition of the falsity of the assertions of some of the most popular Protestant writers by one who was himself a Protestant is an edifying spectacle. Truth is mighty, and, much as its enemies then hated to see it prevail, they found themselves disclosed as favoring falsehood and deception of every sort, and their designs frustrated, by one in their own camp. Now, again, the enemies of the truth are as bold as fifty years ago. They simply ignore refutation, trusting to the ignorance of their followers. Of this class we have notable examples in Dr. Mendenhall, of the *Methodist Review;* Dr. Armitage, the historian of the Baptists, not to mention such offensive and ridiculous creatures as Joseph Cook and Justin D. Fulton. Dr. Maitland's book, therefore, has still a mission to fulfil. It is truly a standard work, and worthy of further editions. The introduction by Mr. Frederick Stokes is remarkably well written.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. In two parts. By Rev. John McDevitt, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

There never was a time when general information about the Sacred Scriptures

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—their origin, their authorship, their authenticity, and their inspiration—was more needful than it is to-day, and this need is common to all believers in God's revelation. Difficulties, scientific, historical, philological, and even moral, are floating in the air. The press and the pulpit are alike playing fast-and-loose with the inspired Word ; and outside the church, at least, the masses are losing their hold on the essential character of divine revelation. Destructive criticism has become the fashion of the day, and every writer that panders to it is eagerly read. The objections that are raised and the theories that are advanced against the Sacred Scriptures are known to school-girls, but the most intelligent men and women of the time are utterly ignorant of the cold facts and solid arguments on which Biblical science rests. The gross ignorance with which the flippant rationalism of the age approaches the Sacred Writings exhibits the most disgusting phase in the whole history of human folly and impotency. Men who have never spent one hour in the study of Biblical science proclaim their views on the subject with all the lofty disdain of a Voltaire ; newspaper writers, who never graduated even from a Sunday-school class, give forth their dicta on the Sacred Scriptures with as much affectation of original research as St. Jerome. And the deluded throng accept their pseudo-science and repeat their views *ad nauseam*. The principles of Protestantism are largely, if not altogether, responsible for this attitude of the age towards the Bible. Thrown broadcast to the masses without note or comment, and left to the private judgment of each individual reader, the natural result has followed : confusion, doubt, denial.

In this condition of things every work that gives the general outlines of Biblical science and marshals in clear array the chief facts and arguments on which this science is based should receive a hearty welcome, and Dr. McDevitt's book does all this and more. It is not as profound a work as Dr. Dixon's, and will not supplant it, but it is more modern and, for the average reader, more useful.

The difficulties raised by modern science are boldly stated, for the most part in the very words of their authors, and they are honestly and skilfully met. We are glad to see that he adopts Cardinal Newman's views on the question of inspiration, and is in other important points in harmony with the best science of the times, though, of course, his general treatment follows the traditional lines. The work, though primarily intended for ecclesiastical students, is quite within the range of any intelligent layman's reading, and we trust it will have a wide circulation among English-speaking Catholics all over the world. The press-work and binding are excellent.

THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION EXPLAINED IN SHORT CONFERENCES, WITH APPROPRIATE PRAYERS SUITABLE FOR SODALITIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Very Rev. Joseph Rainer, Rector of the Provincial Seminary of St. Francis, near Milwaukee, Wis. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago : Benziger Bros.

The purpose of this little book is to explain the Scriptural allusions met with in the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, both in a general sense and particularly as they concern prophetical types of Our Lady found in the older dispensation. The deep and sacred meaning of these foreshadowings of the Messias and of his mother are brought out and explained with a view to making the recitation of the office more intelligent, and therefore more fruitful. The conferences were first delivered in the chapel of Salesianum, the well-known seminary of the Province of Milwaukee ; they therefore have the merit of a practical test of their utility. Indeed, it was by the urgent solicitation of the ecclesiastical students that the author was induced to print them. A virtue peculiarly adapted to fill the aspirations of candidates for holy orders is devotion to the

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Mother of Jesus, and hence a custom of reciting her office is a fit accompaniment of the study of divinity. But these conferences can be used by all clients of Mary with much profit, whether they recite her office or not, there being no such artificial arrangement or choice of matter as at first glance the title would indicate.

Although there is no parade of learning in this little work, the subjects are treated with much intelligence and in a way to show perfect competence for the task. It gives us great pleasure to bear testimony to the elegant and idiomatic English employed, the more so as we believe the writer is a born German.

HAND-BOOK OF HUMILITY; OR, THE LOVE OF SELF-CONTEMPT. From the Italian of Father Joseph Ignatius Franchi, Superior of the Oratory, Florence. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company; London: Burns & Oates.

Of all the virtues which the Christian is by his vocation bound to practise there is perhaps none so little understood as humility, and therefore so little practised. The average man labors under the delusion that humility is a love of one's own degradation, whereas it is in reality a short cut to one's true and rational elevation. The word self-contempt, as used by spiritual writers, would be equivalent in meaning to self-deceit if it meant anything else but a wise distrust of our sinful inclinations and a thoroughgoing hatred of our sins. The more a man despises himself as a sinner, the more he loves himself, or wishes that he had good reason to love himself, as a saint. It is a weakness to despise one's better self; only it is dangerous to calculate on one's own goodness and to inspect it too narrowly. It was no sin in King David to be proud of the numbers and strength of Israel, but it was pride in him to order Joab to take the census, and he was punished accordingly.

Hence the usefulness of this little treatise. It was written by a saintly Oratorian, about the end of the last century, who was conspicuous for the virtue herein inculcated. It not only carefully lays down the doctrines belonging to the subject, and thus solidly establishes it in the reasoning faculties, but it elaborately illustrates it from every-day life, interspersing here and there prayers and invocations appropriate to the points touched upon.

VOICES OF THE SPIRIT. By George Matheson, M.A., D.D., minister of the parish of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh; author of *Moments on the Mount*, *My Aspirations*, etc. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

The reader of these meditations will find little between him and the good thoughts expressed in them, unless he interpose an obstacle himself. A style of writing more strictly a means to its end—the unveiling of the writer's mind—we think it would not be easy to find. Simplicity of expression is the most excellent quality of composition if the expression be adequate to all the meaning, and that is attained by Dr. Matheson in these pages.

His little book is strictly devotional, few of the "voices" aiming at any other purpose than to stimulate the longings of the soul towards a more virtuous and unworldly and prayerful life. Being a Protestant, the author does not accentuate some of the religious aids which Catholics know to be in greater or less degree useful, and even essential, to at least the integrity of the state of grace; but he does not, as far as an incomplete examination of the book permits us to judge, say anything against them; and whatever he does treat of he does it by the light of sound theology, and with much maturity of thought and devoutness of expression.

There are ninety-five little chapters in the book, scarcely any of them running over two pages. They are each divided into two parts, the first stating the words

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of Scripture to be meditated on, and enlarging on their meaning and drawing out their lessons; the second is usually a simply worded prayer to the Holy Spirit, expressive of the needs of the soul discovered in the previous meditation. There is nothing very extraordinary in this arrangement or in the matter presented, yet there is a plain sincerity quite attractive and a large measure of unction which keeps the reader going on further and further to a constant repetition of the method and equally constant variety of spiritual entertainment and profit.

The writer's church was, in the days of the old religion in Edinburgh, filled with worshippers who found in St. Bernard, after whom they named their shrine, a beloved patron before God's throne in heaven. We cannot help but think that that great preacher and contemplative has obtained for Dr. Matheson and his people, descendants of the original Catholics of the parish, some of the unction of the Holy Spirit which was so abundantly his own. May the same intercession obtain for him and his people the fulness of the true faith!

A POPULAR MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY. By Katherine E. Hogan. Second edition. New York: A. Lovell & Co.

Women are coming to the front even as writers of scientific text-books. Some months since we had the pleasure of noticing in this magazine a thoroughly scientific text-book of botany written by a lady, and here we have a popular little treatise on the kindred subjects of mineralogy and geology from a competent female pen. Women have undoubtedly far more tact than men in teaching children of tender years, and in this primer of physics there is a woman's tact combined with no ordinary knowledge of science. The excellent lady takes the young aspirant after scientific lore to her knee and tells him in the clearest and most comprehensive way the wondrous story of creation.

The endorsement this little volume has received from the press and from those actually engaged in the work of public instruction proves that it is one of the most successful attempts that has yet been made to simplify science and bring it within the reach of all.

PRAYER. By the author of *Golden Sands*. Offered to novices and pious people of the world; taken from the *Book of the Professed*. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This is a compendious treatise on prayer, its nature, necessity, efficacy, conditions, and effects, together with a chapter on methods or forms of prayer. It is primarily intended for religious, but it is useful to all, for it insists upon the necessity of prayer for the fulness of human existence in any state of life. We particularly recommend the chapter on the "life of prayer," which clearly sets forth the Christian doctrine that the end of man is supernatural union with God, and that the means of attaining to it is prayer; that the realization of human destiny is the product of prayer.

Little books like this, pleasantly and clearly written, embodying those lessons of religion which are most fundamental, are deserving of much praise, and should be sought after and used by all intelligent Christians.

THE SALT-CELLARS. Being a Collection of Proverbs, together with Homely Notes thereon. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

This book has an interest as a collection of proverbs taken from various sources, but principally from the folk-lore of England. We do not think it will add anything to Mr. Spurgeon's reputation, for his "Homely Notes" seldom betray the vigor and other peculiar qualities that characterize his utterances in the pulpit; in fact, it would seem as if these notes were written with the sole view of get-

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ting out a book. The notes are for the most part tame, devoid of the "shortness, sense, and salt" he insists upon, and are often carelessly written. The "very learned man" he quotes as saying that the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are "I am mistaken" should have added to his learning a knowledge of English. Some of the salt of both proverb and note is far from savory. Mr. Spurgeon, we regret to say, never allows an opportunity to pass without giving evidence of his anti-Catholic and dissenting animus.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Prepared for Use in Catholic Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Francis T. Furey, A.M. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

We do not think it too much to say that this book should be in use in every Catholic school in the land. The study of the Constitution, of the principles upon which our organic law is based, does not receive as a rule that attention in the class-room which is demanded by its importance. Indeed, as the author of the book before us notes, there are some States in which the study of our Constitution has no place in the curriculum of public education. For the most part, our young men leave college with but a superficial knowledge of the fundamental law of the Union. In many cases this knowledge is only the indirect effect of a study of the history and principles of the great political parties, since the criterion of political orthodoxy is found in the Constitution.

Such a defect is to be deplored, especially in this land of intelligence and liberty, and more especially still among Catholics, since in no other country in the world have the principles of civil government so intimate a harmony with those of our holy religion; it is in the home of intelligence and liberty that the fairest fruit of personal sanctification can thrive. The study of our Constitution will make our Catholic youth not only sensible of the privileges and duties of citizenship, but will intensify loyalty to the land whose organic law is based upon such solid Catholic principles.

The book is specially to be commended because of its insistence upon this feature of our fundamental law. It is, of course, a text-book, but the condensation implied in this can be supplemented by the teacher. The book should find a place not only in our colleges and academies, but in the upper grades of our parochial schools.

TWO MISSIONARY PRIESTS AT MACKINAC. A lecture delivered at the village of Mackinac for the benefit of St. Anne's Mission.

THE PARISH REGISTER OF THE MISSION OF MICHILIMACKINAC. A paper read before the Chicago Library Club. By Edward Osgood Brown. Chicago: Barnard & Gunthorp.

Perhaps no one place in the interior of the United States has such interesting associations with persons and events of the earliest history of the European exploration as the Straits of Mackinac. It is the cross-roads of the great lakes. Water-carriage was something like a necessity, even when one had no burdens but the hunter's rifle and pack to carry, for the unbroken wilderness was pathless, except to the eye keen enough to detect the secret marks of the Indian trail. But from either Quebec and lower Canada, or the frontier settlements in Ohio, access could be had by the great lakes during all the summer and autumn months to the prairies of the region now known as the States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and to the numerous tribes which roved over them. To obtain their peltries for the ladies and gentlemen of Europe, and to supply them in exchange with arms and ammunition, simple ornaments, blankets, and too often rum, an

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easy route was open upon the broad bosom of these inland seas, whose great waters are drawn by nature's grasp into a knot at Mackinac.

Hence the Indian missionaries, Jesuits and Recollect Franciscans in the earliest days, then secular priests and other Franciscans and the Redemptorists, have always made the island itself or some point adjacent their headquarters. Summer, and winter too, the savages would come to the lake-shore to fish, and so be made accessible to the fathers' canoes. Mr. Brown, in this large and very interesting pamphlet, tells much of the story of the heroic lives of these best sons of France and of Ignatius who passed by the Straits and left their names upon the records of the mission; and their memory in all that region is embalmed in the tender affection of perhaps the fiercest race of savages that ever lived. Those men were the heroes of a conflict as bitter as any war, but their glory is spotted with no blood except their own, which jewels it with the noblest form of martyrdom. Some perished in the woods, some laid their bones at mission stations or were brought from the lonely shores to the little bark chapels by their Indian and half-breed companions and buried near the altar, as was the case with the renowned Jacques Marquette. Some spent a long lifetime of dauntless struggle against the brutish savagery of man and the rigorous treatment of nature; but the length of life was in endurance and the lapse of time was short; then their canoes crept down the lakes to Quebec, bearing their broken forms but courageous hearts to die of exhaustion.

To many the first paper here printed, treating in general terms of the witness gathered from this trysting-place of barter for skins of beasts and souls of men, will be the most interesting. But to us the study of the baptismal register in the second paper is of superior interest, and contains much that we have never before seen in print. The story of the half-breed Charles de Langlade is like the flight of the novelist's fancy. He had a whole lifetime of most exciting adventure, almost from the day his name was written in the baptismal register at the Straits in 1729 till his death in 1800. "He could enumerate ninety-nine battles and skirmishes in which he had taken part, and expressed in his later years regret that he could not have rounded the even century." He was the leader of a band of Indians from Mackinac to Fort Du Quesne, and bore a most important part in the defeat of Braddock, perhaps more important than that of Beaujeau, the French commanding officer. He commanded the post at Mackinac when it was surrendered to the British after Wolfe's victory, and under the British rule he held a commission in the army.

Altogether, Mr. Brown, searching and recording with the zeal of fervent sympathy, has contributed to the study of our heroic age, both as a country and as a church, some pages of vivid interest.

THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN. By Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S.J. Translated by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

In calling the attention of our readers to this timely and wholesome book we wish to thank Father Wirth for this and other translations which he has given to English-speaking readers. The volume we are now considering is presented to us, owing to his prudent judgment, as if it were written for young men born on our own soil.

So much that is good and edifying has been written for young women, and so much time and attention is devoted to their welfare, while so little is prepared and made suitable for our young men, that we read this book with eagerness as being something out of the ordinary line. We find it a serviceable book from beginning to end, filled from cover to cover with prudent counsels and good thoughts. And

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yet we closed the book with a sad reflection: How few young men will read it! And then the question we tried to solve was this: How can we get our young men to read this and books of a like character? True, the author declares that if but one soul be rescued from perdition, if but one youth be saved by his salutary counsels, all his efforts will be amply repaid. But that is not enough; if the book is worth the time and labor which he has evidently spent upon it, it should be made to reach and save many and not one young man. But how? Few young men will read it, fewer still will buy it, because their interest is not awakened. One suggestion offered would be that every priest who has any immediate charge of young men should read it, and so fill his mind with those wholesome thoughts that he will be able to give them out now and then to his young friends; and having read it himself, that he strongly recommend it to the young men. Again, young women should read it and talk about it to their young men acquaintances. No one should be more interested in the welfare of our young men than our young women. It is to their interest that their brothers and the young men who visit them should be pure, upright, manly Christians. This book will help them to be such. If they can say that they read with pleasure a book of counsels written for young men, it is sure to beget in the young men a praiseworthy curiosity that will be fruitful in good. An experienced teacher, a man of ripe judgment, once told us that when all other methods failed with his young men, he was always able to correct their faults and secure their affection through their sisters.

Such books as this should be found in the rooms of every young men's society. Not in the *library*—good books usually get worm-eaten there—but always on the *reading table*, where young men sitting down for five minutes may pick it up and, opening it at any place, may find some useful though some prudent counsel. He may close the book as soon as he chooses, but he is sure to carry away something good and serviceable.

We wish we had more suitable books for young men, written in a plain, forcible, straightforward style—books that would call a spade a spade. We have heard some Christian Brothers talk to young men, and have often wished the words they uttered could reach thousands of young men, even if they were to reach them through cold type. A great deal more thought and time devoted to our Catholic young men is what is sadly needed just now. Will some one write for our young men, proving to them that it is to their interest to be pure, truthful, honest, sober young men?

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL. Containing an authentic account of the Translation of the Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, with full information about the "Pious Union." By the author of *The Penitent Instructed*, *The Augustinian Manual*, etc. Seventh edition. Boston: Cashman, Keating & Co.

Genazzano, an ancient town some twenty-four miles southeast from Rome, is famous for the shrine of Our Lady described in this little book. There the pious pilgrims gather about a picture which excellent historical and other evidence proves to have been miraculously borne from Scutari, in Albania, to its present location, and just as miraculously preserved. The translation, as it is called, took place in the middle of the fifteenth century, and was caused, we are assured, by the impending destruction of Scutari by the Turkish armies. A summary of the entire history of the occurrence, an account of the devotion practised, and of the large number of miracles continually wrought at the shrine, together with the authentic approvals of pontifical authority, and finally a selection of prayers to be used by persons wishing to practise the devotion at a distance, make up the contents of this book.

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THE LITTLE BOOK OF SUPERIORS. By the author of *Golden Sands*. Translated from the ninth French edition by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

That this book is of approved usefulness for religious subjects is shown by the number of editions it has already run through. That it is wholesome reading for religious superiors is shown by the letters of approval—not all of them simply imprimaturs—of no less than eight French bishops and archbishops. That it is calculated to edify even the laity is evidenced by the striking fact that it has aroused the zeal of a well-known lady of literary experience and merit, but living in the world, to become its translator. As a matter of fact, the members of the spiritual households of religious communities will find this little book a kindly guide to the virtues of their state of life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

VOICES OF THE SPIRIT. By George Matheson, M.A., D.D., Minister of the Parish of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN. Twenty-one discourses, with Greek text, comparative versions, and notes chiefly exegetical. By William Alexander, D.D., Brazenose College, Oxford, Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY DEPOSED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH; with fuller memoirs of its last two survivors. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., and the late Rev. T. F. Knox, D.D., of the London Oratory. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

ROPP'S COMMERCIAL CALCULATOR. A practical Arithmetic for practical purposes, containing a complete system of useful, accurate, and convenient tables; together with simple, short, and practical methods for rapid calculation. Bloomington, Ill.: C. Ropp.

A POPULAR MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY. Prepared from the latest and best authorities in Europe and America. By Katherine E. Hogan, graduate of Columbia College Special Course. New York: A. Lovell & Co.

AMERICAN STATESMEN.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By John T. Morse, Jr., author of *Life of John Adams*, *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION. By William Milligan, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen; author of *The Resurrection of Our Lord*, etc. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. In two parts. By Rev. John McDevitt, D.D., Professor of the Introduction to Scripture, Ecclesiastical History, etc., All-Hallows' Foreign Missionary College, Dublin. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE DARK AGES. Essays illustrating the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries. By S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., sometime librarian and keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth. New Edition. With an introduction by Frederick Stokes, M.A. London: John Hodges; New York: Benziger Bros.

CALENDAR OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. For the Use of the Faithful. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

COLUMBIADS. Pearl Drops from the Fountain of Wisdom wrought out in Sober Settings in the Laboratory of Thought. By Rev. W. F. Hayes. Columbus, O.: August Ruetty.

PRAYER. By the author of *Golden Sands*. Offered to novices and pious people of the world. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

CONTROVERSY ON THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE JESUITS, between Dr. Littledale and Father Drummond. Winnipeg: The Manitoba *Free Press* Print.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD. By John M. Peacocke, M.D., 274 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. New York: M. J. Rooney & Co., printers.

DER FAMILIENFREUND. Katholischer Wegweiser für das Jahr 1890. St. Louis, Mo.: Prämie des *Herold des Glaubens*.

SACRED HEART HYMNS. A Choice Collection of Bright and Melodious Hymns to the Sacred Heart. Compiled and edited by F. Canter. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

THE KINGDOM OF THE UNSELFISH; OR, THE EMPIRE OF THE WISE. By John Lord Peck. New York: Empire Book Bureau.

PERCY WYNN; OR, MAKING A BOY OF HIM. By Neenah, author of *Tom Playfair*, *Ada Merton*, etc. Napoleon, O.: A. J. Schiml.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL TRACTS. Second Series. No. 1. An Inquiry concerning the origin of the clause in the laws of Rhode Island (1719-1783) disfranchising Roman Catholics. By Sidney S. Rider. Providence: Sidney S. Rider.

FLOWER FANCIES. By Alice Ward Bailey. Illustrated by Lucy J. Bailey, Eleanor Ecob Morse, Olive E. Whitney, Ellen T. Fisher, Fidelia Bridges, C. Ryan, and F. Schuyler Mathews. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

A HISTORY OF THE SEVEN HOLY FOUNDERS OF THE ORDER OF THE SERVANTS OF MARY. By Father Sostene M. Ledoux, of the same Order. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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ORGANIZE THE LAYMEN.

I.

WE all know of the Roman emperor who addressed his flickering spirit as "animula, vagula." An *animule* might do for a protoplasm or for a pagan philosopher, but a Christian should have a full-sized soul. I am not speaking to atheists, who, according to their accounts, have none; nor to those moral corpses who seem only fit to fill a little place in space and a little space in time, and then rot. But I address the great number of good people (and how many there are, after all!) who stand by, wishing well to every good cause, to every righteous effort, to everything of fair report, and yet stir no hand and speak no word in the great moral strife which is going on around them. The combatants cannot even hear their applause, for, like everything else about them, it is *inward*. They remind us of the character in Cooper's tales who when he laughed made no noise; but at least he *shook*.

Yes, they are all right inside, but, unfortunately, we are not turned that way here below, and it would take a post-mortem to find out in whose favor they really had been while living. When they heard of some great moral enterprise, some moral sore healed or cared for, some wrong abated, they *liked* it; "I likes it!" as Sairy Gamp said—but what did they *do?*

Here lies a fine fellow whose fervid imagination could make "a sand-bank fertile or a mud-hole picturesque." He passed his life dividing wild lands into city lots, or sinking holes in the ground which he called mines. Mayhap he made money at it, and enthusiastically exchanged the coins of his wondrous fancy for the meaner currency of other people. There lies a lawyer

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whose glib tongue started as soon as it was "retained," and "e'en tho' vanquished, could argue still." Further, a "leader" who silently ruled men at the primaries or in the ward caucus. Each had his genius, whether at the counter, in the forum, or in the council chamber. And all expended (as do we not all do?) much strength, great effort, and the whole span of a human life in their respective avocations. Yet do you not think that to every one of them, to every one of us, there have come amid the occupations of material existence, at the zenith of its successes and enjoyments, in the hour of its misfortunes and sorrows—nay, often during the humdrum of its daily routine—aspirations of a nobler, purer, more generous kind than any mere selfish pursuits afford?

If we only knew the way! If the occasion only prompted us as to the method and the means. But it is all out of our line, out of our habits, and we do not know what nor how. We give money, each in his measure, for that is an easy way—and there it ends. We go home for a week or for ever, and the moment's inspiration dies. Money? That is good so far as it goes, but no human treasury can ever stamp on metal the equivalent of a generous blood corpuscle fresh from the mint of the heart; no coin ever equalled in value and effect in the moral world a good impulse stamped into act. Ah! if we knew but how, if the act was ready to our hands! You might see the coldest capitalist, of whom men wondered if his interior anatomy was complete, transformed into a treasurer of a St. Vincent de Paul Conference, and willingly performing his proper share of personal visitation and charity. I have seen the busy tradesman converted into a zealous collector of pew-rents, sacrificing his time and his pleasure of a Sunday to keep the parishioners to their financial duty. Another will cheerfully assume charge of a church library; still another, who scarcely fulfils his religious duties, becomes enthusiastic when actively helping to build a new church or canvassing for an intended hospital. And so they go when opportunity is foisted upon them.

Now, what is the gist of this long preamble?

That in every man who attends church there is an element of moral good and of moral usefulness; in every Catholic layman there lies dormant a force which it behooves to make profitable to the cause of truth, virtue, and religion.

Every idle force is waste. The utilization of forces is one of the intense pursuits of the age. We have learned to know better than ever before how immense a storehouse of them lies at our

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feet, and we have also discovered new potencies in the united efforts and combinations of our fellowmen.

The evolution of the modern world has developed two facts: Increase of knowledge, of personal liberty, and of individual initiative have intensified the power and the human value of the humblest amongst us. Each of us, we might almost say, now plans campaigns or sends argosies across the main; each is a chieftain as well as a soldier in the struggles of daily life. It is no longer a few heads for a myriad arms, but each pair of arms owns a head. Secondly, from this very conflict of combatants, well-nigh equally equipped, has come a new law of association, new methods of combination and co-operation. Union of forces under various names has become the great feature of the age in all its material pursuits.

Let the cry then be: ORGANIZE THE LAYMEN! Let there be a meeting-place connected with every church, where laymen can confer upon all things which come within their sphere of endeavor; where they can make acquaintance and active alliance with their priests and each other; where those so inclined may more profitably resort than in the many haunts to which they otherwise might drift; where the library and the reading-room can attract.

And, in the next place, let there be to every church an organization of Catholic laymen *as Catholics*, without any special devotional object which might deter this one or the other. It would soon come to pass that every church-goer would be inscribed upon its rolls.

There the more zealous would subdivide into the special associations which piety and charity suggest. The St. Vincent de Paul Conference, the library, the reading circle, the zelators of congregational singing, good works of all kinds would find there not only their recruits but a common rallying point and a wider and more powerful support. Let these church circles in turn be bound together by diocesan organization, where every parish and every Catholic society should be represented, finally culminating in the Catholic Congress; let all the links be welded into a permanent and universal chain.

And where is the subject of Catholic interest, of religious import, which would pass unheeded?

All this, I know, has been done here and there after a fashion, and the Catholic congresses, of which we hear so much this year, are adumbrations of it. There is no pretence to originality in these suggestions, nor is it attempted in these brief lines to do

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more than indicate the subject for deeper thought and wiser elucidation. "*Non nova sed nove*"—this is at most the legend inscribed upon anything connected with the Church of God. All that it is desired to insist upon here is to substitute permanency, regularity, and universality in the place of sporadic, spasmodic, and incomplete efforts; and perhaps to emphasize the principle which underlies them, apparently without sufficient consciousness: Laymen can and ought to be organized.

Have you ever stood in a crowd where some feeling became manifestly general, and yet no one spoke until a bolder spirit broke out and freed his mind, upon which every one muttered to himself: "Just what I thought, just what I felt"? So it is in the larger crowd that makes the world. The uttered word on subjects of general interest is scarcely ever other than the unspoken sentiment of many, let out by that safety-valve of humanity—the tongue of a common spokesman.

The idea so briefly outlined is one which will no doubt be recognized as a familiar one by many; and, indeed, the writer would scarcely have presumed to speak at all upon so serious a subject, in so sacred a cause, if it were not so, and if the highest authority had not seemingly prepared the way for its formulation.

We believe, however, that a hundred reasons urge, that the circumstances of the age require, that the general guidance of the church permits and encourages, a distinct, clear, and direct utterance of the cry: Organize the laymen!

II.

I have been urged to add to these lines. I cannot do so without a brief statement to prevent any possible misconception. The church, as every Catholic knows, is a divine institution. Any attempt to alter its constitutional lineaments is not only fatuous, it is heresy pure and simple. Pope, bishops, priests, and laymen are not divisions made by man. Their attributes, their functions, their authority are radically and fundamentally different. To put it in a general way, the theological distinction between *ecclesia docens* and *ecclesia discens* will state all that need be here recalled. It is not a mere diversity of calling, but of original institution. One has a divinely appointed mission to teach, the other a divinely declared duty to hear. But who that has the blessing of faith requires to be reminded of facts of which the

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excellence, the daily advantage, the notable and experienced results, are alone testimonials of their origin? It could, therefore, never be the audacious and monstrous purpose of a child of the church to dream or to suggest any change in this divine constitution; and I have been to the trouble of this statement only because the general distribution of a periodical may make it fall into hands not sufficiently familiar with doctrines and principles otherwise assumed and understood.

This premised, it may now be permitted to emphasize the other aspect of the church which laymen are perhaps less apt adequately to appreciate. It is that they constitute an essential and active element of this living church; that it is all one cohesive body, in which they have functions and duties too; one *ecclesia militans* of which they are full members, enlisted men, called to bear and do, to participate and sustain; one body of which the breath is theirs, the blood is theirs, the combats are theirs, the hurts are theirs, the triumphs are theirs—the *life* is theirs.

We are too apt to forget this, and when the church is attacked, not only in its truths, but in their practical application and their concomitant human interests, to feel sympathy indeed in the matter, but not *identity*. We say or think: "Let the church defend itself," as if it were something other than ourselves. Perhaps we vaguely refer to the clergy, perhaps to some members of it. But our sentiments too often are those of mere onlookers at somebody else's fight, and as though it was somebody else's business, their loss or gain, not ours.

Now, that is one thing to get over. It is *our* fight, our loss, our gain, more or less immediately. Whose? Why, of nigh three hundred million people, *mainly laymen*, who profess the same doctrines, follow the same practices, reverence the same sacraments—who are each living and integral parts of the one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic church. In older ages, as I read them, this feeling of identity was much more intense—this realization of a personal interest and participation in the human form and fortunes of the church. To insist upon this note is therefore no new thing. The great social upheavals within the last century, the enormous increase of individual initiative to which it has led on the part of the masses, and their advent into a much greater activity in political life; the rapidly growing numbers of mankind, the facility of displacement and the fascination of quickly transmitted and ever-varying news on worldly subjects—these and other causes, perhaps, have tended to engross men's minds with

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novel vistas and increased duties at the expense of older and deeper concerns, and thus to weaken the intensity of their attention and of their attachments to the latter.

What is the remedy? Everything which recalls and strengthens the bonds of their common interest in the affairs, earthly and heavenly, of their religion.

Secondly, there come what may be called the derivatives of religion, its natural and terrestrially practical results, the human and temporal objects on which its broad truth and its wide charity overflow, or whereon the virtues and the energies of its members find active exercise and development. Here, too, the circumstances of the age have wrought changes and present new necessities. The destruction of the older monastic institutions of beneficence has left voids which in many ways we are striving to supply. Here the layman finds a splendid field of opportunity, if nothing else, in bringing together the foundation stones of new establishments, in securing their successful completion, their maintenance and prosperity. May it not be said, however, that the corporal works of mercy are known to the immense majority of us only in their pecuniary aspect, and that we come in contact with the woes and ills of our fellow-men mainly by the cold medium of a coin, passed through many hands to an unknown destination? It is "long-distance" charity with a vengeance with most of us, in which the affections of the pocket are more involved than the affections of a heart brought touch-to-touch with suffering.

Again, a new want, a new hunger has come to affect mankind along with the increase in general education. We want the "bread and circus" of the Romans, but in addition we have acquired a new necessity—the necessity of print. With it have come the sores of bad reading and of false reading, ailments calling for help as piteously as any other ill that flesh and mind are heir to. Are the works of mercy, spiritual and temporal, a new thing? Are they confined to clerics? Are they, as in modern corporations, to be voted and carried on by proxy?

How shall we recall men at large to a livelier and more personal interest, a sense of duty and of individual opportunity, not in one but in all these matters? As in all things else in modern life where large numbers have to be affected and directed, by the power of organization; as in all things else in modern life where the free and active concurrence of men is desired, by the sense of *responsibility* and *participation.*

Last but not least: With all the good souls who keep their lamps burnished and their hearth-fires lit, it is felt that a wave of

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indifference, of tepidity, and of spiritual inertness has chilled many hearts and invaded many homes. It seems a direct consequence of all these new circumstances to which we have adverted. With decreased gazing at the village and the parish steeple the thoughts cease to rise so frequently to where the steeple points. How can we best reconstitute the church in largest measure the centre of attraction, not simply devotional but general; its steeple the resting place of many otherwise idle thoughts; its roof the home of many interests otherwise unhoused, vagrant, fitful, and alienated?

The refrain to all these queries comes down, as it seems to me, upon the steps of every line: Organize the laymen!

How many zealous souls there are who through vocation, taste, or circumstance are barred from the rolls of the clergy, but whose thoughts, whose voice, whose pen, whose arm are ready and ever anxious to subserve the great interests which religion covers and concerns; to assist, so far as they may, the great work which it performs on earth! Here again no new thing; but with human increase we find an increasing, scattered, and uncorrelated number of such ardent spirits. We have there ready to hand a splendid and willing army of *non-commissioned officers*, bred in the ranks and fraternizing with each file. What do they need to enlist, to drill, to inspirit the great and listless mass? A word of encouragement and direction, an order, a watchword.

Behold each wave of time bringing its new millions upon the earthly sands! Behold the surging and turbulent seas of new conditions which have irrupted upon the moral world! God's hand alone can lay the tempest and say to the waters: Be still. God's church alone can save the shipwrecked and bring their souls to port. But every man must co-operate; human co-operation is the divine law and the divine condition. *All* must will, must work, must do.

Behold the centenaries roll by as the rise of a new century looms in the distance! May they swell to meet and greet it with large, fruitful, and potent resolves, and resound with the myriad-voiced echo of an organized, active, and co-operating laity!

ALBERT REYNAUD.

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BY CHARLES' HEAD.

Oh! come with me from morn till noon,
With me and also with my boon-
Companion, Autumn. Come and see
How fair a fading world may be!

A white frost silvers all the scene
From where in gay, theatric pride
The distant forests overlean
The audient slopes and meads between
This mound where Indian ghosts abide
And where 'mid grass yet richly green
Dear River Charles with scanty tide,
Mourning for Spring with Lear-like mien,
Seeks his "diminished head" to hide.

There is no sound upon the breeze,
Save some late locust ere he dies
A feeble fiddling vainly tries.
How different from the splendid ease
With which beneath the August skies
His whizzing, zizzing song he shot
Against the heavy silence hot,
Drowning with drouth the tender cries
Of birds just graduate from the nest,
Just learning life's imperious quest.

There is no sound upon the breeze,
For singing birds are fledged and flown,
And the late locust, lonely grown,
Sheathing his dulled and aimless tone,
Conscious of age, doth cease to wheeze:
There is no whisper—save that slow
To the brown earth some gay leaves go,
As by their own susurrus blown.

So seems this deep hush but a hollow
And empty truce with the great Foe
Whose victory is more sure than slow—

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A sob that Nature tries to swallow,
As summer sighs a fond adieu,
And on her parting breath doth follow
A leafy host of hectic hue.

Yet oh! how softly down to earth
Round the dear trees that gave them birth
The wondrous-textured leaves go stealing,
To warm again the latent roots,
And then, perhaps, at Spring's appealing
To reappear as flowers and fruits;
So, though it stirs a kindred feeling
To ponder o'er their sapless veins
That Death so beautifully stains,
There's something more in their revealing
Than mimicry of human pains.

For sure as there be hearts that hold
Friendship with Nature's humblest forms,
Despite the stress of wracking storms
And the cold logic of the mould
In whose unfilled embrace we fold
Our treasures of long love away—
Shutting their faces from the day,
But never from our souls who must,
Through the humility of dust,
Seek them again the same dark way.

And sure as there be souls that see
With faith the unleaving of a tree,
Feeling it will put forth in spring
As many a marvellous veinèd thing
As now it suffers to descend,
To fade and change—but not to end.

E'en so, most certainly for some
No ponderous thunder-voice need come
Swift out of midnight's starry void
To tell us naught shall be destroyed;
For nothing *can* be more than changed
In this fair world from which, howe'er
Splendid were Heaven beyond compare,
Who would desire to be estranged?

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Yea, in the falling of the leaves,
The desolation of the trees,
Although at first the spirit grieves,
Tuned to the key of that sad breeze
Which heralds winter; yet one sees
At times, though dark as through a glass,
A loftier triumph come to pass,
And in that coming thus believes.
For look thou deeper than this earth
And higher than the highest sun,
Thou seest but perpetual birth
And new life wooing to be won:
So why not, with a comely mirth,
Bury the summer that is done?

And see! Upon the upland scene
That white, funereal frost is fled,
And meadows, now the noon's o'erhead,
Seem trying tenderly to spread
A coverlet of warmer green
For Charles, yet royally serene,
Though prisoned in a narrow bed.

Then up, faint heart, and soul, take wings,
Singing as only souls may dare;
Since far above the cloud, despair,
The transient shade of human things,
Thy friend, the Sun, that glorious fellow,
With some strange wine hath waxed so mellow,
And laughs through this October day
In such a large, Homeric way
That every leaf, though "sere and yellow,"
Flashes a triumph o'er decay.

HENRY WILLARD AUSTIN.

Medfield, Mass.

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THE LEGEND OF THE TWIN TREES.

THEY stood within the walls of an Irish work-house—those twin trees—and lifted their bare arms against the sky. It was in the Infirm Men's yard, a square plot of green of about a rood in extent. The poor old men, as they walked up and down and to and fro, looked on the trees with reverence. It was no superstitious fear, no awe, but reverence, kindly reverence, and affection almost. I noticed that not one of them, while he snatched a clandestine "pull at the pipe"—smoking is forbidden in Irish work-houses—or chewed a "bit of weed" on the sly, ever came near them. They were not exactly holy in the poor men's estimation, but they were the next thing to it. And indeed the leafless boughs looked scared and ghastly, with their knotty barked arms lifted up to the sky, as if giving evidence of or protesting against some foul deed. As one looked at them one felt as if a skeleton with its fleshless trunk and empty eye-balls had been suddenly (in some solitary or forbidding-looking place) thrown across one's path. And the surroundings were in keeping—four rough, unplastered walls, bleak and tall as those of a prison, the northern side of the work-house buildings, a gloom in the autumn day, and the complaining of the wind as if before rain.

My first thought with regard to them was, Tear up these scare-crows; why cumber they the ground?—they were so wasted, and so useless, not to say unsightly; and heaven knows the poor men have sad things enough on their mind, sad memories of the past and sad circumstances of the present, without bringing (needlessly, as I thought) such a picture of horror before them. My next was, How peculiarly appropriate! Are they not types of many a poor man here, stripped of all that once was beautiful or happy, blighted, wasted, decayed, dead, but not buried?

As I was revolving these things in my mind an old man of fine physique and open countenance touched his hat to me in military fashion, and said: "Have you not heard, sir, the legend of these trees?"

I answered in the negative.

"Some folks count it pretty, and I will relate it to you, sir, if you will."

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"I shall be very grateful to you," I replied.

Without a moment's hesitation he began:

"There lived many years ago, down by the verge of the Shannon, a widower who had one daughter. She was not tall—she was small," he repeated, nodding his head, while he seemed to be limning before his mind the portrait of some one; "she was pale and a little dark, but with hair—oh! with coal-black hair that fell down to her waist and below it. And, my oh! but she was the winning little thing, was my sweet Kate Lee! She got married to as good a boy, I be bound, as there was in the barony or the next to it—poor Mike Lynch.

"Well, sir, they worked late and airly, but 'twas no good. Somehow, I think, things aren't at all as they used to be. I remember the time, and there wasn't a blight in the whate, and there wasn't a failure in the praytees, and there wasn't a rot in the sheep, nor a murrain in the cattle. Glory be to God! and them same were the good times." And the poor man reverently lifted his hat. "And often I seen Kate Lee's father's barn full of corn and the loft full of apples, and the smell of 'em would do your heart good; and 'tis often and often before daybreak we'd have our flails, and the bit of a candle, or a 'dip,' lighted and stuck on the side of the wall, and we having a good couple of assens of the corn out before breakfast. There are none of them times now, sir—but sure that's not here nor there. I only mention it to let you know that ould Mick Lee (God rest his sowl!) saw good days wonst.

"Times got hard, and though Mike Lynch could handle a spade, or folly a plough, or tackle a scythree as good as any man, I don't care where he came from; and though Kate Lee was as good a little housekeeper as ever made a baureen or ironed a poor man's shirt; and though they worked, as I have said, late and airly, from sunrise to dark, yet from one thing or another—loss in their cattle or loss in their corn or loss in something—they were hardly able to keep their heads above wather.

"It was settled between them—though Mick Lee could never be got to give in to it—that Mike, the poor fellow, was to cross the wathers while he was still young, and while Kate and her father would be able to manage the bit of land. By this time they had two little children, twins and both of them little girls. One was Annie and the other was Rose.

"He went. There was a big storm soon after the vessel setting sail, but, whether he lived or died, there wasn't trace or tidings of him ever after. He must have died, I suppose," said

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the old man solemnly, "or Mike 'ud have turned up sooner or later.

"Worse and worse was it with them. The old man lost all heart and courage. He'd pass the neighbors on the road and would barely salute 'em. He'd even forget to put in his pocket the wildeens and the apples that the wind had shaken, for he used to give 'em to the childer that passed by the doore goin' to school. Poor Kate worked like a horse, but you wouldn't hear her sing a song any more as she sat under the little cow; and though the neighbors were as welcome as ever to step in and set by the fire, she had hardly a word to throw at a dog. It was a cough instead of a laugh with the poor thing now. With her ould light heart she'd sometimes smile and pretend to laugh; but such a cough as would then come on! You'd think nothing else would come of her but burst with the dint of coughing—coughing, coughing, coughing—oh, such horrid coughing!

"And the house itself was goin' to the dogs. Look now, sir, here was the house. Suppose that was the road," said the old man, drawing a line on the turf with his staff; "well, the house was this way by the roadside." And the old pensioner stood erect, as if under review, to indicate the position of the house. "Away down there, a stone's throw, was the river. Out there at the back was the orchard. The little parlor window looked into it; and as you sat at your dinner in the little parlor the roses that were trained up along the wall peeped in their heads and watched you—watched you, as if they were childer at play," added the old man. "And the ivy covered the gable. Oh! how often in my young days did I not loop up the roses against the wall, and climb the ivy for the sparrows' nests. Oh, my! oh, my! but the sun doesn't seem to shine at all as it used to do in thim ould days.

"Gale-day came round. They were unable to meet the gale of rent then due. The cattle was distraint and sould. An election came on soon after. Mick Lee voted with the people." The old man here shook his head, as if I ought to know the consequences of voting that way. "They got notice to quit," he continued, "and that was the last nail in poor Kate Lee's coffin! She took to her bed; she lingered on for some time, sir, but from that bed she never ruz.

"At last the day came—oh, mavrone!—and they took her out from Lisadoon. And her eyes were never more to see the roses, and her feet were turned from the ould home, and they were never more to come back again. They laid her

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beside her mother in the clay, and the gray ould man and the two little childer heard the lonesome airth fall on the coffin-lid, and saw the little green mound heaped up over the poor dumb thing below. And then they turned to go back home, to the empty, lonely home that the light had left that day—to go back to that desolate home, and lie down and rest.

"'Twas sad to hear the pitiful moans of the ould man weeping for his daughter, but it was almost sadder still to hear the innocent prattlin' of the childer, who thought they would find their mother at home before 'em. They came home; but, O God of mercy! the sheriff and the bailiff and the peelers had been there while they were burying the dead, and every stick of furniture in that little house was flung out by the roadside, and the windows built up and the doore fastened and locked. And the queen's soldiers had been there. And that day, that very day," he went on in a tone of fierce but subdued passion—"that day I was carrying the queen's colors on the other side of the globe. May my right hand wither and be blasted, if I had known it, but I would have fired on the colors and desarted! By h— I would!" The poor man (I had pity for him, his emotion seemed to be so great) stamped on the ground and left me.

"Do not blame him, sir; he was the old man's brother," said a kindly voice at my elbow; "and if it were our own case, sir? He's provoked at present. He always is when he talks of thim things; and I thinks myself he doesn't be right when he talks of 'em."

I turned and saw an old man with iron-gray hair leaning on a staff. His figure was bent, and from time to time he was racked with a hard, rasping cough.

"And the grandfather and the two little children," I said, "did you know them?"

"I did, sir, and well I ought," was the reply. "I've been in here now for the last twenty years."

"What became of them when they were evicted?" I asked.

"The good neighbors came and offered them a shelter. They took it; but when the middle of the night came the old man rose up (he had been dreaming that they were dragging his daughter away from the old home, and that she was calling to him for help), and hastily waking up the sleeping children, and putting one under each 'lap' of his coat, like a hen with her chickens, he rushed to the door of the old cottage that was never before closed against him. But it was saled now against him and his. From fatigue and sorrow he fell on the doorstep and

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rested his head against the jamb; and with the folds of his old riding-coat, and with a hand on each side, he nestled and protected the two little orphans. It was a hard bed, but for all that they slept; slept so soundly that they did not even feel the rain that fell, and that wetted them through and through.

"There they remained sleeping away until the pathroul came round. All thim peelers are not bad, sir. I have known some of 'em," he said in his softest tone, "and I declare to you you'd find worse. Any road, Sergeant Kelleher took compassion on them. He asked them to go with him, and when the old man grew obstinate and would not stir he made pretence of ordering his men to arrest 'em. The only thing the ould man dreaded was for fear any harm would come to the children, and directly that the two children were taken on in front, he at once followed. He could not bear the children out of his sight. He seemed to care about nothing else, to forget everything but the children. When they were brought to the barrack and kindly put to the fire he should have the children with him all the while, one on each side of him. The sergeant didn't want to have them put to jail, as they could be, you know, sir, for trespassers and vagabonds without a home. He sent for the doctor (Dr. Tom, God bless him!), who ordered them to the work-house hospital.

"I recollect well seeing them coming in that gate below. There wasn't one that seen them that wasn't moved. John at the gate couldn't ax them what was their name or where they were going, as he is bound to do to them that passes in. The peelers themselves that came with 'em kept a piece away, as if they were ashamed, as you might say. And up the front there, with a pair of little feet, mother-naked, pattering on each side of him in the puddles, tottered the old man.

"'Sure they won't take ye away from me! Sure ye won't laive me, my darlin's,' he would cry; 'ye won't, Annie? ye won't, Rose?'

"But when they came to the door of the hospital, and he was tould that the children couldn't be allowed with him, that there was classification, and resolutions, and ordhers, and that the rules should be carried out; that males and females were kept asunder; that there was one place for men, another for women; and when they began taking away the children the ould man lifted up his aged hands—oh! may I never again see such a sight! His hat fell from his gray head, and he dropped down on the ground as if dead. The poor children struggled away from the arms of those that held them, and rushed to him. Their cries would wring

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tears from a stone; but they had to be separated, you know, sir; that is the law!

"The ould man was taken to the hospital, and after some time he recovered; but his senses were gone! One morning, without knowing how he came there, we found him standing between these two trees. They weren't bare then, but green as a meadow and covered with leaves. The thought had come into his head that the two trees were his grandchildren—this one was Annie, and that was Rose. And he'd put his hands around the trunks and kiss them, and call them his poor darlin's. And when in the summer-time their boughs 'ud meet he'd say: 'Look, now, they're joining hands, but I'm too ould for high-gates or thread-the-needle ayther.' And all the same he'd stoop down and run under the boughs and laugh. And then he'd pat the branches, and kiss the trunk of the trees, and call 'em his darlin's.

"At times he'd ask them, Would they wish for a song? and in a low voice he'd crounaun—

> "'Oh! the sun is shining in Lisadoon,
> And the flowers are smiling in Lisadoon,
> And I'd love to be in Lisadoon
> All the day long.'

"'Ye like that?' he'd say. 'Well, I'll sing ye another now:

> "'Oh! the bees are humming in Lisadoon,
> And the tide is coming in Lisadoon,
> And I wish I was in Lisadoon
> All the day long.'

"And now, what was very singular," continued my informant after a hard struggle with his old enemy the cough, "that was almost the only thing he was astray in. He'd come into the chapel—I'll show you the place if you step this way, sir." It was not ten paces off, and we went. "He'd kneel there behind the doore, and there wasn't a stir out of him; no matter who came in or who went out, he never minded. He knelt up straight, his gray hair came in curls on his neck, and his eyes, which were nearly blind, looked nowhere but at the altar. If there was a born image of that poor man that knelt far down in the temple, and struck his breast, and cried, Lord be merciful to me a sinner! it was him.

"He lived some years; but when he fell sick he broke down all at once, and died as you'd blow out a candle; and thim

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trees, thim two trees, as sure as he died, seemed to know it. They pined away as if they were Christians; the leaves fell off one by one, and from that day to this, summer or winter, they are as you see 'em."

This was the end of the old man's tale and the Legend of the Twin Trees. The fact of their becoming blighted exactly at the old man's death is undeniable.

I looked for some moments with reverent interest on those striking memorials of a life blasted in its decline, and out of my meditations came the wish that God would send peace to my own dear land, and happy hearths and homes to her poor peasantry. And oh! but her peasantry could be happy. Give them security in their homes, rid them of the tyranny of unjust laws, give them the right of governing themselves, and then leave them to Heaven and their own good loving hearts, and there will be no more blighted lives and no more blasted twin trees.

I lingered yet a while, for there was sadness at my heart. While I stayed a gleam of sunshine fell upon the naked trunks, and a little robin perched first upon one, and then upon the other, and piped his peaceful song. Was it a good omen?

"And what of the children," I asked, as I turned to leave.

"The good nuns, the Sisters of Mercy, took them up," the old man replied. "One of them, however, never recovered the wetting she got. She pined away and died. Any road, they say it is hard to rear twins; that one of them almost always goes. The other got a good education from these holy ladies here, and now she's in a fine position, and giving every satisfaction as a certified nurse in one of our city hospitals."

R. O'KENNEDY.

Patrickswell, Co. Limerick.

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THE NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AND THE EXISTING COLLEGES.

BEFORE this paper comes under the notice of our readers the Divinity School of the Catholic University of America will have been ushered into active existence. We understand that it is in contemplation to open the School of Arts in about two years from now, and that the Schools of Law and Medicine and others will follow in due succession, as quickly as circumstances will permit. We shall thus have, please God, in the near future a University, a *Studium Generale*, in the full and liberal sense of the term. It will be not merely an *École des Hautes Études* for the clergy; it will also embrace the laity, to whom it will afford the highest general culture, as well as the technical instruction they may require for their several walks in life.

No one can question the immense good that such an institution is calculated to do for the church in America. There is no one who has Catholic interests at heart but will wish it God-speed. It sets out on its career under the fairest auspices, accompanied by all the presages of success. The blessing of Christ's Vicar, the patronage of a great hierarchy, endowments sufficiently ample, suitable site and buildings, a staff of eminent professors, a goodly number of students—all these belong already to the Divinity School, and will, it is hoped, belong in time to the other schools of the University. The purport of the present paper is to draw attention to one element of success, viz., the material on which the University will have to work, and which it will be expected to mould and fashion for the highest interests of the church in America no less than for that of the state. It is intended further to suggest some means whereby the University can secure this material in sufficient quantity and quality for its purposes, and whereby, at the same time, it can render a vast service to the cause of Catholic college education.

According to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for the year 1886–'87, there are in the country some fifty Catholic educational establishments, which the commissioner tabulates under the heading, "Colleges of the Liberal Arts."

Whatever career the future may have in store for these institutions, they correspond now—nearly all of them, certainly—

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with the *lycées* and *petits séminaires* of France, the *gymnasiums* of Germany, the public schools of England. The function of the new University will be to supplement and complete the work done in these establishments of secondary education. It is from them that it will derive its material. Even the Divinity School, whose work is supposed to begin where that of the *grands séminaires* ends, cannot afford to disregard the kind of liberal culture which has preceded the philosophy and theology of the seminary; for, where this liberal training in the mother-tongue, in classics, and in science is wanting or deficient, the superstructure built by the seminary and University may be learned, may be beautiful, but it will be very inefficient on the battle-field of modern thought. It will be like grand artillery with no wheels to move it into position; or like a mail-clad knight, with sword and spurs and battle-axe, but without a horse to take him into the fray. Hence, it is in the best interest of the University to keep in touch with and influence the source of all its material—the Catholic colleges spread throughout the country. Such action on the part of the University will be "twice blessed," blessing "him that gives and him that takes." It will bless the University by supplying it with good material; it will bless the colleges by supplying a standard for their work, and impressing a stamp of excellence where it is due. At present there is no uniform standard of studies for the institutions referred to; there is no encouragement for such as desire to do serious work. There is no rightly formed public opinion brought to bear on the work done. Parents, in most cases, are not in a position to judge it aright, and the Catholic world in general is forced to form its opinion of a given institution from its show-days, its theatricals, its commencements, its advertisements, or the notices which appear in the papers. The new University can supply correctives to all this. It can mark out a standard of studies to be attained by all who desire to enter its own portals. Further, and especially by a judicious system of examinations and a liberal awarding of prizes, scholarships, or burses, it can draw out the best strength of the colleges and excite a healthy emulation amongst them. Various methods might be proposed for effecting this. The writer would suggest one which he thinks would be found feasible, and which would attain the end in view. It is the system adopted by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. These two venerable universities established about thirty years ago, and have since kept up, a system of "local examinations," as they are called, which have been attended by the greatest success. The

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writer prepared pupils for the Cambridge local examinations during several years, so that he is familiar with their working; and he knows from other sources that those of Oxford are precisely similar.

The system is as follows: The University appoints what Cambridge calls "syndics" and Oxford "delegates." It is the duty of these to trace out the programme of examinations, and to nominate the examiners. The latter set the examination papers, examine and classify the answers of candidates, and report thereon to the syndics. The University, moreover, appoints for each local centre or college a secretary, who forwards to the general secretary at the University the names, baptismal certificates, and fees of intending candidates. This office is usually filled by some one connected with the college. In addition, the University selects some entirely independent person to act as presiding or superintending examiner at the local centre. It is he who receives the examination papers sealed from the University, unseals them in the presence of the candidates, presides over the several parts of the examination, and, at its close, transmits the candidates' answers sealed to the University. As a further guarantee of fairness in the examinations, candidates are known to the examiners only by numbers. In due time the results of the examinations are published in class or division lists, together with the reports of the several examiners. Therein each college finds the record of its success or failure; and deserving students receive from the University or from other sources appropriate reward and encouragement.

The local examinations, as conducted by both the universities mentioned, are twofold—senior and junior. The former is intended for students under eighteen years of age, the latter for those under sixteen. Oxford confers the title of Associate in Arts on those who pass with honors the senior examination, which embraces the whole field of liberal culture as far as may be expected from students about to enter a University.

As regards the expense of these examinations, they appear to be self-supporting. A fee of one pound sterling is required from every candidate, and this amount covers all expenses.

There seems to be no reason why this or some similar system could not be brought into operation by the new University. The examinations may, perhaps, in the beginning be confined to the senior classes of our colleges. The details of age, fees, relative importance of subjects, modes of procedure, etc., could be easily settled by calling a convention of the presidents of colleges, to be

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held at the University. The good results that would flow from such a system cannot be measured by words. The standard of studies would be raised all round; healthy emulation would be excited among the colleges and students; Catholic public opinion would be trained to a due appreciation of what is and what is not education, and abundance of material of the right sort would be prepared for University purposes.

A twofold objection may be raised against this or any like scheme—the one on the part of the University, the other on that of the colleges.

On the side of the University it may be urged that it would be going outside its sphere to occupy itself directly or indirectly with the work of secondary education. Again, it would be too much to expect of University professors that they should undertake the drudgery of examination work.

The first part of this objection would have much force in countries where, as in Germany, for instance, secondary education is directed and controlled on a fixed definite system by the state. But here in America the case is very different. The state has nothing to say to our Catholic colleges except words of encouragement; and even the church concerns herself about them only to the extent of satisfying herself that the religious instruction given by them is orthodox. In present circumstances the new University alone could effectively influence them; and it owes it both to its own interests as well as to its function in the Catholic educational system of the country to do so.

The second part of the objection, that arising from the consideration of the drudgery and routine of examinations, has much to be said in its favor; but a little explanation will weaken its force. It is not suggested that the senior professors of the University should be expected to turn aside from their lectures to examine manuscripts by the hundred and thousand. The University, by giving proper remuneration (this remuneration to be provided for by the fees of the candidates), can easily get competent men, either within its own walls or without, to set papers and correct the answers. It would be easy to give a list of eminent scholars who do not hesitate to perform a like duty for the Oxford and Cambridge locals, and other similar examinations. Calculating fifty colleges, with an average of ten candidates from each college, and a fee of five dollars from each candidate, we have a sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, which would be amply sufficient to pay examiners and cover the other expenses of the examinations. It is hoped that the University would possess itself of a fund for

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the purpose of these examinations, to be devoted to the foundation of prizes and burses for the most deserving candidates.

The other objection to the proposed scheme is that which may be made on the part of the colleges. It may be said that in a free country like this, where the interests of colleges are so varied, it cannot be expected that they will submit to any "iron-clad" system of studies or examinations.

To this it may be answered, in the first place, that the proposed scheme is not in any sense "iron-clad." The colleges would be as untrammelled, for all useful purposes, after adopting it as before. No hard-and-fast lines need be drawn about text-books or authors; the examinations need take into account only the net results of the teaching supposed to be given in the colleges, without entering into details about the ways and means whereby such results are obtained.

In the next place, it is morally certain that the vast majority of the colleges will gladly co-operate with the University in carrying out a project the object of which is to raise the standard of studies, to excite emulation, and to give encouragement and reward where they are deserved. It may be that some few will hold themselves aloof at the outset, either because they consider themselves above such a thing, or for some other reason. Such will be brought into line after a time by the force of public opinion and a sense of their own interests. If the scheme here proposed, or something similar to it, be carried out judiciously and liberally by the University, no college in the country worth counting with can afford to disregard it. Only give our Catholic people some safe standard by which they may discern the relative worth of colleges, and they will not be slow to appreciate it. To supply such a standard by a judicious system of examinations, to keep it always at a high level by the liberal awarding of prizes, burses, or scholarships, to bring into wholesome rivalry the various Catholic colleges of the country—such we believe to be one of the most practically important functions that the new University is called upon to perform. We feel sure that the authorities of the University will readily realize the importance of the matter, and we trust that they will meet with hearty co-operation on the part of the colleges.

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SAINT CUTHBERT AND HIS TIMES.

THE earliest glimpse we are able to gain of the great province of Northumbria, some two thousand years ago, exhibits it as the inclement abode of the Brigantes, most powerful of the British tribes. They possibly had some slight intercourse with the neighboring peoples of the continent, but were at best tattooed savages, scantily clothed in the hides of wild oxen, wolves, beavers, and other trophies of the chase, living precariously on the spoils of their spears and nets, and shivering in northerly blasts and winter snows. Their position was bettered when, after many a bloody struggle, the Roman legions finally dominated the land, protecting it from the inroads of the untamable Picts of the Scottish highlands by the noble wall and chain of forts stretching from the Forth to the Clyde, and since called Graham's Dyke, raised by the energy of Agricola, that lieutenant of Domitian who was the real conqueror of Britain, and whose deeds have been immortalized by his son-in-law Tacitus. Christianity early gained converts in Britain, and though the story of St. Joseph of Arimathea bearing the Sangreal to Glastonbury and there constructing a hermitage is, to say the least, uncertain, and St. Paul's visit to the island equally dubious, there is little doubt that Christianity was taught in Britain during his day. St. Alban, the first British martyr, suffered in 303 A.D., and about the same time Helena, a lady of Colchester, in Essex, married Constantius Chlorus, the Roman emperor, and subsequently, at Eboracum (York), the great northern capital, bore Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor. This St. Helena, it will be remembered, was the discoverer of the true cross, which now figures in the arms of her native city of Colchester. Morgan, a Britain, better known as Pelagius, was a notable heretic of those times.

But when Rome, sore beset by barbarian inroads, withdrew her legions from outlying provinces to defend the heart of the empire, Britain was left to shift for itself, in much the same position that India would now occupy were the British authority suddenly withdrawn. How the unwarlike and decadent Britains, harassed by the onset of ferocious Picts and Scots, and distracted by internal dissension, invoked the aid of Hengist and his Jutish followers, and how the lamb found the wolf an ally of doubtful

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advantage, belongs not to our present subject, except thus, that in 454 Octa, a brother of Hengist, occupied Northumbria, ostensibly for the purpose of defending Britain from the Picts. Then succeeds a long period of turmoil and carnage, in which Briton, Pict, Angle, Saxon, and Jute lay about them with catholic impartiality, heeding little apparently whether they slay kinsman or stranger so that their lances be duly fleshed. It were of scant interest to trace this purposeless battle of the crows and kites, even were it possible, but "the gestes of them before Ida are little known by croniques"; and how should they be? The ancient bard of the Briton had long since been displaced and Christianity with its monastic chroniclers had been nearly obliterated in the clash of steel. However, Ida the Saxon, with his twelve sons, landed at Flamborough in 547, drove off the Britons, and founded the kingdom of Bernicia; a dozen years later he was slain by Owen, a British chieftain; next year Ælla, one of Ida's men, established the sister kingdom of Deira, and Ethelfrith later combined the two states, thus forming the realm of Northumbria. The British Christians could not bring themselves to proffer the blessings of religious brotherhood to their German tormentors, but they rather consoled themselves, as Tertullian before them, by anticipations of seeing the tables effectually turned on their enemies in a future state of being. Pope Gregory's indignation at this their vindictive temper is well known; also his kindly pleasantries on the words Angli, Ælla, Deira, when he saw the little British boys in the Roman slave-mart, and then resolved on the conversion of the land, his charitable purpose subsequently taking form in the mission of St. Augustine. A generation later Edwin the Bretwalda (leading monarch amidst the Anglo-Saxon princes), whose name survives in his city of Edinburgh, married Ethelburga, the daughter of Ethelbert, the Christian king of Kent, and himself received baptism. Nor was this step merely a concession to the sentiments of his spouse; he convoked the National Assembly, and explained to his nobles his reasons for this momentous step. Very dignified and temperate was the deliberation which ensued, and the majestic utterances of one venerable graybeard which have been preserved, give a vivid picture of the manners of the day. He compared himself and his compeers, in their ignorance of all which precedes or follows the brief period of earth life, to the bird which, as the king on a winter evening with his attendants is seated at the fire, flies from the outer cold and darkness into the light and warmth of the hall, lingers but a brief space, and then through the further door passes forth into the

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gloom again; wherefore, said the aged noble, if these new teachers can at all enlighten us on these obscure mysteries, let us hear what they have to say. So was it decided with unanimity, and Coifi, the high-priest, mounted on his charger, rode into the temple and, in view of the apprehensive bystanders, hurled his lance into the image of Odin. It was a moment of dread suspense, but as the insulted divinity failed to resent the affront, the Northumbrians plucked up courage and followed their monarch to the font. Gods, however, are more accustomed to act through human instrumentality than by immediate interference, if we are to credit those who, of whatever else they may be ignorant, are always able to expound the ways and intentions of Providence on every occasion. Perhaps there were such in Britain twelve centuries ago, and they may have explained that the offended war-god stirred up Penda, the king of Mercia, to avenge the impiety, slay Edwin, and overthrow the newly erected structure of Northumbrian Christianity. His triumph, however, was but short-lived, for seven years after Edwin's baptism, Oswald, a prince of the Northumbrian blood royal, who as a refugee had learned and adopted Christianity in Scotland, drew together a handful of followers, and posting himself on the wall of Severus, at the place called Heaven's field, defied the might of the redoubtable British chieftain Cedwell, or Cadwallon, who was wasting the country. This was a work of great hardihood. Oswald was far outnumbered and an untried man, whereas his veteran opponent had been victor in forty engagements and sixty personal encounters. The young aspirant to regal honors, however, marshalled his band on a commanding eminence, and, in the spirit of Constantine, erected there a wooden cross, his followers with their hands pressing earth around its base until it stood firm. Then Oswald invoked the aid of Heaven on his just cause. As his opponent was also a Christian and of the native stock of the land, he might apparently, with equal justice—and possibly did—have offered up similar petitions on his own behalf. The battle was joined; the strategy and energy of Oswald proved too much for the "big battalions"; the grand old Briton lay dead on a heap of slain; the remnant of his force drew off beyond the Severn, and a new day dawned on Northumbria. The young king now bestirred himself for the benefit of his distracted realm, and as a first step sent to Donald, the Scottish monarch, for a Christian teacher. The result was the arrival from Iona of a certain Corman, a morose monk, and apparently a premature development of the old Scottish Presbyterian Calvinist of whom Buckle gives so dismal a

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portrayal. He soon returned to his monastery, complaining of the obstinacy and ill manners of the English, and declaring that the mission was hopeless. He was, however, temperately reproved by a young monk called Aidan, and so struck were all by his sweetness and capacity that he was forthwith elected to succeed Corman and despatched to the court of Oswald. This was in 635, and we find the bishop selecting as his headquarters the sombre flat islet of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, possibly on account of its resemblance to his former home of Iona, and there was situated the cathedral of the sixteen first bishops of Northumbria. Aidan soon drew to him many of his old associates, followers of the rule of St. Columba, and earnest men of simple lives. The Irish, who are unrivalled in tracing genealogies, assert that St. Aidan was of the same race as their St. Bridget, and St. Bede, who was born twenty years after Aidan's death, says of him that "he was a pontiff inspired with a passionate love of goodness, but full of surpassing gentleness and moderation." In his long missionary journeys he always travelled on foot, and in many fastnesses of Yorkshire wolds and Cumbrian fells no other mode of locomotion would have been feasible. The churches and monasteries which he founded were always schools, and he habitually had a dozen children under his own immediate care. He also devoted himself to the redemption of slaves, especially of those whose servitude was markedly deplorable, for Saxons and Celts, worse even than modern Georgians, sold their children and brethren like cattle. Nor were the efforts of Aidan barren of results, for we hear of 15,000 people being baptized within seven days. This is the less to be marvelled at when we remember that the bishop was in his teaching assisted by the king, who, as Aidan was at first ignorant of English, acted as his interpreter and added his own exhortations to those of the prelate. This charming idyllic picture illustrates the state of society in Anglo-Saxon days; there was no talk of church and state as of distinct and possibly opposing institutions; the church was the state and the state was the church, and earl and bishop sat together on the bench to try offenders, just as they united their deliberations in the Witan or Great Council for the benefit of the common-weal. Carlyle's dictum that kingship is the need of the present day was doubtless equally true of the times we are considering, even if it had not a universal application, for is not history a record of great men? At any rate, Northumbria had now got a king, a conning or cunning man, one with brain to plan and hand to execute, and it soon responded to his touch.

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"Ah, God! for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by.
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat, one
Who can rule and dare not lie."

The difficulty is to discover the king by divine right. The Saxon method was for the Witan to select the most suitable man in the royal family; thus Alfred the Great, on the death of his elder brother, succeeded him, setting aside his infant son, for a man, not a child, was a necessity. As this system led naturally to disputed successions and bloodshed, the law of direct descent was more rigidly adhered to as time advanced, the nation still conserving, and frequently exercising, the right of deposing unsuitable monarchs, as in the case of the second and fourth Stuart. Thus the principle stated in the first commandment of the Decalogue, that blood will tell "unto the third and fourth generation," was co-ordinated with the right of a free people to elect their own leader.

But Oswald had sterner work on hand than the translation of sermons, for the sword must guard what the sword has won, and old Penda was determined on the undoing of Oswald as he had been on that of Edwin. Piling up a vast mass of timber and brushwood from the neighboring forest against the walls of Bamborough Castle, the Mercian monarch strove to serve his Northumbrian brother as St. Arnaud did the luckless Arabs in the Algerine cave.* Aidan prayed for divine succor in this extremity; the wind veered round, driving dense masses of smoke into the faces of the assailants, and some of them perished scorched and suffocated. However, Penda at length prevailed, and eight years after his accession Oswald was slain in Shropshire and hung on

* "Dr. Johnson relates in his *Journey* that when eating, on one occasion, his dinner in Skye to the music of the bagpipe, he was informed by a gentleman "that in some remote time the Macdonalds of Glengarry, having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice, or vengeance, they came to Culloden on a Sunday, when, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the church, which they set on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning." Culloden, however, was not the scene of the atrocity; it was the Mackenzies of Ord that their fellow-Christians and brother-churchmen, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, succeeded in converting into animal charcoal when the poor people were engaged, like good Catholics, in attending Mass. The Macdonalds, after setting fire to the building, held fast the doors until the last of the Mackenzies of Ord had perished in the flames."—*My Schools and Schoolmasters*, by Hugh Miller, p. 176, 20th edition.

"... The resembling story of that Cave of Eigg, in which a body of the Macdonalds themselves, consisting of men, women, and children—the entire population of the island—had been suffocated wholesale by the Macleods of Skye."—*Ib.* p. 180.

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a tree at the place now called from the event Oswestry (Oswald's tree). A year later Oswald's brother ventured to remove the remains; the body was taken to Gloucester, the head to the Holy Island, and the right arm, in a silver casket, was carried to Bamborough. The people on this recalled the words of Aidan, "Never may this arm perish!" which he had spoken on seeing Oswald, when his almoner had distributed all the available money to the destitute, stretch forth his hand, grasp the silver drinking-cup on the table before him, and himself bestow it on a starving suppliant. The material arm has of course long since mouldered into dust, but the gallant young monarch's name will be held in honor as long as England is a nation. His name is commemorated in the calendar on the fifth of August. On his demise Oswald's dominions became divided, Oswine obtaining Deira and Oswy Bernicia. The former possessed the greater material resources, and might have maintained his position had he combined the serpent's wisdom with his dove-like sweetness of disposition; he was too gentle for this work-a-day world, and, abhorring strife and bloodshed, disbanded his forces, imagining that his guileless conduct would be imitated by his neighbors. What could the result be then or now? Oswy fell on him and found an easy prey, and the loving Aidan, unable to survive the sweet kindred spirit, passed quietly away some ten days later, seated outside a church in a little shed which his disciples had constructed for him, and leaning against one of the buttresses. After this we find Oswy defeating and slaying the aggressive old Penda and subduing his territory. One cannot suppress a feeling of regret for the fate of the stanch old champion of the faith of his forefathers which all were forsaking, especially as his downfall sounded the knell of the old order. Mercia and East Anglia now embraced Christianity, and, in point of faith at least, England was at one. Peada, the son of Penda, was brought to the new belief by Finan, the successor of Aidan. He appears to have been a Briton, and to have come from the same Scotch monastery from which his predecessor had issued. In Lindisfarne "Finanus Aidanus, his successor, built a cathedral of wood thatched with reeds, and Eadbert Saint Cuthbert, his successor, instead of this consecrated thatch apparelled over the whole church with a robe of lead." This building was afterwards dedicated to St. Peter by Archbishop Theodore. Bede says of Finan that he was a hasty man, and hot against the Roman time of observing Easter.

The controversy as to the proper time for the Easter observance and the right mode of monastic tonsure raged long and

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fiercely between the British and Anglo-Roman clergy, the former with national persistency refusing to budge from their traditionary practice, handed down, as they asserted, from the Evangelist St. John, whilst the followers of Augustine were unbending in their demand that the Roman ritual should be paramount. It had long been customary in the East, as it is now with Chinese, Hindoos, and others, to remove the hair from the head, a refreshing practice under a tropical sun, and one not altogether unknown in Texas and other States of the sunny South. This custom the Christian monks and eremites inherited from Essenes, Egyptian priests, and other Eastern recluses. It would appear that the Roman monks did not make a clean sweep of the cranium, as did their British brethren, but preserved a circlet of hair round the head. The question, at any rate, appears trivial when viewed from the distance of twelve centuries, and English and American Jesuits are efficient enough without simulating ring-worm or baldness, but this dispute was grim earnest in its day. The historian would have a pleasanter task could he present the various bands of Christian teachers as working side by side in brotherly harmony for the enlightenment of hordes of barbarians rather than as bickering over ceremonial details. But good work in this world is often done by commonplace agents; powerful minds, like St. Gregory the Great, who, when despatching the missionaries, had charged them, whilst maintaining great principles, to be tolerant of local prejudices, being rarely found. The scene is a country town; time, a bitter morning in early March; occasion, a parliamentary election; party feeling is at fever-heat, though not a dozen persons in the borough could set forth the tenets of the contending factions. Flys and chaises plastered with huge primrose-colored posters speed hither and thither; these are for the conveyance of Whig electors to the poll. Plethoric farmers, loud of voice and bespattered with country clay, are grouped around the tavern doors, their breasts decked out with rosettes of cerulean hue; these are the supporters of the Tory candidate. Two small boys approach each other in the market square, exchanging glances of scorn and defiance. "Blew!" says the one; "yaller!" retorts the other, and a hearty exchange of fisticuffs ensues. The novelist and the apostle were right. "Blue," "yellow"; "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos"—such is human nature. Such were our early teachers. How striking by contrast the dignified aspect of the Master! who, though well able to pulverize with words of burning scorn the hypocrite and sham who can have no quarter, yet cared little that some who had the gist of the matter in them

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"followed not with us." But there were giants in the earth in the days we are considering, towering like Homeric heroes above their fellows, and such was a young Scottish gentleman who grew up in picturesque Lauderdale. Little is known of his early days; he was an orphan, but a worthy widow lavished on him a parental affection, and in the busy after-days he always contrived to pay her an annual visit.

The Kelts said that Cuthbert was the son of a captive Irish princess, and Bede describes him as pre-eminent in athletic sports. He had a rigorous though bracing schooling as a shepherd, grazing his flocks on the wild folcland, or common, like a Colorado ranchman. But he was early attracted by the piety of the disciples of St. Columba, whom St. Aidan had established at Mulros. Their monastery was but a rude congeries of mud-bedaubed hovels of wattle thatched with water-reeds, the majestic pile of Melrose, whose ruins Sir Walter Scott has immortalized, being of far later date; but the living stones of the original foundation were not excelled in grace and beauty by those of any subsequent age. It was said that the immediate cause of Cuthbert's desire to be enrolled in their ranks was the vision of the soul of St. Aidan at the time of his death, "the soul of which bishop St. Cuthbert happened to see carried up with great melodie by a Quire of Angels into Heaven." So at fifteen years of age Cuthbert, mounted on his charger, with lance and attendant squire, rides up to the gate of Melrose Abbey, on the banks of the Tweed, of which Eata was then abbot, and seeking St. Boisil (or Boswell), the prior, of him craves admission into the fraternity. Cuthbert was placed in charge of the prior, who instructed him out of the manuscript of St. John's Gospel which afterwards, on his account, became so famous, "on which, after so many centuries of years, no moth ever durst presume to feed." When under Henry VIII. St. Cuthbert's shrine at Durham was plundered, this, with other memorials of the saint, was removed, and Alban Butler says that the Earl of Litchfield gave it to Mr. Thomas Philips, a canon of Tongres. Cuthbert proved himself so capable a person that when Eata took charge of the monastery of Ripon he took his young disciple with him as guest-master, and when subsequently St. Wilfrid assumed the direction of that house, Eata took Cuthbert back with him to the Tweed, and established him there as prior when Boswell, in 664, succumbed to the plague. Cuthbert was near falling a victim at the same time to this dread visitation; his vigorous constitution, however, triumphed, and he might have regained his former vigor, but his impetuous character rendering

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inaction intolerable to him, he refused to submit to the repose necessary during convalescence, and suffered in impaired vitality during the remainder of his career. But he continued his missionary journeys amongst the illiterate and semi-pagan inhabitants of Northumbria, who retained a lingering penchant for heathen charms and superstitions, his shepherd training here serving him well, as he was sometimes absent for months at a time travelling from sea to sea, for Theodore had not yet established the parochial system. It is more pleasing to contemplate the saint as patiently treading in the footsteps of his Master and St. Paul, and supporting the hardships incidental on missionary labors, than as emulating the feats of Hindoo fakirs and Moslem dervishes; but the hero was not as yet perfected, and stone bathing-places are even now pointed out in which Cuthbert is said to have spent whole nights, standing up to his neck in the chilly water, and there is a story told in Northumberland of some otters licking his frozen feet as he prayed on the strand after such an ordeal. Elijah, in calm dignity at Carmel, contrasts favorably with his adversaries, gashing their bodies with knives to propitiate Baal, and we do not find the apostles or their early followers inflicting self-torture, for they had received the adoption not of slaves but of sons. But we may hope that these legends of our hero are the additions of popular fancy, as great part of his story most surely is; they, however, are here introduced as showing the conception of him current in subsequent ages, when his reputation was at its highest. When St. Eata became abbot of Lindisfarne he took Cuthbert with him as prior, and here he remained for twelve years, in "such sanctity of life that the devil was much grieved at his vertues." Cuthbert far excelled his contemporaries in moderation and common sense.

For instance, when at the Synod of Whitby Wilfrid succeeded in establishing the observance of the Roman ritual, and poor Bishop Colman, rather than yield, packing up the bones of Aidan, retired to Iona with some of his monks, Eata and Cuthbert, though agreeing with Colman, resolved for the sake of peace to accept the decrees of the council, and even condescended to argue temperately with the monks who, with true ecclesiastical conservatism, were wedded to the ancient order. The moderation of Cuthbert is sadly needed in these days, when factions and unpatriotic politicians, because they are out of office, hamper the action of the executive and do their utmost to involve their country in disaster and dishonor. Cuthbert also persuaded the monks to disuse the gaudy plaids in which their simple souls rejoiced, he

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deeming robes of plain undyed wool more suited to the gravity of their profession. Stories are also told of how he stayed the ravages of the plague and healed the son of a woman when at the point of death. Preaching at the village of his foster-mother, the devil tried to withdraw his audience from the influence of his exhortations by setting fire to a cottage. Cuthbert, however, showed the people that it was merely fantastical fire, dissipated the illusion, and continued his harangue. But the saint had a remarkable delight in prayer, to which he sometimes devoted three or four consecutive nights; and to enjoy this exercise without distraction, in the year 676 he withdrew from Lindisfarne to the small island of Fern, nine miles distant, a dreary basaltic spot, exposed to the unbroken violence of the east wind, from which he screened his narrow dug-out as best he might with an ox-hide stretched over the entrance. This place was nearly opposite the royal castle of Bamborough, of which we have already heard. The devils who had monopolized the island now fled, the rocks poured out water, and the soil untilled bore rich crops, which possibly means that the saint dug a well and cultivated a patch of ground, and that the seals, with their habitual distrust of human intrusion, abandoned their ancient haunts on the beach. However, Cuthbert appears to have possessed that extraordinary sympathy with, and consequent control over, the animal world of which there are occasional instances, the last we heard of being an inhabitant of one of the New England States, a man of French origin, whose name we have forgotten, but which will probably be known by many of our readers. "He ceased not to preach to the Birds that eat up his Corn, who so confuted them out of this text, *non aliena concupisces*, that they would never after eat his barley. He reclaimed two crows from stealing and rapine that pluckt off his thatch from his Anchorage to build their nest, and made them so penitent that they lay at his feet prostrate for absolution, and the next day brought him a piece of Pork for satisfaction," "stolen," we presume, from some one else. It is said that the sea-birds called "birds of St. Cuthbert" are still found at Ferne (or House) Island, but nowhere else in England. The fishermen say that Cuthbert makes the shells *entrochus* at night. The saint spent eight or nine years in his hermitage, but this period was by no means one of inactivity; so numerous were his visitors that he built a guest-house of stone for their accommodation, though he ordinarily remained in his cell and conversed with them through a window. Northumbria was at this time convulsed by the struggle between Wilfrid and King Egfrid; in the presence of this

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prince at the Synod of Twiford, over which St. Theodore presided, Cuthbert was chosen Bishop of Lindisfarne. This, however, was sorely against his will, and it was only on earnest solicitation that he yielded, and was consecrated at York by Theodore and seven other bishops on the 17th of April, 685, being Easter Day. About the same time he told those near him of the death of King Egfrid, though he was at a distance, and they learned later that he had been slain by the Picts at the time Cuthbert had spoken of it. The bishop was most assiduous in preaching and in visiting the various portions of his extensive diocese, embracing as it did the Saxons of the east coast and central districts and the Britons of Cumberland. He was always patient and cheerful, and many marvels are attributed to him, as the healing of a dying lady by means of blessed water. She was the wife of Count Henna, and was so thoroughly and speedily restored that she arose from her bed and handed the loving cup to her astonished kindred. Similar is the story of the wife of a certain ealdorman whom Cuthbert healed of madness. So with Elfleda, niece of Sts. Oswald and Oswy, who was recovered from sickness by means of Cuthbert's linen girdle. This princess had succeeded St. Hilda as abbess of Whitby, and shortly before his death Cuthbert visited her to dedicate a neighboring church. Such was his religious abstraction that at table his knife dropped from his hand and he remained lost in thought. During the dedication ceremony the young abbess rushed up to him requesting a memento for a monk of whose death she had just heard. Then we hear of the queen and virgin St. Etheldreda working for him splendid vestments, and of his visits to Ebba, abbess of the double monastery of Coldingham, and to the Abbess Verca at the mouth of the Tyne. Here, being thirsty after dinner, Cuthbert refused both wine and beer, preferring water. The monks, however, averred that the rest of the cup was excellent wine. Seeing how ill he was, the abbess presented the saint with the fine linen shroud in which he was shortly after interred. The rule in Saxon times seems to have been general for princesses and ladies of birth to preside over convents, just as at present the highest distinction of princes of the blood is to bear arms and risk life and limb for the Fatherland side by side with the humblest trooper or grenadier. After two years of episcopal toil Cuthbert, feeling his end approaching, retired to his old retreat of Ferne to die. Here he lingered for two months, his illness being long and painful; his age was not far over fifty years, yet he was quite worn out. But the phase of spiritual life at which self-torture is esteemed grateful to the Father

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of all flesh he had now outgrown; no more icy baths and midnight sufferings; he bore patiently the inevitable, and might perhaps have said with Buckle: "We must not calumniate an all-wise and all-merciful Being by imputing to him those little passions which move ourselves, as if he were capable of rage, of jealousy, and of revenge, and as if he with outstretched arm were constantly employed in aggravating the sufferings of mankind and making the miseries of the human race more poignant than they would otherwise have been. These are base and grovelling conceptions, the offspring of ignorance and darkness. Such gross and sordid notions are but one remove from actual idolatry. All the events which surround us, even to the furthest limits of the material creation, are but different parts of a single scheme, which is permeated by one glorious principle of universal and undeviating regularity."

The sufferings of the saint, now prematurely aged, are extreme, and he is tenderly assisted by his mourning followers, who with warm wine and woollen coverings seek to restore his waning forces. He heeds not, however, these shortlived pains, "which are but for a moment," and to him might have been applied the words of certain writers on Buddhism, describing an Arhat: "To him who has finished the path and passed beyond sorrow, who has freed himself on all sides, thrown away every fetter, there is no more fever or grief." "The disciple who has put off lust and desire, rich in wisdom, has here on earth attained deliverance from death, the rest, the Nirvâna, the eternal state." And might he not have employed the words of a leading disciple of Gautama as a suitable expression of his state of mind? "I long not for death; I long not for life; I wait till mine hour come, like a servant who awaiteth his reward." We take the liberty of inserting these quotations at second-hand from a volume which lies before us, thinking that they admirably display the identity of true piety in every age and clime. Nor is this remarkable, for "the spirit of the Lord filleth the world," "and God fulfils himself in many ways." The hour of relief at length arrived, the saint received the Viaticum and passed quietly away at the hour of Matins on the 20th of March, 687, in the thirty-ninth year of his religious life and the fifty-fourth of his age. A monk with a torch, standing on the slightly elevated spot which the lighthouse now occupies, gave the preconcerted signal to the house of Lindisfarne, and thither the body of the deceased prelate was borne, where, robed in the Abbess Verca's shroud, it was placed in a coffin of stone. On a small islet in Derwentwater dwelt a priest and anchorite

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named Herbert, who was a close friend of Cuthbert, to whom he paid an annual visit, and, as the saint had predicted, they both died on the same day. In 1374 the Bishop of Carlisle appointed an annual Mass to be said in the island in memory of this pious friendship, with a forty days' indulgence for those who attended.

St. Cuthbert's body being inspected after a lapse of eleven years was found to be perfect. This caused King Celwolphus to bestow many lands on the monastery and to take the "monk's coole" there himself. Later on the constant inroads of Danish pirates kept Northumbria in a chronic state of alarm, and the Saxons had an opportunity of appreciating the feelings with which their own invading ancestors must have inspired the Britons several centuries before. Neither age, sex, nor rank were considered when the grim followers of Odin shouldered the Danish battle-axe and took the field. With each recurring spring fresh fleets from the fiords of the northern mainland would arrive, scudding before the keen nor'easter. The invaders would repose in some hidden inlet, awaiting the return of their scouts; a rapid raid of cavalry through the gloomy forests would then be made, and the fierce warriors with axe and brand would fall on some peaceful slumbering town like a hurricane or a party of Arab slavers on an African village. Then would succeed a confused tumult of women's shrieks, old men's groans, blazing rafters and blinding smoke, and by morning the town would be represented only by smouldering heaps of ruins and blackened corpses. At an abbey of nuns, as a Danish column was approaching, the abbess hastily assembled her disciples in the chapter-house, told them briefly what they had to expect from the uncouth foe, and then taking a knife cut off her nose and lips; she then handed the weapon to another, who imitated her example, and so with the rest of the sisterhood. When the Danes, filled with fury and lust, burst into the chamber they shrank back appalled at the gruesome spectacle. So in 893 we find Eardulphus, the bishop, with his monks, fleeing from Lindisfarne, bearing with them St. Cuthbert's body and other relics. However, a "sacrilegious storme" struck their vessel in the Irish sea, and returning, they got into favor with Guthred, the Danish king, and gained lands from the Wear to the Tees. Alfred the Great, also, in honor of St. Cuthbert granted exemption from military service and taxation to the inhabitants, and placed the saint's name with his own on his coins. The bishopric, however, was now fixed at Chester-le-street, near Durham, where Bishop Eardulphus died in 894. A century later the see was removed to Durham or Dunholme—*i.e.*, the hill on

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the waters—the beautiful situation of that magnificent cathedral, built in 1080, being well known. Whether the following description by Mr. Hegge, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, written in 1663, will materially assist the reader is doubtful. "I may liken," says he, "the Bishoprick of Durham to the Letter *A*, and Durham to a crab, supposing the city for the body and the suburbs for the clawes. This countrey lyeth in the bosome of the Ocean and is embraced in the arms of two chrystal Rivers, Teese and Derwen." Durham was fixed on as the resting-place of St. Cuthbert's body because the monks could not get it away. For some reason they were driving the remains about in a cart, when it stuck fast in a bog or was detained by some unseen agency, a sign that they should remain where they were. This was in 996. Aldwinus was the last Bishop of Chester and the first of Durham. Amongst the monks at that time was one Rigulphus, said to be two hundred and ten years old, by whose side poor Parr, of the life pills, with his paltry one hundred and sixty years, would have appeared a mere child. Also, "Elfride, a monk, had got one of St. Cuthbert's hairs which, laid upon the coals, would be red hot, and return again to its former color."

The monks, alarmed at the approach of William the Norman, conveyed their saint's body to Lindisfarne for security, but he is held to have eventually frightened the victors of Senlac into submission, and before the end of his reign the present glorious structure, the "seven altars" of the Middle Ages, was commenced, Malcolm of Scotland and others aiding in the work, and for ages the Bishop Palatine was a little monarch of the northern marches.

Cuthbert had been a regular woman-hater, or rather he had sedulously avoided the sex, and therefore from churches dedicated to him all women were excluded, as also from the portion of Durham Cathedral near his magnificent shrine, a mark determining the Ultima Thule of female devotees being placed in the wall at some distance from the tomb. But what will not the gentle creatures do when placed on their mettle? In the fifteenth century two women arrayed in male attire attempted to approach the forbidden spot, but being detected by some ungallant old monk or crusty sacristan, were tried for their misdeed and put to public penance. Cuthbert's mistrust of the fair sex and their wiles arose from the following circumstance: The shame of an unmarried daughter of the king being apparent, she, on being accused, said, "The fault is with that young man who lives alone; I could not resist his beauty." On this the king and

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courtiers went to Cuthbert in his solitude, reproaching him with his hypocrisy and wickedness. Hereupon the saint with tears and lamentations betook himself to the protection of Heaven, praying that his innocence might be established, when lo! *horresco referens*, the earth gaped, swallowing up the brazen-faced huzzy, who, like Dathan and Abiron, of Hebrew story, descended alive into the realm of Pluto. The afflicted parent now craved the good offices of the outraged hermit, crying as another Lord Ullin: "My daughter, oh! my daughter," and of course his prayer was granted and the princess reappeared from below in pantomimic style.

Years ago, when visiting the museum of the United Service Institution, we came on the Franklin relics, and amongst others were some silver spoons and forks discolored by the exposure of years on an arctic beach, and a little girl of the party raised a laugh by suggesting that an application of plate-powder and chamois-leather would much improve them; as table utensils the spoons would doubtless have benefited had this proposition been acted on, but as relics they would have been impaired. We have in this sketch of the life of St. Cuthbert abstained from employing powder or leather. Those who wish to may, if they choose, remove the incrustations of legend and fable with which posterity has bedecked the memory of this great man, but we deem it hardly necessary; he was one of the noble spirits who planted the first seeds of religion and civilization in this land and to whom our indebtedness is incalculable. Sad it is that a powerful and learned English monarch should have deemed it consistent with his kingly dignity to rifle the shrine of such a man and outrage his remains. However, acting on the orders of Henry VIII., Dr. Lee, Dr. Henly, and Mr. Blithman defaced the shrine, taking the jewels and precious metal, which were of great value, for the king. The strong chest was burst open, in which were found, besides books, golden chalices, and other ornaments, the bones of Bede, Aidan, and others, and the head of St. Oswald; these were thrown away, but according to Harpefeild, with the exception of the tip of the nose, the body of St. Cuthbert was entire, with beard as of a fortnight's growth, and the sapphire ring on the finger. Viscount Montague gave this to the Bishop of Chalcedon, who subsequently presented it to the house of English Canonesses at Paris. Pending the decision of the king as to the bestowal of the body it was taken charge of by the monks, and Bishop Tunstal is said to have subsequently buried it where the shrine had stood. This, however, is doubtful, for Dr. Whitehead, the head of the monastery, and others who were present at the ghoulish

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ceremony of ransacking the shrine at the behest of the royal body-snatcher, say that a leg was accidentally broken. Now, in May, 1827, the cathedral and civic authorities caused the grave to be carefully opened, some neighboring Benedictines being present by invitation; a body was found vested in what are undoubtedly the robes of the saint, and of which Mr. Raine wrote an account. But neither leg of this body was broken, a fact which lends countenance to the story that the monks abstracted and concealed the body of St. Cuthbert, substituting another, and that only three Benedictines are entrusted with the secret of the resting-place of the remains. And though this may be so and will commend itself to those who find pleasure in mystery, yet it seems hardly probable, for in the present age of toleration and enlightenment such concealment and caution is wholly unnecessary. We fear, therefore, that the remains of the Scottish shepherd and knight, monk, hermit, missionary, and bishop, have shared the fate of those of Aidan, Bede, and Oswald, which so long reposed with his, and that the words of Aytoun are in a measure applicable:

"Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true:
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new.
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!"

CHARLES E. HODSON.

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1791—A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER X.

A THOUGHTFUL RIDE.

THIS last effort to capture Émilie Tourner had not appeared very hopeful to M. Tardiffe. He was, therefore, most happily surprised at receiving the madame's note. "The sweet bird," he inwardly congratulated himself, "that has eluded me so long is at last caged and shall now sing for me alone." He had really no expectation of being able to rescue M. Pascal. It was universally believed that the prisoners had been put to death. The excessively cruel character of Dessalines, stimulated by the carnival of massacre, emboldened by victory, and pressed towards revenge by the horrible tortures with which a number of blacks, without show of trial, had just been put to death at the Cape, gave ample warrant for such an opinion. It was felt, too, that Dessalines would be disposed towards violent measures, in order to make the breach between the whites and blacks irremediable. And in regard particularly to Henry Pascal, no one who had read the proclamation entertained a doubt that his recent arrival from Jamaica, should it come to the knowledge of the negro chief, would alone and at once decide his fate.

M. Tardiffe's supposition was that he would not have to advance far into the country before receiving intelligence in regard to the fate of the captives definite enough to warrant his return; and, though he should not have rescued M. Pascal, yet he felt that Émilie Tourner would be virtually within his grasp. The taking-off of her lover would remove the main obstacle between them, and the attraction residing in his ample and secure wealth, joined to the powerful advocacy of Madame Tourner, would, he felt assured, finally win the prize. Well known though he was as an *ami des noirs*, he was sensible, in the present spirit existing among the blacks, of the danger he was encountering in advancing even a few miles beyond the Cape, and took what precautions he could against them. One was to go entirely unarmed. Weapons, though unused, would show, he argued, latent resistance and tend to rouse aggression; and where resistance is hopeless complete defencelessness is the safer state. His dress, too, was of the plainest style consistent with the air of a gentleman, and he

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discarded every kind of ornament and valuable likely to tempt the cupidity of black marauders. He put aside, therefore, his rings and watch, and replaced a well-lined silken purse with a few loose coin.

To avoid the heat as well as the rain, which at this season usually begins falling about noon, the gig had been ordered early, and an hour before sunrise M. Tardiffe was a league beyond the Cape. It was Saturday, the chief market-day, and within the first few miles numbers of colored women were passed, adroitly balancing on the head, with arms akimbo, great trays of fruit and vegetables, and bundles of Guinea-grass. A sudden and exorbitant rise in the price of such commodities, the demand being especially pressing from the shipping in port, had tempted the venders to venture forth. Beyond this limit evidences of the insurrection grew distinctly visible, becoming more and more pronounced as M. Tardiffe advanced. But a few days before he had driven through this splendid plain, then teeming with a busy, prospering, and opulent population, and bearing on its fertile bosom in richest profusion every staple of tropical growth. How miserably had all changed! Dessalines' plan of operations displayed his sagacity. This, as mentioned elsewhere, was to desolate the plains and rendezvous in the mountains, where the labors of the women, aided by the soil's natural bounty, would supply a commissariat. The results were now before M. Tardiffe's eyes. Broken hedges and fencing, utterly wasted fields, the cane being everywhere cut down or trodden under foot, the charred *débris* of tobacco and indigo houses, of mansion and sugar-mill, had converted a magnificent and exhilarating prospect into one broad scene of desolation.

The accounts M. Tardiffe had received, though of the most vivid character, failed to convey fit impressions of this wide and wanton waste, and around him began deepening a sense of apprehension which the perfect solitude tended to enhance. Where were the thousands and thousands of blacks who at this hour were wont to go forth to work and greet the rising sun with joyous song and sally, as in long lines they would hoe up the cane or cut down the straw-colored stalks? The greater part had betaken themselves to the mountains, and for those remaining the hour was too early, for the negro is a drowsy creature, and had now ample opportunity to indulge his bent. The first blacks seen were a couple of women sitting near the roadside beneath a lime, not far from a massive stone bridge spanning a brawling brook. M. Tardiffe rode by without speaking. They were uncanny, ill-

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looking objects, and he had little hope of obtaining from them the information he desired; and had his expectations been higher, the impudent and malicious way in which they eyed him would have been sufficient cause for passing in silence. He had crossed the bridge, and was still musing upon their peculiar leers as boding no good, when the interpretation came in his being set upon by a gang of marauding blacks who had been sleeping off a carouse in the cabins attached to a ravaged plantation on his right.

M. Tardiffe was one of those nervous and apparently timid men we often see, whose impressionable nature conjures up and exaggerates the tokens of danger, but who, when the danger itself becomes manifest, at once stiffen themselves resolutely to oppose it; and he was conscious, as the maudlin blacks ran towards him with wild cries of "Buckra! Buckra!" that it was a crisis calling for all his resources. The blacks seized his bridle and compelled him to dismount, and hustled him very roughly, paying no regard to his asseverations that he was Louis Tardiffe and a friend to their race, and were going through his pockets for valuables when the leader of the gang, recognized by the marauders as "Cap'n Cato," rode up on a mettlesome nag. "Cudjoe!" spoke the captain in a loud, blustering tone of command, addressing a young fellow of stout build and having the plump appearance characteristic of sugar-mill hands who have free access to the cane-juice, "hold dis here snaffle."

Cudjoe at once sprang forward with great alacrity, for military obedience, he had already learned, must needs be swift. The veriest of masters, however, is he who has once been a slave, and Captain Cato, partly to emphasize his authority, partly to bully the white man, thought fit immediately to add:

"D'ye *hear*, boy? You Guinea nigger!"

"I hear, sah!" answered Cudjoe, as he seized the bridle. Captain Cato dismounted, and eyeing his prisoner all over as he approached him, demanded in brow-beating style who he was, where he was going, and on what business. The latter replied that his name was Louis Tardiffe, that he was well known as a friend to the blacks, and that he was on his way to confer with General Dessalines on matters of importance. At this announcement, delivered in a manner at once cool and remarkably polite, the captain's features relaxed considerably, for he had frequently heard the name of M. Tardiffe mentioned in connection with the asserted rights of the lower races. But the negro is suspicious by nature, and the captain's features grew grim again as the

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thought popped into his head that the prisoner might be deceiving him. He therefore said, looking sharply at his man:

"Buckra, me sabe who M. Tardiffe be; but how can me sabe ef you be him?"

Strange to tell, not until that moment had M. Tardiffe considered the highly probable necessity he would be under to make good his identity, and to extricate himself his fertility of resource seized upon a *ruse de guerre*, the success of which depended upon the negro's inordinate vanity. It was fraught with hazard, yet not enough in M. Tardiffe's judgment to balance the danger of being held by these maudlin marauders. The blacks, here and there, had picked up a little learning and were able to read. M. Tardiffe, however, had a conviction that Captain Cato's intellectual progress had not advanced so far; yet he believed the man's vanity, which he could see had been powerfully stimulated by his new-born authority, would not permit him to deny the accomplishment could its possession be so adroitly insinuated as to allow him to claim it without reasonable risk of his deceit being exposed.

Drawing forth, therefore, a chance letter—which proved to be a brief business one conveying his last London remittance—and speaking in a suave, engaging manner, he said:

"This, Monsieur le Capitaine, is my passport, secretly sent me by General Dessalines, and which I read:

"'HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PETITE ANCE.

"'This permits Monsieur Louis Tardiffe to pass and repass my army lines. He who molests him shall answer before me.

"'[Signed] GENERAL DESSALINES.'

"But you can see for yourself, Monsieur le Capitaine. I presume you can read a passport."

The captain took the proffered letter, and scrutinized it very carefully with his maudlin, stupid eyes; but the examination was made, as M. Tardiffe observed, with the paper upside down, and the latter felt greatly relieved at seeing his surmise justified and the stratagem succeeding. Handing back the paper, he stepped aside with his men, and they whispered together for some moments, he informing them, with many gesticulations, that the man was not only M. Tardiffe, the "nigger's friend," but that he bore a passport from General Dessalines, and that no harm or hindrance must come to him. In truth, the wily negro had a thought—though the smooth and confident way in which M. Tardiffe had read the paper made a decided impression—that the

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alleged passport might be a deception. There was, however, he felt, at least a probability of its being genuine, in which event Dessalines' threat was one to tremble at. So Captain Cato made up his mind to allow M. Tardiffe to pass, to which conclusion he was materially assisted by knowing that the prisoner had about him nothing valuable. Returning, therefore, to where he had left M. Tardiffe standing, he grasped him by the hand, and told him he was glad all over to know him. In his rude style he apologized for the roughness of his men, and said there would be no further trouble, as the way was clear to an outpost "better'n a league ahead," and that thence he would be safely escorted to the general's presence.

M. Tardiffe returned thanks in suitable terms, and followed with searching inquiries as to the fate of the captives, yet could gain nothing definite. To a special question the captain replied that he had not heard of their having been shot. At parting the captain drew forth an ample flask of taffia and offered it to our traveller, who saluted the bottle with apparent good-will. Shaking hands with Captain Cato, and bowing politely to his men, now officiously friendly, M. Tardiffe remounted his gig and rode forward, with a salvo of yells from the blacks. His cogitations were serious, as he now saw himself compelled to go on to the negro camp. He had never for a moment contemplated meeting Dessalines. And what if Henry Pascal should be alive? To intercede for him had been equally far from his thoughts. It became necessary, therefore, to devise some reason for the interview, and a plausible one quickly suggested itself in the desire to shield certain friends at Dondon, which town Dessalines, it was currently reported, was preparing to assault. He soon reached the outpost. The officer in command was a young mulatto lieutenant, who at once recognized and warmly greeted him. He had often seen him at the Cape, where the latter, particularly after his pronounced advocacy of enfranchisement, was a conspicuous object to the colored races. His recognition and the cordiality of the reception were most gratifying to M. Tardiffe, and he concluded to accept an invitation to take refreshments and rest himself and beast over the noon—a step to which he was the more inclined as rain had just commenced falling. The inquiry as to the captives was here renewed, and our traveller received the astounding information that not only had they not been shot, but that Dessalines, being in want of funds (the negro insurgents having secreted for themselves by far the larger part of the money found), was strongly inclined to hold them at a ransom.

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Prior to leaving he obtained a letter of introduction to the chief, and got some insights into his character useful in the coming interview. The lieutenant declared Dessalines would be delighted at seeing him, and would accord him a royal welcome; that he needed at this juncture just such a friend to indicate to him the pulse of the colony, and take counsel with in regard to future plans. He said, too, that since the victory the lower order of negroes fairly worshipped him, that all regarded him as being invincible, and that he was really a man of superior military sagacity and indisputably brave. A squad of men were detailed to accompany M. Tardiffe through the lines, and the latter, again remounting the gig, proceeded on his way, protecting himself as well as he could against a steady fall of rain.

"Well! well!" he inwardly ejaculated, "Henry Pascal alive, and possibly to be ransomed! That does not suit me at all —it does *not*," he added, with an emphatic blow in the air, as if he were hitting his rival. "Suppose I should succeed in rescuing him; one sight of her lover would turn mademoiselle's head, and she would find some way to twist out of her promise. And even were she disposed to abide by it, would not an ugly settlement with Henry Pascal be inevitable?"

He knew the latter was a determined man and dangerous when roused, and that the attempt to wrest Émilie Tourner from him would render him furious. And though M. Tardiffe, as has been mentioned in these pages, was himself not wanting in courage, yet, under all the circumstances, he shrank from the thought of meeting the wrath of Henry Pascal. It was a subject of grave import, and he dwelt long upon it. Some conclusion, however, was at length reached, for a couple of miles, perhaps, had been made when his manner suddenly changed. He raised his head, cheered his horse, and began to inspect the surroundings. The black camp was evidently near, for the strategic points were all well guarded, and on every hand negro soldiers were multiplying, though the weather had driven great numbers to shelter. The rain increasing, the horses were urged, and the party soon reached a cross-roads occupied by a large negro force. Here M. Tardiffe deemed it advisable to remain till he could receive an answer to the letter of introduction. This was forthwith despatched to Dessalines' headquarters, at the residence of a wealthy mulatto a mile away. Within a half-hour the answer came, exceedingly polite and cordial, and M. Tardiffe, greatly raised in spirits, immediately sought the presence of the negro chief.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE INTERVIEW.

The anticipations of the lieutenant in regard to the manner in which M. Tardiffe would be received were fully realized. Dessalines' language was excessively coarse and vulgar, and his manner habitually bullying, and it was not his wont before any one to place restraint upon himself in respect either to speech or passion. But M. Tardiffe, whose keen eyes were wide open to indications, could see that the marked cordiality was genuine, and all fears for himself were dismissed. He at once proceeded to business, and informed Dessalines of the object of his mission—that he had dear relations in Dondon, and having heard of the chief's intention to immediately assault the town, and not doubting the success of the attempt, he had risked the dangers of the road in seeking him to intercede in their behalf, and he expressed the hope that what he had done and suffered for the blacks would win this favor.

Dessalines promptly replied that M. Tardiffe's wish was a law, and asked for the names of his friends and location of their residences, declaring, with a great oath, that not a hair of any of them should be touched. The memorandum was made out and presented, when Dessalines observed, in his vernacular—a very curious compound of profanity and coarseness, oddity of expression, and affected smartness—that M. Tardiffe's visit was well-timed; that he had upon his hands a number of prisoners, and being in need of *shiners*, for so he denominated the sinews of war, he was half in mind to put them at a ransom, and hoped he could obtain from M. Tardiffe information in respect to their ability.

"Blow me, monsieur," he remarked, giving expression to his sense of their marketable worth, "if they an't mostly officers—a rum lot, as Old Harry said 'bout the ten Commandments—and I want 'em to bring me ready money."

M. Tardiffe replied, expressing regrets that his knowledge in this direction was so scant, that round sums could no doubt be had for any officers from the arsenal or ships, that he was acquainted with the circumstances of only one of the prisoners, M. Henry Pascal, and that he knew him now to be as poor as a barber's cat. To Dessalines' answer that no such name was upon his list he replied that Henry Pascal's capture was the talk of

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the Cape, whereupon Dessalines, producing the list, handed it to him with the remark that he could see for himself.

He took the paper, and having rapidly glanced over it, stood for a moment abstracted and with a puzzled air. A second look was more carefully made, and reaching a certain name, he paused to scan it. The result was satisfactory, for almost immediately he exclaimed, as a smile played over his features:

"I have it, Monsieur le Général, though it's under disguise. It's given here as Henry Beattie, but it must be Henry Pascal. Beattie was the name of his mother, an Englishwoman," he added.

Madame Pascal was of English blood only in so far as she was an American. But M. Tardiffe had a purpose in making the false statement, and the expression of his eye deepened on Dessalines to note the effect of this last word.

"English, is he, confound him!" growled out the chief. "I'll be shot if that don't kinder rile me." *

"I beg pardon, Monsieur le Général, *half*-English only," put in M. Tardiffe, to keep the English thought well before the mind of Dessalines and nurse his rising wrath.

"That's nuf to git my hump up," said Dessalines. "What in the dickens, anyhow, has he gone and took his mammy's name for?"

"I can't imagine; but it must be he; he is just now on a visit from Jamaica, his present home," replied M. Tardiffe, cutting another significant glance at Dessalines. To depict the rage which upon this announcement shot from the eyes of the brigand and expressed itself on his swelling features would be impossible. Springing from his seat, with loud slaps on the thigh, as was his wont when unusually aroused, he skipped about the room under intense excitement, crying out: "Kickeraboo! kickeraboo!" † Then stopping suddenly before his guest, he continued, wildly gesticulating:

"I'll cook the buster's goose. I'm jiggered if he sha'n't dance on air, and that in a jiffy."

M. Tardiffe had often had accounts of Dessalines, and was prepared for outbursts of passion; but the suddenness, the degree, and the eccentricity of his fury were astonishing, and in the "tiger" before him he recognized the justness of the title that fame had given this famous outlaw. He saw, too, his own pri-

* Dessalines' peculiar speech, for the most part, cannot be literally rendered into our tongue. The author has endeavored to give the best possible English equivalent.

† A term used by West India negroes and meaning "dead," being a corruption of "kick the bucket."

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vate scheme in the course of a perfect fulfilment. Feigning surprise, however, at Dessalines' deadly purpose, he said:

"Why, Monsieur le Général, I thought you were meditating a ransom!"

"Haven't you seed my proclamation? I'll act on the square with the Frenchers; but these English furriners from Jamaica, who come over to stick a finger in the pie and help the Frenchers put bracelets on us niggers, I'll not let up, I tell ye, on nary one I catch. Is the chap," asked the chief, as a turn of thought struck him, "kin to the old one at San Souci?"

"Yes, they are the San Souci Pascals," replied M. Tardiffe, mentioning some circumstances in regard to the family.

"He's a gone goner. I'll court-martial Henry *Beattie* slapdash," said the chief, significantly emphasizing "Beattie." "We'll receive the codger in full rig, and you be there to see how I'll bamboozle him and slip into him. I'll flummux him as clean as a whistle," continued Dessalines, as a twinkle in his eyes at the trick he was concocting replaced their angry fire.

This precipitated a grave dilemma. Should anything befall Henry Pascal, M. Tardiffe realized it would never do to have a suspicion exist that at the time he was in the camp; and on the other hand, Dessalines had been drinking freely, and was in a state in which it was sound policy not to cross his wishes in the most trivial particular. He therefore, in his insinuating way, represented that as he was well known to Henry Pascal and to his family, he hoped, if the chief found cause to take any step against the prisoner, that the latter should neither see him nor hear of his presence, nor any one learn that he had given information concerning him.

"N. C.—nuf ced," responded Dessalines in his remarkable lingo. "Come, I'll give yer a pig's whisper." And suiting the action to the word, he added, speaking close to M. Tardiffe's ear, "I'll not let on, but you are bound to see the fun. We'll scrouge you in a corner where your peepers can git him but his'n can't git you."

M. Tardiffe saw the necessity of yielding to the wish of Dessalines, who, having conceived a plan for entrapping Henry Pascal, was delighted with an opening for at once gratifying his brutal cunning and displaying his acuteness before his distinguished guest. He therefore made a virtue of the inevitable, and readily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement as to his presence. At the same time he took the precaution to ask that his name should not be known in the camp, and pointedly solicited Dessalines to

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be sure of so placing him as to be invisible to the prisoner, requesting besides an opportunity to make some necessary personal preparations, the ride and the rain having in no slight degree disordered his dress.

"Right you are," replied Dessalines; "and after yer drive I'll bet you're needing inside lining, and something damp wouldn't be away. I've got golopshus articles, to be sure; bang up stuff, monsieur, bang up, I tell ye; first class, letter A, No. 1. Here, you Sampson, you," he continued, calling out vigorously to an attendant, a squat, dapper-looking fellow in gray fearnought suit, with his wool combed up before in queer fashion, who stood in waiting outside the doorway, "git some belly-timber for monsieur, and a swig of 'O-be-joyful'"—the latter being Dessalines' expression for his favorite rum. Sampson, who had but lately entered the special service of the chief and was unfamiliar with all of his gastronomical allusions, stood perplexed as to what was signified by "O-be-joyful," when Dessalines broke out:

"Why don't you leg it, you lazy cuss? Blame me, if you wouldn't lay down yer musket for to sneeze."

Sampson explained his hesitation by saying, with the profoundest servility, that he did not quite understand the order.

"Od drot a chucklehead! Meat and drink, then, for monsieur, and the best we've got, and plenty of it, and in a crack, or I'll sock into you," rattled off Dessalines, menacingly shaking his brawny arm. Sampson vanished before the redoubtable fist, of whose vigor the chief's subordinates had not unfrequent experience; and another attendant having been called, and instructions given to provide apartments for "monsieur," and assist in his toilet, Dessalines hastened out to arrange for the court-martial.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

The house occupied as headquarters for the black army was a stone structure, with ample piazzas fronting north and south, and latticed in, as usual, on their east and west sides. At a table in its best and largest room, and an hour subsequent to the events recorded at the close of the last chapter, sat Dessalines, with his secretary and four of his chief officers, being the military board for the trial of Henry Pascal, who had just been brought in under a guard of soldiers.

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Dessalines alone wore his military hat. As a token of distinction it was unnecessary, for this celebrated negro possessed an individuality amply sufficient to distinguish him without adventitious aids. The first impression he produced was perhaps that of physical power. Somewhat below the medium height, he yet showed great breadth and depth of chest, his whole aspect being suggestive of the personal strength for which he was remarkable. His features presented some unexpected contrasts. The lower portion of his face was good, singularly so for an African. There was none of that disproportionate and peculiar development of the inferior jaw often observed in the negro, in which the angle protrudes backwards and the mouth is thrust forward, giving the lower face a retreating chin and an apish aspect. The chin, on the contrary, was relatively small and symmetrical in all its lines, the direction and curve of what anatomists call its symphysis being perfect—the chin rather of refinement and delicacy.

These favorable impressions, however, were entirely overborne by the truculent and repulsive features that formed the residue of the face. The forehead was low, round, and bulging; anger gleamed in the eyes, ill-nature sat upon the mouth. The nose, of true African type, was small and flat, and supported what limners call the "lines of malignity," which, making out from the base of the spreading nasal wings, terminated at the commissure of the mouth, and curved the right upper lip in such a way that the teeth on that side were just visible. The brows were heavy and contracted, the eyeballs prominent, standing out in fatness and lust, with obtrusive whites, and a slight obliquity in the visual axes. A life of perpetual danger and the necessity of being always on guard accounted for the sudden starts of the eyes, which looked blood-shot and angry from these abrupt and incessant strainings; and over the entire face a habit of deep drinking gave unmistakable manifestations. The temple veins were turgid, the muscles uniformly swollen and puffed up, and it was solely for the lack of a white skin that grog-blossoms were not more conspicuous. His uniform, a matter upon which the inordinate vanity of this brigand laid special stress, was a kind of blue jacket with eight rows of lace on the sleeves, a full red cape falling over the shoulders, red cuffs and brilliant epaulettes, scarlet waistcoat and pantaloons, with half-boots, round hat with red feather, and a cutlass of unusual size and weight.

Over against the chief stood the prisoner, Henry Pascal. To follow up his fortunes subsequent to the battle: The night succeeding that disaster to the French arms a copy of Dessalines'

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proclamation, by some means, no one could tell how, found its way into the prisoners' room. Next morning it was eagerly read, by none so eagerly as by Henry Pascal, who saw in it features having a special interest for himself. It was not simply the closing paragraph, wherein Dessalines expressed his bloody purpose in reference to any English from Jamaica falling into his hands, but that these words were underscored. The lines had not been very clearly made, but at once caught his eye. He was in no sense an Englishman, except that he spoke the language fluently. As for Jamaica, however, he had but recently returned from an extended visit to that island, and it was currently believed, he knew, that he had removed thither. These circumstances, the rather remote personal relation of which to the proclamation he might otherwise have overlooked, the underscoring brought home to him, and their significance grew as he dwelt on them and on the capricious character of Dessalines.

While musing thus, with his eye still upon the passage, he suddenly perceived with great astonishment what he thought must be a personal allusion in the underscoring itself; for it stood in a succession of short dashes, made by skips of the pencil point, and these were eleven in number, answering to the letters of his name. And he even fancied he saw a wider space between the dashes separating the two parts of the name. Of this he could not be certain, since the pencil, where it jumped the surface, shaded off the lines, and the paper at this point had become rubbed by being folded, and the tracings partly worn. Still, there was enough to amaze and greatly interest him. Could it be a mere coincidence? It is true his full name was Henry Beattie Pascal, but he was commonly known as Henry Pascal simply. Besides, of all the prisoners he alone could be considered as coming in any degree within the scope of Dessalines' threat, and altogether he could not resist the conviction that the proclamation was meant for himself as a warning from some friendly hand.

Strange as it may seem, this circumstance, though it revealed new and exceptional peril, was a source of real comfort. It was a token of sympathy all unlooked for—a rift, however slight, in the black, angry cloud that hung over him. From the short and fitful sleep to which exhausted nature had at last yielded the prisoners awoke that Friday morning with renewal of the most dreadful forebodings. What mercy could be hoped for from these cruel, red-handed, infuriate blacks, in the hour, too, of triumph, and frantic over freedom to settle with the whites for the treasured-

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up wrongs of years? The prospect was utterly despairing, and the prisoners expected momentarily to be ordered out to execution. It was very gratifying, therefore, to Henry Pascal's feelings, even for humanity's sake, to note a sign of sympathy emerging from this frenzied, malevolent mass; to feel that among these blacks one heart at least was solicitous for him, that one hand had been raised, at least to this degree, in his behalf. After reading Dessalines' bloody proclamation the thought came over him like a warm message of love and peace, and round it a shadowy hope began to play—the reflection, perhaps, that possibly the same hand might be raised again in some more effectual way.

As to what course to pursue in order to avoid this new danger he was uncertain. Perhaps it was meant (so his thoughts ran) that he should be ready with explanations against any questions which might arise regarding his rumored residence in Jamaica, or perhaps it might be better to assume another name. His business as a fruit-buyer often carried him to the plantations, and he must be known personally, he thought, to many in the black army; nevertheless, to disguise his name would lessen the chances of discovery. He was unable to reach a satisfactory decision, and deeming it best to await the issue of events and shape his conduct accordingly, he turned to the consideration of who this friendly hand might be. Instinctively his thoughts were directed towards Jacque Beattie. That the latter was in Dessalines' army he considered highly probable; and whose image, under all the circumstances, would a thought of succor from the blacks so naturally call up as that of this faithful slave? Against Jacque's identity, however, with the "friendly hand" lay, upon the whole, a large balance of probability. So argued Henry Pascal. For, supposing it altogether certain he was in the black army, there was the merest chance he should know that his young master was among the captives.

But Jacque was not the only one, he reflected, from whom such a warning might have come. Throughout the province his father was well known as a just and humane master—a character all the more conspicuous for the excessively severe and capricious conduct which the planters often exhibited towards their slaves. Henry Pascal, too, was himself a generous soul, with a gracious, attractive bearing, and had won the general favor of the blacks, with whom (particularly with the leaders among them) his business trips to the plantations had brought him into not unfrequent intercourse. Towards his family, therefore, and himself especially,

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he felt that there must be those in the black army who were well disposed, and from whom, in return for some of his many little kindnesses, this hint may have emanated.

Such were his thoughts that Friday morning when, at an early hour, Chantalle, Dessalines' private secretary, entered the prisoners' apartment to obtain a list of the names. A decision as to his own at once became necessary, and he gave his name as Henry Beattie. It was the thing to be done—so he thought at the time. These personal reflections, which shot through the prisoner's mind upon the discovery of the underscorings, interrupted but for a few brief moments the course of thoughts that had been torturing him ever since his capture. Loss of sleep, a wounded temple, and the vitiated air of an overcrowded apartment had brought on a raging headache; physical discomfort, however, was scarcely regarded under a dreadful pressure of thoughts from without. Having no hope for himself, with what agony did he think of his father, old and feeble, and utterly stripped of the fortune to whose ease and delicate delights his life had been habituated! Why had they not gone to Jamaica—as they had had thoughts of doing—before all this? Oh! that he had taken his father thither when the first muttering of the storm was heard! His filial heart sank within him, borne down as by an awful weight. And Émilie Tourner, dear Émilie Tourner, bereft too of fortune, and still prostrate within the shadow of the ghastly dangers she had just escaped, what new trials must she bear! These harrowing thoughts, the dark impressions of which his bodily discomfort tended strongly to deepen, became too much even for the resolute spirit of Henry Pascal. His firmness gave way to the pressure, and for a moment he bowed his head and wept.

Blessed gift of tears, for saint and sinner blest! On the believer's soul, when in its arid moods and spiritual motion forced and dull, they fall like Hermon's dew and arouse the tenderest and sweetest intercourse with God. And for the natural man these tears avail. They signify some lessening of the strain, some lifting of the cloud, and turn to view the brighter side of things, as through the humid eye a bow of hope is thrown upon the visual nerve. Henry Pascal experienced the relief which naturally follows a flow of tears, and began to take a little courage, thinking that possibly his fortunes might not be altogether desperate. In the thick darkness this warning he had received was the solitary ray round which hope would now and then rally. The proclamation, which he had himself retained, he drew forth for

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the oft-repeated time, and scrutinized again the underscorings. Imagination is a potent factor in practical affairs, and under its influence uncertainties are prone to beget magnitudes. Possibly this friend, he would say to himself, may be some one near Dessalines and able to do a good turn. And he would dwell on this thought, recalling the prominent blacks whom he knew and could remember having befriended, and budding hope would color his imaginings, and a prospect of deliverance suddenly sweep his spirit like a breath of fresh air. From such fancyings he would rouse himself and treat them as extravagances. The train of thought, however, would return upon him again and again, and in one of these reveries he was absorbed when a summons came to appear before Dessalines.

A great sensation among the prisoners followed. Henry Pascal himself was apparently the least affected. He could not understand the summons, yet the frame of mind in which it found him inclined him to regard it rather favorably than otherwise. He very well apprehended the character of Dessalines; but the monster, he also knew, had on some rare occasions been generous, and hope whispered at his ear that this exceptional summons might in some way be connected with this unknown friend. With such an impression on his mind he was hurried by the guard into the presence of Dessalines and his officers. His face bore the effect of physical and mental suffering. He was pale and heavy-eyed, the paleness being deepened by a dark band across the wounded temple, caused by extravasated blood; yet there was withal a certain air of collectedness such as a brave spirit, animated by some secret hopes, might manifest under such circumstances.

M. Tardiffe had entered the apartment previous to the prisoner's arrival, and seeing no means of concealment and that recognition would be inevitable, insisted upon a position on the piazza. This was a spacious appendage to the building, latticed in at the ends, and showing on the open side a partial view of the estate, with the windmill standing among palms on an eminence. Here M. Tardiffe was seated by a window connected with the room. The sash was raised, but the shifting Venetian blinds were down, and he had full command of the apartment without risk of being observed. As he took in the situation on the prisoner's entrance, his eyes sparkled and he rubbed his hands in glee over the way things were going. Dessalines, who was in that state of incipient intoxication signified by the word "primed"—a state precisely suited for the display of his person-

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ality—and who keenly relished such an opportunity for exhibiting his brutal cunning, began the interrogatories with artful dissimulation.

"What's yer name?" he asked the prisoner, in as kindly a manner as he was capable of assuming.

"Henry Beattie."

"Chantalle," said the chief, turning towards his secretary and attempting the high-sounding language for which negroes, even as naturally shrewd as Dessalines, have an irresistible *penchant*, "set down his deposition."

"Where d'ye live?"

"At the Cape."

"What's yer business?"

"A fruit-buyer."

"I thought you was somebody else," said the chief. "I thought yer name was Henry Pascal. They've been telling me about him. They tell me Henry Pascal's a prisoner, and I thought you was him."

He paused and fixed his red, roving eyes full upon the prisoner, as if expecting some answer. The latter, however, though profoundly startled, controlled his emotions and remained silent, wondering what the end would be, and Dessalines continued:

"You're here, buckra, and I'll tell ye why. They call me a devil, don't they? And them priests say a devil can't do good; but blest if I an't one that can. Look a-here: I'm on top now, but you sabe I was once on a time a poor runaway. He couldn't catch me; I mean him I had to call master—curse that name!" Dessalines added parenthetically and in a low gnashing tone, and then immediately broke out, almost in a shout, "*Vive la Révolution! Ça ira! Ça ira!*—no he couldn't catch me; but, I tell you what, he took it out on my old woman, Tamoen. I used to creep in of nights to the cabin, and I knowed how she was tormented. She got the cow-skin, got it heavy, and they drove her to the field starved and naked; that's what made me a devil, buckra," lifting his great brows and shaking the forefinger as he spoke.

"Well, one moony night I meet in the road Monsieur Pascal. I'd heard 'em say he was a good master and had feelings for niggers. I tell him my story, and I ask for money to git things for Tamoen, and I got it, and I'm a *devil* that an't a-going to disremember. Well, buckra, they've been telling me you is his son, and I was going to say to his son, You is free; and if his dad's got to the Cape, I was going to send him to him safe and sound as a remember from Dessalines."

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Henry Pascal followed Dessalines' words with great and increasing agitation of mind, and was entirely misled by the assumed manner and apparent sincerity of the speaker, as well as by the circumstances interwoven in the address. Monster though he was, Dessalines had done, as young Pascal knew, some eccentric acts of generosity; the conduct attributed to his father was altogether in keeping with his character, and paralleled by many marked instances of kindness to blacks which Henry Pascal could himself recall; and the allusions Dessalines more than once made to those who knew Henry Pascal and had been talking to the chief about him agreed with impressions already made by the underscoring. Completely deceived, therefore, and with a sentiment of gratitude towards Dessalines as profound as the occasion for it was unexpected, he eagerly availed himself of the pause to speak out, in a husky voice, and almost overborne by emotion:

"Sire, I am the son of the man of whom you speak; my name is Henry Beattie Pascal. Let me—"

But he was not permitted to express his eager thanks, for, bursting into a roar of laughter so wild and so loud as to resound through the chamber, Dessalines at that instant sprang from his seat and cried out:

"Yes, you Jamaica slubberdegullion—yes, I've heard 'bout you, for true. I 'llowed I'd git you. Come to fight niggers, eh? And now the Lord has delivered you into a nigger's hand. Out with him, guard, out with him, and make daylight through him in a kick."

As Henry Pascal saw the trap into which he had fallen, a flush shot athwart his countenance and as rapidly ebbed, leaving in its track a death-like pallor. Yet he was himself in all the whirl of thoughts—vengeful, spiritual, filial—which rushed on his mind and pressed for solution within the compass of an instant. Against Dessalines, whom a moment before he was regarding with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, the revulsion of feeling was intense, and the impulse to curse the brute to his face instinctive and all but resistless. The result, however, he foresaw would be his death on the spot, and why sacrifice the moments of life now remaining and yield his soul in a tumult of passion? Explanations flashed on him—but would he be heard? If heard, would he be believed? At least he would make the effort for truth's sake, if no more.

It was all in vain. He was in the clutch of a fiend to whom in such moods justice and mercy were utterly unknown, and who, as Henry Pascal attempted to speak, broke out upon him:

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"Come, come, none o' yer lip, or I'll settle your hash right here myself."

By this time the guard, who knew the necessity of despatch in executing the orders of this negro, had hustled the prisoner to the door, when Dessalines stopped them:

"Chain him down in the cage to-night. It's where they've teached dogs to go for niggers, and I want the buster to lay there a while and think. But hark ye," lifting a finger as he spoke, "he's to be cold meat by sun-up!"

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AT LOW TIDE.

SHINING and even packed to north and to south stretch the sands,
Tenderly, daintily smoothed by the touch of the outgoing tide;
Soft as a babe's soft hair set in place by a mother's hands
Each tress of the late-left sea-weed is straightened and spread out wide.

Further, far off are the breakers, a sudden emerald wall
Lifted against the sky, and topped with a flame-like foam;
Joyous the white crest gleams, then crashing down to its fall,
Creamy and spent, it sobs itself back to its ocean home.

Wide are the pale blue skies that melt in the infinite cloud
Where sea and sky are one on the far horizon's verge;
But the light-house down at the Point stands starkly, solid and proud,
Its feet in a baffling mist of breakers and sands and surge.

On the wide, vague sea of thought are sudden gleams of light
Lifted high up to heaven, bright with a new hope's sun;
As we watch they waver and fall, and nothing is left in sight
But the baffling mist of doubt where faith and unfaith are one.

Yet steadfast in whirl and wave, a tower of riftless rock
Stands with its feet on a stone, crowned with a quenchless light;
Despite the doubts that darken and the force of the tempest's shock,
It stands a pillar of strength by day and a pillar of fire by night.

M. B. M.

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SCANDERBEG.

CLIO is the most shamelessly unreliable of the Muses. She selects her favorites with the autocratic partiality of the Russian Catherine, decorates them with questionable honors, enriches them with other people's spoils, admires them to her heart's content, and thrusts them serenely to the front to receive the approbation of the world. Occasionally she wearies of one or the other, and flings him lightly down from the pedestal he has adorned so bravely. Occasionally, having a fine feminine sense of humor, she is pleased to play with our credulity, and, dressing up a man of straw, she assures us smilingly that he is real flesh and blood, and worthy of our sincerest admiration. And all this while her best and noblest meet with stiffly measured praise, and her strong sons are passed indifferently by. It is at least amusing to think of the relative positions occupied by the true mountaineer Scanderbeg and the mythical mountaineer William Tell. The one sleeps unremembered with scanty, hard-won fame; the other carries such a weight of laurels that poets, wearied with singing his praises, have been driven in despair to sing the praises of those who praise him, as Coleridge piped to the Duchess of Devonshire,

"Splendor's fondly fostered child,"

because, in a moment of mild enthusiasm, she addressed some well-meant but highly inefficient verses to the platform from which Tell did not shoot the tyrant Gessler.

Now, if the heroic struggle for a national life is at all times the most engrossing picture the world's history has to show us, where shall we look for a more vivid illustration of the theme than in the long and bitter contest between cross and crescent, between the steady, relentless encroachment of the Turkoman power and the vain and dauntless courage which opposed it? The story of the early Ottomans is one of wasteful and inexorable conquest, unrelieved by any touches of humanity or any impulses towards a higher civilization. To the ferocious and impetuous pride of the barbarian they added an almost inconceivable wariness and patience; they knew when to wait and when to strike; they were never unduly elated by victory, and never demoralized by defeat. That strange dream of their founder Othman which won for him his Cilician wife, the mysterious vision of the full

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moon resting in his bosom, and of the stately tree that sprang therefrom, must have dimly hinted to the savage chief of the glory that was to be. When in his sleep he placed Constantinople as a jewel upon his swarthy finger he felt mysteriously the rush of strange events, and, believing the prophecy would be fulfilled in his descendant, he saluted his bride as the mother of a mighty race of kings. It was this firm conviction of future greatness which made him seek for his son Orchan a fairer and nobler wife than could be found in the black tents of his followers; and, true to the instincts of his race, he despoiled an enemy to enrich his own hearth. A Greek captain in command of the castle of Belecoma was betrothed to the beautiful daughter of a neighboring Christian chief. On their marriage night Othman surprised the wedding party as they rode through the dark mountain passes. The short and desperate conflict which ensued could have but one bitter ending. "The bridegroom was slain, and his Greek bride, the Lotus-flower of Brusa, was swept off by the Turkoman robbers to their lair, to become the spouse of their leader's son." *

Orchan was a mere boy when he received this ravished prize, the fair booty of a barbarous strife. Fifty years later, when hair and beard were white with age, he married again; and this time his bride was the daughter of a Christian emperor, not stolen away from friends and kindred, but given to him publicly with superb ceremonies and a ghastly mockery of rejoicing. In fifty years the Ottoman power had grown into such fierce and sinister lustihood that Theodora, daughter of the Emperor Cantacuzene, was assigned as a precious hostage and seal of friendship between her father and his dreaded Turkish ally. The church refused her blessing to this unholy sacrifice, and amid the pomp and majesty of imperial nuptials there was lacking even the outward form of Christian marriage. From that date the tide of Turkish conquest spread with devastating rapidity. The impetuous encroachments of Orchan, the steady and irresistible advances of Amurath, became under Bajazet a struggle for life and death, not with the enfeebled powers of Greece, but with a rival conqueror who had swept from the broad Tartar steppes to subdue and lay waste the Eastern world. Eight dynasties had already been destroyed, eight crowned heads had been laid low, when Timour, grimly ready for a ninth victim, encountered the hitherto invincible sultan. They met, and Bajazet, who had seen the flower of French and German chivalry perish at his command, who had sat at his tent-door to witness the

* *The Early Ottomans*, by Dean Church.

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day-long massacre of Christian prisoners, and who had shadowed the very walls of Constantinople—Bajazet was crushed like a worm by the lame, white-haired old Tartar, and eating out his heart with dull fury, died in shameful captivity. But his race survived, vigorous, elastic, defiant, and renewed its strength with amazing swiftness under Mahommed the Restorer and Amurath the Second, whose reign was one long conflict with the Greek Emperor Manuel, with Sigismund of Hungary, and, hardest of all to subdue, with those warlike Sclavonic tribes who, often defeated but never conquered, maintained with superb courage the freedom of their mountain fastnesses. It was an unknown Servian soldier who slew Amurath the First in the very moment of his triumph; it was the Albanian chief Scanderbeg who repulsed Amurath the Second, and hurled him back to die, shamed and heart-broken, at Adrianople.

Pride of race, love for his native land, a chivalrous devotion to the cause of Christ, shame at prolonged captivity, and fury at heaped-up wrongs—all these conflicting passions united themselves in the breast of this implacable warrior, and urged him relentlessly along his appointed path. He was the outcome of that ruthless policy by which the Turks turned the children of the cross into defenders of the crescent, a policy pursued with almost undeviating success since Black Halil, a century and a half before, had urged the training of Christian boys into a school of Moslem soldiers. What gives to the history of Scanderbeg its peculiar significance and its peculiar ethical and artistic value is the fact that he avenged not only his own injuries but the injuries of countless children who, for over a hundred and fifty years, had been snatched from their homes, families, and faith to swell the ranks of an infidel foe. Wherever the tide of Ottoman battle raged most fiercely, there, savage, dark, invincible, stood the Janissaries, men suckled on Christian breasts and signed with Christian baptism, now flinging away their lives for an alien cause and an alien creed, fighting with the irresistible courage of fanaticism against their birthright and their kindred. Never before or since, in the history of all the nations, has a system of proselytizing been attended with such tremendous results. The life-blood of Christendom was drained to supply fresh triumphs for its enemies, and the rigorous discipline of a monastic training moulded these innocent young captives into a soldiery whose every thought and every action was subordinate to one overpowering influence, an austere, unquestioning obedience to the cause of Islam.

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With the example of this extraordinary success always before their eyes, it is little wonder that the Turks regarded the children of the vanquished as so many docile instruments to be fashioned by rigid tutelage into faithful followers of the Prophet, and the first step towards this desired goal lay in their early adoption of the Mohammedan faith. No pang of pity, no sentiment of honor interfered with this relentless purpose. When John Castriota, the hereditary lord of Croia, yielded up his four sons as hostages to Amurath the Second he relied on the abundant promises made him by that sovereign, who had, on the whole, a fair reputation for keeping his royal word. The lads were carried to Adrianople and reared in the sultan's palace, where one at least of the little prisoners attracted dangerous notice by his vivacity and grace—inheritances, it is said, from his beautiful mother, Voisava. The fair-haired boy, then only eight years old, became first the plaything of the seraglio, and afterwards the jealously guarded favorite of Amurath himself. He was carefully instructed, and was forced to conform to the ceremonial rites of the Ottomans, and to make an open profession of his new creed, receiving on this occasion the name of Scanderbeg, a name destined to carry with it a just retribution in the universal terror it excited. How much of Christian belief still lingered in the child's soul, or how much he gained afterwards from the Albanian soldiers who had access to him, it is impossible to say. Young as he was, he had learned amid the unutterable treachery and corruption of an Eastern court to hide his real emotions under an impenetrable mask, so that even Amurath, cruel, wily, and suspicious, found himself baffled by this Greek boy, whose handsome face betrayed to none the impetuous anger that consumed him. At nineteen he had command of five thousand horsemen, and enjoyed the title of pasha, a barren honor for one soon to be robbed of his birthright. After the close of the Hungarian war John Castriota died, and Amurath, ignoring his plighted faith, seized Croia in the name of the captive princes, ruthlessly extinguished its civil and religious liberties, turned the churches into mosques, and treated the whole country as a defeated and dependent province. Scanderbeg's three brothers were conveniently removed by poison; he himself, the object of a curious affection on the sultan's part, was watched with jealous and exacting eyes, and for a while it seemed as though the free-born mountain chief would add one more to the long list of Turkish proselytes and favorites, silenced with doubtful titles, bought with dishonorable wealth.

But it was a time of waiting, a time ominous with delay.

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The heir of Croia, mute, patient, and resolved, bided with steady self-control the hour when he could strike a single blow for faith and freedom. It came with the breaking out of fresh Hungarian troubles; with the defiance sent by John Hunyadi and his forces drawn up on the banks of the Moravia. While the Ottoman armies were engaged in this most disastrous conflict, Scanderbeg threw off his long-endured disguise, possessed himself by an unscrupulous device of his native city, and put all who opposed him to the sword. From that day until his death, forty years later, the record of his life is one perpetual heroic struggle to preserve the hard-won liberty of Epeiros, a struggle without intermission or relief, without rest for the victor or pity for the vanquished. His scornful indifference to pressing dangers was in itself the best of tonics to a people naturally brave, but taught by bitter experience to fear the inexorable Turkish yoke. Scanderbeg feared nothing; with him, indeed, fear was swallowed up in hatred. He understood perfectly the nature of the warfare in which he was engaged; he knew that with adroitness and vigilance every dark pass and every rocky crag became his friend and ally. He knew, too, the slender resources of the country, and never committed the mistake of taking more men into the field than he could manage and support. When Amurath sent an army of forty thousand soldiers to punish Croia and bring back the rebel chief "alive or dead" to Adrianople, Scanderbeg limited his own forces to seven thousand foot and eight thousand horse, when he might, had he chosen, have trebled that amount. With this compact body of picked and hardy warriors he lay in wait for the enemy, entrapped them by a feigned retreat into a narrow defile, and, hemming them in on either side, filled up the valley with their slain. Over twenty thousand Turks perished in that dreadful snare, many of them being trampled down by their helpless and panic-stricken countrymen. It was Scanderbeg's first decisive victory, and a grim warning to Amurath of the possibilities that awaited him in the future. It gave to Croia a breathing-spell, and to its victorious army the rich spoils of an Ottoman camp, so that those who had gone forth meagrely on foot returned well armed and bravely mounted to their rock-built citadel.

Had this sudden and bewildering success been followed up by a vigorous aggressive warfare on the part of Servia, Hungary, and Poland, then all in arms against their common foe; had the allied powers listened to the mountain chiefs or to the burning remonstrances of Cardinal Julian, the pope's legate, the Turks might

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have been driven forcibly back from Europe, and long centuries of suffering and dishonor spared to Christendom. But the lord of Servia, George Brankovich, yearned for his children whom Amurath held as hostages; Ladislaw, king of Hungary and Poland, was weary of the perpetual strife; even Hunyadi's fiery voice was silenced; and a treaty of peace was signed with an enemy who might then, and then only, have been crushed. This treaty, shameful in itself, was still more shamefully broken in the following year, when the Christian hosts again took the field, only to be utterly routed in the terrible battle of St. Martin's Eve. Never was disaster more complete: Ladislaw's severed head, borne on a pike over the Ottoman ranks, struck terror and despair into the hearts of his followers; Hunyadi, after a vain, furious effort to redeem this ghastly symbol of defeat, fled from a field red with his countrymen's blood; the papal legate and two Hungarian bishops perished in the thickest of the fray. It was the beginning of the end, and four years later the cause of Christendom received its death-blow at Kossova, when Hunyadi, beaten finally back from Servia, was taught by the bitterness of defeat that his name no longer sounded ominously as of old in the ears of his Moslem foe. Only Scanderbeg remained unsubdued amid his mountain-peaks, and Amurath, flushed with conquest, now turned his whole attention to the final punishment of this audacious rebel.

The scale on which the invasion of Croia was planned shows in itself how deep-seated was the sultan's anger and how relentless his purpose. One hundred and sixty thousand men were assembled in Adrianople, the ablest generals were united in command, and Mohammed, his savage son and successor, accompanied the expedition, filled with fierce hopes of vengeance. Resistance seemed almost vain, but Scanderbeg, in no way disturbed by the coming storm, prepared with characteristic coolness to meet it at every point. He ordered all who dwelt in the open country or in unprotected villages to destroy their harvests and to quit their homes, so that the enemy might find no resources in the scorched and deserted fields. The women and children, the aged and infirm, were sent either to the sea-coast or out of the kingdom, many of them as far away as Venice. The fortifications of Croia were repaired; the garrison was strengthened and put under command of a brave and able governor, and Scanderbeg himself, with only ten thousand men, took the field, ready to waylay and harass Amurath at every step of his difficult and dangerous march. The first severe fighting was done before the walls of Setigrade, a strongly guarded town which made a gallant re-

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sistance, repulsing the Turks again and again, and only yielding when a traitor, bought by the sultan's gold, poisoned the fountains which supplied the city with water. From this point the invading army marched on to Croia, covered the surrounding plains, planted their cannon—then an imposing novelty in warfare—before its massive gates, and summoned the garrison to surrender. A defiant refusal was returned; the Ottomans stormed the walls, and were repulsed with such fury that over eight thousand Janissaries perished in the combat, while Scanderbeg, poised like an eagle on the cliffs, waited until the battle was at its height, and then sweeping down on the unconscious foe, forced their trenches, fired the camp, and drove all before him with terrible havoc and slaughter. By the time Mohammed could rally his scattered forces the Epeirots were off and away, with little scathe or damage to themselves; and this exasperating method of attack was the weapon with which the mountain chief finally wore out the courage and endurance of the invaders. Every inch of ground was familiar to him and a snare to his enemies. Did Mohammed, burning with rage, scale the hills in pursuit, a handful of men held him at bay; while Scanderbeg, appearing as if by magic on the other side of the camp, chose this propitious moment for an attack. By day or night he gave the enemy no truce, no respite, no quarter. Two hours out of the twenty-four he slept, and all the rest he spent in unceasing, unwearying, unpitying warfare; until the Turks, harassed by a danger ever present but never visible, lost heart and trembled before the breathless energy of their foe. They were beginning also to suffer from a scarcity of provisions, and Scanderbeg took excellent care that this trouble should not be too speedily relieved. The supplies brought at an immense cost from Desia were intercepted and carried off triumphantly to the hills, and the unhappy Ottomans, starved in camp and slaughtered out of it, realized with ever-increasing dismay the unenviable nature of their position.

It must be admitted, in justice to the Epeirots, that the success of Scanderbeg's manœuvres rested exclusively on their absolute and unquestioned fidelity. Swift and sure information was brought him of every movement on the enemy's part, and vigilant eyes kept watch over every rocky pass that gave access to his haunts. For once Amurath's gold was powerless to buy a single traitor, and the systematic perfidy by which the Turks were accustomed to steal what they could not grasp failed for once of its prey. After a fruitless effort to undermine the rock on which Croia was founded, the sultan sought to corrupt first the governor

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and then the garrison with dazzling offers of advancement, but these men who held their lives so lightly held their honor very dear, and all the wealth in Adrianople could not purchase one poor Christian soldier. Baffled and heart-sick with repeated failure, Amurath at last offered to raise the siege and depart on payment of a small yearly sum, a mere nominal tribute to salve his wounded pride. But even this trifling concession was sternly refused by Scanderbeg, who would yield nothing to his hated foe. Then for the first time the sultan understood the relentless nature of this man whom he had petted as a child and wronged as a boy, whom he had held a helpless hostage in his hands, and who now defied him with unutterable aversion and scorn. Abandoning himself to grief, fury, and despair, he tore his white beard, and recalled his countless triumphs in the past, only to compare them with this shameful overthrow. He who had seen the allied powers of Christendom suing at his feet to be humbled in his old age by an insignificant Illyrian chieftain! The blow broke his proud heart, and on his death-bed he conjured his son to avenge his name and honor. Gladly Mohammed undertook the task, but the present was no time for its fulfilment. The siege of Croia was raised, the dejected Moslem army straggled homewards, cruelly harassed at every step by their unwearied foe, and Scanderbeg once more entered his native city amid the acclamations of a brave people, born again to freedom, and wild to welcome their deliverer.

It is pleasant to think that, before being called a third time into the field, even this indomitable fighter found a little leisure in which to marry a wife and to cultivate the arts of peace. Domestic tranquillity ran but a slender chance of palling on its possessor in those stirring days; but Scanderbeg made the most of his limited opportunities. He carried his bride in triumph to every corner of his little kingdom, he labored hard to restore those habits of thrift and industry which perpetual warfare roots out of every nation, and he wisely refrained from overtaxing the narrow resources of his people. When his purse was empty he looked to his enemies and not to his friends for its replenishment; and that stout old adage, "The Turk's dominions are Scanderbeg's revenues," is a sufficient witness to his admirable financiering. He realized fully that the legacy of hate bequeathed by Amurath to Mohammed would bear bitter fruits in the hands of that fierce and able monarch, and so employed every interval of peace in strengthening himself for the struggle that was to follow. Twice again during his lifetime was Epeiros invaded by the Otto-

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mans; and Scanderbeg, driven from his lair, was hunted like a deer from hill to hill, now lying in covert, now fiercely resisting, but unconquered always. Wily offers of friendship from the sultan were received with a not unnatural suspicion and courteously declined; hired assassins were detected and delivered up to a prompt and pitiless justice. For forty years this Albanian soldier defended his mountain eyrie from a power vast enough to destroy two empires, and cruel enough to make the whole Eastern world tremble. Constantinople fell, while Croia stood unharmed. The last news brought to Scanderbeg, as he lay dying at Lyssa, was that the Turks had invaded the Venetian dominions. The feeble warrior raised himself in bed, and called for his sword and armor. "Tell them," he gasped, "that I will be with them to-morrow," and fell back fainting on his pillows. On the morrow he was dead.

AGNES REPPLIER.

MINE ENEMY.

I.

HE dwells 'twixt the near gray hills and me,
And he whom I hate is fair to see.
His beauty fills me with angry pain,
I look on him with a fierce disdain;
I shun the paths that his feet have trod,
Nor deign to touch the unhallowed sod;
And oh! that my wrath might rise and strike,
And mark with the brand of my dislike,
Mine enemy!

II.

I build a hearth-fire and build it well,
And sit me down that its holy spell
May wrap me about, and peace and calm
Descend on my troubled heart like balm;

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Then I fain those vague, sweet dreams would know
That are born of dusk and the fire's glow;
But the fire dies with a fitful gleam,
The room is chill, and my only dream—
Mine enemy!

III.

The eyes are tender that look in mine
Across the cup of the festal wine;
And yet, O friend! between you and me
Another loathèd face do I see.
A spectre grim is hovering near,
A thing to scorn and a thing to fear;
A ghastly smile on its lips is set,
It mocks me that I would fain forget
Mine enemy!

IV.

Haply with suppliant voice of pray'r
I speak to God; when, half unaware,
The weak words tremble and die away;
What falsities do my vain lips say?
Deep in my heart and deep in my brain
Are words I shall never forget again:
"And thou lov'st not him, thou lov'st not Me,
No heavy cross, but a crown should be
Thine enemy!"

V.

Of my cup of hate is left but this
(The dreg which will bring me peace, I wis):
To cast me at mine enemy's feet;
To kiss the dust in my woe complete;
To fill his ears with my bitter cry:
"Give me thy friendship, or I must die!
Yea, fold me one instant to thy heart,
And say but once that no more thou art
Mine enemy!"

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Woburn, Mass.

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A PLEA FOR ERRING BRETHREN.

A FRIEND tells me he thinks that the presentation of the doctrines of Catholic theology concerning the true spiritual position of non-Catholics in good faith lately made in these pages, following upon a controversial discussion of the subject which appeared last autumn in the columns of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, will likely be widely noticed in other magazines and newspapers, both Protestant and Catholic; and thus much good will be done in inducing preachers, instructors, and essayists to change their method of discussing the subject of religious differences among professing Christians. He thinks also that the plain, unvarnished truth offers a new basis upon which to found better hopes, brighter prospects, and a more practical plan of bringing about that true unity of Christian faith and practice which most assuredly all sincere believers, on both sides earnestly desire and no less devoutly pray for; that our Lord's prayer may be answered, "That they may be all one"; and his promise fulfilled—all the other sheep which are his being brought back into the One Fold under One Shepherd.

But while my friend's words echo the fervent wishes of my own heart, I bid him not be too sanguine of so happy a result, for it would argue the breaking down of one of the strongest walls within which human pride entrenches itself and bars the way against either advance towards unity from the one side, or a charitable invitation to its consummation on the other; a wall that has been long a-building—the wall of prejudice. So far as the discussion in a fair and fearless manner is concerned, it has been done over and over again by Catholic theologians. In our theological treatises the Catholic doctrine is not only plainly and fully taught, but every conceivable objection is urged, discussed, and refuted. Protestant theology has but little of this intellectual courage to show. The reason of the difference is easy of explanation. All that Protestantism or any non-Catholic religion possesses that is true and good we can fully allow, and give a wide margin besides. Grant it all it can claim, and it is at best only an incomplete Christianity, a conglomeration of doctrines frequently inconsequent and illogical, which, despite the truth of very many of them taken separately, it is quite evident the different denominations are wholly unable to reduce to a common system of faith or

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practice, although we hear not a little of their hopefully expressed but always abortive efforts to establish some such an unity, were it no better than a sort of religious confederation for common defence against that ofttimes serviceable but amusing bogie, "papal domination."

Protestant theologians cannot, therefore, afford to present the Catholic side as it is stated by ourselves, and fairly notice or attempt to refute the Catholic objector, without exhibiting themselves in sorry contrast.

So I tell my friend that probably little or no notice will be taken of the arguments made even in their favor by Protestant journals. We all know how largely many of their periodicals depend for matter, if not for existence, upon keeping up the old prejudices against the Catholic religion; distorting our doctrinal definitions, rehashing the many times refuted historical lies, and shamefully eager in catching up and repeating exaggerated statements of real Catholic scandals, from which they are accustomed to draw the most unwarrantable conclusions against our holy faith, and use as padding to bolster up weak arguments in favor of their own.

I venture also to tell my friend that I do not think our Catholic journals will take much notice, either, of the arguments presented. If there is Protestant prejudice, there is Catholic prejudice too, not needing to be fomented, it is true, by our religious publications as a price of continued favor with their patrons and readers, nor persistently upheld by Catholics generally as a shield of protection for our own opinions; but which, it must be owned, many persons do not feel themselves called upon precisely to go out of their way to make special and unusual efforts to dissipate. There is a well-founded feeling that Protestantism, as a system, richly deserves all the knocks it gets, and if Protestants do not like the blows, they had better get out of the system.

Again, some simple souls might possibly take scandal, and imagine that defending the case of individual Protestants, honestly acknowledging the evidences of the working of the Holy Spirit among them, and the possibility of their receiving divine graces from a pious adherence to and practice of their peculiar forms of worship, would be tantamount to a defence of the false doctrines some of them hold and of the erroneous and spiritually dangerous position of their sectarian *isms*. Moreover, the experience of the past has not given much encouragement to be fair and kindly just to Protestants. A people whose intelligence it is harder to reach in religious questions by knock-down and thrust-

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out logical conclusions was perhaps never found on the face of the earth. Has not argument upon argument, proof upon proof, been wasted upon them ever since they came into existence? "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone!"

I think the majority of us have been accustomed to fall back upon the comforting consciousness we have of the irrefragable truth and divine right of the Catholic Church, the certainty of which we hold to be itself of a higher order than the certainties of human science. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit!*—Truth is mighty and must prevail. Whether Protestantism prospers and holds its own among certain nations under favorable protection by the state (the only way it ever has kept its head above water), or whether, lacking this human support, it is elsewhere losing its hold upon the masses, and unable to defend its own flock against the attacks of the wolves of infidelity on the one hand, and decimation from the contagious rot of fanaticism on the other, of one fact we have no doubt: ultimately the Catholic truth will prevail. Why should we trouble ourselves? Would not that show a sign of distrust in the invincibility, *per se*, of truth? Of course we are very sorry for all who are trying to wage their own little battle of inevitable defeat upon the plains of their own choosing, instead of from the impregnable entrenchments of that citadel against which the gates of hell ever lays an unavailing siege.

Too many of them, it is true, are with us and of us; too closely united with us, in the nearest and dearest relations of life, not to have our keenest sympathies aroused, and for us not to compassionate their spiritual condition, half-clad and half-fed souls as we know them to be; but, loving truth, as we do, better than our own lives, what more can be expected of us than to say to them: We are right and you are wrong; our religion is true and yours is false. We are of Christ and his apostles; you are of Luther and Calvin and others too numerous to mention. We are of the whole world, everywhere alike and always the same, as truth should be; you are of this place and that, everywhere different and never the same, as error must be. Thus we sum up the evidences in favor of our own position and against theirs, and walk out of court, quite self-satisfied that the Divine Judge will issue a writ of judgment and execution against them, forgetting that the mission of Christ, as it ought to be of thos whom he sent in his name, is a mission of reconciliation and redemption and not one of condemnation and punishment. The triumph of Christ is to win, not to defeat, those who know him not, or know him only to hate him and his doctrine.

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Of what spirit is he who comforts himself with a full meal and a cheering fireside if his brother be starving and freezing upon his doorstep? How much less defensible is he who, thus enriched and happy, has received all those comforts precisely on the condition that he should share them with those who have them not? We seem to forget that all men are called to the same salvation as ourselves, have the same divine right in Christ to know the truth, and that the Holy Spirit invites each and every one to enter both the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant on an equal footing with ourselves.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of good reasons for the existence of the prejudices of Catholics, enough to make it wholly excusable. Protestantism has ever made itself so offensively hostile to the church whenever it has attempted to defend its own position; and when or wheresoever it has drawn comparisons between its own systems and the claims of divine jurisdiction made by Catholic authority it has exhibited such an unmistakable animus of heresy, that, after all, one can hardly blame Catholics generally for the impressions they have received concerning Protestants taken as individuals. They see little or nothing of the actual interior life of so many of them as there are who, even by the strictest judgment of the church, cannot possibly be more than material heretics, their error being without sin on account of their surroundings of life, the moral impossibility of their knowing the church, and their actual sincerity and good faith. From the very fact that the heretical position they assume prevents us from conscientiously holding communion with them in religious worship we are unable to form a just estimate of the value of their spiritual life, estimated, as it should be, on its intrinsic merits.

What we read in Protestant books and journals, the petty and mean persecutions which in social life many of us are obliged to suffer on account of our faith from some ignorant bigots, the regular appearance upon the public stage of some foul-mouthed slanderer of priests and nuns, often introduced and sanctioned by their preachers—all these things, and much more to the same effect, combine to make such a prominent and apparently universal show of an heretical spirit that it is small wonder to find Catholics so generally convinced that all Protestants are rightly defined as "heretics" in the worst sense of the word. That is the old definition of the Protestant religious field—all cockle and briers. Nothing to gather for God there. Put a torch to it, and let the flames save us the trouble of—well, of worrying our minds

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or burdening our consciences about it, any way. To even suppose that aught else but cockle and briers, sown by the enemy and fit only for burning here and hereafter, is to be found in the Protestant field, and may be reaped therefrom, is something which might seem to some so venturesome, if not so dangerous, an assertion that they would be fain to cry out: *Vade retro, Satanas!*—Get thee behind me, Satan!

It has been the earnest desire of the present writer to do what lay in his power, with God's help, to dissipate this (mainly through Protestants' own fault) honestly-founded prejudice. It induced him to write a certain article for a newspaper, entitled "Have Protestants divine faith?" and the almost universal approbation of its doctrine and sentiments which has come to him from all parts of the country, both from the clergy and laity, not only fills him with unspeakable consolation by proving how quickly the Catholic heart takes fire at the least spark of charity, but it has emboldened him to make this further effort to fan the kindled flame into a brighter and more ardent blaze, to arouse a more general interest in the subject, and stimulate others to encourage any lawful practical effort that may be made to gain these erring souls.

Catholics hear too much of the value of the soul to be indifferent to the fate of any one, however abandoned, however apparently hopeless, even if such persons have proved themselves to be their bitter enemies and persecutors. If you can only succeed in bringing them face to face with the threatening peril, and say: Behold! here are souls in danger. Look upon the crucifix, and tell me if anything in this wide world can hinder you from helping their rescue? Is there any sacrifice short of the betrayal of your faith or the violation of the moral law that you would not gladly make if their salvation demanded it of you?—no one can doubt what would be the reply. I wish it were possible to give our erring Protestant friends one glance into the bosoms of Catholics to whom such an appeal would be made, that they might observe the emotions of divine charity it would stir up in the hearts of those who owe nothing to Protestantism but harassing insult and life-long suffering. The spectacle would give them an example of a practical Catholic interpretation of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." It would give them striking proof that to Catholics the

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Cross is a standard of Christ-like self-oblation for the salvation of souls, around which they will generously rally at the first call to follow, if need be, the leading of a forlorn hope at all cost.

Can any one deny that the Catholic Church has just as much of a mission to convert Protestants as it has to convert the heathen? Can any one deny that a grave responsibility lies upon us to labor for the conversion of both? "Foreign Missions to the Heathen" is a title of a long and glorious record of supernatural success in which all possible sacrifice, even to martyrdom, has ever been looked upon by the devoted Catholic missionary as a small price to pay for the privilege of winning (mark the word) some of these abandoned souls to Christ. "Home missions to Protestants" have been indeed undertaken with no less marvellous success by single-handed giants like a St. Francis of Sales and a few others; but do you know of any concerted movement being set on foot in any part of the church, or by special bands of missionaries mainly, if not solely, devoted to such work? There is surely no "lion in the way without" whose roarings would appal the stoutest heart and discourage the hopes of even the most sanguine of such heroes.

To speak of terrors to life or limb in the hearing of a Catholic missionary would be only to add fuel to the flames of his burning zeal. The trouble does not lie there. Let the church but once extend its hand of blessing upon a work to be done for the glory of God or for the salvation or comfort of mankind, and more than enough will come offering all they have and all they are with an eagerness which might mark a crowd of beggars coming to receive royal dignities and wealth to be had for the asking.

No; there will come enough when the church calls; but—and here the present writer is forced to speak with a boldness which he must fain take the risk of being received by some of his readers as presumption, bordering very closely upon self-conceit—I dare to say that until we take our popular dictionary and change the definition of "Protestant, *et id omne genus*," and are willing to understand it to mean (at least for very many of them) something quite different, if not *in conspectu Domini* something quite opposite, to what has hitherto been understood by it, at once suggesting and inaugurating as a necessary consequence quite an apostolic plan of missionary enterprise which takes the good Shepherd to the very places where the lost sheep are to be found, making it an enterprise for the rescue of friends and not for the defeat of enemies, little or no hope can be held out of

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ever reconciling Protestants in any great numbers. Instituting a popular movement of return to unity with the church by all lawful methods offers, in the writer's humble judgment, the only possible assurance of achieving that happy result. We may go as we are, armed with our old-fashioned reaping-hook, spying around the borders of the Protestant harvest, and may glean a few handfuls here and there; but he who would cut a wide swath a-field must go equipped with a sickle of a fashion to suit the grain *as it is* and *as it now stands*, and not as controversial painters have pictured it.

We must first of all not content ourselves with sitting down and examining it as it is described in books, but kneel down and scrutinize its actual condition as the eye of the Lord seeth it. The harvest to be reaped is his, and he who goeth forth to the work armed only for reaping cockle and briers will have little else to show for his labors; and to my thinking no one will be more astonished than the reaper himself at the small amount of the same he will have been able to gather for the brush-heap. But the wheat, the good grain? Why has he not gathered that? For the very good reason that he never saw any. Why was he blind to that? Simply because he either never went into it or near enough to it to see any, or he saw only with his own eyes, blurred with prejudice, and refused to see with the eyes of the Lord, which regardeth with mercy and charity, and, above all, with the clear vision of truth.

But we were talking about definitions. My learned friend, Father Lambert, who wrote those two trenchant and unanswerable little books, *Notes on Ingersoll* and *Tactics of Infidels*, in which he crushes all the swelling pretensions of that illogical swaggerer and his bottle-holder, lawyer Lacey, of Philadelphia, as one crushes an empty egg-shell in his grasp; and who has earned thereby the laurels of honor and tribute of gratitude not only from us Catholics, but from thousands of just such Protestants as I am endeavoring to introduce to my readers' acquaintance, attested by bushel-basketfuls of letters received by him from their clergy and laity, not a few of whom expressed their debt of eternal gratitude to him for having thus successfully defended their faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Scriptures—in one of those books very pithily remarks: "The demand for a definition, like a motion to adjourn, is always in order."

Now, it will not be very difficult in this case to arrive at a true definition of those under consideration, viz.: Protestants

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of every sect, *who are in perfectly good faith*, sincerely seeking the truths of religion, and honestly striving, just as Catholics do, to conform their lives to their belief. All we have to do is to get at their true spiritual condition in the sight of God, tested, of course, by the light of Catholic doctrine; no matter what they call themselves, nor what they are termed in the eye of the law, nor what opinions about them are held by this or that particular, and probably ignorant, adversary.

Those of our readers who have perused the controversy already alluded to, and the articles which so fairly and with profound theological accuracy discussed the question in late issues of this magazine, need no further arguments to show that all such persons (the reader's attention is again called to the definition as above, *strictly* taken) are fully able to make acts of divine faith, hope, and charity; some knowing more, some knowing less of the whole body of truths contained in the Christian revelation as taught and defined by the Catholic Church. Proofs which could not be called in question, from the most learned theologians, were quoted in the course of the controversy alluded to more than enough to satisfy any one on this fundamental point. It was clearly shown that many non-Catholics were quite indistinguishable (spiritually) from ourselves, so far as to deserve the name of "true Catholics," being certainly *implicitly*, and therefore in God's sight, actually and really so.

Now, their religion or religions, so called, are, as sects, heresies. No one may deny that nor wish to. But it does not by any means follow that all persons brought up in these sects are heretics, or that their *personal religion* is damnable or hateful in the sight of God. Believing what they do on a divine motive, the veracity of God revealing it, and living up to their belief in good faith as they do, it must be allowed that what religion they have is Christian, and what acts of faith, hope, and charity they make (for in those consist all divine religion) are essentially acts of Catholic, Christian religion.

Being in error, and in our day so many of them being in inculpable error, they continue in the practice of erroneous external ceremonials of religious worship. Erroneous, I say, but not evil in themselves nor damnable in results, though depriving them of the spiritual benefits of the divinely ordained practices and ceremonies of the church. For example, they lack the priesthood and all it gives us, and therefore fail to make many special acts of true religion, all dependent upon a living communion with that priesthood, and which conduce so much to the perfec-

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tion of the soul, and so powerfully aid us in the work of salvation; to say nothing of the marvellous comfort which we derive from them in all the struggles of our temporal life. But there are numberless acts of divine religion not dependent upon that relation. These acts many do make, and make from the highest and purest motives. Suppose we were ourselves to be cut off from the possibility of receiving any sacrament, what would be our condition? Simply that we would be deprived of a certain means of the more easily attaining a definite end. Sacraments are only means to an end. *Sacramenta propter homines.* But who does not see that we could still make acts of faith, hope, and charity, and enough of them, if we would, to make ourselves saints?

Not only, therefore, do I say that Protestants can, and many do, make such acts, but I go further. Those spiritual acts of religion which are associated with a mistaken object—they honestly supposing it to be the true object of God's revealed will—are not devoid of merit, even though they may fail of obtaining particular graces which God by his divine decree has made dependent upon the actual use of divinely appointed ways and means. Take their so-called "Holy Communion," for instance. Who can doubt that they obtain much merit from all their devout prayers, and acts of spiritual communion made with Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Redeemer, made by them in that service, erroneous in form and false in doctrine though it be? That they do not get the inestimable sacramental grace obtained by a real Communion with the true Eucharistic Body and Blood of Jesus Christ is undisputed. If they but knew! *Si scirent donum Dei!* Let the extraordinary faith in and burning love of the Blessed Sacrament seen in so many of those who once knew not and now know answer, and prove the devout, the divine sincerity of their hearts during the days of their Babylonish captivity of ignorance and unwitting error.

Think a moment upon the religious acts which make up the substance of their public and private devotions. They listen with the utmost reverence and respect to the reading of the Holy Scriptures (the question of differences between their and our version is nothing to the present point); they pray either liturgically or extempore, and every prayer is offered and ended as Catholic prayers are—*per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum.*

They sing psalms and hymns of praise, of devout meditation upon the Passion and death of Christ, of penitence and contrition for sin, of faith in Christ as the Saviour of the world,

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of aspiration and longing for union with God in heaven. Is there anything wrong, evil, hateful, damnable in all this? On the contrary, is it not all holy, edifying, instructive, sanctifying? In a word, are not all their services of public and private worship just so many occasions which, by their very nature and the spirit in which they are conducted, conduce most powerfully to inspire the worshipper to make numberless acts of divine faith, hope, and charity?

Eliminate the few actually false doctrines which are now held more by force of tradition than from intellectual conviction; abolish their heretical ministry—heretical in the self-assumed right of preaching and expounding the word of God—and it is not saying more than can be substantiated that all the rest is at least conformable to Catholic doctrine, if not with Catholic usage, and its matter and form (saving what pertains to their sacraments), if it were judged to be advisable by competent authority, could be sanctioned by the church as fitting devotional worship for Catholics true and blue. Some folks imagine that a Catholic pastor is doing something questionable, and to which his bishop is obliged to shut his eyes, if he conducts a service of public worship in which he is not clothed with either a chasuble or a cope. Any religious service other than Mass or Vespers, especially if it be entirely in the vernacular, has to them an odor of heresy (for which they appear to possess a keen scent), even when conducted in a Catholic Church for Catholics only. Their definition of a Catholic would probably be the one once given by a Protestant: "A Catholic is one who worships God through a priest in sacred vestments standing at an altar." To be consistent, they should define a Protestant to be "one who cannot worship God at all, because he never hears Mass or Vespers."

It is not because there is anything intrinsically wrong or un-Catholic in the mere matter or form of Protestant religious services, saving some heretical expressions said or sung, that prevents us from attending or taking part in them. It is because they are unauthorized by the only power which has the divine right to sanction any such religious worship, and are conducted by men who, if they were even saints in God's sight, have no divine appointment from Jesus Christ either directly or through his church to preach the Gospel. But because for such good reasons association with their worship is properly forbidden to us, we must bear in mind that they being in good faith and ignorance, such worship is obligatory upon their consciences, full of good to them, lifting up their hearts to God, inspiring them with divine

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love, leading them to contrition for sin, and serving in many ways to help them attain their salvation.

It is reported on good authority that the saintly Bishop of Boston, afterwards the Cardinal Cheverus, read the whole Episcopalian service of "Morning Prayer" to one of their congregations and preached to them, all to their great satisfaction and edification. No doubt the occasion was a peculiar and exceptional one where he judged it could be done without scandalizing Catholics or likely to be looked upon by the Protestant congregation as sanctioning the lawful independence of their church. It simply goes to show that my observation upon the nature of their services in themselves is just. In point of fact, the Episcopalian service is nothing but a medley of prayers and offices selected from our own Catholic missal and breviary translated into English.

The day is past for the repetition of such an example, but not for preaching to Protestants anywhere, even in their own pulpits. Several of our bishops, among whom notably was Bishop England, have preached to them in their churches, and more than one bishop has told me that they would be only too happy (as who would not be?) to accept such invitations, and would cordially approve of their priests doing the same. I have myself received two such invitations, which were extended to me by both ministers and church officials, and on both occasions my acceptance was heartily sanctioned by the Catholic bishops of their respective towns.

If in the considerations already presented I apparently magnify the virtues of Protestants, God forbid that I should minimize the danger, certainly to the salvation of some, which necessarily arises from the comparative spiritual poverty of resources which marks Protestant religious life, to say nothing of the strong temptation to spiritual pride, self-conceit, self-will, and self-love which their system has an indisputable tendency to nourish. God knows well this poverty and those temptations, the sad visitation upon them, unto the third and fourth generation, for the sins of their fathers of the so-called Reformation; but his grace is given to all men, his divine, yearning mercy knows no bounds; and who shall think to do him service by attempting to bind his loving hands and say to him: "Touch them not; they are accursed"? Who shall have the temerity to imagine he can put forth his hand and shut the ever-open door of the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer, whose blood was not poured out for any of his brethren in vain, and say to them: "Stop, you cannot enter here"? Rather do I hear that divine Voice, in tones of awful

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warning to many of us half-hearted, unfilial, scandalous-living, worldly-minded, sacrament-neglecting, and grace-despising Catholics who bask in the very sunshine of the truth and grace of God: "Woe to thee, Corozain, woe to thee, Bethsaida. For if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in you, they would long ago have done penance in sackcloth and ashes."

If the dangers and temptations of their state be great, if they be indeed alarming, where, then, is our own love of God and of our neighbor as ourself, that we are not all on fire with zeal for the divine honor and glory and for the spread of the kingdom of Christ? Why are we not besieging heaven with prayers for their conversion, glad in heart to know that they are doing at least what they can, and sincerely rejoiced to see them striving for their salvation the best they know how? Not envious of, nor carping at, their virtues, which, despite their unhappy state of ignorance, they still possess in no small degree, but rather glorifying God for all his gracious gifts. Why are we not seeking them in love, doing everything possible to smooth the way to reconciliation, making every possible concession which the ingenuity of a large-hearted love might suggest as useful, instead of driving them away from the blessed light and truth and beatitude of the church's communion by denunciations and revilings of all they have and hold as true and sacred?

What fruit have we to show from our labors, or no labors, hitherto undertaken to bring them to unity? Here and there converts come and are received, many and worthy ones, I allow, but still it must be owned singular instances, their appearance at our doors being often as astonishing to ourselves as if they had suddenly sprung up out of the earth; instances of conversion indicating no general return, as a mass, of these thousands upon thousands of our erring brethren in Christ and homeless children of the church. Even these converts have not come from fear of our threats, but in great part have been led by secret and, for all that we have done, little-merited inspirations of the Holy Ghost. Thus far we may be said to have gathered in only those full-ripened ears—ripened in the Protestant field, by the way, and there brought to perfection too by the vivifying influences of divine grace—which happen to be found bending over the church's enclosure. Let us comfort ourselves as we may upon the intellectual triumph we have achieved all along the line over their illogical and morally weak systems; one thing is plain: we have failed to win them as a mass from their errors. And what is the

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consequence? Infidelity is sweeping them by thousands into its whirlpool of intellectual shipwreck and moral death.

Now, I dare to call upon all of good will, and appeal to all who love God and esteem the inestimable privileges we enjoy, to take up the sickle which the Divine Reaper has placed in our hands, and following his example, and that of his big-hearted Apostle St. Paul, who made himself all things to all men that he might gain all, let us go out and harvest upon a wider field and cut as wide a swath as God shall give us grace.

I have written it, and I repeat the words, if we could be fearless enough to acknowledge that the common, actual faith of Protestants *who are in good faith* is identical with ours in its essential quality, and saving their great and pitiable ignorance, I am convinced that it would open the way to the conversion of many of them. It is because they have the very thing we deny them to have that they are prevented from conversion, for it leaves them under the impression that they must give up that divine faith and take some other kind, one which seems to them can be none other than a blind, unreasoning plunge into intellectual darkness.

He who has strong faith can afford to be fearless in telling the truth, the whole truth. He who cramps his faith with hide-bound externals and limits its spiritual range to ceremonial observances makes the church a sect. He lends his influence to the encroachments of that spirit of worldliness from which in past times the church suffered so much dishonor, and which provoked a resistance ending in wide-spread heresy and schism; a spirit which sets a higher value upon the external clothing, comfort, and human liberty of the body of the church than it does upon the divine perfections, enlargement and liberty of the soul of it, and which concerns itself more about the means of securing and enhancing the former than it does with inspiring the Christ-like sacrifices necessary to foster and realize the latter. Such a one has no true idea of the all-comprehensive character of the Catholic religion, so perfect in its universality that not one soul on the face of the earth to-day but is able, *hic et nunc*, by fidelity to grace to enter heaven by its door. The church is the spiritual mother of all made alive in Christ, and therefore her maternity is as universal as the grace of her divine spouse.

Am I asked if one may believe that Protestants as a body love truth, reverence divine things, and generally esteem holiness of living, and that a goodly number of them aspire to realize it; that they suffer compunction for sin and pray for forgiveness?

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Yes; one may so believe and unhesitatingly assert it. One may say of many of them that there is absolutely nothing but external separation which distinguishes them from us in the sight of God; "implicitly and before God," as a learned theologian (Bonal) puts it, "they are truly Catholics." To the eye of the body it cannot be denied that even the very best of them seem to be anything but Catholics, so unlike us, indeed, that it is not difficult to distinguish one, be he of any class or walk in life, after a few minutes' conversation even on only temporal affairs. Catholics live and breathe in an atmosphere of supernatural light, and are warmed by the ardent rays of a supernatural love, and nourished with a supernatural food, and all this so abundantly as to give a certain singular tone to even their exterior behavior and conversation, which is felt but not easily described. Who has not experienced the force of this instinct when mingling respectively with Catholic and Protestant acquaintances? But despite all this difference, observed externally, and not, I allow, without some corresponding interior difference, at least in degree if not in the nature of their spiritual life, they nevertheless enjoy divine light and love in a not unprofitable measure, not as Protestants, if you will, but as what such as I am pleading for are in God's sight, and often in the church's sight as well—Catholics in exile and bondage.

One may also say of many of them that they shirk the knowledge of the truth; are mere worldlings who seek their own lusts; to whom the doctrine of Christ is a constant reproach; who hate the purity and self-sacrifice of Catholics; who very seldom or ever pray; who because of their actual gross sins are not only lost to the church but to God, and therefore are in all the more desperate need of our pity, our prayers, and our greater heroic sacrifices. To be in earnest and to labor, after the example of the saints, for these lost souls will put our own divine charity to a worthy test.

"They are none of ours." But who will deny that they all, good and bad, true and false, lovely for their virtues or repulsive for their sins, are of God's own creation and his Son's redemption? What would we more, if called even to die for them, that we should refuse to offer gladly that which for the best of us were of little worth to keep at the price of what God, by our rejection of so divine and Christ-like a sacrifice, would lose? And if with the grace of God we would not shrink from doing all, far be it from us to find excuses for not doing less. The law does not bind us, I know, but "the charity of Christ constraineth us."

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It must be evident to my readers that I look upon the spiritual state of Protestants generally as a peculiar one, almost entirely out of reach of judgment upon technical points of law. The problem of their reconciliation with the visible church (alas! that it has to be called a problem at this late day) is to my mind a practical rather than a theoretical one. To deal with the question in this light presents, I think, the only possible hope of solution, and is unquestionably in accordance with the true spirit of the Church, whose spirit is the spirit of her divine Founder. The mission of Jesus Christ to the world is a mission of reconciliation of the erring and the lost. He is the Good Shepherd of the lost sheep, who not only can afford to but does leave the ninety-and-nine faithful in the fold to seek the one sinful wanderer. He has always "other sheep, not of this fold," whom he said he must bring into the unity of One Fold under One Shepherd, and does not the burden of its accomplishment for Protestants lay upon our shoulders?

We who shrink from defiling the hems of our garments with the touch of "heretics and all unbelievers" would do well to ponder upon St. Peter's vision and the answer he got when he called what God offered him to eat "common and unclean," and to lay to heart his own interpretation of God's reply: "In very deed I perceive that God is not a respecter of persons. But in every nation he that feareth him and worketh justice is acceptable to him."

The strong natural tendencies of the human mind and heart to assume the reins of self-sovereignty and protest against divine authority, to resist the infallibility of true order, to fret under the necessary restraints of the true good, and despise the simple chastity of the true beauty, are evident ever since the human race had a history. Mankind tends to go astray—in a word, to become *protestant;* sometimes wickedly, oftener foolishly and pitiably. He who created man "knows what is in man," and he knows what is to be gotten out of man; and what by suffering and error and even sin, following upon the exercise of his free will, is to be ultimately the means of his greater happiness and higher perfection in the divine life to which he is called through Jesus Christ.

Protestants are legally heretics under condemnation for their outward adhesion to religious bodies which unite under a standard of protest. That would seem to imply that they are *all* conscious of being under protest against something or some one, but I insist that practically all that is a myth, and gives little

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or no foundation for judgment of *sin* on account of obstinate resistance to known, rightful, divine authority. In approaching them and laboring for their reconciliation, we must take them as they are, not in the sight of human law, but as we are convinced, from well-proven facts, that they are in the sight of God, and deal with them accordingly.

What language would our Lord use to them and concerning them if he were here to deal personally with them? What plan would St. Paul lay out to reach them? What would he "make himself to be," if he found himself here thrown into the work of being, not an apostle to heathen Gentiles, but an apostle to erring Christians?

Between the church and many such Protestants whose religious state I have described there is a barrier of separation which to the carnal eye appears as an impenetrable wall of granite, but by the spiritual eye is easily discerned as being little more than a sheet of painted paper, and one which, when approached by them sincerely seeking the truth, being led by the grace of God and encouraged to come by our words of loving invitation and instruction, proves to be no thicker or stronger than blotting-paper, and to their great amazement yielding to the first touch and passed as quickly, often without a scratch to show that the transit has been at the cost of perceptible effort or consciousness even of the existence of an obstacle overcome.

This is the case with numbers of intelligent, pious converts who, now realizing the logical and moral conclusions which their own faith and principles necessarily implied, cannot understand how they could have remained so long in Protestantism, saying, and most truly: "I see now clearly that I never was anything but a Catholic all my life."

That tells the story and confirms the whole argument of this essay. This same state of many of his friends, still Protestant, appears to his mind so self-evident that he is eager to tell them of it, and is not a little disgusted and disheartened (forgetting his own experience) to find that both his Protestant friends, and his Catholic ones, too, believe most firmly in the reality and impenetrability of the painted granite wall, for by Catholic law on the one side, and Protestant law on the other, it must be granite, "just as any man, too," they add, "with half an eye ought to see." And so they both go on in the same old Judaizing spirit, in spite of St. Paul's words, ringing trumpet-toned down through eighteen centuries: "Whosoever are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

ALFRED YOUNG.

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FREDERICKSBURG AND THE ASSAULT ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

THE bombardment of Fredericksburg, December 11, 1862, the laying of the pontoon bridges, and the entrance of the Union army into that city, and the assault that followed, have often been described from the point of view of newspaper correspondents, commanding generals, and staff-officers. To obtain a broad view of a subject, it is true, one must remain at some distance; but in this way interesting details are apt to be overlooked. The writer, as a line officer of one of the fighting brigades of the fighting Second Corps, undertakes to describe only that which came within his own narrow field of observation.

By the morning of December 12, 1862, all of the Second Corps had crossed the pontoon bridges into Fredericksburg. The white inhabitants had fled, but the negroes thronged the streets, nearly all of them busy moving all sorts of material, beds, and articles of furniture, ornaments, clothing, trunks, provisions of various sorts; some of them were rolling barrels of flour in front of them. The soldiers paid little heed to their doings, except to chaff them. "Where is that ham going with you, uncle?" an old negro was asked. "I declah, cap'n"—this to the private who had asked—"I done fine a little niggah stealin' dat po'k, an' I reckon to tote it back w'ar he done fotch it f'om."

In the olden time the capture of a stronghold was usually followed by its sack. Indeed, it is not so many years since the French and English looted Pekin. The right to plunder the conquered was of old one of the least cruel of the rights against which even the soundest public sentiment saw no reason to protest. To a certain extent the United States still recognize such a right, only that they limit its exercise to the sea. Yet prize-money for captured ships is as much the plunder of the conquered as would be the sack of a captured city. Was Fredericksburg sacked? It was; but the plunder was not carried away. The men of thievish propensities who rifled the houses of that city were but few in proportion to the great masses of troops that filled the streets and slept in the houses during four days. When the retreat from the city finally took place the provost-guard seized most of the booty from the plunderers and left it piled up to be reclaimed by the citizens on their return. The only plunder that was indulged in by all was that of the

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tobacco factories, and not even the severest martinet could with any justice complain of this against soldiers who had for weeks been nearly destitute of the comforting weed. The Army of the Potomac as it was at that time, in its palmy days, before it had been recruited with substitutes and bounty-men, was not fond of plundering, and from the point of view of humanity no less than discipline can fairly be said to have reflected credit on the cause it had been enlisted to defend in spite of the momentary forgetfulness of a comparatively few.

The night of December 12 was, however, a night of revelry in Fredericksburg. Probably few small cities of the United States have been better stocked with every variety of intoxicating drinks—wines of all sorts, ales and porters in bottles, gin and rum, and, above all, whiskey in abundance. Many of the private houses seemed to have enough in their cellars to fuddle the strong heads of the entire companies that occupied them. It was not until near midnight that the men fell asleep. The parlors and bed-rooms of all the houses, the passages, the stairways, every space on the floors, were full of sleeping soldiers. Along the sidewalks other thousands slept on mattresses that they had brought out of the houses, or in their own blankets. By one o'clock on the morning of the 13th, when the writer, being on duty as an officer of the guard, stood in the middle of King Street, there was scarcely a sound to be heard except the snoring of the tired troops whose dark forms lay in rows on either hand. The Confederate artillery on Marye's Heights had thrown an occasional shell into the town during the day, sending bricks and coping-stones flying about and shattering window-glass by their explosion; but partly, no doubt, from an unwillingness to injure the place, and partly in order to save their ammunition for more important uses, the Confederate fire had slackened in the afternoon and had ceased at dark.

At daylight of Saturday, the 13th, the streets re-echoed the bugle calls for reveillé, a hasty breakfast was cooked on the sidewalks and gulped down, and by six o'clock the ranks were formed and the horses were hitched in the batteries. The weather was extremely mild; it was towards the end of that balmy season called the Indian Summer. The gray frost that had lain upon everything disappeared, and a thick fog filled the air. The lofty Marye's Heights, fortified by Confederate field-works, and surrounding the city on the south at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, were entirely invisible through the fog. Standing in front of the Presbyterian church, one could barely discern the base of its tall spire, which had

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been a chosen mark for some of the Union batteries during the bombardment two days before.

What was the feeling of the Army of the Potomac while preparing for the memorable assault? The Army of the Potomac was a representative American army, well disciplined, but fond of understanding what it was about. It was a body of highly intelligent men; many of them always carried a pocket-map of Virginia, and nearly all were accustomed to study their own movements and the reported movements of the other armies with an almost scientific interest. Among the privates of every company there was always at least one amateur strategist, who, on account of his searching analyses and criticisms of the military operations, was nicknamed "the General," "the Engineer," or the like. For several weeks this army had been in winter-quarters across the river, not more than two or three miles from Fredericksburg, and twice or thrice a week during that time thousands of these men had taken their turns at picket along the river bank, where they had a close and unobstructed view of Fredericksburg and the surrounding country. From day to day they had observed Marye's Heights and had carefully scanned its lines of earthworks with the naked eye and with the field-glass. By means of generally recognized military principles and of an experience gained in former campaigns they had been enabled to form a just opinion of the possibilities and probabilities involved in the situation. The universal opinion thus maturely and leisurely formed was, that Marye's Heights could not be carried by a direct assault. There was also a species of *argumentum ad hominem*. Looking at the Confederate position, they reasoned thus: "Give us such a position, and the whole Southern Confederacy could not take it from us by a direct assault. But the Confederates are excellent soldiers, as we know from a long acquaintance with them. Therefore, they cannot be driven from the position." Some one may think that the prevalence of such an opinion would of itself have rendered success impossible. With new or inferior troops that is likely. But Fredericksburg was precisely one of those battles which proved the magnificent character of the Army of the Potomac; for, although knowing the futility of the assault, never, it is confessed by witnesses, Confederates and Federals alike, did soldiers march into the face of defeat and death with greater steadiness and with firmer determination to go as far as men could go than was shown by the Army of the Potomac hour after hour that day, until night and darkness closed in and stopped the slaughter.

Late in the forenoon the sunlight broke through the fog,

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then the fog lifted, and there again lay open to the view the plain dotted with old-fashioned homesteads, off to the right front a white block of marble marking Martha Washington's tomb, and, beyond, the heights where the Confederate army was quietly and grimly waiting for events. The battle opened two miles below, where Franklin with the left wing was advancing to carry out a part of the plan, and now we who form the right wing, under Sumner, are to move. Kimball's Brigade—afterwards Carroll's—of French's Division of the Second Corps was to open the attack of the right. It had been a chief brigade of Shields' Division in the Shenandoah Valley, and in all its many campaigns had been particularly remarked for its dash, endurance, and intelligence on the skirmish line. Hence the choice of it for this serious work. The four regiments, each in a column by itself, moved out along four parallel streets, under orders to deploy in one continuous skirmish line as soon as they should have got beyond the houses of the city. But before the deployment had begun, just as the heads of the parallel columns had reached the edge of the city, little puffs of smoke rose from the ground at the foot of the decline down which we were descending to the plain. It was Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, which had held the town when the pontoon bridge was laid, and which, on being driven from the streets, had halted and remained just outside in a skirmish line. As their bullets sang through our columns our bugles sounded the "Forward!" and onward we went headlong down the hill at the double-quick, the brigade so promptly and skilfully obeying the next bugle-call, "Deploy as skirmishers!" that by the time we had passed all the city houses and their garden-fences we extended in a single rank, with intervals between the men, across the two roads that led south from the city, and far out on either hand, the colors of the four regiments pointed towards Marye's Heights and waving in gallant style.

Barksdale's line gave way slowly, and now we scrambled on over fences and through ditches, and as, with considerable difficulty and some tactical movements unnecessary to detail, we made our way across a canal and ascended a slight rise of ground, we could see through the embrasures of the Confederate earthworks on Marye's Heights the cannoneers standing to their guns. The next second those works from one end to the other sent forth puffs of smoke, and a line of shells was bursting above our heads. Again our bugles rang out: "Charge bayonets!" "Forward!" "Double-quick!" Click, click, the bayonets were fixed, and the skirmishers of French's Division sent up a cheer

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that, it was afterwards said, was heard a mile beyond Marye's Heights. Barksdale's skirmishers fell back and we saw no more of them so far as we knew. Our dead and wounded were already considerable in number, but our advance continued until we reached the point where the "Telegraph" road forked, the right prong going to Orange Court-House, the left to Richmond. Here was a cluster of houses; the triangular space between the two roads was occupied by a little brick grocery-store; on the left of the forks was a stone blacksmith's shop, with open ground beyond in that direction; on the right almost a village of frame dwelling-houses. Across this fork our skirmish line halted, and further than this no Union line passed that day but one, and that one was the Irish Brigade.

We looked back towards the city across the plain over which we had advanced; there were no troops of ours in sight, but from a knoll here and there at the edge of the city batteries were firing over our heads at the Confederate works on the heights in front of us. Our brigade seemed for the moment to be without support. The grocery-store was a triangular building, with the sharp angle at our side cut off, and in that narrow face was a heavy door that was shut. A few blows from musket-butts opened it, however, and our wounded were carried in and laid wherever there was room, on the floor between the boxes and barrels, and on the long counter. The groans of pain, the lamentations and the prayers to Heaven of the wounded and dying that came to the ears of us who were outside were pitiful. "Lord Jesus, have mercy!" "Oh, mother, mother!" the writer heard repeated over and over in plaintive wails, and, amid all, more subdued murmurings of prayer, and, sad truth! oaths and curses from men whose anguish of pain was greater than their patience could bear.

The atmosphere is now clear and the sky bright. We are firing from every angle and window and fence-corner at the cannoneers up on the hill in front of us. Near the foot of the hill, and scarcely a stone's throw, as it seems to us, is a common stone wall, and occasional puffs of smoke show that a Confederate line is behind it. All of a sudden every gun of the Confederate batteries opens once more, and the air above our heads is cut by the hissing flight of their shot and shell. From every street of Fredericksburg a column of blue is descending to the plain, and there a beautiful line is forming, the stars and stripes fluttering gayly at intervals above it. The sixty Confederate cannon salute it with accurate effect, but the blue line cheers, and forward it comes with steady tread. From our advanced and isolated posi-

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tion we can, from time to time, when the smoke clears away for a few moments, see the faces both of the Union line and the Confederate cannoneers from the moment the line emerges from the city until, essaying a charge, it moves gallantly on under the galling and deadly fire and reaches our ground, or ground in extension of ours, and then halts, incapable of doing more. Many striking incidents we witnessed. One will illustrate the splendid spirit and discipline of the Army of the Potomac in battle. A New York regiment, through some mistake or stupidity, was brought up the Telegraph road in column of fours, and was halted in that formation between the grocery-store and the frame dwelling-houses. For this reason the Confederate bullets were raking it from front to rear through its whole length, yet every man of it who was not shot stood erect; nor did a head stoop unless hit when the Confederate battery just in front of us, seeing the advantage, sent solid shot into the column. It seemed fully five minutes before some one having authority changed the formation and thus saved the regiment from being annihilated. A hen and her brood waddled and strutted across the Richmond road, and as the bullets whizzed past the mother-fowl snapped actively about in the air, probably supposing that the flying missiles were insects worth catching for the little ones. A horse, with empty but blood-stained saddle, galloped down from the Confederate lines, and, as he reached us, tumbled in the dust, dead, alongside of a dead Union soldier from whose waist-belt hung a gaudy dress-pattern of plaid silk, plundered in the town.

Line after line moved out from Fredericksburg in fine array, and the plain was already thickly strewn with the Union wounded and dead in blue overcoats. Hours had passed, and still the right wing of the army was coming forward in successive lines to lay its useless offering upon that holocaust. Nearly one-half of the Second Corps who had so far become engaged were wounded or dead, and that continued to be about the average proportion to the end. A corporal of the writer's company was the sole survivor of eleven who had crawled out past the grocery-store to a fence-corner beyond to sharp-shoot the Confederate cannoneers. When we looked back we could see the smoke-clouds of the artillery at the edge of the city, and, still further back, that of the heavy guns which were ranged along the Stafford Heights north of the river, all of whose projectiles were coursing through the air over our heads, while far up above the Stafford Heights was Prof. Lowe's captive balloon, Confederate shells bursting dangerously near it.

The hills reverberated the thunder of cannon and Marye's

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Heights were almost hid in smoke, which was pierced by the glare of Confederate cannon and of bursting Federal shells, and by the long flashes of infantry fire that marked the direction of the Confederate lines.

The afternoon was well on when other columns issued from the city streets and deployed in line of battle, two stands of colors to each regiment, the one the beautiful stars and stripes, the other the banner of everlasting green. It was the Irish Brigade, and every officer and man bore a sprig of green box in his cap. Were they successful? Only in leaving their dead closest of all to the Confederate lines. They passed the high-water mark which Kimball's skirmishers had set at noon, and which no other brigade than the Irish Brigade had passed or was to pass that day. Onward they swept, the four regiments in a single line of battle. By the time they had reached the level tract of ground just to the left of the clump of houses at the forks of the road from which we were observing them, they seemed to have attracted most of the fire of the Confederate batteries. But though the shells were bursting above their heads in almost as good an alignment as their own, and the canister was rattling into their ranks, no sign of wavering could be perceived in their splendid advance.

Could it be possible, we thought, that they would succeed? For a moment it seemed as if they could not be resisted. Certainly, if any men that bloody day gave hope that Burnside's movement was not after all a very badly advised one, these men, with the flag of the Union supported by the symbolic green of ever-hopeful Erin, were foremost among them.

We had plenty, however, to occupy us in our own front. With every advance and by whatever command, we at the clump of houses had made efforts at support and co-operation; consequently, we came in at these times for a heavy fire of the Confederate infantry, intended to check any possible advance on our own part. Shortly afterwards the writer looked off to the left and front, and there, within not more, as it appeared, than thirty or forty yards, lay a line of men in blue overcoats. Was it the Irish Brigade? No; it was the Irish dead. Their brigade had been withdrawn at last by whatever officer was then in command of it.

Dusk came on, and the right wing retired from the field into the city. The hopeless struggle was then continued by the centre, under Hooker, until night put an end to the Battle of Fredericksburg, leaving the Confederate army victorious without serious loss and the Army of the Potomac vanquished without disgrace.

THOMAS F. GALWEY.

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THE EGYPTIAN WRITINGS.

THE discovery of the key to the ancient hieroglyphic writings of Egypt is ranked among the greatest scientific achievements of the century. Not until a little more than sixty years ago, after three hundred years of indefatigable seeking on the part of the leading scholarship of Europe, was the key to the mysterious alphabet found, and the literature of an extinct civilization, antedating the Mosaic records by centuries, opened for our reading. We have no reason to believe that the Greeks or the Romans ever attempted to decipher the ancient inscriptions. If their authors wrote about them at all, it was as if dealing with mysteries whose explanation had been irrecoverably lost. We first hear of their study in Horapollo, an Egyptian scribe who lived in the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. He gathered up the traditions about them and such interpretations of their meaning as he could find. A translation of Horapollo into Greek, made a century or two after, when every vestige of certain knowledge was lost, is "the only ancient volume entirely devoted to the task of unravelling the mystery in which Egyptian learning has been involved; and, . . . in many instances, unquestionably contains the correct interpretation."

In the sixteenth century of the Christian era the work of deciphering the Egyptian writings was fairly begun, a work that the early church in Egypt might have prosecuted with far less difficulty; but primitive Christianity, it is possible, looked upon the ancient inscriptions as relics of an idolatrous past which it were better to wipe out for ever. The idol-hating monks of St. Anthony did their best at mutilating the long lines of pictured story remaining on the temple walls. And considering what Egypt's invaders had done, from Shepherd King to Persian, and what Turk and scientist and tourist have done in our day, the wonder is that anything is left on the soil of Egypt in the way of antiquities. It is but recently that a check was placed upon the wholesale pillage of Egyptian remains. The Egyptian government at last has taken steps to preserve what is left of its monuments, and a law has lately gone into effect obliging visitors to the temples and tombs to carry a ticket costing five dollars. Every lover of art and history will be glad to hear that the sum realized from this tax—some ten thousand dollars yearly,

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it is anticipated—will be expended in protecting what has been unprotected for ages. The tourist and his Arab accessory will need close watching all the same. The typical tourist thinks little of destroying a whole tablet if so he can get possession of a single perfect hieroglyph. Lepsius enriched German museums by chiselling out royal cartouches; and so the Egyptian peasant chips off a bit of sculpture for the farthing the tourist will give for it. Within the last year or two English travellers have been found chopping away at the obelisk of On with an axe. The obelisk of On is the most venerable obelisk on the face of the earth, and has been called the "tombstone of the ages." It was one hundred years old at least when Abram was born. The maiden Asenath, no doubt, looked up at its hieroglyphics on the day she became the bride of Joseph the Hebrew.

The search for the key to the ancient writings at the beginning of the nineteenth century had resulted in little but controversy and theories. The old inscriptions were as meaningless as ever, and the hope of reading them was on the wane. The key to their mystery had disappeared with the Egyptian priesthood. That priesthood, with its mystic key to the mysteries, had first been suppressed, then annihilated, by Christianity. Constantine and Theodosius had been mighty instruments in overthrowing Egyptian paganism, and the last roots had been exterminated in the sixth century. "Where the resurrected Osiris had been worshipped the resurrected Christ was adored with the simple rites of the early Coptic Church." As early as A.D. 200 the ancient system of writing had been laid aside in Egypt by the church because of its connection with idolatry. Translations of the Old and the New Testament, and of other religious books, had been given to the people in Coptic, and in those translations the Coptic tongue, long a dead language, had been preserved—a fact that had much to do in discovering the lost key to the ancient writings. According to Herodotus, who wrote B.C. 447, all educated persons in Egypt understood or could read the hieroglyphics. The hieroglyphics were classified at that time under three heads: 1st. The Most Ancient; 2d. The Hieratic; 3d. The Demotic.

Each was written from right to left. The difference as well as the similarity of the writing is to be found described in Herodotus. The Ancient hieroglyphic was the sacred writing of the priesthood. It is the most ancient writing, and is found upon the oldest monuments. The Hieratic is a debasement of the ancient hieroglyphic. It came in about B.C. 3000, with the Ninth Dynasty.

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It fell into disuse when the Demotic was introduced. The Demotic was the ordinary script of the people, a debasemeut of the Hieratic. It is rare upon the monuments, as it was in no way suited for cutting upon stone. It came in about the seventh century before Christ. It was the writing of the court. Public annals, deeds, and documents were written in Demotic, which in time gave way to Coptic Greek.

Coptic Greek gave an important clue to the mystery of the ancient writings. The Copts were the lineal descendants of the true Egyptian stock. The Copt of to-day speaks a form of the common language of modern Egypt, an Egyptian dialect of Arabic. His native tongue fell into disuse more than a century ago, but is well known to science. The Copts exchanged the worship of the gods for Christianity before the third century. From the time of the Ptolemies, some B.C. 300, the Coptic tongue had been mixed with the Greek; its roots are identical with those of the language written in the sacred characters upon the walls and the papyri of ancient Egypt.

The key to the Ancient writings was lost through the establishment of Christianity in Egypt and the conversion of the Copts. In the relation between the Coptic tongue of the early Christian priesthood and the ancient hieroglyphics it was preserved, a significant fact to be borne in mind in the study of this subject. Coptic and the Egyptian of the Pharaohs are no more unlike than Latin and Modern Italian.

The early seekers for the lost key were speedily convinced that nothing could be gained without a sound basis for investigation. Of guess-work there was no lack. Three hundred years and more of theorizing brought forth enormous folios, volumes of mystical rubbish, and vaporings of theorizers. One savant would assert he had found proofs of the truths of Christianity where another would show an exposition of astrology; one seeker would read a description of the mariner's compass and the magnet where another found the Lost Word. A famous theory was that of the Chevalier Pulius, according to which it was only necessary to translate the Psalms of David into Chinese, and to write the translation in the ancient Egyptian characters, to translate certain rolls of papyri which he declared to be books of the Jewish Scriptures. Everything relating to the subject had seemingly been brought to bear upon its solution, and not a single satisfactory clue had been reached, when the discovery of the Rosetta Stone (1799) gave something like a promise of ultimate success.

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More than one hundred men of letters had been invited by Napoleon Bonaparte to accompany the French army to Egypt (1798). Napoleon had another ambition than the establishing of a French colony in the valley of the Nile, and every advantage for study and research was extended to the members of the scientific corps of the French army. He was thoroughly interested in their discoveries of antiquities, their copies and casts. The writings were undecipherable to them, nor did they make special effort to read them. They classified the monuments, however, ranking the most ancient among the most modern, as other Egyptologists had done before them. One day, when a squad of soldiers were repairing the earthworks of Fort Saint Julien, a little to the north of the village of Rosetta, some fourteen miles from Alexandria, they brought to light an old tablet, which but for the vigilant oversight of the scientific corps might have remained unnoticed. Fort Saint Julien was built upon the site of an ancient temple, where four monuments of Rameses II. had once stood. The tablet was covered with inscriptions. It was of black granite, much mutilated, about three feet in height and two in breadth. Large pieces had been broken from the top and the bottom. Its inscriptions were in the three kinds of writing: Hieratic, 14 lines; Demotic, 32 lines; Greek, 52 lines. The scientific corps realized its value at once. If the Greek inscription should prove to be a literal translation of the one in the ancient hieroglyphics, the long-sought basis for deciphering the writings had at last been found.

Three indispensable prerequisites for the study had been lacking: *First*, a certain knowledge of the language of the inscriptions; *second*, a number of inscriptions or fac-similes with the same meaning for comparison; *third*, an authentic translation of an ancient inscription into some known language.

At the time of the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, Quatremère had published his work, *Sur la langue et littérature de l'Égypte*, in which he proved, to the satisfaction of some at least, that the language of the ancient writings was Coptic.* So much for the first prerequisite. The second was being supplied by the scientific corps of the expedition. The third—possibly the old tablet would furnish the third. With the surrender of Alexandria the stone fell into the possession of the English, and George the Third finally had the honor of presenting it to the British Mu-

*In 1636 Father Kircher, in his study of hieroglyphics, called attention to the Coptic tongue. He had many successors, adopters of his views. Clues for the final victory, which is awarded to Champollion, were furnished by many, among whom is Zoega (1797), who took the ground that the ancient characters were a real written language, representing sounds and letters.

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seum, where it may be seen to-day, the priceless treasure of the Egyptian gallery. Fac-similes of the stone were at once circulated among the seekers for the key. Reading the Greek inscription was comparatively easy, and that conveyed the information that it was a translation of the other two inscriptions, one of which was in hieratic, the other in demotic, writing. Perhaps for the general reader no better account of the study of the stone can be found than is given in *Egypt and its Monuments*, by Dr. Hawks. Porson, of England, according to Dr. Hawks, and Heyne, of Germany, together with members of the French Institute, applied themselves to a correct reading of the Greek text. De Sacy and Akerbad devoted themselves to the demotic; Champollion and Dr. Young were the pioneers in the field of the hieratic interpretation, and their advance was long retarded owing to their holding to false notions, particularly that the hieroglyphic characters were purely symbolic. Fierce has been the controversy over who may rightfully be called the discoverer of the long-lost, long-sought-for key. Says Dr. Hawks:

"It would be most unjust to undervalue the services of Dr. Young. If he did not discover the whole art of deciphering the mysterious characters, let it be remembered that the merit of complete discovery belongs to no one individual, . . . and that up to the time of Dr. Young . . . no one had accomplished so much as he. . . . But he never contemplated the possibility of an entire phonetic alphabet as existing in the hieroglyphics. The honor of discovering that alphabet belongs to Jean François Champollion, . . . discoverer, master, guide in the intricate mysteries of hieroglyphic interpretation."

Long before the discovery of the Rosetta Stone Egyptologists had accepted the hypothesis that a certain sign, very common on all the monuments, /(_____) stood for the name of a king. Dr. Young called Champollion's attention to the conjecture and the recurrence of the sign on the Rosetta Stone.* Now, in the Greek text of the Rosetta Stone the name most frequently repeated was Ptolemais (Ptolemy). In the ancient text the cartouche most frequently repeated was one believed to stand for Ptolemais.

The characters in the cartouche of the ancient text corresponding to the name of Ptolemais in the Greek were compared with those of another believed to stand for Cleopatra. The first character of the Ptolemais cartouche would, of course, stand for P, and the fifth in Cleopatra would stand for P. The signs were the

* It was afterwards established that the sign denotes that the name enclosed by it is of the race of Menes, the first king of Egypt. Menes means maker of cattle-pens, or hurdle-pens. Champollion named the sign *cartouche* from its resemblance to a cartridge.

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same, a square. The third character in Ptolemais would be O, as the fourth in Cleopatra would be O. The signs were the same, a knotted cord. The fourth character in Ptolemais would stand for L, as would the second in Cleopatra. The signs were found to be identical, a lion. Letter by letter, sign by sign, Champollion went on studying the cartouches and comparing them with the Greek text, and he soon had the beginnings of an alphabet by which, in time, he could read the names not only of the Pharaohs, but the Persian, Greek, and Roman sovereigns of the country. In his letter to M. Dacier, published September, 1822, the complete key to the decipherment of the ancient writings of Egypt was given to the world. In 1824 he published his magnificent *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique*, which was soon followed by his hieroglyphical dictionary and Egyptian grammar. Admitting that he unjustly withheld due credit to Dr. Young, it must be allowed by every student of the subject (and there are volumes upon it) that but for the exceptional industry of Champollion, his unflagging persistence in following up the many clues to the mystery—disappointment and failure but having the effect of spurring him on—the great victory had been greatly postponed if ever gained at all. When but a young man he began the study of Egyptology, mastering the Coptic language, and projecting a Coptic dictionary before he was twenty-five. He died at the age of forty-four, his name written for all time upon the ancient monuments of Egypt.

The science of hieroglyphics may not be briefly explained, certainly not by a tyro. Those interested in the subject will find it exhaustively treated in Osburn's *Monumental History*, the works of Bunsen, Wilson, Rawlinson, etc., etc. Characters once supposed to represent only ideas Champollion proved to express ideas and sounds. Hieroglyphics were classified as picture, syllabic, and alphabetical. About eight hundred signs were discovered, and the distinction indicated between writings and symbolical representations.

Ancient Egyptian is now read as easily as ancient Greek, and the cartouches of the Pharaohs are as familiar as the autographs of George Washington.

And what was written upon the Rosetta Stone? One hundred and ninety-six years before Christ it was decreed by the priesthood of Egypt that the Ptolemy who was then upon the throne, Ptolemy Epiphanes, should be elevated to a place among the immortal gods. He was but a lad of fourteen, and a fair specimen of his disreputable race, but he was to be deified all

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the same, and that in his life-time, something a king of Egypt had not enjoyed since Rameses II. was proclaimed "The Ever Living," "a god born of a god," and all the rest. The decree ordered that an inscription to the honor of this Ptolemy Epiphanes should be written in the Ancient, the Demotic, and the Greek characters, and set up in all the leading temples of the land. Another copy of it was found, not long after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, being a tablet upon which the Greek text was lacking, but evidently a space had been left for it. This tablet supplied words and characters missing from the Rosetta Stone.

Unswathed at last from its cerements, the long entombed language has found resurrection, and is one of the living forces of modern civilization. "The study of the monuments of Egypt," says Dr. Osgood in the preface to his recent translation into English of the French translation of the Papyrus Prisse, the oldest book in the world, "is now an indispensable requisite to those who would instruct others about the development of religious thought and morality among men. . . . The views of Ptah-hotep" (contained in the Papyrus Prisse) "set before us a far purer system of religious belief and a nobler conception of the Supreme Being than heathen Greece and Rome, many centuries later, ever possessed, . . . and much nearer to the teachings of the Bible as to God and morality." The Papyrus Prisse was discovered some forty-five years ago in the Necropolis of Thebes. It is believed to have been written many centuries before the epoch of the Exodus, and it gives us an idea of what society, ethics, and religion were in Egypt more than three thousand years before Christ. It contains the maxims of Ptah-hotep, and dates from the Fourth Dynasty. Under the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties there was in Egypt a powerful and elaborately organized monarchy, enjoying a material civilization not inferior in many respects to that of Europe in the last century. Ptah-hotep had arrived at the age of one hundred and ten when, in obedience to the commands of Osiris, he wrote the maxims containing the *wisdom of the Ancients* as it had come down to his time, that wisdom which they had learned from the gods, and which it was well for modern Egypt some five thousand years ago to heed and understand. Let us read from this most venerable treasury of wisdom, and see if there is anything new under the sun:

"He who is master of his own spirit is superior to him whom God hath loaded with gifts."

"May the love that thou dost feel pass into the hearts of them that love thee."

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"If thou art great after having been low, do not harden thy heart on account of thy elevation; thou hast become only the steward of the goods belonging to God. Do not put behind thee the neighbor who is thine equal; be to him as a companion."

"If thou art a wise man sitting in the council, set thy thoughts towards that which is wise. Keep silence rather than pour out thy words. When thou speakest know that objections will be made to thee. To speak in council is an art, and speech is criticised more than all other work; it is contradiction which puts it to the proof."

"Love for the work they do brings men nearer to God."

Long before the Prophets of Israel declared that Egypt should be a desolation, the Prophets of Egypt had written in the *Book of the Dead:*

"O Egypt, Egypt! a time shall come when, in place of a pure religion, thou wilt possess naught but ridiculous fables, incredible to posterity; and nothing will remain of them but words engraven on stones, the only monuments that will attest thy piety."

"The Rosetta Stone," says Bunsen, "made monuments and records accessible to investigation; it gave the clue to the mysteries of the Egyptian language and writings, and enabled science to penetrate the darkness of thousands of years. . . . It has opened the primeval secrets of the human race."

But for the discoveries made through the Rosetta Stone, our knowledge of Ancient Egypt would not greatly exceed that of Kingsley's boy-monk Philammon in *Hypatia*, as he stood awe-struck and questioning before the long lines of pictured story on the walls of a sand-buried temple, wondering what the strange writings were about. Marvellous has been the light let in upon the world's ignorance of pre-historic times through the deciphering of the ancient Egyptian writings. The Mosaic record has been illuminated and confirmed. We have been made far better acquainted with the court of the Pharaohs than we can ever be with that of the Plantagenets. The portfolios of the copies of the ancient inscriptions and rolls of papyri would fill a building nearly as large as the British Museum.

The Sphinx has spoken at last; it has a secret no longer.

JANE MARSH PARKER.

Rochester, N. Y.

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THE SISTERS OF MERCY IN NEW YORK.*

FORTY years ago the region bounded by Houston and Mulberry Streets presented a very different appearance from what it does to-day. Now that the time-honored old convent has become only a sacred memory, it is almost impossible to realize what it was in 1848, when the Sisters of Mercy first took possession, having removed from their temporary home in West Washington Place, where from the time of their arrival in New York they had tasted to the full the anxieties and privations attendant on the beginning of a new foundation in a strange land. That their poverty often led to actual privation is shown by a fragment of verse, in which a pressing necessity is comically set forth:

> "Of sisters we've seven, of chairs we have six,
> So one's always left in a very odd fix."

The chief desire of the sisters was to establish a House of Mercy, principally for the reception and protection of the immigrant Irish girls who, in consequence of the disastrous famine years, were at this period drifting in crowds to the great metropolis, and being totally unprovided for, were exposed to the worst dangers. The convent in West Washington Place barely sufficed for the needs of the sisters, and it was with great delight that they took possession of the large double house at the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets, which was to be for well-nigh forty years (1848-1885) the scene of their zealous labors. It may be of interest here to remark that this building had quite a little history attached to it prior to its coming into the hands of the sisters. It was erected many years before by the well-known Madame Chegary, who here conducted the most brilliantly fashionable academy for young ladies then existing in this country. From her it passed into the hands of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, by whom it was also used for educational purposes. When these religious moved to a more secluded retreat at Astoria, Long Island, some years previous to their settlement at Manhattanville, the property was purchased by a Mr. Abbott, and received the name of "Young Ladies' Seminary." When, many years after, the sisters decided to move further up-town the cher-

* The reminiscences contained in this article are supplementary to the third volume of *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*.

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ished convent was torn down, and on its site a large publishing house was erected.

On the 1st of May, 1848, Bishop Hughes solemnly blessed the new convent, dedicating it to Saint Catherine of Sienna. Always the kindest and best of fathers, he was rejoiced at having the sisters established so near his own residence, with abundant opportunities to assist the poor and the sick, to whom their lives were to be specially devoted. Released from the close quarters they had occupied for nearly two years, this entrance to dear Saint Catherine's seemed to the sisters like a glimpse of the promised land. The house was surrounded by a beautiful garden; many noble trees adorned its pathways, notably a patriarchal mulberry. The street took its name from the number of trees of this species in which it abounded. Oak and maple, elm and locust—one superb specimen of the latter, with its fragrant, creamy-white blossoms—gladdened the heart in this beautiful spot and invited the religious to prayer or recreation beneath their comforting shade. But the charitable heart of the beloved superioress, Mother Agnes, and the longing desires of the sisters with regard to the House of Mercy, decreed the sacrifice of a considerable portion of this fair garden, and when, on June 15, 1849, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the first stone was laid of the new convent, many of the beautiful trees were unavoidably cut down. Alas! for earth's instability. The dear old mulberry was the first doomed to destruction, as it stood on the very spot where the building was begun. The work progressed rapidly, and on the 7th of November of the same year the dormitories were fitted up for the reception of their inmates. Now at last were the hopes of Mother Agnes to be realized; now the poor exiles, driven from home and country by oppression and distress, were to be hospitably sheltered and comfortably provided for until situations could be obtained for them. Very often, indeed, were the necessary funds wanting, but Mother Agnes reposed her confidence in God, and he never failed to come to her assistance. Work-rooms were established where plain sewing and the most exquisite needle-work, knitting, embroidery, etc., were taught to such girls as desired to become seamstresses, while in the laundry and kitchen many excellent servants were trained before being sent "out in the world," as they quaintly expressed it, to toil for their daily bread and help the beloved ones in Ireland. Many a peasant girl, fresh from driving the cows through pastures rich with clover blossoms and hedged with hawthorn, presented herself at the convent in her coarse linsey-woolsey

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and heavy brogues, and for long months cheerfully worked at the washboard, and the still more wonderful stationary tub, for the one sole purpose of fitting herself to earn what would enable her father in Ireland "to keep the roof over his head."

During the first year of its existence (1849–1850) the number of situations provided from the "servants' office" in the House of Mercy was 1,217, and the number of inmates sheltered and fed and clothed seldom fell below 200. Though the doors were open to all poor girls of good character, by far the greater proportion of those taken care of in the house were immigrant Irish girls. It must be remembered that at the period of which we write there was no expectation of the noble enterprise at Castle Garden so ably inaugurated and carried on by the lamented Father Riordan and his zealous successors, and the Convent of Mercy was the only safe refuge in New York for these homeless exiles. The good work grew apace, and its interests were zealously promoted by Archbishop Hughes and his priests. The records for the first five years (1849–1854) show that 2,323 girls were cared for in the House of Mercy, and the number of situations provided was 4,852.

One poor girl who could neither read nor write was constantly coming to the circulating library (which had been established by the sisters) asking for books of a controversial nature. After a while she was questioned regarding the use she made of them and whether she got some one to read for her. "Ah! no, sister dear," she answered; "sure I know they are good, and I just leave them in the way of the mistress, hoping that God may convert her!" That "mistress" eventually became a fervent Catholic under the sisters' instruction, thanks to the zeal of her humble friend. Not the least interesting feature of the old House of Mercy was the Instruction Room. Though, strictly speaking, its name implies the use to which it was consecrated, it was here that all the business of the outside poor was carried on, and here the heartrending and the ludicrous were often strangely intermingled. Here, for many years, Mother Catherine Seton held potent sway, and received the number of afflicted ones who came to have St. Edward's relic applied, and to hear a word of consolation or advice. Many permanent cures were granted to their unshaken faith and sterling piety. Here substantial aid in the shape of food and clothing was given the needy applicant, but occasionally a poor delinquent would not be satisfied with such relief, and one good woman, to whom Mother Catherine feared to give the few pennies asked for lest they should prove a source

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of temptation too strong to be resisted, made the following remarkable "prayer": "Oh! then, sister dear, that you may be winkin' and blinkin' for time and eternity!" Mother Catherine suffered from a peculiar weakness of the eyelids, and created no little merriment by relating this incident when the sisters assembled for recreation. For long years, on Christmas Day, a dinner was given in this special room to a number of poor old men, whom it was the sisters' delight to serve; the old were invited on this occasion in honor of Saint Joseph.

But the distinctive work of instruction accomplished in this well-remembered room was simply marvellous. Apart from the evening classes, formed for those who were unable to attend during the day, individual instruction was given at any and every hour at which those soliciting it could find time to come. Instruction, however, was an old specialty of the Sisters of Mercy; the first year of their residence in New York (1846–1847) upwards of three hundred adults were prepared for the worthy reception of the Sacraments, many approaching for the first time, but the majority being reconciled to God after years of neglect. It is no unusual thing to find in the early records notes of persons instructed for confession after an absence of ten, fifteen, twenty, and even thirty years. No allusion to the early days of Saint Catherine's would be complete without mention of the sodalities, which were the first to be established in the city, and were productive of an incalculable amount of good. Besides the Immaculate Conception Sodality for young girls, there were also the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Saint Joseph's Society for married women. All three received the approbation of the Holy Father and the sanction of the archbishop. Later on a Sodality of the Precious Blood, for colored people, was added to the list and counted many members. The average attendance at Saint Joseph's Society, on Wednesday evenings, was six hundred. The old members can never forget dear Mother Joseph's fervent petitions to her great patron, or the instructions they so delighted in, when, failing to secure the services of a priest, she was obliged to act as the preacher herself. How often they assured her that "it's yourself knows how to preach; sure we'd rather be listenin' to you than to any priest this blessed night!"

The sisters were not more than ten months in the city when the Commissioners of Charity offered them free access to the prisons and hospitals. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and a visitation of these abodes of suffering and wretchedness was then

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commenced (1847), which has been carried on without interruption up to the present time. Mother Austin Horan, of beloved memory, also inaugurated the visitation of the sick in their own homes, and the visits were not confined exclusively to the sick poor. Her large charity easily divined that the sufferer on a bed of down, as well as the stricken one on a straw pallet, may find it a hard trial to break the ties that bind to life. She knew well that the fervent prayer, the whispered aspiration, the silent appeal to the uplifted crucifix might be often more necessary to the rich than to the poor, for in proportion as the chains that rivet the soul to earth are strong and numerous is its disinclination to pass through the "dark valley."

The following little incident of Mother Austin's manner of dealing with the sick, whether of mind or body, will convey to the reader some idea of her beautiful soul. The sisters had been entreated to visit a gentleman of superior education and fine intellect, though a professed infidel. His wife was a Catholic, and as he was very seriously ill, her anxiety was extreme. Mother Austin undertook the case and was soon at the invalid's bedside. His first salutation on seeing the figure of a religious was: "Woman, what brings you here? I want none like you about me!" With the utmost composure Mother Austin seated herself near him, and said softly: "The blessing of God be upon you and all in this house." "Madam," urged the sick man, "I don't want you and your talk; understand me." But the good mother persisted in speaking of his immortal soul, and of the judgment of God, apparently so near at hand for him. Trembling with rage, the man exclaimed: "Madam, if I could, I would dash you out of that window!" Still undismayed, the zealous mother answered: "You poor, foolish, ignorant man! And you are not much of a gentleman, after all." The man's eyes fairly flashed as he said: "Never before have I been called ignorant; I am not an ignorant man." "Yes, my friend, you are," insisted the quiet voice; "many a dirty little boy or girl in the street can answer questions you know nothing at all about." And the patient instructor began a brief explanation of the truths of our holy faith. The wife now approached the bed, saying to the invalid that she feared he was fatigued, the truth being that she did not wish the sisters to be subjected to further insult, adding: "Mother Austin will come again to see you, my dear"; when he vociferated: "I had rather be walled up and die of starvation than listen to that woman again."

But Mother Austin was not to be cheated out of this soul, so

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kneeling down, she and her companion (the saintly Mother Joseph Devereux) recited aloud the Litany of Our Lady and five decades of the Rosary. The sick man was visibly subdued during the recital of these simple prayers, and after taking a little refreshment, began to give some of his reasons for his infidel opinions, when all at once he stopped, amazed at the look of horror and disgust on Mother Austin's face. "Little man," said she, "stop this foolishness, and if you talk, talk sensibly. What is your boasted knowledge in comparison with that of the great theologians, philosophers, and others who have enlightened the world. All these grand intellects believed in God, and you, little man, in your ignorance, pretend to know more than they!" As Mother Austin went on she seemed to be inspired, and gained the sick man's close attention for more than half an hour; the visit had lasted almost five hours, and as she was leaving she knelt and asked him to repeat a short prayer after her. This request was refused; again and again was the entreaty made in vain. At last Mother Austin stood up and said: "I will write it and you shall take it as a pill, so as to have something good and holy inside of you!" Needless to relate that this proposition was met with scorn. Then Mother Austin declared that she would not go away until he had repeated some short, ejaculatory prayer, and she and her companion again recited the Litany and the beads, and, as they were finishing the latter for the third time, the man burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed: "I am a proud man, and I know it, but you have conquered me!"

This was a great triumph of grace, and the sisters soon took their departure. Mother Austin called on him again in a day or two, and repeatedly afterward, and the victory was won; but it was a long, hard struggle between nature and grace. The invalid recovered, and in a few months came to the convent chapel to be baptized, having gone through a regular course of instruction from the woman he had wished "never to listen to again." He became a most fervent Catholic, and when, a few years later, a return of his malady brought his final summons, Mother Austin, in her gentle charity, ministered to him during his trying illness, and was actually with him at the moment of his death. She was the means of converting more than one such infidel, and generally startled them into the resistance that at length yielded to her sway by seeking to convince them of their "ignorance," following up this line of conduct by making them learn the catechism like little children.

The arduous labor of the sisters in the City Prison is too well

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known to need more than a passing word. Thoroughly organized in 1847, the work has been carried on ever since with unflagging energy. The "Tombs" is visited three times a week regularly; the State Prison at Sing Sing once every three months; the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island every month; and for weeks previous to the execution of a criminal he is *daily* encouraged by the kindly ministrations of the Sisters of Mercy. They have solaced and prepared every Catholic who has incurred the dread penalty in New York for the past forty-two years, and when solicited have cheerfully aided those who were not of our faith.

But the sisters have sometimes had the consolation of assisting some poor prisoner to meet death less painfully. On one of the usual visits to Sing Sing a young man was found in the hospital of the prison, apparently dying of consumption. His story was lamentable, but, alas! only too common. Though of a respectable family, he had been led away by bad companions, older in years and inured to wickedness. In some petty theft expedition which they had induced him to join he was detected, and on the trial was sentenced to three years in the State Prison. Naturally a good boy, he was heart-broken, and the labor and confinement soon told on a constitution never robust. Now the sisters saw that the end was not far away. His shrinking from death in a prison, his longing to see the "blue sky" and to breathe the fresh air once again, all so pathetically told, so touched the sister to whom he poured out his confidence that she determined to appeal to the governor of New York (then Governor Hoffman) in his behalf. She did so immediately, begging a pardon for the poor young offender, meanwhile arranging for his reception with the good Sisters of Saint Francis (Fifth Street) if her application were to be successful. Governor Hoffman most promptly and graciously granted the request, and as speedily as possible the poor fellow was transferred to the sisters' hospital. He had been left an orphan in early childhood, and had no restraining influence in his poor, blighted life. Three weeks after obtaining his pardon on earth he was summoned to receive that of his Father in heaven.

Death has reaped a heavy harvest in Saint Catherine's community, and of the pioneer members but two are still spared. Among the band of earnest laborers who came to swell the ranks of the foundation sisters before their first decade of years had elapsed was Mother M. Alphonsus Smythe, so long and genially remembered as superioress of Saint Joseph's Industrial Home

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(65 East Eighty-first Street), where her toiling among the children bore such generous fruit. Of an extremely bright, joyous temperament, her choice of a religious life was strangely determined amidst the gayeties of a ball-room. Though full of the enjoyment of the hour, she seemed to see written in characters of fire everywhere she turned this passage from Holy Scripture: "They that instruct many unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity"; and from that night she resolved to relinquish the pleasures of the world and devote herself to the task of endeavoring to lead many into the paths of justice. Her death in March, 1884, left a great void in the community, and her exquisite voice was sadly missed from the convent choir, where for thirty years she had sung the praises of Him whom she had served with such a cheerful heart from the days of her youth. As bursar of the community for many years her practical abilities were well known in the business circles of New York.

One of the stanchest friends of Saint Catherine's in the "olden, golden days" was the universally revered and deeply regretted Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, so recently passed from amongst us. Father Hecker's acquaintance with the Sisters of Mercy began in 1851, when he presided at the retreat, which is made in all convents of the order, for the last three days of the year. He was appointed spiritual director of the community on the 13th of December, 1852, which office he lovingly and faithfully fulfilled until December, 1860, when other pressing cares demanded his time and attention. During these years he conducted no less than seven retreats, five of which were the lengthened eight days' retreat, usually taking place in August. His strong, vivid style left life-long impress on those privileged to listen to him, and he left nothing undone on his part to promote the spiritual welfare of the community. In a conference on the obligations of the religious state he once exclaimed: "Fidelity, fidelity, fidelity! I would like to write this word everywhere, in every place, for God does not confine his grace to the chapel, to the Blessed Sacrament, to prayer and meditation; no, it is always being offered to us, and great graces are received from God even when least expected. Had we only been faithful, we have received graces enough in one day to sanctify ten souls. I ask of you to turn to God with courage, confidence, and generosity, reflecting on past unfaithfulness without trouble, and merely as a racer does who pauses in order to gain strength for an immense leap; reflect on the past as a starter, and then take the leap into sanctity!"

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Another time, speaking of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, Father Hecker insisted strongly on the necessity of the acquirement of the gift of fortitude for those so actively engaged in the works of mercy, saying: "The saints afford us beautiful examples of this gift of fortitude. Take Saint Peter, for instance; he was a poor fisherman; he had little learning; I am not sure that he could read; I never found it stated anywhere, and I shouldn't wonder if he could not; the schoolmaster was not abroad then! Yet he undertook to conquer the great metropolis of the world, and he did conquer it, for though it was not until the time of his successors that Rome became wholly Christian, still the victory was in the heart of Saint Peter. And what led the great apostle to undertake such an enterprise? The gift of fortitude. I have never yet met with a religious who was ambitious enough! Our hearts are all so little, so miserable; there is no one who would think of converting a city; and America—oh! perhaps that might come to pass in two or three centuries. Do you pray for the heretics in the country where you are living? Oh! for a heart as large as that of Christ, that we might embrace all within it, and pray for all for whom he died."

Again, speaking of that recollectedness which he called "solitude of the heart," how beautifully is the idea developed: "Many voices come to us daily, but we do not hear them! Yes, our angel guardian thinks many things to our advantage, which he would tell us, but he cannot be heard. At times God wishes you to be silent and listen to him. God is all in all, you are nothing at all. We suffer because we cannot learn this truth; we give up if we cannot be the actor in all our affairs. When God requires you to be active, be so—use your oars; but when a breath comes from God lay aside the oars and put up your sails; they will carry you on while you hardly know it. There is no one who listens to him to whom God will not speak, not only to those who are saints, but to those who are wishing to be saints. It is the delight of God to be with us! This is a mystery of love beyond our comprehension, but let it excite our adoration. Listen to his voice and not to that of a creature. I would be happy if my tongue were paralyzed, and I could not speak one word to you, if this would make you listen more attentively to God. It seems as if he himself were saying this to me: You are impertinent to speak now; let my spouses listen to my voice! One word from God is worth more than all I could say to you in a thousand years. I remember that when I was a student and in retreat, and they would call me to the

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conferences, I used to say: Let me be, let me be, let me be! When God is heard a person feels that everything else but him is impertinent; God speaks to his people, to his saints, and to those who turn to him."

His words of encouragement to those timidly inclined were like a clarion call. "Be generous!" "Break loose—give up all to God!" "Keep your feet free! I imagine there are persons whose feet are entangled with little yarns; every now and then they try to walk and cannot on account of them; they only wind around them more and more. These are the little scruples, this trifle and that trifle, from which to get disentangled one must make an act of generous confidence and then throw one's self on God."

And thus he spoke of our Blessed Lady: "Look at your example, the Blessed Virgin Mary; who ever undertook more than she did? She is the 'strong woman' of the Scripture from the infancy of Jesus to the foot of the Cross. Follow in her path; it will be following her humility, confidence, and courage. Call on her in every want, or doubt, or difficulty—even in your hopes. Let the name of Mary be always on your lips; it is a word of predestination; she is a 'tower of strength.' With the saints we find that their devotion to Mary increased in proportion to their sanctity. This Mother can carry all our burdens. If we want to do something and cannot do it, if we have not strength, ask her—and it is done! 'Tis so with the little child; if there is anything he cannot do, he goes to his mother; if he is tired, he is carried in her arms. Mary's arms are full of graces which she is more anxious to give than we are to receive; she delights to find hearts prepared for them. You will advance rapidly and unconsciously if you are borne in her arms. Beg of her, then, to give you some of her humility and courage, and call on her in all things."

What a sublime closing of a Christmas retreat is the following: "I leave you now in the hands of the lovely Infant Jesus! How can we keep our eyes from gazing continually on his beauty! Ask at the manger for the spirit of those vows that you are about to renew. What an example he is there of these and of every Christian virtue! What a model of religious obedience, of perfect poverty, of mortification! Tell the Divine Infant to put his little hands into your hearts and to take out everything that is displeasing to him there. Ask of his sweet Mother, Mary, perseverance in your holy resolutions; ask her to bless you with the holy Infant, as the church says: '*Nos cum*

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prole pia, benedicat Virgo Maria'—May the Virgin Mary with her loving Child bless us! The Blessed Virgin Mary is an invention, so to say, of God's mercy to deceive himself. He pleads for justice in the cause of God; she for mercy in the cause of humanity. No wonder the church calls her 'our life, our hope.' She *is* our life; our lives are sheltered from the justice of God beneath the mantle of Our Lady of Mercy."

Father Hecker was the means of introducing to Mother Agnes O'Connor one who was destined to become a shining light in St. Catherine's, and for whom his friendship lasted until the very end, Mother M. Augustine MacKenna. While engaged in missionary duty in a quaint little village on the banks of the Mohawk (since a thriving city) he formed the acquaintance of this heroic soul, to whom his voice was that of "one crying in the wilderness." For long years circumstances had prevented Miss MacKenna from devoting herself to God in religion, though she led a life of no ordinary sanctity in the world. Now, under Father Hecker's guidance, both she and her younger sister, Julia, entered the community of which he was so fond. Father Hecker and Mother Augustine had a strong foundation for their mutual attraction; they had many traits in common apart from the noble, absorbing spirit of self-sacrifice that dominated in each.

When they first met Father Hecker had not yet become the founder of the Paulist congregation, and his generous heart was filled with the greatest desire of laboring for the conversion of his own American people. Mother Augustine's heart, too, was bleeding at the woes of her native race, and all the energies of her strong character, even before she became a religious, were put forth to aid and protect those whom poverty and distress were daily banishing from the shores of green Erin. Her yearning was especially for the friendless young girls. How unceasingly she struggled in their behalf, in the face of all obstacles, as a Sister of Mercy for nearly thirty years, the eloquent voices of the multitude thus befriended, of those saved in their early childhood and grown to womanhood beneath her maternal care, have borne fullest testimony. When in 1868 the burden of the office of superior was laid upon her, Father Hecker, in his congratulatory visit, said: "Now I am going to give you a maxim as a little guide; will you remember it?" "Gladly, father, and practise it if it is in my power," was the ready response. "*Monstra te esse Matrem*," repeated Father Hecker most impressively, and giving her his blessing, he withdrew.

Never was maxim more deeply taken to heart; never in all the

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annals of the community was there a mother more truly beloved, a superior more really a mother in the widest acceptation of the endearing appellation. None ever came to her and went away uncomforted; no work of zeal, or charity, or mercy that did not bear the signet of her magnanimity. For nine years she filled the onerous post of mother-superior, but when the last triennial had expired failing health precluded the possibility of her continuing in the office, and she was appointed to the charge of Saint Joseph's Home, East Eighty-first Street. Here Father Hecker visited her as often as time and his own precarious health would permit. Among her papers is found the following allusion to one of his visits:

"To-day Father Hecker began almost at once to speak of faith." He said "that we are ready enough to believe in the Power of God, that he is able to do all things, able to help us both in natural and supernatural things; in his Wisdom, that he knows what is best for us, and why and when it is best; but that we have not sufficient faith in his love, in his will to help us. We do not believe, as we ought, that no human father ever desired the welfare of his child as God desires it; that no human father ever longed for the love and confidence of his child as our Heavenly Father desires our love and confidence. No one but a Christian can call God his Father. He may be called Creator, Preserver, but not Father. It is through Christ that we can say '*Abba*—Father!'" Was not such a visit worthy of these two great souls? It reads like a passage from the life of the gentle Saint of Geneva and that of his holy daughter. At another time Father Hecker caused a great sensation in Saint Joseph's. To the question of the smart little girl acting as portress: "Who shall I tell Mother Augustine?" he laughingly answered, "Oh! tell her a holy father wants her for a few moments." The child, in her excitement and admiration at his imposing appearance, thought he had said "The Holy Father," and straightway through the house flashes the wonderful news, "The Pope has come to see Mother Augustine!" Father Hecker enjoyed the report immensely.

In the hospital conducted by the Houston Street sisters at Beaufort, North Carolina, during the war (1862-1863) Mother Augustine was the ruling spirit. No task too heavy, no duty too lowly for her willing hands. Cleansing the most repulsive wounds; writing home to the friends of the poor "boys"; softening many a prejudice which had its origin in total ignorance of the faith and charity that could dictate such heroism, she and her fellow-laborers in this corner of the Master's vineyard must

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have reaped golden store for the eternal harvest. Their first converts were a poor old colored woman and a soldier who had never professed any religious belief whatever. The poor negress was dying, and could only be taught the essentials, but she seemed consumed with love of our Lord. As the sisters' chaplain, a dear old foreigner who had not much command of English, administered the last Sacraments he exclaimed, "I would like to give her *indulgence plenaire*, but she know not, she know not!" And surely she knew nothing about it, but there was every reason to hope that her soul was pleasing in the sight of its Creator. More remarkable still was the good old father's admonition to the soldier, whom he baptized with great ceremony in the sister's pretty little chapel: "Now, you are one holy Roman Catholic Church, and you must live in good example." The poor fellow recovered from his wounds and really led an exemplary life.

Mother Augustine—always undertaking the most arduous work that was to be found, pleasantly reminding the sisters, "I am the daughter of an Irish giant"—contracted a painful disease during her hospital duty that gradually undermined her great strength, and for twenty years afterward she knew no day without intense physical suffering. Still her life was one of labor until 1880, when a sharp attack of pneumonia so weakened her constitution that although she recovered she was never again able for active duty. The last three years of her life were spent at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Balmville (Newburg, N. Y.), which house was the last she had established during her office as mother-superior. Through the kindness of one of the Paulist Fathers she heard often from and of Father Hecker all this time. His last letter, dated Saint Mary's of the Lake, June 28, 1883, was a source of intense satisfaction to the suffering mother, but her profound humility would not let her see how she could possibly have been "a consolation to him." He writes:

"MY DEAR SISTER: I fear you will slip away unless I write a word to you by return mail. Though we Catholics have a telephone between this and the other world, still, while we are here let us use the present gifts—Uncle Sam's mail. You have always been a consolation to me by your fidelity to the grace of God. Be of good courage, and thank God for the grace of perseverance in his service. You do not miscount on my praying for you. The priests and students who are here for the summer remember you in their Masses and prayers. Next

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Sunday my Mass shall be offered up especially for you. I am only able to say Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, but you have my constant prayers. Your good sister who went before you will rejoice at your coming. I know you will not forget me and all that concerns the glory of God wherever you can be of aid. I thank you in advance. As for me, ten years ago I died. My present life is only a special prolongation. Let us live, what time is yet given us, in the light of God's presence. Then it is all the same whether we be here or there. God bless you and keep you always in his holy Presence.

"Yours faithfully and affectionately,

"I. T. HECKER."

There was only the slight difference of six days in the ages of Father Hecker and Mother Augustine. He was born December 19, 1819, and she on Christmas Eve of the same year, but his life on earth exceeded hers by five years, she having been called to her eternal reward on the 2d of August, 1883, the great day of the Portiuncula. In her last illness Mother Augustine's old love for the land of her birth and for every Irish memory increased each hour. "My ruling passion," she used to say; and when in the prayers recited aloud constantly at her bedside the aspiration, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," was repeated, she would quickly add, "*and Patrick and Bridget*," "assist me in my last agony!" Being questioned by dear Mother Catherine as to what she was whispering, she replied: "Just a little prayer of my own, darling." When asked to pray earnestly in heaven for the community she answered, "Why, of course, and for every one in it; but Ireland, Ireland! ah! won't I pray for Ireland!"

And so they pass—the great and the good—leaving us to tread the Via Crucis without the help of their inspiring counsel. Let us hope that in the Eternal Presence their loving supplications follow us in our painful exile through this valley of tears.

S. M. D.

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NATIONALITY AND RELIGION.

The Question of Nationality and Religion in its Relations to the Catholic Church in the United States. By Rev. A. H. Walburg, Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

THIS is a well-written and well-intentioned brochure on the vexed question of nationality and religion, and as we believe it not only reflects the sentiment but expresses the conviction of a not inconsiderable number of our Catholic brethren in the West, we deem it worthy of an extended notice.

The general contention of the reverend author is that the national sentiment of a people is the best safeguard of their religious sentiment, and his particular conclusion that the German language and German customs should be preserved as long as possible in the German Catholic churches and schools of this country. The premises, it is true, would hardly seem to contain the conclusion, and the argument is neither very definite nor very direct, but it is none the less the conclusion drawn. He insists that to Americanize the German Catholics is to jeopardize their faith, and to make the English language the language of their churches and schools is to Americanize them.

Very few will be disposed to cavil at his general thesis. It would be little short of a paradox to deny that the national and religious sentiment are closely interwoven, and that the one helps to vivify and sustain the other. Every person of ordinary intelligence fully understands this; and no Catholic who has the interests of religion at heart could be so stupid as to seek an absolute divorce between them. No such foolish proposition has, we trust, been yet advanced in this country by any member of the Catholic body worthy of notice, and we have little fear that it ever will be. Now, it is just here, and here chiefly, that the reverend father is greatly at fault in his view of the subject. He is charging on a wind-mill, imagining it to be a frowning castle. He seems to think that there is a party in the American Church that is plotting to eradicate every feeling of foreign nationality from the Catholic body; he even speaks of the Know-nothing party in the church itself, and he quotes the late Dr. Brownson and others still prominent in Catholic affairs as representatives of this radical spirit.

The profoundest admirer of Dr. Brownson would hardly un-

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dertake to defend all that he said on any subject. Yet we fail to see how any Catholic, having the welfare of the church in this country at heart, would disapprove of the sentiments contained in the following statement of his position as given in this pamphlet: "Our line of policy should be to live in conformity to American life, manners, and institutions in all respects in which they are not directly incompatible with Catholic faith and morals. Our best safeguard will be found, not in building up a wall of separation between the American and Catholic communities, but in making our children feel that the American nationality is their nationality, that Catholics are really and truly an integral portion of the American people, and that we can be good Catholics and at the same time loyal Americans, and earnest defenders of political, civil, and religious liberty."

The noble old philosopher never advocated an absolute divorce between the national and religious sentiments of his brethren in the faith. He, in common with other leading Catholic minds, wanted the church and her children in this country to put off foreign customs and peculiarities that are local and non-essential, and to assume a tone more in harmony with present surroundings; and this was progress in the right direction, for the law of all normal growth is harmony with environment. And when, long years ago, the same great thinker insisted that there was no incompatibility between Catholicity and an honest sentiment of American nationality he asserted a truth which every year and every day of our national and religious life reiterates and emphasizes.

There is no purpose, there can be no purpose on the part of any of our leaders to exorcise the patriotic feelings of any people or race in order to make them Catholics on the American plan. But there must be a desire, nay, a downright sense of duty, on the part of those who guide the destinies of the church in this country to exorcise all idiosyncrasies, eccentricities, and exaggerations, whether of foreign or native growth; and if this be to Americanize the church, by all means let the process proceed as rapidly as may be.

The church enters upon one of the greatest enterprises of her divine mission in this land, and nothing should be suffered to hamper her progress. The faith of Peter, the faith of Rome, that has conquered the Old World and founded its civilization, is the faith that is destined to prevail in the New World and crown its greatness, finding here the best conditions for its ideal development. Old-World customs and peculiarities have no place in this

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work; they but retard it and mar its purpose. The bark of Peter, in her long voyage down the centuries, has necessarily picked up excrescences on the waves of time and in the harbors of Christendom, and the constant care and effort of the great pontiffs who guided her course have been to remove these. Why not, then, scrape off all such when the grand old bark enters on a new and propitious voyage freighted with the hopes and destinies of a whole hemisphere? The faith, the absolute faith and practice, of Rome we must have; let not one jot or tittle be changed; but don't impose upon us the national peculiarities or religious eccentricities of any race or people under the sun.

The intelligent author of the pamphlet under review is, we are happy to say, in accord with us in all this, and takes much the same ground. But, nevertheless, there is the insistance running all through his work, indirectly of course, that the German Catholics in this country should be allowed to manage their own religious affairs in their own way and after the German fashion, and any attempt to hasten their adoption of American methods is to endanger their faith. He takes a rose-colored view of the strength and vigor of German Catholic organizations and their power for good, which is probably warranted by his immediate horizon, but certainly is not sustained by a general survey of the religious condition of German Catholics throughout the country; and his statements on this head, though no doubt justified by his own observations, must seem not a little exaggerated to many of his readers. Now, we frankly confess that we fail to see the need of keeping up strictly national organizations within the church in this country, and while we freely admit that some good may be accomplished by them, we are quite convinced that the harm done the general cause of Catholic unity is far too high a price to pay for the particular good that may be accomplished.

As to the advantages or disadvantages that may come to religion from prolonging the use of the German language in the churches and schools of that nationality, it is altogether too grave a matter to be decided by a stroke of the pen. The policy and the practice of our most able and zealous churchmen has always been, and still is, to promote the establishment of German churches and schools whenever and wherever necessary, and to discountenance their exclusively national character only when the necessity for it ceased to exist. Whether the change should come about after one generation, or two or three generations, is a question largely conditional on place and prudence. And most assuredly

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no one can accuse our American bishops of overhaste in this matter. Our own conviction is that the sooner the change can with safety take place the better, not only for the good of religion in general, but also for the good of the individual souls concerned. The examples adduced by the writer in support of this part of his thesis do not seem to us to affect the case in the least. The *non est similis ratio* of St. Thomas may be applied to each and all of them.

To encourage every little nationality amongst us—and they are legion—to have each its own ecclesiastical establishment would be, in our opinion, to postpone the progress of our faith in this country for half a century, and lose much of the vantage-ground we have already gained. Narrowness begotten of national and sectional feeling would take the place of that broad and fraternal Catholic spirit which we would all insist upon as characteristic of our religion, whose motto is unity of spirit in the bond of faith.

No better witness to the evils that flow from exaggerated national feeling and the confusion it produces in the fold can be quoted than the late saintly Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia. Few men had a wider experience as a missionary among different nationalities than he, and fewer still had a wider charity for the failings of human nature. On page 184 of his life, written in German by Rev. John A. Berger, C.SS.R., and translated into English by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R., we find the following quotation from a letter written by Father Neumann, then a young missionary in Western New York, to Rev. Father Dichtl:

"Our Germans all live this way in the woods. . . . Here all are expected to contribute towards the maintenance of pastors and teachers, and no matter how trifling the contribution, there are some who think themselves entitled to a voice in parochial affairs. Others wish to see the non-essential customs of their own country, their own diocese—yes, even of their own parish—introduced and followed here in their new home. The consequences likely to flow from such a state of things may be readily imagined. Party spirit becomes the order of the day—a spirit to be counteracted only by patience and prudence on the part of the pastor."

What would be the character of our Catholicity if this petty spirit of nationality were to assert itself throughout the whole American Church? if Poles, Bohemians, Italians, French, German, Irish, and their sub-divisions were to insist on perpetuating indefinitely their native customs, languages, and religious peculiarities? Would there be any future for American Catholicity?

We very much regret that the reverend author of this pamphlet should mar the customary moderation of his language by placing,

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as he unfortunately does, prohibition on a par with Mormonism, free-lovism, etc. Though born in this country, he proves himself intensely German in sentiment by this ridiculous classification. Nor do we think his strictures on American nationality in good taste. No doubt he aims to do full justice to the positive side of American character, but his portraiture of the negative side is certainly rather prismatic.

That the author is actuated by only the very best intentions in the publication of this brochure we have not the slightest doubt, but we have very serious doubt as to the prudence and propriety of scattering such views as he advocates broadcast; it only adds to the difficulties of the situation, and seeks to retard the work of unification which is as inevitable as the march of time.

LEWIS R. HUBBARD.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

LIKE his previous ventures into the debatable land of historical fiction, Ernst Eckstein's latest novel, *Nero* (New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.), must be accounted a success. It has that first and most essential requisite in a novel, sustained interest, a thing we take to be more difficult to achieve in a tale purporting to find its basis in history than in almost any other case. How nearly the present novel adheres to actual fact in its delineation of its hero is another question. Certainly, Eckstein's Nero is not the Nero of Tacitus. He is not a tiger-cub, harmless so long as he is caged, or until his fangs and claws are fully grown, but with every ferocious instinct latent in the very germ. He is merely a specimen of the domestic cat, *felis domestica*, an extraordinarily robust one if you will, which has been caught away by violence from the hearth where he would have purred in peace, thrown ruthlessly into the jungle, and trained there to savagery against his gentle inclinations. He is, in short, the victim of circumstances, "more sinned against than sinning" while yet malleable, and in his rehabilitated and restored condition he makes a fit companion-piece to Froude's Eighth Henry. There is an uncommon likeness between the two, one must admit, in whatever guise or by whatever artist they are limned, whether Tacitus and Nicolas Sander lay in the fresh

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colors, or Froude and Eckstein apply the whitewash brush by way of toning down the too vivid effects of the first portraits.

The pivot on which the present novel turns, and by means of which old scenes and incidents are brought into relations accordant with modern notions and reasonably explicable according to modern motives, is Eckstein's conception of the freedwoman Acte, who appears in every account of Nero's career. The chroniclers of the time agree in awarding her, either explicitly or by implication, the praise of having entertained a sincere, unambitious, and persistent love for him, from those days of his early youth when the passion was both mutual and sole on either side, until his disgraced remains owed their sepulchre to her faithful hands. Suetonius says that Nero, wishing to make her his wife, suborned witnesses to swear that in her native Asia she was of royal birth. She has been identified, how truly we cannot say, with that concubine of Cæsar's, mentioned in a pseudo-Clementine epistle, whose conversion by St. Paul was said to be the direct cause of the apostle's martyrdom. Eckstein does not follow this version of her story. In his tale she is a Christian from the start, and one whose persuasive eloquence and winning grace have made her a most efficient proselyter to the faith she learned from the lips of St. Paul at Corinth. The apostle, mentioned more than once, does not appear as a character in the tale. Acte, the freedwoman of a zealous but not scrupulous convert called Nicodemus, a friend of Seneca, is purposely thrown by him in Nero's way. The motive of Nicodemus is the conversion of Nero, or, if that be unattainable, at least the securing of his leniency towards his Christian subjects for the sake of the love which he believes Acte will be certain to inspire toward herself. For the sake of the great good which he hopes for, he stifles the inward voice which warns him not to do evil that good may come. What he has foreseen happens so soon as they are brought together. But Acte, presaging her danger, refuses the task of persuasion which Nicodemus imposes on her, and, flying from Rome, hides herself at once from Nero's love and the harshness of Nicodemus. All search for her proves unavailing, and Nero, having abandoned in despair his hope of union with her, yields to his mother's persuasions and marries Octavia. His impulses, which, thanks both to nature and to the training of Seneca, had always tended toward good, still persevere in that tendency, although robbed of their elasticity by this loveless marriage and his continuous grief. Their

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spring of hope is broken. Immortality, which had been taught him by Seneca, as a state in which personal identity would be lost in God, though apparently comprehensible, created no enthusiasm, but it had become another thing when thought of as consciously shared with one beloved. Could Acte have been his wife instead of the unloved Octavia,

"with what mighty deeds would not love and happiness have inspired him—deeds which, as it was, he could only strive to accomplish in weariness and grief by the aid of Seneca's cold precepts and Nicodemus' fantastic theories. Yes, he might have triumphed! He might have been the immortal creator of a glorious era of human freedom and fraternity. The Heaven of the Nazarene, with its peaceful and beautiful pardon, had seemed a reality in fair Acte's eyes."

Presently Acte reappears, and, having found her, Nero succeeds, though with difficulty, in stifling her scruples. As she will not permit him to divorce Octavia for her sake, he hides her in a suburban villa, and there, regaining happiness, regains also the hearty will to reign with justice and hold supreme power as an instrument for the welfare of all his people. He listens to the doctrines of a faith whose law she has broken but whose truth she clings to from the lips of Acte, and finds it plausible if not convincing. It is, at all events, her faith, and for her sake it shall be sacred in others. Apparently the scheme of Nicodemus has succeeded.

From this point on the story follows with more or less fidelity the historical record. Agrippina, though not painted in such lurid colors as in the annals of Tacitus, appears as the direct cause of her son's crimes as well as their most hideous result. Discovering Octavia's unhappiness and the secret cause of Nero's new joy, she espouses the side of the wife, abducts Acte, and plans for her a death so like that afterwards contrived for herself by Anicetus that Acte is saved in almost the same manner. She is rescued from drowning by Abyssus, that freedman of Octavia whom Nero afterwards put to torture and death when he divorced his wife at the instigation of Poppæa, and is taken to Octavia's villa. The empress recognizes her, but pities and forgives her. Acte herself becomes penitent for her fall and seeks to expiate it by hiding herself once more, and this time finally, from the lover whose rage and despair at his deprivation are now greater than when he lost her first.

She does not reappear until the closing scene. Nero, meanwhile, follows his downward route through a category of crimes

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lessened by Eckstein from the classic number by the expedient of throwing the murder of Britannicus on Agrippina, and suffering Poppæa to die from a fall instead of being kicked to death by her spouse. Rome is burned, but not by Nero, who works heroically to save it. But he burns the Christians, wrapped in flaming tow, in the Vatican Gardens, and the scene is laid before the reader and made impressive. The book is translated by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford into correct and fluent English.

Miss Lucia True Ames' novel, *Memoirs of a Millionaire* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), belongs to the panacea class of light literature. It is, says the author in her dedication, "written for all men and women to whom the privilege of American citizenship has been vouchsafed, and to whom the stewardship of wealth has been entrusted." Miss Ames has suggestions to make concerning the wise employment of money, some of which, that, for example, which indicates the use to which the roofs of tenement-houses might be put as playgrounds, are good and seem feasible; others, like her plan for establishing public libraries in small towns and villages, which are worth considering by people who have brains and consciences as well as heavy purses; others, again, like her foreign missionary schemes, which are nothing if not funny.

The novel professes to give the history of rather more than one year in the life of Mildred Brewster, a New England girl, a graduate of Smith College, capable, "viewy," wholly emancipated from the orthodox Protestantism in which she was reared, and with pronounced opinions concerning "the American idea" and woman suffrage. In early youth she had felt an urgent longing to go to the heathen as a missionary, but, thanks to "Kant, Hegel and Fichte, Carlyle and Emerson, Robertson, Stanley, Phillips Brooks, and, more than all, the unprejudiced study of the Bible itself," she has been brought to the cheerful persuasion which she puts thus before a still believing friend: "Whether the resurrection of Jesus Christ be literal fact or not, *it in nowise affects my immortality.* My faith rests on something surer than the accuracy of any historic fact."

To this airily confident and serenely beautiful young sceptic, whom the authors she names appear to have helped to an unshaken security that not one of themselves ever attained, comes, one fine day, a windfall of something like twenty-five millions of dollars, a bequest from a rejected lover. With it she sets to work instanter to regenerate society, or as much of society as twenty-

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five millions can be conveniently made to cover. It may do for a Russian fanatic like Tolstoï to preach and practise voluntary poverty as a means to social reorganization, but Boston has its weather eye open to the fact that "money makes the mare go." Mildred's naïve belief in the power of money, and the whole-hearted worship given to it in this story, have certain qualities we do not remember to have seen equalled elsewhere. However they may strike the unprejudiced observer, there is nothing cynical in them so far as the author's intention goes. Nothing but pure infantile simplicity, relying in trustful confidence on the inability of "Christian and Protestant" human nature to resist any hook very thoroughly baited with ready cash, could have dictated the scheme for foreign missions which Miss Brewster lays before "five people of different religious faiths, the broadest-minded and most public-spirited persons known to" her, with such suggestive initials as "Revs. P— B—, A— McK—, E. E. H—, P— M—, and Mrs. A— F. P—." Into the complete details of it we have not space to enter. It is to be called "The Christian Missionary Fund," and its work, so far as it concerns the five trustees, one of whom is always to be a woman, is to be "entirely unsectarian, though always distinctly Christian and Protestant." The fund, amounting to two hundred thousand dollars yearly, is to be applied, first, "towards promoting the spiritual and mental, and thus indirectly the material, welfare of the most helpless and degraded people on the globe"; second, to promoting Christianity and education in lands like Japan; and thirdly, to endeavors to diminish the slave-trade wherever it exists, and for preventing the liquor-traffic between civilized and barbarous nations. These most laudable ends having been duly laid by Miss Brewster before her silent, attentive, and reverend committeemen and woman, she further explains to them that in the sending out of missionaries no acceptation of creeds shall be required of any applicant. Every woman employed shall receive the same salary as a man would for doing the same work. No distinction with regard to sex shall be made in sending out preachers and pastors, and all women who desire to preach and to administer the sacraments shall be "authorized to do so if possessed of proper qualifications."

"I told the trustees," goes on the large-minded Mildred, "that although their work as trustees was to be entirely undenominational, and that they were to discourage any sectarian work in whatever schools and churches might be established, this was not to be interpreted to mean a refusal to send good men and women, even if they held narrow sectarian views. *I hold myself too liberal to re-*

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fuse to send any one who can do any good, even though he hold mediæval views on eschatology. If a man can persuade a savage to wash his face and stop beating his wife, *I am willing to allow him his cassock and crucifix*, and all the joys of a celibate High-Churchism, *so long, at least, as he holds himself responsible to no other body than the committee of my choosing.* I have observed that a fair amount of civilization, intelligence, and real Christianity can co-exist with a very crude theology."

If not so brutally vehement as the good Queen Bess's address to one of her refractory bishops, "I made you, sir, and by God I will unmake you!" this is quite as savagely simple in its estimate of the weight of will and money when put in the scale against private judgment in matters of religion. Aside from the points we have mentioned the book does not call for notice.

Although he has by no means written a complete biography of his illustrious father, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has produced a most interesting and valuable book about him: *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) Possibly he intends to supplement it with some fuller account of Dr. Ward's Catholic life, the present volume bringing his career just within the threshold of it. To the general reading public that portion must be, without doubt, the most attractive, perhaps, also, the most useful.

Viewed in the light here thrown on him from his very earliest years, Dr. Ward seems to have offered in his entire interior make-up ideal material for conversion to Catholicity. There was in him (to put the intellectual side where he would himself have put it, in the first and lowest place) a remorselessly clear mental vision, which apprehended almost instantaneously whatever lay within its scope, which followed unerringly every ray of light, and tracked it to its source by a sort of unconscious instinct which made him careless of the surrounding darkness. With this clear vision went what does not invariably accompany it, an equally clear and uncompromising speech, a candor of utterance which made his word a nearly transparent medium for his impressions and his convictions. That trait marked him throughout, making him as thoroughly an *enfant terrible* in the nursery and the school-room as he was later on, when propounding the natural results of "free inquiry" in religious matters with such fatal effect in the case of Arthur Hugh Clough, or when making the famous speech in the Sheldonian Theatre, which preceded his condemnation by Convocation and the deprivation of his Oxford degree. As a boy it appeared to him a com-

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monplace and inevitable matter to reply to a tutor who found fault with his answer to a mathematical problem: "I don't know why it is, but when I see that my answer to a sum is right, I don't care if all the world says it's wrong. I *know* it's right"—as, indeed, it proved to be. As a man, arraigned for publishing that remarkable book, *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, which, appealing to thinking men in all camps, yet commended itself entirely to very few, any attempt at conciliation, or at explanation which should minimize differences or represent him as in any manner open to conviction, was as foreign to him as one might suppose it to an unsophisticated savage. Accused of saying that at his ordination he had signed the Thirty-nine Articles in a "non-natural sense," his only defence was to reply that in the first place the Oxford Convocation had no claim to represent the Church of England, and in the second, that, conceding for the sake of getting a hearing that its members did hold the place of his judges, yet they were so blinded by pre-judgment of questions which had nothing to do with his special case that it would be almost impossible for them to decide it justly.

"All the wishes in the world cannot alter facts," he said to them. "Your belief that certain doctrines are pernicious can have nothing to do with the question whether they are allowed by the symbolical documents of the English Church; and yet I cannot but fear that vast numbers of you mix up in your minds these absolutely distinct matters, and spare yourselves the trouble of examining this question that is before you, because of your intense conviction on a question you have nothing to do with. And this difficulty of procuring a fair hearing is greatly increased by the necessary nature of my defence. I subscribed certain formularies in what I have called a non-natural sense. Granted. But is it the intention of the Church of England that they necessarily be subscribed in a natural sense? If it be, *then it is the intention of the Church of England that there shall be no subscribers to them at all.*"

It was the *tu quoque* argument—the readiest and the heaviest bludgeon—ineffectual chiefly because the heads before him, even if naturally wooden and not incapable of being broken, were protected by that impenetrable covering of prejudice which the white wig worn by English judges not inaptly symbolizes. "If I signed them, as I confess, in a non-natural sense," was the burden of Ward's reply, "which one of you who are my accusers signed them in the natural sense? What special gloss each put upon them he alone may know, but we all know that there was a gloss in every case." That was William George Ward's intellectual equipment, singleness of vision and transparent speech.

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Alongside of it lay something more—not so much more precious in itself as indispensable to the full use and final attainment of all that was implied in his intellectual endowment. "I was once wondering," says St. Teresa, "why God values humility so greatly; and as I wondered, I saw it was because humility is truth." If it seem paradoxical to speak of so blunt, so uncompromising, so aggressive a personality as yet most essentially and thoroughly humble in mind as well as in heart, it is so only in the sense which makes of a paradox simply an unrecognized truth. His only sovereign was Truth, and he was so loyal a subject that this submission freed him entirely from what the spiritual writers call human respect. He knew that he saw with almost unerring precision what came within his intellectual range, but he accounted that faculty as little meritorious, as little capable of supporting a structure of personal pride as would be its counterpart of unclouded bodily vision. It was useful, certainly, but what more could be truthfully said about it? There was in him no manner of affectation. He was able to look at his own mind just as he would at another's, or, to put it on another plane where the fact can be aptly illustrated, as he did at his own minor peculiarities. He seems to have been as destitute of personal vanity as he was guiltless of intellectual pride. During his school days at Winchester, while prefect, it was his habit to go to the large schoolroom early, in order to get the full benefit of a custom called "pealing," in which the juniors gave vent to their sentiments by shouting out some characteristic criticism of their personal peculiarities to each prefect as he entered. Most of them shunned this ordeal by coming in only at the latest moment. But Ward enjoyed it. He could enter with perfect heartiness into any laugh against him. The fact was that he rated purely intellectual gifts as so inferior to the ethical qualities which belonged to the ideal he had always entertained as highest, and consciously striven toward, that he could scarcely understand intellectual vanity. "Intellect is a wretched gift, my dear Henry," he said to his friend Wilberforce, "absolutely worthless. Now my intellect is in some respects almost infinite, and yet I don't value it a bit." To balance that, he would speak of his moral shortcomings in terms as unaffected—and, we believe, as really exaggerated. Since we believe in the existence of the devil, we must believe that an almost pure intellectuality may co-exist with moral depravity. But moral excellence has also the nature of vision. It cannot be so divorced from true intelligence that it can ever be true to say that "intellect is a wretched gift." For it is the gift which cor-

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responds to faith; it is the solid foundation of the natural rational order on which is built the supernatural which completes, not annuls that order. There is a true sense in which we may speak of Satan, almost pure intelligence that he is, as extremely stupid. The rational creature is not a Cyclops. His vision of truth is impaired if he loses either the intellectual or the moral eye with which he was made to contemplate it. It was because the religious side of him was developed in a degree so exactly proportional to the intellectual that Ward not only saw the whole round of speculative truth, but acknowledged so ingenuously and wore so faithfully the yoke of Him who, proclaiming Himself the light of the world, yet imposed but one essential preliminary on those who would be enlightened by Him. "Learn of Me," He says, "not to penetrate all secrets of wisdom, but first and before all, to be meek and lowly of heart. He that will do the will of My Father shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true."

It is interesting to find Ward preaching on that text, bearing hard upon it, making it the true philosophical groundwork of his whole system of religious thought while yet, by outward position at least, an Anglican. Truly speaking, we suppose him never to have been other than essentially Catholic. For what does it mean to be that, except to have both the heart and the intelligence candid, unbiased by pride, filled with true desire for their only satisfaction, God, adapting Himself to the capacity of human nature? What differenced Ward, what differences almost any sincere Christian of clear intelligence from agnostics of the Huxley type, is not their failure to see the difficulties which lie in the way of acceptance of Christian doctrine and history on the merely intellectual side—meaning here by intellect the power which draws conclusions from the purely external premises pre sented to the senses and intrinsically capable of reproduction and re-presentation to the senses of other men. Those difficulties are patent enough—it is supremely easy to stumble over them. What makes a Christian of the special type which our times are more and more demanding, is not his blindness on the side of the discursive reason, but his equally clear perception of the reality of that interior life on which all morality depends save that which can be effectually safeguarded by the police. That objectivity which practical reason demands, and which is the stronghold of the scientific man for all purposes, both constructive and offensive, the Christian knows to be as essential to all those internal operations which make him aspire toward holiness—toward union, that is, with the God and Father of his spirit. The impulse

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which makes him seek bodily food is not stronger—nay, as the history of all the martyrs proves, it is often not so strong as that which draws him to the source of that life which transcends the senses. The Christian is a whole man; both his eyes are open. He has grasped the fact that Christianity is not a mere set of doctrines, but a matter of experience; a life above nature, into which a man must be re-born, and in which he breathes a new air and exercises new faculties. He apprehends by his senses and assimilates by his natural reason that knowledge which makes it possible for him to live with other men in a world which is ringing on all sides with the despairing cry of those who do not flinch from tracking their sense of duty as remorselessly home to a purely natural source as they have done those external and forensic evidences on which Christianity, considered as a simply human and historical system, rests. He sees and feels the thorns that beset that path as keenly as any agnostic or pessimist or profligate of the lot. But he sees, too, that the moral and spiritual ideal remains as fixed and permanent as the sun in the material firmament, witnessed to as certainly by the anguish and the falls of the morally or spiritually blind as by the security and peace of those whose vision of it is unclouded. Not all who are Christian see explicitly the dilemma which confronted Ward, but each in his own measure, when confronted with the cavil of the atheist or agnostic, finds his own justification in a process which is implicitly the same. We can hardly do better than quote the summary of that process which his son has given in this volume. More and more as controversy grows hotter, and the merely natural seeks to affirm itself to the utter denial and exclusion of its complement in the supernatural, that side of the case will need reaffirmation:

"His original tendency had been, feeling the difficulty attending on all proof in matters of doctrine on the one hand, and on the other the absolute and undeniable reality of the conscience and the moral law, to minimize the former, and to insist on the latter. But when as time went on he came to feel that that very *minimum* of doctrine which was necessary as a support and sanction of the moral law must fade away before the consistent application of the latitudinarian intellectual principles, the question presented itself: May there not be after all some indissoluble connection between the plenitude of" (Christian) "doctrine and the highest morality? Those dogmas which I have looked upon as burdens, may they not be after all as helpful to the full development of the moral life as *belief in God's existence is indispensable to its first rudiments?* Then following on this came the conception of church authority as the external embodiment of conscience, completing and defining both in religious knowledge and moral precept what conscience traced faintly and imperfectly: recognized by men of good-will as the

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vicegerent of God in the world: *confirming with a directly divine sanction those reasonings from Scripture which by themselves had seemed so imperfect, just as the arguments for God's existence seemed imperfect without the clear, confirming voice of conscience to seal and secure them*" (p. 74);

and giving, we may add, precisely, and in a thoroughly apprehensible and authoritative manner, that explication of man's persistent desire for the supernatural and the permanent which the "scientist" essays to do for the natural and passing phenomena of the visible world.

We are sorry to find the Worthington Company, which has put out so many good books as well as so many comparatively unobjectionable ones, beginning its new "Banner Library" with a tale of adultery, not merely vicious but vulgar in spite of its veneer. It is rather too bad to couple *John Halifax* and *Jane Eyre* and *Adam Bede* with Adolphe Belot's *My Good Friend.*

Marion J. Brunowe ought, one of these days, to give us some excellent short stories for young folks, if we may judge of her possible achievement from her present success. *A Lucky Family* (New York: A. Riffarth) has some obvious faults in the way of style—we point out the repeated use of "*'neath*" for beneath in descriptive passages, and such expressions as "I will never know this lesson" as examples of what we mean—but in sprightliness, ease, good intention, and lightness of execution they are very promising. But the volume stands badly in need of more careful proof-reading, and in order to attain justly to its probable destiny as a premium book, it will have to undergo a thorough revision on both the points we have named. Even the highest morality and the most convincing scientific truth gain something from a correct and pleasing literary presentation, while stories which are to be put into the hands of children and young people in their formative stage, fail utterly of one of their final ends when they do not measurably succeed in this one.

The Struggle for Immortality (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a characteristic volume of essays by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. They are all readable, though a flippancy of expression, which their author seems to regard as a kindly condescension to moods and ways of thinking which differ from her own, makes them jar now and then on the sensibilities of those who agree with her in the main. The paper which gives its title to the series seeks to be a development on Christian lines of the Darwinian doctrines of evolution and the "survival of the fittest." Miss Phelps thinks it probable that "immortality is only for the immortal," as we heard a witty

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sceptic sum up the result of her speculations the other day. And she thinks, moreover, that if the attainment of immortality should be represented not merely as a victory of faith and a reward of virtue, but as a prize which resolution alone may win, though winning on prescribed lines, it will appeal "to self-respect" and gain combatants where other motives fail. Lest we should be thought to misrepresent her, we quote a characteristic statement of her point:

"It is perhaps true that many a person objects to troubling himself with immortality, either as an advantage or a disadvantage, when his attention is concentrated exclusively upon the fact that eternal life involves definite moral conditions. That it should imply, also, certain conditions of a very different sort is quite another matter; that it should touch the intellect, the force, the good sense, or even the simple pluck of a man—this is to be regarded. *We may be conquered through our pride, when we cannot be won through our conscience.* He who does not find it any longer exciting to be told that he is not good enough to live for ever, *will scarcely hear without interest that he is not strong enough.* Many of us would rather be called bad than weak. It is an arrest to the thoughtfulness *of any man but an inferior one* to show him reason why he may be in the way of losing an obvious gain *through inferiority.* Precisely that, such a view of the struggle for immortality as we have suggested would undertake to show."

How is that for a Yankee version of the future life, its motives, its punishments, and its rewards, as opposed to what that other New England doctress in social reforms and moral issues, Miss Ames, pleasantly refers to as "mediæval eschatology"?

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"OUR SCHOOLS."

IT is not necessary to force a decision from the Supreme Court of the United States in order to ascertain positively whether any portion of the American people can claim an exclusive ownership of the schools supported by public taxation. We know that such a claim is not recognized by the law of any State in the Union. The tax-payers as a body are the real owners of the schools built and sustained by their money. Whatever declarations may proceed from those who want absolute dominion for their vague religious and agnostic theories, the fundamental law requires that every honest expression of opinion from tax-payers shall be respected. No apology is needed when we as Catholics venture to assert our legal privilege by refusing to approve a defective educational system. Being citizens, our protests should be attentively considered. We speak as well-wishers of our country; it is foul play to make us appear as enemies of the public good. This seems to be the determined policy of the bigots selected from various places to keep up the cry of alarm at the meetings in Tremont Temple, Boston. Every statement on the school question from a Catholic source is there exhibited in a lurid light as coming from the enemies of the Republic.

There is much to commend in an address on this subject delivered by Mr. T. C. O'Sullivan to the delegates of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, in Providence, R. I. The passages which we quote have the force of true eloquence combined with legal precision of statement:

"From time to time, by right reverend and reverend gentlemen" (Bishop Coxe and others), "it is resolved that 'we guard our public schools from their Catholic enemies—the enemies of our country—that we may transmit our public schools unimpaired to posterity.' Now and at all times we solemnly declare, in answer to this, that we are not enemies of the public schools, and were a hostile hand raised against them we would go at least an equal distance with our defamers in defence of them. But as human establishments are liable to imperfections, we believe that our public-school system is not free from them, and while believing this, if concerning them we advance a proposition which we conscientiously hold to be for the welfare of our national existence, are we to be treated as social mutineers, scowled at and howled at and branded as public enemies? There is an American institution quite as sacred as the public-school system—the Constitution of the United States, the charter of our liberties. It was at first considered to be as perfect a production as wise and patriotic statesmen could formulate. Yet from time to time other statesmen have suggested amendments to the Constitution. Do they live in history as the enemies of the United States?

"Along with being somewhat uncharitable, these gentlemen seem to have rather cross-grained notions concerning the subject of 'mine and thine' in this matter. Their excessive eagerness to twist the school system into the service of their own crooked purposes has made them forgetful of the fact that they are not the sole proprietors of the public schools. In their multifarious and sonorous resolutions they modify the subject schools by the use of a pronoun in the first person, plural number, possessive case, 'our schools.' But, gentlemen, we respectfully submit that you have not as yet purchased our interest in the public schools, and until you have received a quit-claim of that interest we protest against your taking possession to the exclusion of all other owners. Has it never dawned upon

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you, gentlemen, that we are associates in this enterprise? It is about time that you opened the window of your soul to the light of the fact that we are copartners with you in the ownership of the public schools, and as long as we are, so long will we have a voice in their management. We are glad to agree with the gentlemen when they give us the opportunity, and we are happy to inform them of our hearty sympathy with that clause of their resolution which declares that we shall transmit our public schools unimpaired to posterity. But in their anxiety to teach only physics and the multiplication table they are in danger of neglecting the Decalogue and their own duty to the human multiplication table. Therefore, we warn them that while they may succeed in transmitting the public schools unimpaired to posterity, they may fail in transmitting posterity unimpaired to the public schools.

"Until we have clothed our national wards, the red Indians, with the powers of American citizenship, and have yielded up the reins of government to them, we cannot have a government of simon-pure Americans. Strictly speaking, of course we are all of alien extraction, and who has the better claim to that kind of Americanism as between Bishop Coxe and myself is only a question as to whether his grandmother came over in the *Mayflower* or mine in the *Shamrock*. But for all governmental purposes the alien is a myth. In American law 'an alien is a person born out of the United States and not naturalized.' According to the fourteenth amendment, 'all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States.' Once a citizen an alien no more. None but citizens can have a voice in our government. Therefore, we cannot have a 'government by aliens,' and when the writer in the *Forum* asserts that we have such a government he must submit to the charge either of ignorance or falsehood.

"As religion and love of country are the safeguards of the state, it is fortunate for the perpetuity of our institutions that there is a religious trait in the American character, and that we have a country which we can love. I take it to be the object of our Catholic young men in this Union to cultivate and strengthen this love of country, and assist in the preservation of that religious trait in the American character. Nor is there anything in our duties as Roman Catholics inconsistent with our loyalty as American citizens. Those who profess to believe the contrary will find, if they take the trouble to inform themselves, that our religious and our civil obligations are in perfect accord.

"There is nothing in the practice of religion inconsonant with the stern activities of life. The history of our country is replete with beautiful illustrations of this. Columbus the navigator, standing triumphant upon the deck of his vessel, surrounded by his repentant companions, and gazing with joyful eyes upon the land, is not a more inspiring picture than Columbus the Christ-bearer, bowing in humble adoration before the cross on the shore of the New World.

"Victorious Washington receiving the sword of conquered Cornwallis at Yorktown is not a more thrilling sight than Washington suppliant and on bended knees in the snows of Valley Forge, beseeching the God of battles for strength and fortitude in that hour of tribulation."

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

NOTE TO ARTICLE ON THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The writer of this instructive article is no doubt aware that the rector of the University has intimated his intention to accept the diploma of a regularly constituted Catholic college in lieu of examination for admittance to matriculation. He therefore has reference to examinations not only for entrance but also for

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place in class or for prizes. We take pleasure in printing herewith the following sentences from a recent address of Father Richards, S.J., President of Georgetown College, as they refer to matters treated of in the present article:

"There is, indeed, one other agency which, as I foresee, will be of decided benefit in aiding us to overcome the failings I have noted. When the Catholic University of America opens its doors to all comers and subjects them to a rigid matriculation *examen* we shall have a test to which we can appeal. Then the colleges which have been working through good and ill report to maintain a high and ever-increasing standard will be known, and those which have traded on the name without the substance of Catholic college must sink to their places of high-school or academy. In this I see the shadow of good to come. I know not what others may feel, but I for one am impatient for the day when the Catholic University will open its literary courses."

THE "PLEA FOR ERRING BRETHREN."

Those of our readers who may wish to peruse the original paper written by the author of the above-named article in the present number, and entitled "Have Protestants Divine Faith?" which is referred to on page 355, will find it reprinted with justificatory remarks in the New York *Freeman's Journal* of dates November 10 and 17, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Catholic papers of the United States have kindly given much of their valuable space to notices of the Columbian Reading Union. A favorable comment in the *Ave Maria*, published at Notre Dame, Ind., has brought us many letters asking for further information. For several prominent editorials we are indebted to the *Catholic Review* and the *Pilot*. We extend thanks to the editors whose words of approval are here quoted to show the general interest awakened in places widely separated:

From the Catholic Columbian.

"In order to do away with the reproach that Catholics are not acquainted with Catholic literature and to direct readers in search of the best books in every department of knowledge, especially of history, science, fiction, and biography, THE CATHOLIC WORLD has undertaken to form and guide and advise the Columbian Reading Union, which is an aggregation of Reading Circles and of individuals animated with the high purpose of cultivating the acquaintance of the leading Catholic authors.

"The work is worthy of the best efforts of the scholars who conduct that brilliant magazine.

"For the managers of the project to be successful, however, it must be appreciated. Reading Circles must be formed. Individuals must seize the opportunity for trustworthy direction in their search for information and intellectual recreation. The condition of membership is only one dollar a year, and in return for this sum members will receive the circulars, guide-lists, catalogues, and other publications of the Union; have books they want bought for them at a discount, and obtain all the benefits of association with and suggestions from other students of literature in the organization."

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From the Dakota Catholic.

"It is not to the credit of Catholics in the United States that Catholic literature notoriously receives too little encouragement at their hands. Their indifference to the proper support of the Catholic press is a constant topic of complaint, but it extends to Catholic works generally. So marked is the fact that, while secular works of all kinds find ready publishers and abundant sales, he who would give a new Catholic work to the public must go down into his own pocket for the expenses of publication, but few publishers being found willing to assume the risks involved. Yet we have an abundance of excellent Catholic reading matter which is unknown to the generality of Catholics. Any effort to bring these works more largely before the people is a commendable one, bound to produce excellent results. For some time THE CATHOLIC WORLD, of New York, has been maturing plans for a general movement, which has now taken shape by the organization of the 'Columbian Reading Union.' The object of the society is the diffusion of good literature. It will consist of a central organization, and membership to include those in charge of parochial and public libraries, Reading Circles, and other literary organizations in the church, as well as individuals who desire to cultivate a better acquaintance with Catholic authors and standard writers of the best general literature. As soon as practicable, suitable lists of books for different classes of readers, juvenile and adult, will be prepared and generally circulated. Every one who has had experience with libraries knows that each class has its own tastes, and that the same works are not suitable to the educated and the partially educated, the male and the female, the working class, the professional class, and those of leisure. The best selections can only be made by persons of experience, who, by exchanging opinions and working together in such an organization, can accomplish the best results. The organization will be supported by membership fees and donations from those who desire to be its patrons. Books can be donated and circulated through the membership of the Union. Any organization or individual can obtain membership by sending one dollar in postage stamps or postal note. Persons ordering books in quantities will have the advantage of the most liberal discounts. We hope and expect great advantages to result from this movement, and ask the hearty co-operation of our readers in making it successful, and of advantage to themselves and to the Catholic people of the United States."

The *Pittsburgh Catholic* makes a good argument against unjust competition in literature as follows:

"In complaining about the lack of support given to Catholic literature, our esteemed contemporaries overlook the fact that general American literature suffers in the same way. There are exceptional works which achieve great success; but we have not lacked them also, as, for instance, Cardinal Gibbons' *Faith of Our Fathers*, whose circulation has probably reached two hundred thousand. But these will always be exceptional. We know of two successful novels, as they are called, from which the authors received the magnificent royalties, respectively, of sixty-five dollars and thirty-five dollars; nor were they Catholic novels, nor written by Catholics. Our whole literature suffers from the unjust competition of limitless piracy, rendered possible through lack of an international copyright law. So long as we are flooded with these cheap reprints, so long will the growth of true American literature be impossible. Indeed, the question is one beyond dollars and cents, and we would be glad to see Congress pass such a law without waiting to tinker up a treaty with other nations. Then

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we should see a vital growth of Catholic literature, along with a healthier tone in the general productions of the country."

From the Church News, of Washington, D. C.

"We must hail with the greatest satisfaction any plan which will lead our people to devote more time to mental improvement, for one of the greatest evils of the present is the indifference of so many regarding healthy literature. The daily papers are widely read by young and old; so are the popular novels, whose sickly sentimentality destroys in the hearts of hundreds the noble sentiments implanted therein by parents and teachers. In fact, every kind of literature which appeals to the coarsest tastes and satisfies inordinate curiosity finds a welcome, and not unfrequently from those who have been educated in our best schools. Hence, any plan which will create a desire for good reading-matter and a hatred for the vile trash now so popular must necessarily receive the encouragement of all whose approval is worthy of consideration.

"Whilst the Reading Circles may not be able to accomplish all that is claimed for them by their immediate friends, still there is no good reason why they should not be tried. We know that men are greatly moved by circumstances without being aware that they are influenced by other than their own minds; so that we find at almost every step what is vulgarly called a 'craze'—that is, the popular mind is directed toward one object so decidedly that everything else is made to stand aside in its pursuit. This being one of the customs of society, it is well to make use of it for good rather than evil. We all know that there is no difficulty in directing the minds of the majority of the people toward those things which please the lower tastes, but it is not so easy to turn the tide of public opinion in the direction of the pure, the noble, and the exalted.

"If Reading Circles should not be the great success expected, still there is no reason why they should not be permitted to do all the good possible. By their aid every man will be enabled to accomplish something of value to his neighbor.

"There is among all classes a desire to imitate what others are doing successfully. If a Reading Circle be well conducted it will not prove advantageous for its own members only, but it will cause others to be founded in the immediate neighborhood. By this means the good work will spread, and every man who aids in organizing a Reading Circle may be sowing the seed which shall bear rich fruit where he little expects it. Unfortunately, quite a number of young men when they graduate imagine that for them there is no need for further study, and yet the most brilliant school-days are but the foundation on which to build.

"Let Reading Circles be at once organized, whether they are to be permanent or short-lived, for they must result in great good to all brought within their influences."

From the Catholic Home, of Chicago, Ills.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD contains the working details of the Reading Circles, from which much solid good is reasonably expected. To make Catholics acquainted with the works of their own writers, and to guide them in the selection of books in the various departments of literature, history, and science, and to stimulate and form in them a taste for the best literature, are the objects of these Reading Circles. In places where the Catholic community is small and the whole tone of society is hostile to the church these Reading Circles will be of great service. Even in larger communities, where there are church libraries or sodality reading-rooms, the list published by this new Reading Union will be very useful. They will, we hope, have the effect of teaching the young Catholic not to talk of Catholic literature, English, American, Irish, French, and German, as if it were

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beneath contempt. Of the millions of Catholics able to read in this country there are multitudes who know as little about Catholic literature as they do about Hebrew. It is the purpose of the Reading Circles to make Catholics take an interest in their own magnificent literature; to make them acquainted with Wiseman and Manning, with Newman and Faber, with Lacordaire and Montalembert and Dupanloup, with Brownson and Spalding and Hecker, with Kenrick and MacHale and O'Hagan, with Lingard, Darras, and Shea, and hundreds of others whom we cannot enumerate. To make readers and authors acquainted, and to form the taste of young Catholics on sound principles, will be the chief good effected by the Reading Circles."

We have received information from England of a meeting recently held at the residence of the Earl of Aberdeen to inaugurate the Home Reading Circles Union, the work of which will be associated with the university extension movement. The plan proposed is to arrange courses of reading for different classes of readers, especially for young people and artisans; to establish local circles for discussion of specified subjects, and to organize summer assemblies at which lectures will be delivered, prizes and certificates given, and social gatherings fostered. Distinguished names appear among the vice-presidents, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Argyle, Professor Bryce, M.P., Sir W. Hart Dyke, M.P., Mr. Robert Browning, and Archdeacon Farrar.

One of our correspondents sends us a lengthy report, from which we shall quote some passages, indicating the success which has attended the efforts of a popular writer, Mr. George W. Cable, in directing

THE HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

The report says: "It is not our plan to work mainly through public, but private relations. Our efforts are to individuals, not classes. We seek to help one another as personal friends in one another's homes rather than to supply something else instead of home. Ours is a scheme to know personally those who can make use of our friendship, and to give them that friendship in such exchange of mutual benefits as may be mutually chosen.

"The Home Culture Clubs are an attempt to give the fullest practical recognition to the fact that what the homes of the people are so the people will be; that mere legislation, and especially compulsory legislation, cannot alone elevate and purify public society; that no multitude of organized benevolent efforts, addressed to men and women in mere classes and masses, and which leave the prosperous and unprosperous individual strangers to each other, can ever establish that personal friendly confidence between them which is essential to the largest and best results in character and conduct. On the other hand, our plan keeps in view that it is human nature that makes the dividing lines of private society, and that any sentimental effort to ignore those lines which offers sudden violence to them must fail, whether they be the outcome of ambitions or of condescensions.

"We seek now as we have not sought before to extend those clubs far and wide. What is good and practicable for one town is good and practicable for one thousand other goodly towns. There are thousands of good people, young and old, male and female, who want to give some effort of their own to the betterment of others less fortunate than they, yet have no fortunes to bequeath nor any consciousness of large executive capacities calling them to the prosecution of large benevolent schemes. Form a Home Culture Club. Let it be made up of from three to seven or eight members. Never let it meet for mere play, never

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give it what will either waste the time or overtask the feeblest member. Do not let it interfere with a full share of out-door enjoyments. Do not force gratuitous social promotions. Let the club choose its own pursuit, only see that it is some pleasant profit, and first, last, and always bear in mind that the ultimate purpose is not to see how many pages of good books a group of persons can read or how much French or German or biology it can study, or how much good music it can hear, but that it is to open a field in which, without those social confessions which those in humble life abhor as cordially as any do, we can with the least possible condescension or embarrassment bestow a practical and beneficent friendship on those that need it most.

"This scheme is beginning to cost money. Its expense is almost nothing in proportion to its operations, but it is enough to make it very desirable that each club should establish a penny treasury. One or two clubs did this last year. A contribution of two pennies for each member at each weekly meeting will pay the secretary and his or her expenses. The reading-rooms are a much larger pecuniary item. The expense of furnishing and keeping them open has been met by generous citizens."

In previous numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we have published many interesting letters supporting our Reading Union, which is now attracting widespread attention. Some of the most thoughtful and suggestive letters came from Boston and other places within range of its influence. With much pleasure, therefore, we record this month the good news that—

"Boston's first Catholic Reading Circle, according to the plan of the Columbian Reading Union, effected a permanent organization on the evening of Tuesday, October 8, in the Temperance Hall of St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, Mass. Over sixty ladies were present. The Rev. J. B. Troy, of St. Joseph's, addressed the meeting, explaining for the benefit of new-comers the object of the Catholic Reading Circles, and the necessity of combating by the diffusion of good Catholic literature the immorality and infidelity which menaces youth in so much of the light literature of the day. Miss E. A. McMahon, of South Boston, temporary chairman, then presided at the election of officers. These were chosen: President, Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the *Pilot;* Vice-President, Miss E. A. McMahon, of South Boston; Secretary, Miss Mary Shay, of Roxbury; Treasurer and Librarian, Miss K. Moore, of South Boston. It was decided that meetings should be held at eight P.M. on the second and fourth Tuesdays of every month, in the Temperance Hall of St. Joseph's. Miss McMahon reported the donation of some books for a start towards a reference library. After some discussion on ways and means the meeting adjourned."

The Boston Catholic Union opened the season of 1889-90 with the largest attendance ever seen on any occasion since its formation. By invitation of the Union, Miss Katherine E. Conway read a paper on "The Ideals of Christian Womanhood," which was exceedingly well received. It was announced that the Union had decided to call a special meeting of the members and their lady friends to organize Reading Circles for the study of our best Catholic literature. These circles are intended for both ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of the Columbian Reading Union we extend cordial greeting to the new Reading Circles of Boston, and cherish the hope that they will let their light shine brightly for the benefit of all engaged in the same good work.

We give two letters from prominent educational institutions:

"The Reading Union was a pet idea of our school, long wished for, talked

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of, and when accomplished under such able direction we may no longer withhold the approval given as soon as the Union was mentioned. Our graduates have often expressed a desire for just such a circle and wanted one formed from their Alma Mater as a centre. That was impracticable, and we even suggested the advantages of 'Chautauqua' and the 'Boston Society for Study at Home.'

"We are delighted that Catholic literature is to be given to our girls, and assure you we will do all we can to promote interest in the 'Union.' I have spoken to some of the ladies of the congregation, and they will soon form a Reading Circle. Our graduates are charmed with the idea of self-improvement after school-days, and we will have our present senior class begin the course so that they will continue the good work when they leave. * * *"

"Please find enclosed one dollar, our contribution to the Columbian Reading Union, to which we desire to be affiliated. We have quite an extensive school library, to which our pupils have access at stated times, so that we shall be able to supply many of the Catholic works indicated in the courses, ordering others as they are required. To the class pursuing the course of English literature the direction of the Union will doubtless prove highly advantageous. Being subscribers to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we take note of the suggestive remarks in the Reading Circle department. * * *"

The writer of the following letter is entitled to our thanks for his generous offering. We would like to see many others imitate his example:

"I heartily endorse the Reading Union, which will be of great value to American Catholics. Could it not be brought before the American Catholic Congress to be held in the near future? I think it is sufficiently important. All Catholic papers in the country should also take it up. They don't seem to be as alive to its importance as they should be. I have not seen a word concerning it in our local paper as yet, although I have watched for it. I enclose five dollars to help on the good work. Use it the best way you can. J. F. C."

We recommend J. F. C. to write a letter to his local paper with a request for a notice. Editors are always willing to accept good suggestions.

From the office of the Columbian Reading Union a request has been sent to the Catholic publishers for a list of the best juvenile books among their publications. This list will be published for the guidance of our members in purchasing Christmas presents. Some judicious friends give books in preference to anything else that may be got for the little folks. Many parents have found it no easy task to obtain a sufficient variety of books suitable to Catholic children. We hope that our forthcoming list will be of service to them in this matter. From a large city in the West comes the suggestion that as Catholic book-stores are so scarce, an effort be made to induce the managers of stationery stores who keep a book-counter during the holidays to establish a department containing Catholic literature. Further suggestions on this plan of extending the influence of our Reading Union will be very acceptable. M. C. M.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS AND READING: An Essay. By Brother Azarias. New York: Cathedral Library, 460 Madison Avenue.

This unpretentious volume will supply a long and keenly-felt want among Catholics. Its object is to show intelligent people with a taste for reading how to read with the best profit, and as the author is a man of large experience and extensive reading, he is well fitted to direct others in the pleasant paths of literature. The need of Catholic readers for the last twenty years has been the guidance of such minds as his; the reading habit has become so universal in America, and the number of publications so large, and so often of a doubtful character, that ordinary readers need to be guarded against vicious trash, and also against the fault of reading much and aimlessly. Unfortunately, the rarest publications have been essays of this character. In half a century Catholic American publishers have been able to bring out but one or two really valuable books of this nature. They were sadly defective, yet comparatively useful. But in spite of their utility, publishers allowed them to go out of print, and for years Catholic readers, the good and bad alike, have been sailing about without pilot or compass, some fed on the husks of swine, others devouring with equal relish whatever was printed, all more or less tainted, consciously or unconsciously, with the errors of the time, which have tinged all literature from the novels of the "Duchess" to the essays of Spencer.

It is curious to note, and instructive to our slow-going publishers, that the initiative in providing readers with a safe guide in their reading has been taken by a private association, with no experience, no capital, and outside the ordinary channels of trade. Moreover, their intention is *to make it pay*. The quality of the book is, of course, exceptionally good, and will appeal to the general as well as to the Catholic public. It has three distinctive merits, which will securely place it in the affections of readers. It has perfect literary form; it is so thoroughly practical that it will fit every temper; it not only tells how to read and what to read, but it abounds in keen and delightful criticism of our leading modern authors. Perfect literary form is, we might say, the vice of this age. For its sake the world swallows every abomination put forth by the licentious, the crazy theorist, the half-cooked atheist. The meanest illustration, the weakest logic, the most open falsehood are accepted as clean, strong, and genuine because the style is elegant; and some have come to maintain that the expression alone is worth considering. Hence, genuine writers, whose matter is more to them than their manner, are apt to receive scant consideration if they are plain, precise, and lacking in elegance. The style of this essay is plain, precise, and elegant; it is nervous and concentrated; every sentence provokes ideas, and each paragraph is rich in illustration and allusion.

Naturally, the eager young reader will think more highly of its practical directions than of its style at first, as he ought. The purpose of the essay is never lost in fine writing. The rules which show a reader How to Read, and the chapters devoted to describing What to Read cover fifty out of the seventy pages in the book. In the first part the reader is told to read with attention, to take notes, to consult the dictionary, to read with a purpose, to learn the art of forgetting, to be honest in reading and research, to read perseveringly, to master each

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book, and to remember that the best reading is that which tends to growth of character as well as to intellectual development. In the second part the entire field of literature is spread like a map before the reader, and its characteristics plainly marked. History, poetry, biography, and fiction are gracefully treated, and the great names that worked in each department held up in the light of honest criticism. This criticism and the simple, pure style will make the book delightful to those who may not need its advice. The essay is small, but it contains a great deal. To test the capacity of its author one has but to travel over each page at a leisurely pace and note the names, the books, the facts that are mentioned, and the intimate acquaintance which the author enjoys with them. The essay is a notable contribution to Catholic American literature, and it should receive wide-spread recognition from Catholic readers and libraries.

THE CHURCH IN MODERN SOCIETY. By Julius H. Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author of this book has the highest kind of an ideal. He would have the Christian Church exert that organic influence in the social which the state exerts in the political life of the people. It might seem at first glance as if this were a wholly un-American idea, but one who carefully follows the arguments of Mr. Ward will find that he is not an advocate of the union of church and state, but of harmony between church and state. This principle makes him rather the truest kind of an American. It was never the intention of our forefathers to establish a government which would antagonize the church. Far from it; they wished to favor the church by giving its influence the widest scope. According to their view, the more harmony there is between the laws of the state and the church the better. Such schemes as the national secularization of education, the exclusive state supervision and control of private institutions, the weakening of the marriage tie by divorce legislation, are encroachments upon liberty which they never would have sanctioned. These destructive tendencies have recently developed to such an alarming extent that we are in danger of becoming politically an anti-Christian people. We shall, it is to be feared, have an agnostic state while only a few of our people are really agnostics. If our Protestant brethren were all like the writer of this book, the case would be different. But, as it is, hatred of the Catholic religion makes most of the sects willing to do anything for its overthrow. They prefer to see the state positively anti-Christian, and opposed to themselves, rather than to have the old liberties remain if Catholicism will be benefited by them. How true are the words of our Lord, "He that is not with me is against me." The Protestant religious papers in this country, almost without exception, approve of the war which the governments of Europe are making against the church.

We have the greatest admiration for the few who, like Mr. Ward, dare to follow principle without regard to popularity.

We think, however, his "collective church" is a pure figment of the imagination. Only divine, organic unity of the church can make such a state of things as he would wish to see possible. Until all Christians are united, and all the people are Christian, we cannot hope for a complete influence of the Christian religion over all the relations of life.

LIFE OF ST. BONAVENTURE. Translated by L. C. Skey. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This book is translated into English, and not into the idiom of the language

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from which it came, with English words. This is more than we can say for some of the translations of the lives of the saints into "English."

As a life of St. Bonaventure it is too short, and not enough is told about his life, while too much is said of his works in the field of literature. It is one of those books which, being quite satisfactory so far as it goes, yet does not go half far enough.

The work which the saint did for the Council of Lyons would alone fill a volume, and it is merely alluded to in a sentence. Our readers want to know more about the lives of the saints than their writings. The book is well worth careful reading, and we hope that the translator, having shown himself (or herself) so fully competent, will give us the privilege of praising more such work in the future.

THE OSCOTIAN: A Literary Gazette of St. Mary's College, Oscott. The Jubilee of Oscott. Oscott: St. Mary's College; Birmingham: Hall & English.

This book is the literary product of the jubilee celebrations of one of England's most notable Catholic colleges. In 1838 Oscott, as at present constituted, began its career, though before the end of the last century it had been established in a locality, afterwards changed to the present one, in more humble circumstances, and some of its most distinguished pupils had studied there. We should correct the above expression, "as at present constituted," for recent diocesan arrangements have put an end to Oscott's career as a college for secular training, leaving it, however, the chief seminary for ecclesiastical studies of the diocese of Birmingham. We know not how far sincere and deep regret may have place for an event which could not have been permitted to happen otherwise than from dire necessity. The discontinuance of secular studies will certainly be felt as a misfortune by all Oscotians, and it will tax their virtue to suffer it with equanimity. Oscott lives no longer, except in that shadowy existence called memory, all the brighter and more lovely in this case because consecrated to the innocence and happiness of youth.

One of Cardinal Newman's most famous and most finished orations, "The Second Spring," was preached at Oscott at the opening of the First Provincial Synod of the restored hierarchy of England, and in it he gives a charming bit of description of the college buildings, seen through the vista of his noble thoughts, upon the restoration of the old religion to the English realm. The words are appropriately printed on the reverse of the title-page. Then follow jubilee poems in English, Latin, German, French, and Italian, and essays historical and biographical. There are thirteen portraits of distinguished Oscotians and seven views of buildings, grounds, and other places of interest. A jubilee hymn, with music composed for the occasion, completes the volume, to which is added an appendix. This last is in some sense the most striking testimonial to the success of the old college's mission, for it is a complete list of the superiors, professors, cardinals, bishops, priests, noblemen, gentlemen, and students of every kind who entered Oscott. Among these occur the names of Wiseman, Howard, Milner, Ullathorne, and many others distinguished in the cause of religion, and very many laymen of mark. We think that any one who knows England would say that these one hundred and twenty pages are something like the Roll of Honor of the Catholic people of that kingdom.

The historical and biographical sketches mentioned above are extremely valuable, especially as they are the contributions of that affection which is strong enough to afford to be frank. Taken together, they are equivalent to an inner

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history of English Catholicity during the last seventy or eighty years, meaning that of the pure Anglo-Saxon element. They exhibit in high relief the singular fulness of manly virtue and the very notorious excess of love of country of the native English Catholic gentry; the former trait in the great and common course of the lives of the pupils, and the latter in the strange attempt to Anglicize the Catholic Church and yet not to de-Romanize it which was defeated mainly through the courage and judgment of Bishop Milner. The sketch of that great man, signed S. H. S. (Rev. Samuel H. Sole?), is a valuable contribution to the study of that very instructive era.

We have noticed this book at so great length hoping to call the attention of our more discerning readers to it as of much permanent value to the student of Catholic educational methods, and as of permanent interest to those who would fully learn what English Catholicity has been and what it has become.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. Vol. III.: America. By the Author of the *Life of Mother McAuley*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The writer of this volume is herself a Sister of Mercy, known as Mother Teresa Austin. For many years she has been a zealous worker in several convents located in the Southern States. The task of gathering the data for these Annals has been done chiefly by representatives of the different convents established by the Sisters of Mercy. Among the personal reminiscences thus obtained from the most reliable sources we find many tributes of affection to the memory of the valiant women who spent their lives in the heroic performance of corporal and spiritual works of mercy. On the battle-fields of the late war, in the prisons and hospitals of our large cities, their words and deeds have exerted a potent influence in favor of religion, while at the same time they used all means within their power to advance the interests of Catholic education.

The first volume of these Annals was devoted to Ireland; the second to England and its colonies; and the third, which is now published, gives an interesting account of the Sisters of Mercy in Newfoundland and many parts of the United States. A fourth volume is promised to complete the history of their foundations on this side of the Atlantic.

For those who have a desire to know what religious women can accomplish for the good of the commonwealth we commend these volumes. No salaried officials can be compared with them for unselfish fidelity to the poor. Philanthropists, no matter what may be their religious belief, must admire the generous sacrifices made by these good sisters to advance the cause of Christian civilization by their works of mercy.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1890. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. 1890. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

EINSIEDLEN KALENDER. 1890. 50-Jahrgang. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ST. OTTILIEN'S MISSIONS-KALENDER FUR DAS JAHR DES HERRN 1890. Herausgegeben im Missionshaus St. Ottilien zum Besten der St. Benedictus-Missions-Genossenschaft und ihrer ersten Missionen in Deutsch-Ostafrika. III. Jahrgang. Dritte Auflage. Commissions-Verlag: Lit. Institut von Dr. M. Huttler, Augsburg.

This batch of calendars reminds us of the coming of the New Year. It is sufficient praise of them to say that they surpass even their wonted excellence in

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good reading matter with appropriate and well-executed illustrations. We welcome the *Catholic Family Annual* as an old friend, and the *Home Almanac* as a worthy competitor for popular favor. For those who read German the other calendars are also full of interest.

FLOWER FANCIES. By Alice Ward Bailey. Illustrated by Lucy J. Bailey, Eleanor Ecob Morse, Olive E. Whitney, Ellen T. Fisher, Fidelia Bridges, C. Ryan, and F. Schuyler Mathews. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

In this exquisite volume we do not know which to admire the more, the verses or the illustrations, both charming alike to the eye and to the mind. Prang & Co. have given us some excellent art-work, but we know of nothing better than this. We can almost perceive the odor of the flowers as we scan these pages, and there is a delicate flavor about the poetry which blends harmoniously with the richness of the coloring. If even

> ". . . the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

this choice selection from the garden should be rich in suggestiveness. And so, in truth, has the author found them. The most pleasing and quaintest of these "fancies" is the pansy as Puck's pallet, which must be read with its illustration to be appreciated; while the tenderness and depth of feeling in the poems on the lily and the lilac carry them beyond the range of mere fancy. The author is the A. B. Ward who wrote "Hospital Life" and "The Invalid's World" for *Scribner's Magazine* of June, 1888, and January, 1889, and "Invalidism as a Fine Art" for *Harper's Monthly* (November, 1888), which articles were extensively noticed and copied by the newspapers at the time of their appearance. We recommend this book as an appropriate Christmas present to an appreciative friend; in fact, it is gotten up especially with that end in view. The beauty of the binding gives us a foretaste of what lies within.

SOCIETY GYMNASTICS AND VOICE CULTURE. Adapted from the Delsarte. By Genevieve Stebbins (Mrs. J. A. Thompson). New York: Edgar S. Werner.

This little book meets a want long felt by many teachers of the system given to the world by François Delsarte. It is, as its title indicates, a compend giving the exercises founded on Delsarte's principles that are useful in moulding the form, improving the bearing, and giving ease and grace to the movements of the body.

Theories and principles are hardly more than referred to; but as these do not fall within the intention of the adapter, and as there are several extended treatises on Delsarte's principles, we are grateful for so useful a primer. It is just the book to put into the hands of a class of girls or young women eager for self-improvement, if they have as its exponent an experienced teacher, one who believes thoroughly in Delsarte's fundamental principle, viz.: that the body is to be developed, trained, and perfected in carriage and action not for its own sake, but that it may more truly and beautifully express the indwelling soul. Delsarte himself was a great teacher, one of the comparatively few who teach with the fire and genius of inspiration and the loving patience and helpfulness of grace. His definition of art as "at once the knowledge, the possession, and the free direction of the agents by which are revealed the life, soul, and mind, . . . the relation of beauties scattered through nature to a superior type, and therefore not the mere imitation of nature," implies the nobility of his conception of his own profession as a teacher of art.

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Chapters xviii. to xxii. inclusive are devoted to voice culture, and are less satisfactory than those concerned with general physical culture. A good feature is the simple music given at the end to accompany the lessons on "Swaying for Poise," "Step and Arm Movements," and "Walking Exercises."

The book is attractively bound, and is printed from large, clear type on poor paper.

LIFE AND WORKS OF SAINT BERNARD, ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX. Edited by Dom John Mabillon, Presbyter and Monk of the Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur. Translated and Edited with Additional Notes, by Samuel J. Eales, M.A., D.C.L., sometime Principal of St. Boniface College, Warminster. Vols. I. and II. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

The value and the merits of the writings of St. Bernard are well known. For a whole generation his influence was the greatest of any in Christendom. A perfect monk, the founder of the strictest of the wide-spread religious orders, he was at the same time the most active apostle of his time. His life is a practical refutation of the assertion that monastic seclusion and contemplation are incompatible with the external duties of the sacred ministry. It is, indeed, a wonderful thing that this holy man, suffering from such weak health and distracted by so many cares, could pray, study, speak, act, teach, and write as he did. God seems to have given him all spiritual gifts in their fulness. In his writings great natural powers also shine forth resplendently—an intellect more acute than that of the subtle Abelard, an eloquence that was irresistible, an imagination like a poet, and a simplicity that wins the admiration of all.

The writings of this father and doctor of the church have been extensively read, as is shown by the number of editions in other languages through which they have passed. But never before have they appeared in English. The translator, Mr. Eales, has labored to put before his readers a faithful rendering of the text, and has avoided intruding his own opinions of the saint. We desire, therefore, to co-operate with him to the full extent of our power in increasing the knowledge of this great light of the church among English-speaking peoples, and we hope that the work will have a large sale among Catholics. Priests will find it a most valuable book for spiritual reading and sermons, and it is chiefly for them that the translator has labored.

The printing and binding of the work before us are superb.

A HAND-BOOK FOR CATHOLIC CHOIRS. Containing the Vesper Service for every day in the year; arranged specially for the wants of Catholic churches and schools. By G. Freytag. Detroit Music Co., Detroit.

This is another well-meaning attempt to translate Gregorian notation into modern. The melody alone is given for the Psalms, Antiphons, and Hymns of Vespers. As we have already said in noticing works of this kind, the change of notation is not a gain in order to obtain good chanting. Used to indicate chant notes, semibreves, minims, and crotchets are notes of false lengths and must infallibly mislead the singer. Prof. Freytag and other organists accustomed to the true chant movement might be able to guide their singers using this book, but we are quite sure they would guide them better using the square notation. Yet, as we would rather have chanting in any style than no chanting at all, we recommend this volume to the examination and trial of all choir directors. We must beg leave to dissent from the opinion of the author, "that almost anybody who has taken a reasonable amount of piano lessons can learn to play the organ for Vespers" with this book, containing only the melody, placed before him.

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COLUMBIADS. Pearl Drops from the Fountain of Wisdom. By a Random Thinker. Columbus, O.: August Reutty.

We had occasion last month to notice in these pages a book similar in character to the above, and written by Mr. Spurgeon, and we only mention the *Salt-Cellars* to note the fact that none of the faults we found in that book have a place in this little work of Father Hayes. Indeed, *Columbiads* deserves far more than such negative praise. Though writing of this character is very difficult, and too often is labored and heavy, the author writes with brightness, ease, and force. Throughout his pages one can find many a sentence "strong enough to hang a hat upon," while not among the least of the excellences of the book is its thoroughly Christian and Catholic spirit.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE PERFECTION OF MAN BY CHARITY. A Spiritual Treatise. By Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

SECTARIAN SCHOOL-BOOKS. A Series of Letters. By the Rev. Robert J. Johnson and the Rev. George W. Cooke. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son, Printers.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, FOR THE YEAR 1888. Transmitted to the Legislature January 15, 1889. Advance pages. Albany: The *Argus* Company, Printers.

A CHAPLET OF VERSE BY CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC WRITERS. Edited by Rev. D. O. Crowley and Charles Anthony Doyle. Published for the benefit of the Youths' Directory. San Francisco: Diepenbrock & Co.

THE PENITENT CHRISTIAN; or, Sermons on the Virtue and Sacrament of Penance, and on everything required for Christian Repentance and Amendment of Life, etc. In seventy-six sermons, with copious marginal notes. By Rev. Father Francis Hunolt, Priest of the Society of Jesus and Preacher in the Cathedral of Treves. Translated from the original German edition of Cologne, 1740, by Rev. J. Allen, D.D. In two vols. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CARROLL INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C., for the year ending October 10, 1889.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE JOHNS-HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore, Md., 1889. Advance sheets.

TWO SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR SISTERS. By the Rev. Ev. Zöllner. Translated and adapted, with the permission of the author, by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. Second revised edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

THE HYMN-BOOK OF THE NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMPANION. Being the melodies and accompaniments of the Mass, Vespers, and Hymns contained in the Sunday-School Companion. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE JESUITS: A Eulogy of the Society of Jesus, against Rev. Dr. Bennett, Pastor of Wesley Chapel, Columbus, Ohio. By Rev. John B. Eis, Rector of Sacred Heart Church, Columbus. 42 South Grant Avenue, Columbus, O.: L. W. Reilly.

ANCIENT HISTORY, FOR COLLEGES AND HIGH SCHOOLS. By Wm. F. Allen and P. V. N. Myers. Part I. The Eastern Nations and Greece. By P. V. N. Myers, President of Belmont College, Ohio, author of *Mediæval and Modern History*. Boston: Ginn & Co.

VEN. P. LUDOVICI DE PONTE, S.J. Meditationes de præcipuis fidei nostræ mysteriis. De Hispanico in Latinum translatæ a Melchiore Trevinnio, S.J., de novo editæ cura Augustini Lehmkuhl, S.J., cum approbatione Revmi. Archiep. Frib. et Super. Ordinis. In duob. part. Friburgi Brisgoviæ et S. Ludovici: Sumptibus Herder.

NOTES OF LESSONS FOR YOUNG TEACHERS. With models from actual examination papers. By John Taylor, author of *How to Compose and Write Letters*, etc. Boston: Boston School Supply Co.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY GOSPELS. By John Maldonatus. Translated and edited from the original Latin. By George J. Davie, M.A. Exeter College, Oxford, one of the translators of the *Library of the Fathers*, etc. Vol. II., St. Matthew, chap. xv. to the end. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

BEFORE OUR LORD CAME. An Old Testament History for Young Children. By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, held at Hull, England, August 4 and 5, 1889. Liverpool: Printed for the Central Council at the Catholic Publishing Depot, 30 and 32 Manchester Street. [This pamphlet contains a number of valuable and well-written essays on practical topics.]

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The advantages of such an organization as the Columbian Reading Union are evident. Much judgment is required in preparing suitable lists of books for the different tastes of readers. The young ladies who have been graduated from convent schools and academies or other institutions need books specially adapted to their plans for self-improvement. That large and intelligent class working in stores, factories, and in domestic service, enjoying less leisure, have a claim which should also be cheerfully recognized. In preparing lists for the latter due allowance must be made for their range of thought and limited opportunities for reading.

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The good work proposed by this Reading Union has been approved by those in charge of educational institutions and their graduates, by the Catholic Young Men's National Union, by autograph letters from Maurice F. Egan, John Talbot Smith, Eliza Allen Starr, Christian Reid, and many others, including the chief representatives of the Catholic Press throughout the United States.

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MADONNA.

OUR Lady of the gracious brow and tender eyes,
Madonna of our hearts, whate'er thy guise,
Thy power has never faded, Mother mild,
The world is on thy breast, a little child.
Vainly it masquerades with purpose bold,
Feigning to be embittered, hard and cold;
Let but thy veil fall, Star of Christmas Night,
And tired feet climb the old ways into light
And comfort, and a blessed, peaceful rest.
The world is yet a little child upon thy breast.

ALICE WARD BAILEY.

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CATHOLIC PROGRESS, OLD AND NEW.

THE recent religious celebrations mark an epoch in our history, and may well continue to arrest our attention. The centenary of the founding of the American Episcopate is an event calculated to excite prolonged interest in every Catholic heart, and the meeting of the Catholic Congress and the opening of the Catholic University awaken hopes and feelings which should find expression in every organ of Catholic opinion. To exhaust these topics or exaggerate their importance were difficult indeed.

The remarkable progress our holy religion has made in this country during the last hundred years is the fact that has been most noted, emphasized, and commented upon in the sermons, addresses, and newspaper reports which the great occasion inspired. That the little mustard-seed which Archbishop Carroll nurtured a century ago should have grown into such a lofty tree, on whose spreading branches so vast a multitude of souls find rest, is the wonder of the hour. And while the great fact of our Catholic progress is being echoed and re-echoed from sea to sea it will be well for us to pause and try to solve the secret of our success, and thus find guidance and hope for the future. That a scattered flock of less than 40,000 souls, tended by a single bishop, should in one short century have increased into a mighty church organization of over 9,000,000 members, with eighty-four bishops, more than 7,000 priests, and a large equipment of religious, charitable, and educational institutions, is in truth amply sufficient to excite surprise. For although the growth of the country itself in the last hundred years has been phenomenal, it presents no parallel to this in the matter of religious development.

When the little Catholic colony planted on the shores of the Chesapeake was struggling to maintain its very existence, flourishing commonwealths, instinct with religious convictions, were springing into vigorous life on the New England coast, and there the progress of religion and commerce and wealth and education and population went hand-in-hand, so that the religious as well as the industrial energy of New England seemed destined to absorb the land. But the religious outlook of a century ago has completely changed. The faith of New England has failed, and no one will now say that it has any future before it. It

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soon spent its force because its foundations were insecure, and it is already numbered amid the dead enthusiasms of the past. But the calumniated creed of the Maryland colony, which a century ago seemed so likely to perish, is to-day the triumphant creed of the country, because its foundations were fixed in the Rock of Peter, and it received new vitality from the generous fountain of Ireland's living faith and from the faith of continental Europe.

Thus the religious history of this Republic furnishes a new proof of the power of Catholic faith to perpetuate itself where other forms of Christian belief wither and decay, and here, as elsewhere in the wonderful story of Christian progress, we can draw the same conclusion, that our faith is successful because it is divine. Yes, the secret of our success is the divine character of our faith! Other denominations had a far better start in this free and generous soil; they had greater wealth, more assured positions, superior education, every natural advantage was on their side, but we have outstripped them in the race; they are receding, we are advancing, and simply because of our faith.

The faith that built up the American Church, though a simple, implicit faith, was not a passive faith. It was an active, energetic faith, a courageous faith, a faith full of the spirit of sacrifice. The evidences of its patient energy are illustrated in a thousand ways, from the rude log chapels built up by willing hands in the backwoods to the grand cathedrals erected by the free and frequent offerings of the toiling masses in the great centres of population. The hundreds of Catholic institutions that dot the land tell the same tale of constant effort, constant sacrifice in the cause of God and humanity that to-day excite the admiration of all men. Nor were we suffered to pursue our course and establish our religion unopposed. From the very beginning sectarian intolerance assailed us on every side. The same generation of Catholic colonists that first proclaimed the great principle of religious liberty on the soil of Maryland were themselves persecuted for conscience' sake by those whose liberty of conscience they had defended. All through colonial days our religion was barely tolerated, and was constantly subjected to local outbursts of persecution. Notwithstanding the patriotic part taken by Catholics in the war of the Revolution, a part which the generous spirit of Washington fully appreciated and proclaimed to the country; notwithstanding the invaluable services which the great patriot, Archbishop Carroll, rendered to the national cause, our co-religionists were still regarded with ill-concealed distrust and suspicion by their Protestant fellow-citizens. Nor did the additional

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proof of loyalty unto death to the country and its institutions which the Catholics gave in the war of 1812 allay their unjust suspicions. Long years before the "Know-Nothing" movement broke out into open hostility our forefathers in the faith felt the bitter pang of religious hate. But they bore up manfully through it all and were never wanting in fidelity to their country and their God. Forgetful alike of the wrongs they had suffered and the absurd prejudices against them, they never for one moment faltered in their absolute allegiance to the Republic. During the great war of the Rebellion Catholics were not slow in coming to the defence of the nation, and they were found conspicuous on every battle-field until the final blow was struck for the preservation of the Union.

The gallant part enacted by our Catholic soldiers and sailors in the late war undoubtedly did much to remove prejudice and to prove to our fellow-citizens that the institutions of our common country had no more brave and faithful defenders than the children of the Catholic Church, and it is largely owing to their valor and devotion in their country's cause that the church enters on the second century of her organized existence with an atmosphere comparatively cleared of prejudice and misconception. Sentiments of bigotry and feelings of enmity unfortunately still linger here and there, but among the masses of our fellow-citizens there is no longer any question of our loyalty or any positive opposition to our creed. The battle against religious hate and intolerance has been fought and won, and the courage and constancy of our brethren in the past has secured for us a peaceful and a promising future. All honor, then, to the faithful souls who professed their belief manfully in the days of trial that are for ever past! All honor to the true and simple Catholic hearts who in the long years of distrust and hostility fought the good fight and kept the faith! And all honor to the great leaders of our cause who stemmed the rising tide of party spirit and guided our course into the tranquil waters of the present! In contemplating our success, it were unpardonable not to remember the sacrifices that secured them, and to feel a pang of deepest sorrow at the fearful losses we have sustained in the conflict.

The fortitude of our fathers in the faith is in truth worthy to take its place in the great records of Christian achievement that illumine the march of Catholic progress for eighteen hundred years. We cannot, it is true, point to a long array of martyrs, but we can point to heroic sacrifices without number, sacrifices which in a multitude of cases amounted to life-long martyrdom.

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In days not so remote from our own to profess the Catholic religion and to practise it entailed social sacrifices, pecuniary sacrifices, political sacrifices, and personal sacrifices of every kind which we in our present assured position can scarcely estimate, although the ghost of the dead intolerance still on occasion rises up before us. And besides the past trials of the faithful at large, what splendid examples of sacrifice for conscience' sake have not the noble band of American converts furnished to the world!—men and women who renounced everything that life holds dear to follow their convictions; earnest souls who severed the tenderest family ties, broke the strongest links of friendship, cast aside wealth and position to embrace the truth. Yes, every page of our history for the last hundred years is replete with sacrifice, and we have triumphed with Christ because we have borne his cross.

Our faith has in very truth moved mountains in the past; to its depth and energy we are wholly indebted for our present position, and to the same divine source must we look for our future progress. But the conditions of its exercise are altered. Hitherto we have been on the defensive. We have had to constantly receive and resist attack, and make progress withal. The time is now at hand to assume a different attitude. It is beyond all question that the future of the Christian religion in this country is in the hands of the Catholic Church. This is admitted openly or tacitly on every side. If Christianity is to continue a factor in the growth of our institutions and in the development of our civilization, it must be Catholic Christianity. Every other form of Christian belief has lost its vitality, and complete disintegration is only a matter of years.

The religious conflict is no longer with bitter sectarianism but with blatant infidelity. The foundations of all supernatural faith and of all social order are assailed. The cause of Christianity is betrayed by the pulpit itself. There is no other bulwark to oppose the rising tide of infidelity that is setting in upon us save the one immovable, unconquerable Catholic faith. It is the only possible barrier. And that it is all-sufficient to meet the shock the events of eighteen centuries bear us full witness. But while we know that our foundations are secure as the everlasting hills, we must not fold our arms and calmly enjoy our security. We have a work to accomplish for religion and humanity in this age and country, and woe betide us if we are faithless to the divine trust.

The principles that lie at the root of all religion and morality

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are at stake, and millions of our fellow-citizens are in danger of losing their hold upon them. The treasured institutions of our country are threatened, for it is the testimony of all time that whenever and wherever the institutions of God are swept away the institutions of man soon follow. The law of God is the only enduring basis of human law and order and civilization. We are not ignorant of the instability of infidel states. The essential character of Christian principles is manifest to us, and we must resolutely and aggressively take up their advocacy. An aggressive attitude towards the infidelity of the day is a civil as well as a religious necessity.

And the conflict, unlike the religious controversies of the past, must not be left to the clergy; the laity must enter the arena and bear a prominent part in the combat. The proceedings of the great Lay Congress give assurance that our representative Catholic laymen realize this and are girding themselves for the fight. The stand taken by this truly representative Catholic body on all the great questions of the hour was the most significant and hopeful feature of the recent celebrations. It was the first time in our history that the laity had the opportunity of expressing their views collectively on Catholic subjects, and they gave forth no uncertain sound. Their noble eloquence, their thorough earnestness, and their perfect unanimity have taken the country by surprise. Heretofore it was supposed that the clergy were alone in agitating certain religious issues, but the action of the Lay Congress has dispelled this delusion for ever. The College of Cardinals could not assume a more thoroughly Catholic attitude on all the subjects discussed, and the Senate of the United States could not adopt a loftier tone of patriotism. Both the church and the Republic have reason to be proud of that assembly, and to pray that the spirit that animated it may live on to perpetuate our faith and maintain our free institutions. The Congress has produced fruit already. Its resolution on the question of popular education has inspired the best article that has yet appeared on the subject from a Protestant standpoint. We refer to the editorial that appeared in the New York *Journal of Commerce* of November 15. The writer begins by saying that "the Congress of Catholic Laymen, recently held in Baltimore, has attracted much attention from all thoughtful people outside of that communion. Its discussions have been marked in the main with much good sense, and the 'platform' adopted at the close of the session, as expressing the views of the Catholic laity concerning their duties and obligations, contains many admirable statements and sug-

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gestions." It quotes the full text of the resolution on education, and expresses its opinion of it in the following words: "We regard it as a noble utterance, containing truths that cannot be too attentively considered." It then goes on to discuss the vexed question of religious education with a depth and penetration and fairness that are unique in the controversy. If the first meeting of the Congress has called forth such expressions of public opinion, what may we not look for from its future deliberations?

This is the age and this is the country of the people, and they must make their action felt in religious as well as in secular affairs. The laity have undoubtedly kept too much aloof in the past; perhaps the condition of things did not afford them the opportunity for more active co-operation in church work, but it must not be so in the future. We do not ask them to enter within the sanctuary rails, or to assume the *rôle* of exhorters, but we do insist that they take their full share in the public action of the church, and assert their convictions in season and out of season. The power of the pulpit to reach the masses is diminishing, and the contest for the supremacy of Christian principles has to be fought out in the highways and by-ways of life—in the mills and shops and factories and stores and counting-houses, nay, in the very streets and thoroughfares. The day has surely come when every Christian man is called upon to give a reason for the faith that is in him, and to give that reason at all times and in all places. The deluded sons of unbelief are active and aggressive; and are the children of truth to be less so? Agnostics, men who have nothing to teach, are zealous in their propaganda. And are Christian men, who have everything to teach, to remain listless and indifferent? This were a paradox indeed.

Every intelligent believer amongst us should realize that, like St. Paul in the old pagan world, he is a witness to Jesus Christ in the new paganism that is upon us. And to bear our testimony intelligently we must have a reasonable knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ and his church. Hence the necessity that exists today of cultivating a closer acquaintance with Catholic doctrine. Ignorance of the ground-work of our faith can no longer be tolerated; it is a betrayal of our cause. Simple, earnest faith may have sufficed for the past, but it can hardly be depended upon to secure our progress in the future. Nor need we be alarmed or disheartened at the prospect of years of profound study and investigation. The knowledge we want can be easily obtained. Were our intelligent laity to give half the time to the read-

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ing of Catholic literature that they give to reading the secular press, they would find no difficulty in defending and advocating our doctrines. And were they to enter into the discussion of Christian principles with half the eagerness they display in the discussion of political subjects, they would soon make their convictions known and felt throughout the land, and impress them on thousands of their fellow-citizens. This lack of knowledge and purpose to propagate our convictions is the great want that we must labor with all our might to remedy in the near future.

Catholic literature languishes for want of Catholic support. Our best writers find little to encourage them in their work. Our people read a good deal, but their taste for sound literature has never been cultivated, and runs wild over the wide waste of fiction and falsehood with which the teeming press of the day floods the world. We can look for no general advance on the part of the laity in propagating Catholic principles until they take more interest in reading Catholic books. Whatever men read about they are pretty sure to talk about, while subjects that do not occupy our minds have seldom any share in our conversation. Nor let us forget that the taste for religious knowledge, like every other intellectual appetite, must be cultivated.

It is encouraging to know that successful efforts are now being made to spread sound literature among the laity and secure its perusal. The movement is, of course, only in its infancy, but it is full of promise; and we confidently hope that the day is fast approaching when want of intellectuality can no more be charged against us as a religious body.

The intellectual side of our church organization is now happily crowned by a university where the deepest problems of philosophy and science will receive the highest order of treatment. The need of such an institution has hitherto been keenly felt, and the faith that led the intellect of the world for so many centuries was placed in an anomalous position amongst us. Our institutions of learning, though many and excellent of their kind, were not up to the highest standard, and this naturally enough reflected on our intellectual status. But this reflection is in a fair way to be removed. The church that founded the great universities of the past, which are the great universities of the present also, can build up in this genial clime an institution of learning that will outstrip all her past foundations and be a focus of light in the western world. We have a prescriptive right to

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intellectual leadership, and it shall be ours in the future as it was in the past. We welcome every advance of real knowledge; we are not afraid of the light, we invoke it above all things. No greater calumny could be uttered than to say, as has been often said of late, that the Catholic Church is opposed to the progress of science. Truth of every order finds a ready reception in the all-embracing arms of the mistress of truth. We have nothing to fear but everything to gain from the growth of knowledge; and the efforts we are making in the cause of enlightenment ought to be a sufficient proof of our intellectual attitude. Ignorance is one of the great obstacles in the way, ignorance from without and ignorance from within, and as a chief means of making progress we insist on intelligent study and investigation of the doctrines of our faith and the free discussion of Catholic principles in their bearing on all the problems of the time.

But over and above all must we prove the sincerity of our convictions in the practical conduct of life, if we would continue our progress. The mere profession of our faith will count for little in the future if not illustrated by the practice of virtue. The age is eminently practical and judges the value of principles in the concrete, not in the abstract. If we do not prove the superiority of our religion in every-day affairs, our arguments, be they ever so logical and cogent, will fail to produce conviction. The early Christians converted their pagan neighbors by their deeds, not by their words only; and the manifest superiority of Christian virtue is still the best argument in favor of Christianity. It were vain, of course, to hope that all Catholics would lead consistent lives. Corrupt, unprincipled, scandalous members there will always be in the fold, but the morals of the majority must be far better than those around them, and a goodly number of noble souls must walk in higher paths of Christian perfection if heaven will continue to bless our course and give us increase. Perhaps there is more reason for apprehension on this ground than on any other, for the age is growing more and more corrupt, and we are not free from its influences; indeed, our temptations are greater than common. The means of moral reformation, however, are abundant with us, and the steady growth of religious education gives good reason to hope that our moral tone will be raised rather than lowered, and that many more will aim at the highest standard of Christian virtue. Then, too, we are quite hopeful that the terrible scourge of intemperance, which at present works such

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havoc in our ranks and is so great a scandal before men, will gradually disappear with all its attendant evils and give place to sobriety and industry, the best safeguards of virtue. The social surroundings of the working classes will, without doubt, undergo considerable change for the better, and this also will be favorable to their moral and religious improvement.

Thus, although there is much that is ominous for the cause of religion in the future, there is also much that is bright and hopeful, and, clad as we are in the armor of divine faith and welded together in the imperishable bond of Catholic unity, we have nothing to fear. On the contrary, we have everything to hope for. We have a strong and perfect church organization, we have a hierarchy whose zeal and capacity are unsurpassed, we have a priesthood able and devoted, we have a laity loyal and intelligent, we are in complete harmony with our environment. Why, then, should we not continue to make progress? If a simple faith that knew no compromise achieved such glorious results in the last century, what results may not the same faith, supplemented by a higher order of intelligence and direction, achieve in the century of promise that is now before us? May we not even hope that the religion which now embraces only a fraction of the population of this Republic will, ere another century dawns, reign supreme in the hearts of the mightiest, the freest, the most prosperous, the most Christian people the world has known?

EDWARD B. BRADY.

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WASHINGTON'S CATHOLIC AIDE-DE-CAMP.

THE state church of the colony of Virginia was, as required by law, carried on "as near as may be according to the Church of England." It used the Book of Common Prayer, but if it did not hate bishops with the malevolence of the New England churches, it quietly but effectually prevented any bishopric from being "planted" in the Old Dominion; and although there was in Virginia a "commissary," a sort of vicar-general of the Bishop of London, yet the vestries managed the parson, and the rich planters managed the vestries. The rich planters wanted neither Catholics nor dissenters in the colony, and when Lord Baltimore came to Jamestown he was insulted and tendered the oath against transubstantiation. Religious liberty was, however, established in Maryland, on the confines of the churchman's colony. Baptists, Presbyterians, and other "new lights" broke into the colonial pastures, and like sheep and goats capered or browsed among the lordly oxen of the state church, and as they could not be driven out, they were tolerated, under conditions, until the Revolution of 1776 came and carried to Virginia the religious freedom founded in Maryland by Lord Baltimore. Meanwhile the Potomac could not impede, nor the penal laws deter, the busy Jesuit searching for souls, and there were Catholics as well upon the Virginia bank as on the Maryland bank of the river. There were probably hidden Masses sometimes at Alexandria, on the river, and the services of the church were open at Rock Creek chapel, within twenty miles of the town.

Among the Catholics whom the tide of immigration bore to the Virginia town in the first days of the Revolution John Fitzgerald ranked of all the chief. A young Irishman, active, of fine appearance and genial, hearty ways, warm-hearted and outspoken, he was a man of the people. Never a suspicion of Toryism touched him when days came that tried men's souls and all patriots were Whigs. He had married Miss Jane Digges, the daughter of a leading family in Maryland, and was at the time when Alexandria resolved "If Boston submits we will not," a rising business man of the town. He was introduced to Washington in April, 1774. On the 24th of that month, when the hospitable master of Mount Vernon returned, in the afternoon, from the direction of his fishing-shore, he found at his mansion "Mr.

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Tilghman, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Dr. Digges, who dined and staved all night," says Washington in his diary. Frequently visiting Mount Vernon after that, he grew in favor with Washington, and was always welcome. On the occasion of a visit made in August he carried with him another young Irishman, soon to achieve distinction in the Continental Army, for it was then that Colonel Moylan was introduced to Washington, and, with Dr. Craik, of Alexandria, made his company at the generous board. Early the next April, after Washington had returned from the Richmond Convention. at which Patrick Henry declared, "We must fight;. I repeat it, sir, we must fight," a few weeks before Concord "fired the shot heard round the world," Fitzgerald, who visited Washington with Daniel Carroll, Mr. Tilghman, and Mr. Buchanan, of Maryland, and Mr. Herbert, of Alexandria, offered his services to the great commander, and was accepted. Fitzgerald had begun business in the town, but leaving business behind him, he followed General Washington to the war, and was made one of his aides-de-camp. He was especially attached to the person of the great chief. It is a tradition that Washington's life-guard was his creation. This guard was recruited first at Alexandria, and its flag hung in the Alexandria Museum until it was burned with the museum in May, 1871. The Alexandria life-guard led, however, to jealousies, and at a later period Washington's guard was recruited by four Americans chosen from each regiment, no one of the recruits being less than five feet nine inches nor more than five feet ten inches in stature.

The most graphic incident of Fitzgerald's connection with the great commander occurred at the battle of Princeton, of which George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, writes in his memoirs: "We have often enjoyed a touching reminiscence of that ever-memorable event from the late Colonel Fitzgerald, who was aide to the chief, and who never related the story of his general's danger without adding to his story the homage of a tear." Between Trenton and Princeton, Col. Mawhood, with a force of British troops, had put to flight a body of Americans and mortally wounded their commander, General Mercer.

"Mawhood," writes Irving, "pursued the broken and retreating troops to the brow of the rising ground, when he beheld a large force emerging from a wood and advancing to the rescue. It was a body of Pennsylvania militia, which Washington, on hearing the firing, had detached to the support of Mercer. Mawhood instantly ceased pursuit, drew up his artillery, and by a heavy discharge brought the militia to a stand. At this moment Washington himself arrived at the scene of action, having galloped from the by-road in advance of his troops. From a rising ground he beheld Mercer's troops

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retreating in confusion, and the detachment of militia checked by Mawhood's artillery. Everything was in peril. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed past the hesitating militia, waving his hat and cheering them on. His commanding figure and white horse made him a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen, but he heeded it not. Galloping forward under the fire of Mawhood's battery, he called upon Mercer's broken brigade. The Pennsylvanians rallied at the sound of his voice and caught fire from his example. At the same time the Seventh Virginia Regiment emerged from the wood and moved forward with loud cheers, while a fire of grapeshot was opened by Captain Moulder, of the American artillery, from the brow of a ridge to the South."

Mr. Custis thus depicts Fitzgerald in that momentous scene:

"The aide had been ordered to bring up the troops from the rear of the column when the band under General Mercer became engaged. Upon returning to the spot where he had left the commander-in-chief, he was no longer there, and, upon looking around, the aide discovered him endeavoring to rally the line which had been thrown into disorder by the onset of the foe. Washington, after several ineffectual attempts to restore the fortune of the fight, is seen to rein up his horse with his head to the enemy, and in that position to become immovable. It was the last appeal to his soldiers, and seemed to say, 'Will you leave your general to the foe?' The appeal was not made in vain. The discomfited Americans rallied on the instant, formed into line, and the enemy halted and dressed their lines; the American chief is between the adverse hosts, as though he had been a target for both. The arms of both lines are levelled. Can escape be possible? Fitzgerald, horror-struck at the danger of his beloved commander, dropped the reins on his horse's neck, drew his hat over his face, that he might not see him die. A roar of musketry succeeds, and then a shout. The aide-de-camp ventures to raise his eyes. O glorious sight! The enemy are broken and flying, while dimly, amidst the glimpses of smoke, is seen the chief, alive, unharmed, and without a wound, waving his hat and cheering his comrades to the pursuit. Colonel Fitzgerald, celebrated as the finest horseman of the American army, now dashed the rowels into his charger's flanks, and heedless of dead and dying in his way, flew to the side of the chief, exclaiming, 'Thank God, your Excellency is safe!' The favorite aide, a gallant and warm-hearted son of Erin, a man of thews and sinews, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' now gave loose rein to his feelings, and wept like a child for joy. Washington, ever calm amid scenes of the greatest excitement, affectionately grasped the hand of his aide, and then ordered, 'Away, dear colonel; bring up the troops; the day is our own.'"

Fitzgerald brought to Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon, and to his fellow-citizens of Alexandria, the news and details of the battles of Trenton and of Princeton, and remained at home a while, engaged in forwarding recruits and supplies. While he was at Alexandria an event occurred which illustrates his character. It is thus told in Jansen's *Stranger in America:*

"Three small British armed ships sailed up the Potomac as far as Alexandria, and consequently passed Mount Vernon. They did considerable damage in their progress, but the commanders gave strict orders not to molest Mount Vernon, and, to their honor, it was not molested. Their arrival at Alexandria threw the people in a dreadful state of alarm, the seat of war being far removed

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from that place. They mustered in haste to the market-place, under command of Colonel John Fitzgerald, one of Washington's aides-de-camp, who happened to be there on leave of absence, with his family residing there. These ships displayed an intention of landing, and Fitzgerald, leaving the command to a militia colonel, proceeded at the head of several of the citizens to Jones Point (now the extreme south point of the Federal District) to repel the invaders. Soon after the departure of this party the ships fired a few shots at the town, upon which the commander of the militia ordered the colors to be struck, but for his pusillanimity was chastised upon the spot."

"Colonel Fitzgerald," says another author, "gave him a sound drubbing." The ships' crews never meditated a landing, and had merely fired random shots to create an alarm on their departure. During the progress of the war Colonel Fitzgerald, in order that his business in Alexandria might not remain without attention, had formed a copartnership with Major Valentine Peers, a young Scotchman, who had been aide to General Weedon at the battle of Brandywine, but who "from the nature of his private affairs had been obliged to quit the service" in 1777. They bought the river-front lots on the south side of King Street, in Alexandria, and as the cove in front was shallow, Major Peers proceeded to fill up or "bank-out," as it was called, towards the river-channel some hundreds of yards away. While he was so employed Colonel Fitzgerald continued with the army, but came home quite often, being the intermediary by whom General Washington communicated with Lund Washington, the agent in charge of Mount Vernon.

It was on one of these visits, Alexandria and Mount Vernon being made stopping-places *en route* to Yorktown, that Colonel Fitzgerald learned of the Cabal formed to supersede Washington in the chief command by the appointment of General Gates to that office, and that Mr. Roberdeau, a merchant of Alexandria, was suspected of being in the plot. On arriving at Yorktown he called on Mr. Laurens, President of Congress, and was informed by him that General Gates, then in command, had received from General Conway, a leader in the plot, but who was attached to the army under the immediate command of Washington, a letter which contained the words: "What a pity there is but one Gates! The more I see of this army the less I think it fit for general action under its actual chief and its actual discipline." Instantly his soul was on fire, and he hurried to make inquiries, which he afterwards communicated to Washington in the following letter:

"YORKTOWN, February 16, 1778.

"DEAR SIR: I make no doubt but you will be surprised to have a letter of this date from me at this place. I was detained nine days on the other side

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of the Susquehanna for an opportunity of crossing it, and when I did it was not without great difficulty and some danger. Upon my arrival here, on Saturday afternoon, I waited upon Mr. Laurens, who then being much engaged asked me to breakfast next morning, giving me to understand that he had something of consequence to say to me. In the morning he asked me if you had ever seen the much-talked-of letter from General Conway to General Gates. I answered I was certain that you never had, unless since my departure from camp. He then said it was now in the hands of Mr. Roberdeau, who to his knowledge showed it to some, and, he had reason to believe, to a great many, and that though the paragraph quoted by Colonel Wilkenson was not set down *verbatim*, yet in substance it contained that and ten times more. Upon this I determined to demand it from Mr. Roberdeau, in order to let you have a copy of it. I waited on him this morning, when, after a short introduction, I let him into the intention of my visit. He assured me he had shown the letter only to the President and no other, and gave me his honor that he had delivered it to a French gentleman by an order from General Conway, which was sent back after he had crossed the Susquehanna. He was full of his assurances that the letter did not contain the paragraph alluded to, which gave him infinite satisfaction, as he entertained the highest respect both for you and for General Gates. He added, however, that had the letter remained in his possession he should not have thought himself at liberty to let a copy be taken without the consent of the gentleman who entrusted him with it. I told him as he had pledged his honor about the delivery of it, I thought it unnecessary to say any more upon the subject, but that I should have thought it my duty to take the most effectual measures of procuring a copy had the original remained in his hands. I then returned to Mr. Laurens, who gave me an extract he had taken from it, which I take the liberty of enclosing to you. The whole of that letter, I understand, was couched in terms of the most bitter invective, of which this is a small sample. I enclose you this extract rather for your information than with expectation of its answering any other purpose at this time. I am of opinion that the gentlemen who have been most active in this business are by this time heartily sick of it, and plainly perceive that the fabric which they were endeavoring to rear was likely to fall upon their own heads. Mr. Laurens' sentiments upon the whole of this matter were exceedingly just, and delivered with the greatest candor.

"I am, &c.,

"JOHN FITZGERALD."

The result of that Cabal, which left Washington untouched and untarnished, is matter of general history. The part that Fitzgerald took endeared him more than ever to his great commander.

At the close of the war Colonel Fitzgerald entered again briskly into his business at Alexandria. The "banking-out" upon the shallows of the river beyond his river-side lots was continued, and the town carried the tenth of a mile into the river. At the pier foot of King Street, long known as "Fitzgerald's Wharf," the Mount Vernon steamers now land on their way from Washington City to Washington's tomb. While this "banking-out" was in progress occurred a laughable incident at which it is

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said Washington, despite his habitual gravity, laughed immoderately.

While Fitzgerald's wharf was in progress a number of "young bloods," heated with wine, conceived one night the project of surprising the town, and they succeeded. While the streets were being reduced from a higher to a lower level, and the earth carted out and banked into the river, many houses stood on the hill-top, and their doors were reached by ladders from the newly-cut streetway below. The pumps had been removed and the wells were uncovered. After the day's work had been done the drivers of the carts had left their vehicles at the river-side to be ready for work in the morning. The late roisterers silently took the steps from the doors and threw them into the wells, and then ran the carts over into the river. The town was crazed next morning. The early riser fell, by the dim light of dawn, from the doors into the clay streetways. No water could be drawn from the wells to make coffee for breakfast, and, to add to the trouble, the tide rose at daylight and covered the carts, so that not one of them could be seen. It was high noon before the difficulties were removed, the carts recovered, and the business of the town resumed. The mayor was busy a few days afterwards in imposing heavy fines on the practical jokers, but Washington is on record as having laughed, for all that, and with a fair imagination one may hear Fitzgerald's hearty laughter ringing down the aisles of time in that old town. Fitzgerald was not mayor then, so he could laugh; but he was made mayor in 1786, and served a term as chief officer of the municipality and presiding justice of the Court of Hustings, as the old records attest.

At this time Colonel Fitzgerald carried on the business of an importer and wholesale merchant at Alexandria. His advertisement in the *Virginia Journal and Alexandria Advertiser* announces:

"JOHN FITZGERALD

"Hath just imported in the Ship *Potomac*, Cap. Bradstreet, from London, and to be Sold by Wholesale only,

"A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF EUROPEAN GOODS SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON.

"He has also for Sale Malaga and Catalonia Wines by the Quarter Cask, Pepper by the Bag, Olives by the Jar, Sweet Oil in Hampers of one Dozen each, White Wine Vinegar by the Hogshead, Red and Yellow Ochre, and a few Pieces of brown Irish Linens.

"ALEXANDRIA, May 17, 1784."

In 1787 Colonel Fitzgerald was selected by Rev. John Car-

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roll as one of the promoters of his project for establishing an Academy at Georgetown, Potomac River, Maryland, and so laying the foundations of Georgetown College. The agents appointed were, "in Virginia, Colonel Fitzgerald and George Brent, Esq."

During all these days his relations with General Washington continued to be as intimate as that of any other man in America outside of the immediate family of the general. He was engaged with Washington in the Potomac Company, designed to use the Potomac River as the basis of a water-line to connect the Atlantic with the great West. In January, 1788, Washington notes in his diary: "Received a letter from Colonel Fitzgerald, that the meeting of the Potomac Company at the Falls of the Shenandoah would not be held."

St. Patrick's Day, 1788, was a red-letter day, not only in the church calendar, but in the hospitable home of Colonel Fitzgerald, for on that day he entertained the great chief at a dinner-party. An election took place the same day, which brought most of the leading gentlemen of the neighborhood to town, and at Colonel Fitzgerald's board they met many Catholics from Maryland. General Washington's diary of the time says: "March 17th, 1788.—Went up to the election of delegates to the convention of this State for the purpose of considering the new form of government which has been recommended to the United States, when Dr. Stuart and Colonel Simons were chosen without opposition. Dined at Colonel Fitzgerald's; returned in the evening." It was at this time that the suggestion of the erection of a Catholic church in Alexandria was first made, and Colonel Hooe, a large land-owner and an intimate friend of Fitzgerald, offered to donate land as the site of a church and graveyard. Within a few years the lot was deeded and the church built upon Washington and Church Streets, the latter designation being adopted by the municipality in honor of the new church. Of this church Miss Fanny Fitzgerald, daughter of Washington's aide, was organist. The old church is long fallen and demolished, but there is one "who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter," and the graveyard remains.

On the 4th of July, 1798, General Washington went to Alexandria, and took dinner at the Spring Gardens, where there was a public celebration. He invited a number of Alexandria gentlemen to dine with him on the 12th of that month, and Washington's own hand records the following as the guests at the Mount Vernon board: "Colonels Fitzgerald and Simons,

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Mr. Herbert and son, Mr. L. Lee, Colonel Ramsay, Captain Young, and Lieutenant Jones; Mr. Potts, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Porter, Dr. Cook, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Lear, Mr. Tracy, and six ladies and a gentleman from Mr. Rogers's." Mr. McHenry, the Secretary of War, was also at Mount Vernon, having been a guest for several days.

A few days previous General Washington had entertained, as he writes in his diary: "Dr. Craik, wife, and son, and Mr. Hunter of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Mr. De Bourg [Rev. William V. Du Bourg, afterwards Bishop of New Orleans], president of the College at Georgetown, another of the professors, and two of the students, viz.: a son of Mr. Laws and a neighbor of Barry's."

The last dinner at which Fitzgerald was a guest at Mount Vernon took place about six months before Washington's death. Political excitement ran high. The Alien and Sedition laws passed by the Federal majority during the administration of the elder Adams had called forth resolutions, both of Kentucky and of Virginia, suggesting State resistance to Federal authority. Mr. Jefferson had drawn the Kentucky resolutions, while the Virginia "resolutions of '98" were from the pen of Mr. Madison. In them the General Assembly of Virginia "doth expressly declare that it views the powers of the Federal government, as resulting from the compact to which the States are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact; as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by said compact, the States, who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them."

The late Edmund I. Lee, of Alexandria, was, with Colonel Fitzgerald, a guest on the occasion, and he gives the following account of the "table-talk" of Washington and Fitzgerald when the ladies had retired and the nuts and wine came on the board:

"Among the guests was Colonel John Fitzgerald, a native of Ireland and an aide-de-camp of Washington in the Revolution. In 1799 he was a merchant of Alexandria and a Federalist of the first water. During the dinner Colonel Fitzgerald repeatedly attempted to give the conversation a political turn, with a view of expressing his detestation of Mr. Jefferson, Bache and Duane, Giles

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of Virginia, and other members of the anti-Federal party. But he received no encouragement from the general, who led the conversation to the subject of the wonderful prosperity of the country, and remarked toward the close of the dinner how gratifying it must be to all the survivors of the Revolutionary army to know that their efforts to establish American independence had been crowned with a success so signal. 'Ah!' exclaimed Fitzgerald, 'and to be assured that all this glorious prosperity, and the very existence of the Republic itself, are imperilled by the vile arts of an unprincipled demagogue.' At this juncture, General Washington, bowing to his guests, remarked, 'Now, gentlemen, we will take one more glass of wine, and then join the ladies!' and turning to Fitzgerald, said: 'I know very well to whom you allude, Colonel Fitzgerald; but I would willingly forgive him all his heresy if he had not seduced from his allegiance to the Constitution one of the best, purest, and ablest men of the country —James Madison, of Virginia.'"

Colonel Fitzgerald's Catholicity is shown here and there by olden publications and by oral tradition; but the continued and convincing evidence of his loyalty to the church is the fact that he withstood all temptations to Masonry. The Masonic lodge in Alexandria stands alone among lodges, for Washington, though seldom attending its sessions, was long its titular master. All of Fitzgerald's intimate friends were among its members, and it was, in fact, a club of genial good-livers, Masons like Burns rather than like Weishaupt.

In the lax discipline of the times, some Alexandrians, whose names are now on the tombs in the Catholic cemetery, were members of Alexandria-Washington Lodge, but Fitzgerald withstood all temptations, and while the names of almost every leading Alexandrian of that day are on the lodge rolls, his name does not appear.

His later days were clouded by financial troubles. He opened a distillery, which was not successful. His river-side property proved unremunerative, and age came without quiet and ease. President Adams made him Collector of the Customs of the port of Alexandria, and he was still popular with his townsmen. His last appearance with Washington was, as Mr. Custis relates, in "the November of last days," when the great chief reviewed the Alexandria volunteer companies from the steps of the City Hotel, opposite the market. Colonels Fitzgerald, Ramsay, and Custis were his honorary aides at the review. It was the setting of the sun, for in six weeks Washington was dead. Mercury lingers in the glory of sunset a short space after the day-god has departed, scarcely visible in the halo, and is gone before the night falls. Washington died in the early winter, and in the early summer Fitzgerald followed him.

WM. F. CARNE.

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A DREAM AT CHRISTMAS.

To dream once in a life-time to some purpose is an experience which by no means comes in every one's way: *Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum.* With me going to Corinth was something negative, not marrying the man of my choice, but being delivered from the man that I did not choose.

I was not my father's only daughter. I was the youngest of three, with one brother and one sister, and at the time of which I write I was two-and-twenty. My dear Uncle Dick, on whom my memory ever rests with mingled pleasure and pain, was a great favorite of mine, and I of his. He was a "merchant"—vague term, as I know, which often covers a multitude of delinquencies; but every one knew that Uncle Dick's merchandise had been tea, and I am afraid every one also knew that in those distant tea-gardens of his he had contracted a failing which neither time nor his age tended to mend. He was far from being a hopeless drunkard. He was still at the stage when drink is rather a pleasure than a craving. He only "enjoyed a glass of wine" a great deal too often, and never neglected a pretext for taking it. My dear old home is in Gloucestershire, a country house big enough for entertaining on a large scale, yet not sufficiently imposing for a show place. We have no family portraits, no church lands, consequently no ghosts, and we were a merry party as the Christmas of which I am writing drew near. My Uncle Dick—Richard Effingham, to give him his due name—was my father's brother. When he had made his fortune at tea, being a younger brother, he bought a small place in our vicinity, and established himself there in comfortable bachelorhood. When I say comfortable, I should perhaps mean disquieting, bachelorhood. His propensity gained strength from his loneliness, but it was of no use to wish that a man of confirmed life and habits would take to himself a wife. My doing so used to aggravate Lionel Cardwell, who wanted to marry me *with* my prospects of inheriting Uncle Dick's fortune, for I suspected he did not love me for myself. For months before the Christmas in question that same Lionel had been the cause to me of much misery and affliction of spirit. He was the youngest of Sir Paul Cardwell's three sons, and was rich only in cleverness and a striking person. My father enjoyed his rather cynical conver-

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sation. He never stopped at anything likely to cause effect, and my mother thought him "such a gentleman," for her standard of a gentleman was measured by external acts of courtesy, of which Lionel acquitted himself perfectly well. They were secretly annoyed at me for discouraging his attentions. Only my Uncle Dick bore me out, and told me often that he did not trust Lionel and his fine ways. "Belongs to the whited-sepulchre class, my dear," was his favorite expression, and this put my own feeling into words, though it was nothing more than an instinct with me. In fact, I tried to reason myself out of it, for I wished to please my father and mother and to like Lionel Cardwell for their sakes, as I saw he was acceptable to them.

It was the 23d of December, and we were expecting the usual "family party" which is supposed to form an ingredient of Christmas. At breakfast-time my mother looked up from her letters and said to me: "Lionel thinks he can come, my dear, and will be at Longhorsley at 4:30, unless he telegraphs to the contrary, which I am sure I hope he won't."

He was not yet an accepted lover, so his communications were made to my father or mother. My spirits did not rise at the prospect. Still I had determined that this was to be the test visit, when things would come to a crisis. Perhaps I might bring myself to have him out of that old-fashioned virtue, a filial regard for my father and mother; or perhaps—my own instincts would receive confirmation. The light of Christmas has revealed many a man and woman to each other. At this darkest period of the year we are all most thrown upon our own resources. The sunniest temper feels the influence of rainy skies and foggy atmosphere; we have not, as in summer, outside brightness, so we have to kindle within us fires of double intensity which may protect us from nature's rigors and human rubs.

Lionel came. I knew he would, and that I could not put off the hour of decision, which is painful to most of us. He established himself as my mother's man of the party, and fetched and carried for her to the delight of her heart. It was his line to appear most discreet, and to show me his attentions only when, so to say, I would have them. My sister Ella liked him better than I did, and would willingly have accepted him and them; but then did I not know of a very good reason why this should *not* be? At any rate, I believed so, yet determined to try and watch Lionel with thoroughly unprejudiced eyes

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Christmas day came. We had got through half of the ponderously dull merriment which is supposed to be necessary on this occasion, and were sitting at our festive luncheon. Uncle Dick was with us, and we were discussing the long-talked-of dance which he was to give on the following day for his nieces.

"I should have liked it for the last hours of the old year," he was saying, "only Nellie told me that would be too late for the gentlemen of the party." Lionel looked pleased. "By-the-bye, my bachelor establishment will need the support of some male arms and heads during the feast, and afterwards I shall be very pleased to give my supporters a bed."

This speech of my uncle's was rather unguarded, for as my brother Charlie was with his regiment in India, Lionel very naturally offered his services, which were, I will admit, not very graciously accepted, and it was settled that my father and Lionel Cardwell should sleep at my uncle's house after the ball, whilst my mother was to do the honors as hostess and return with me and my sister. This small incident rather spoiled my pleasures of anticipation. I felt out of sorts, as people do when an uncongenial element is forced into their daily life, but I scolded myself for being prejudiced. Lionel was doing his utmost to appear agreeable, and I fancied my mother's manner often said to me: "What an unreasonable child you are not to be satisfied with this man." We ate our Christmas dinner and were, I believe, secretly relieved that the king of social days had ended his reign for the year.

Lionel called himself one of the stewards of the ball, and really shirked no exertion. I was rather glad he was so busy, as I thought I should perchance evade the impending *tête-à tête*. I was intent on examining the effect of our home-planned decorations when I saw him hurrying up to me.

"Are you disengaged for the next dance, Miss Effingham?" he said. "I am indeed fortunate to find you in leisurely contemplation instead of in the commonplace crowd." And he looked in the direction of the dancers.

"I am sure I feel commonplace enough," I said.

"Then your feelings mislead you. I—" He stopped. (I think he was going to add, "I could not like commonplaceness," but checked himself in time.) "I hope you think the *tout ensemble* rather out of the way."

"Yes, it is pretty."

When we had danced he, of course, led me away from the crowd.

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"There is something satisfactory in organizing a dance," he said. "Things fall so naturally into their places. It is a pity we cannot so order our lives."

"Do you think so?" I said carelessly.

"Indeed I do. Our happiness ought to be given into our own hands, and I am sure we should take care of it. Now, my happiness is in your hands—"

At this critical moment my uncle came up to me, saying: "Oh! Nellie, here you are at last. Your mother says she wants you most particularly and I promised to find you." He looked at Lionel as he spoke, and their eyes met. There was in Uncle Dick's expression so much dislike and distrust that I wondered whether he had invented a message to nip the incipient love-making in the bud. Lionel's eyes flashed back revengeful hatred, but only for a moment. Controlling himself, he merely said, "I hope Miss Effingham will give me the pleasure of another dance later on," and walked away.

I was hurrying to my mother when Uncle Dick checked me. "Stop a bit, Nellie; it is I who want you. I saw what that fellow was after. Let us come down to supper, my dear. I suppose this gayety of yours makes me more thirsty than usual." And my uncle chuckled, but I felt more like weeping.

. . . . . .

The lights had all gone out in the ball-room; silence and fatigue were creeping over us. I was in bed, but that was only a name for repose. I could not sleep; my brain was torn by fancies which burst in upon it with the force of armed men and would not be quieted. My mind was rehearsing every incident of the day, whether I would or no. I saw the brilliant ball-room which I had helped to decorate; my fingers convulsively grasped the holly wreaths, and my ears listened to Uncle Dick's words, "Stop a bit, Nellie; it is I who want you." Surely it was no delusion, for I was now in a quiet bed-room. My uncle was lying in a deep sleep; the fire-light even showed me his face. Ah! I thought, he said he was thirsty. At the bed-side there was an empty glass, but no bottle. Every detail engraved itself upon my gaze. I saw, but could not be seen; I heard every sound, but could utter none. Presently my strained ear fancied there was a light footstep in the passage, and that the door creaked. The curious thing was that I knew not where I was, only I seemed to be a creature made up of ears and eyes. These

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two faculties were intensified beyond their natural sphere. The door surely did open, and some one peered into the room. At first I saw a crouching figure; it was that of a man, whose face was hidden from me. He crept stealthily up to the bed and looked intently at my uncle. This movement revealed him to me. It was Lionel. He held something in his hand. Could it be a knife? I thought with a shudder. No, it was a bottle. Was it ether, chloroform, or an anæsthetic of some kind? None of these could be administered without any apparatus, as I knew. Lionel set it down by the bed, and looked around as if he feared the silence of the night would speak. Alas! I could utter no protest. My voice died away as I tried to raise it. Then he went noiselessly from the room, leaving the door ajar. I seemed to breathe more freely, yet I felt he had more work to do. I longed to rouse my uncle from his sleep. Now was my time. I uttered a faint sound, but I could not reach the sleeper's ears, and again I heard the stealthy footsteps outside. Lionel came in with more assurance this time. He held a match-box. The fire's now flickering light fell upon the little table at the bed's head. On it were candles, Lionel's bottle (a whiskey-flask), and a book. Quickly he pulled forward the bed-curtain and lighted both candles. The curtain took fire; Lionel waited for the result of his labors; he watched deliberately to see his work set going, then dashed from the room. How long I looked at the flames making their way with increasing fury I cannot say. I heard the crackle of the wooden bedstead and watched the flames spreading, as if spell-bound.

They would soon surround my uncle as in a bed of fire. "O Uncle Dick! save yourself," I tried to exclaim, but my voice died in my throat and my limbs refused to carry me. I thought the sight would be burned into my brain as I watched the flames curling round him, and yet could not put out a hand to avert that terrible fate. My uncle at last gave a faint groan, and I a piercing scream which awoke me. After all, I was lying on my own bed, and the vivid scene had been a terrible nightmare. But it *had* burned itself into my fevered brain. I raised my head with difficulty from my pillow and dressed as one still under the influence of a dream. I felt, I dare say, as morphia-eaters do when they come back to their senses after their unnatural food has ceased to buoy them up. I had truly been feeding on horrors.

I still so fully realized my dream that it was no surprise to me

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to find everything in confusion down-stairs. My father had been sent for to Horsmondean, my uncle's house, which was still burning.

"What of my uncle?" I asked my mother breathlessly.

"My dear child —" she began.

"I know it all," I said; "he has been burned to death, and—"

"Well, you must never say another word against Lionel Cardwell. If he had not given the alarm the whole place would have been burned down."

"I don't care about that, now that my dear uncle is gone. And Lionel was his murderer."

"Nellie, you should forget your foolish prejudices in this trouble, and think how nobly Lionel has behaved."

"I will never speak to him again," I exclaimed, almost shouted, I am afraid. "How do you suppose it happened that my uncle alone was burned?"

"You know your poor dear [why will people always "poor dear" the dead?] uncle's failing. It is supposed that he drank more than usual last night and set fire to the bed."

I turned away sick at heart. The Hebrew prophet spoke of the time when "old men shall dream dreams, and young men shall see visions." I have dreamt only one dream, but it has served me well, and was, I believe, heaven-sent. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death by fire," but I thought I knew better. I did *not* marry Lionel Cardwell.

A.

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WONDERS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

"Certum est quia impossibile."

IN studying the nervous system we call to mind these words of an ancient author; and it is indeed almost impossible for one who has not made it a special study to believe all that science teaches in regard to this most wonderful part of man's structure. The study of the nervous system seems to a beginner to border on the supernatural. Yet this is purely owing to his ignorance, for chemistry, assisted by the scalpel and the microscope, proves that it has no more to do with the supernatural than the study of any other part of the human body. The nervous system, we are told by later discoveries, is not divided into a brain and spinal cord, but forms one united cerebro-spinal system, with, however, different distributions. The aggregation of nerve-cells is connected by nerve-fibres. In the nerve-cells (the smallest of which is $\frac{1}{1200}$ of an inch in diameter) are concentrated the actual powers of the nervous system, while the nerve-fibres serve as conductors of the influence which is to be outwardly manifested. Each nerve-fibre consists of a membraneous tube, lined by a material composed of fat and albumen, and this tube encloses what is called an axis-cylinder, formed of a protoplasmic substance, which is apparently the essential constituent of the nerve. The fat and albumen lining around the tube serve the purpose of an insulator, whereby the contiguous nerves are kept separated one from the other. There are two kinds of nerve-fibres, the sensory and the motor. The sensory fibres convey *from* the different parts of the body *to* the groups of nerve-cells the impressions which there excite sensations; the motor fibres carry back *from* the groups of nerve-cells *to* the muscles the impressions which cause the muscles to contract or expand.

When a stimulus acts upon a nerve-fibre there is an appreciable period of time before the nerve-cell responds to it, and this is known as the "excitatory stage." The period is longer when the temperature of the nerve is lowered. Hence we find in the higher cerebral nerve-centres that cold benumbs thought. The nature of the nerve force excited in each nerve-fibre is the same; and as an electric telegraph wire may convey a current in either direction, so might the same nerve-fibre if its terminals

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enabled it to do so. But in the nervous system the two sets of nerves are essentially distinct. And we may add, for the analogy is interesting, that as a chemical reaction must take place between the exciting fluid and the galvanic combination of metals in order to originate the electric current, so for the production of the nerve-current a reaction must take place between the blood and the central nerve-cells, although we do not yet know what the precise nature of this reaction is. The dependence of nervous activity upon the physical changes kept up by the flow of oxygenated blood through the brain can, however, be shown experimentally.

But as the cerebro-spinal system participates in all that goes to make up conscious life, so it performs nobler work than simply to give orders to the muscles. The brain, we know, is composed of sensory and motor substrata, and as the brain is the organ immediately serving ideation, this organic action is, therefore, the functioning of centres whose objective functions are motor and sensory. We have not yet discovered what constitutes the physical ground-work of life, but science is working towards its discovery. Progress in physiological chemistry and more powerful microscopes may in time solve all the problems of the cerebro-spinal system.

Already we know that with every display of brain-power there is a correlative change or waste of nervous element; a stimulus to a nerve of sense is necessary to thought, and every thought has its reflecting centre, perhaps in one hemisphere of the brain, perhaps in the opposite hemisphere, which reflection of it is the condition of consciousness.

The brain, eighty per cent. of which is composed of water, and which is the seat of numberless multitudes of molecular tremors, is found by experiment to be insensible to pain, while every nerve of the spinal cord is keenly alive to the slightest touch. Whether this least solid portion of the body, which is notably double in structure, is really a double organ, and whether we have two brains, as we have two eyes and two lungs, certain it is that both hemispheres are necessary to the fullest function of the organism. Yet it is an interesting fact that one hemisphere is able to do the work of both hemispheres in thinking—although in a somewhat halting way—when the other hemisphere has been partially destroyed. But it is demonstrated that while the partial ruin of one hemisphere leaves mental function unimpaired, this partial ruin of one destroys sensation unilaterally. Therefore, the brain as regards sensation and motion is a single

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organ, but a double organ as it relates to intellect. The right hemisphere governs the movements of the left limbs, and the left hemisphere governs the movements of the right limbs. Whichever hand, for instance, is in motion—our thoughts being fixed on what this hand is doing—the hemisphere of the opposite side is meanwhile at rest. The speech centre being in the third left frontal convolution, it entails long labor to teach the right hemisphere speech when the other half of the brain has been destroyed. And we know that although many of their functions are in common, yet the hemispheres have not entirely equivalent functions, and we know that the left hemisphere is the more richly endowed. It is also a curious fact that while the two hemispheres can act together simultaneously at different kinds of work, they cannot think together simultaneously of the two kinds of work. This we readily discover if, when our hands are each busily employed at different work, we try to think at the same moment of what each hand is doing. We find it impossible, and we are obliged to pass in thought from one hand to the other, and there is a distinct pause in the transfer of thought. The truth is, both halves of the brain have to be trained from the beginning to close association in order that they may work together as one centre. They have to be slowly educated from childhood to conjoint action, just as our two hands and legs have to be. But there is doubtless an innate predisposition of the hemispheres to work in harmony; and as we grasp best with our two hands and see best with our two eyes, so we need the two halves of our brain in order to apprehend best intellectually.

The double brain (at present attracting much attention) helps to throw light on the disease called melancholia. There is a high probability that in unsymmetric hemispheres lies the secret cause of extravagant delusions, which are often in company with sanest reason on many subjects. For a brief period at the beginning of melancholia the sound hemisphere may be able to hold its own, and to smother the suggestions of the unsound hemisphere. But after a struggle the latter obtains the mastery, and reduces the other to slavery. The words once uttered by a melancholic patient are very significant: "My brain seems divided into two parts, thinking independently, one side putting questions which the other side answers." Here we see the effect of want of harmony between the hemispheres; the partnership is dissolved; self is divided against self, resulting in confused suggestions, disordered imaginations, and a disintegration of will. A person, the two halves of whose brain are not working together owing to

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the morbid condition of one of them, will perceive a real object with one hemisphere and an unreal object with the other, and he will not only think double, but act double. And this state of doubleness and discord may result in an irresistible impulse to do some desperate act suggested by the diseased hemisphere. It is, in fact, the pathological parallel on the sensory side of what a convulsion is on the motor side.

But if in what has been aptly termed the commonwealth of the nervous system the brain is the leading member, the other member of the physiological union—the spinal cord—is hardly less important. In the constitution of the spinal cord are implanted innate energies which bear the semblance of consciousness. It would seem, like the brain, to have its memory; and its faculties—at least in man—are gradually developed by experience. Indeed, without this God-given power of development, by which many muscular actions originating in the spinal cord grow at length to be automatic, it would require a whole lifetime to learn how to do one or two things. If an act became no easier after having been performed several times, if the direction of consciousness were needed on every occasion, we should find it tiresome work even to dress and undress ourselves. Here let us observe that all muscular movements which are classed as primarily automatic—that is, movements on which life depends—have been wisely placed by the Creator beyond the control of our will—such movements, for instance, as the beating of the heart, respiration. And it is interesting to know that as the ganglionic cells of the spinal cord have a periodic function, so when these cells are in a morbid state the functional derangement is often intermittent. Thus in epilepsy, the reacting nerve-centres must be charged by degrees until they reach a certain tension, when they violently discharge themselves in a fit. What has been termed the consciousness of the spinal cord is shown by its reflex acts, which take place quite independently of the brain. Some of the manifestations of this consciousness are marvellous. If we pinch the hind foot of a frog whose head has been cut off, the foot is immediately withdrawn; the stimulus to the sensory nerves has set free a force which excites to action the corresponding motor nerves. Now, if we pinch the foot still harder, there is a wider irradiation of the nerve force, and lo! all four feet begin to move, and the headless frog hops away. Again, if the thigh of this decapitated frog be touched with acetic acid over the internal condyle, the creature will rub it off with the upper part of the foot of the same side. Cut off this foot and again apply

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the acid to the same spot, and it tries again to rub it off, but, having lost its foot, it cannot. The frog now pauses a moment, as if it were reflecting, then presently it makes use of the foot of the other leg, and succeeds in rubbing off the acid. But these movements of the headless frog do not prove that the spinal cord is really endowed with volition. They merely prove that actions for a definite end may be automatic and entirely unconscious. In the lower animals the spinal cord has implanted in it the powers needed to produce movements for self-preservation. In man's spinal cord designed actions are automatic also, but they are not inborn—at least, only in a slight degree; and they have to be made automatic by education. Man's spinal cord must be taught just as his brain must be taught. But we do not perceive the powers of the spinal cord in man as plainly as we do in the lower animals, because it is much more under the rule of the more highly endowed brain. Whoever wishes to obtain a knowledge of the functions of the higher cerebral nerve-centres in man must not neglect the study of the spinal cord.

And experiments seem to prove that some of the habitual functions of the higher cerebral nerve-centres are not less automatic than those of the other member of the physiological union. In man the sensori-motor nerves, like the nerves of the spinal cord, must be taught by experience; while in the lower animals these functions are automatic. A pigeon, the upper portion of whose brain (cerebrum) has been removed, seems to lose all power of spontaneous action; it is plunged in profound stupor. Yet if it be tossed into the air it will expand its wings and fly. Place a light before its eyes, and the pupils contract; ruffle its feathers, and it will dress them; pass a candle to and fro before it, and it will follow with its head the movements of the candle. Here the sensory centres, affected by the impressions of sense, excite the proper movements, but these movements are all automatic. Let this pigeon be ever so hungry, and it will die of hunger before a plateful of food. But push the food far enough into its mouth to excite the reflex act of swallowing, and the food will be greedily swallowed.

Few of us realize how automatically our brain works when once it has been taught to work. This shows how important it is to begin early to develop a child's character in the proper direction, for every nerve-cell is capable of receiving an impression, and from our birth we begin to receive impressions which remain through life as so many memories.

Memory, according to the best authorities, is the revival in

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consciousness of the different memory-pictures acquired through the senses, each through its own particular nerve of sensation and each organically registered and stored up in its own particular part of the brain. And cerebral localization has made such advances in the past few years that we can now locate a set of memories—a vast gain to surgery, for if through disease these particular memories are lost, the surgeon is able to find the spot diseased; and being thus guided, fifty successful operations have been already performed on the brain which a generation ago would not have been attempted.

In a child learning to read we see the process of the organic registration of memories. The child has to remember the meaning of each word; his brain must tediously register the different impressions. But these impressions being once registered, he is able to read swiftly by unconscious memory. Nor are these organic registrations ever actually forgotten, except when a brain is disorganized by disease. A memory endures while life lasts. Consciousness may not be able to recall it; but a fever, a blow on the head, a dream, the agony of death will sometimes draw aside the veil which conceals the inscriptions and show vividly a face or a scene which appeared to have vanished for ever and ever.

It is indeed strange that when in health words and acts may escape us, may seem not to be registered in the brain at all, and yet when out of health they appear to us. This unconscious cerebral action is well illustrated in the case of the servant girl mentioned by Coleridge, who in the delirium of a fever quoted passages of Hebrew, not one word of which she could repeat when well, but which, when serving in a clergyman's family, she had heard the clergyman read aloud. The organized registration of the results of impressions upon our nervous centres is what renders memory possible; and almost the first indication of a degeneration of nervous element is some flaw in the memory. We forget because new impressions, new memory-pictures are continually pressing in upon the old ones, which little by little become concealed. Memory may be called the retention of brain-pictures; recollections, the reproduction of them. And this power of reproduction shows the persistence of the nerve-currents excited by the original stimulus whereby the original impressions were registered. A common example of the automatic action of the brain in revealing what it may keep hidden for a time is when we sometimes do our best to remember a name or a number and yet cannot remember it with all our efforts. We then

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give up the attempt, and lo! presently the thing we wished to recall flashes upon us. Here, according to the best authorities, the idea, the brain-picture which we wanted, was held back just in proportion to the degree of persistent tension of the nerve-cells' energy.

But if the nerve-cells of the brain may be viewed as the storehouse in which the great majority of impressions are preserved, yet the whole nervous system is a contributor to memory, whose impressions are countless in number and which are always represented by certain physical changes in the nerve-cells. The contrast of the automatic action of memory with its volitional exercise is seen in dreaming, in delirium, in insanity. Here the memory may be active while the directing power of the will is in abeyance.

As the proper registration of memory-pictures depends on a healthy state of the nerve-cells, we are by this blessed fact prevented from remembering pain. Of course we can remember that we did at a certain time suffer a particular pain, but we are not able vividly to recall the pain. Pain is not an organized product which abides; the very disorganization of nervous element which pain implies is temporary, and disappears with the return of health to the nervous centres.

The manifold disorders to which memory is liable show how widely and firmly it is embraced within the cerebro-spinal system, and how keenly it is affected for good or ill by the condition of the nerve-cells.

The lasting effects of the poison of a certain nameless disease prove that the organic element remembers for a whole lifetime the modifications it has suffered; and as there is memory in every nerve-cell, the power of registering impressions is often much diminished by this poison.

Imagination, which is the power of assimilating material from the numberless images stored in the brain, is dependent on memory. When imagination brings anything before our mind's eye, if we analyze it we discover that it is merely a new form patched together from various parts of an old one. It is not possible to imagine a scene or an animal of which we have had no experience through memory.

The action of the imagination upon the sensory ganglia and central nuclei of the optic nerve can become so intense that we may firmly believe we see persons and things which have no objective existence, the presence of the retina of the eye not being necessary for the production of such phenomena, although

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in diseases of the retina spectral illusions may also occur. And as a sensation is as truly a sensation whether the sensorium be reached from within or from without, the person who declares he sees an object when no object is present to excite the optic nerve should be told that he is right in declaring he is conscious of seeing something, but that he is not right in supposing what he sees is caused by an impression on the peripheral termination of the nerve by an external stimulus.

So intimately are the different parts of the body connected through the nervous system that sometimes, when a person has dreamed he was wounded, marks of inflammation have been found on that part of the body on awaking, caused by the action of the vaso-motor nerve-centres on the capillary circulation; the blood is always most strongly directed to the spot which imagination points to. Here let us observe that in dreams an internal organ out of good condition may often be felt much more plainly than when we are awake; the ground tone of a dream is affected by the state of some internal organ, and by studying the physiological sympathies revealed during sleep not a little may be learned in regard to the hidden parts of the body.

As we have already remarked, the different portions of the human frame, from the highest to the lowest, have a close sympathy for one another through the nervous system. An increase or diminution of the sensibility of the skin, for instance, may cause extravagant delusions. The brain is keenly sensitive to the habit of the feelings. Were a sane person to wake up some morning with his cutaneous sensibility gone (and it has happened), he would find it very hard to keep in his senses. Not being able to feel himself, he would not know what had become of himself. A soldier, wounded at Austerlitz, lost the sensibility of his skin, and from that moment he thought himself dead. Having no sense of feeling, he did not believe he was alive, and he called himself a machine.

The change or waste of nerve element through the exercise of the brain is proved by the chemical analysis of the extractives of nerve. There are found lactic acid, creatine, and uric acid, which products strongly resemble those found in muscle after its functional activity. The display of brain energy is at the cost of the highly organized nerve matter (which is, however, soon replaced through the blood), and after severe brain-work we recognize an increase of phosphates in the urine. The intangible energy of the higher cerebral centres is revealed in

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these excretions from the body. But, unless pushed too far, an active brain is favorable to longevity, provided the brain-work is not of an emotional kind. Hence, a mathematician has more chances for a long life than a poet. It is interesting to know that the nervous energy expended in the acquisition of riches—however little it may affect the business man himself—seems to predispose to nervous degeneration in the offspring. The child of a successful business man is apt to be the very reverse of its parent in brain force. Contrary to the old-time views, we are able to do more experimentally with the brain than with any other organ of the body. Alcohol and drugs enable us to perform all kinds of experiments on it. Chloral and chloroform can temporarily suspend its action; opium and alcohol can exalt its functions, and artificial madness may be produced by Indian hemp and belladonna. Alcohol, in perverting the condition of the blood, is a potent cause of nervous disorder; and it is interesting to trace its effects. In the first generation the alcoholic poison shows itself by brutal degradation; in the second, by hereditary drunkenness; in the third, by sobriety, accompanied by hypochondria, with homicidal tendencies; in the fourth, by feeble intelligence and probable extinction of the family.

The reason why it is so difficult to overcome the habit of drink is that the nervous system, when repeatedly exposed to the poison of alcohol, acquires a disposition to morbid action even when alcohol is not present; the perverted state of the blood from previous excess has worked an effect on the supreme cerebral cells. That delicate co-ordination of function which will implies has been shattered; the will is necessarily weakened, until at length it disappears altogether in the dipsomaniac.

The brain lesions due to chronic alcoholism are capable of microscopic demonstration, and when we see these lesions we realize how vitally important it is not to let the habit of drink fasten itself upon us. So beautifully interlaced are the different parts of the cerebro-spinal system that when a special sense fails the general sensibility may do much to replace it. Persons stone-deaf have been known to have a peculiar susceptibility to certain sounds, depending, no doubt, on an impression communicated to their organs of touch. They could tell when a carriage was approaching when a person with all his senses could not tell it. It is recorded that a man perfectly deaf had a bodily feeling of music, and different instruments affected him differently. Musical tones seemed to his perception to

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have a great likeness to colors; the sound of a trumpet was yellow to him; that of a drum was red; that of an organ was green. It is now a recognized fact that the brain in deep sleep does not always remain active, for brain power exists in statical equilibrium as well as in manifested energy. Nevertheless, the brain during sleep may sometimes do good work, and this unconscious work is seen when we discover how much a sound night's rest has improved our knowledge of a lesson or a problem studied before going to bed. But if during sleep the higher cerebral centres may at times be perfectly inactive, two organs of the body are ceaselessly active, viz.: the heart and the lungs; they never tire when acting naturally, and the reason is that their rhythmical organic movements are owing to a rhythmical nutrition, a method of nutrition with time-regulated progress, accompanied by an intermittent discharge of nerve force.

The need for sleep arises out of the condition of the nerve-centres, and the best way to bring on sleep is by the absence of sensorial impressions, and this we usually find in silence and darkness. But it may happen that instead of silence the continuance of a certain sound may be necessary for sleep. In such a case the nerve-centres, having grown used to a particular set of impressions constantly recurring, are as much affected by the want of them as the nerves of another person would be by their presence; and it is said that an old lady in New York, who brought a suit against the Elevated Railroad on the ground that it was a nuisance and prevented her from sleeping, got so accustomed to the noise that she could not sleep without it, and accordingly she dropped the suit on the very day it was to have been argued.

The awakening power of sensory impressions largely depends on the habitual state of the brain in regard to them. Thus a sleeper may often be roused by the sound of his own name uttered in a whisper, when a much louder sound of another kind would have failed to do it. A telegraph operator will fall into a deep sleep from which the faintest tick of the signaling needle will waken him. In all such cases the nerve-centres have acquired a peculiar physical receptivity for certain impressions. Some persons have the power of fixing their attention, before going to bed, on rising at a certain hour in the morning, and at this precise hour they will open their eyes. Here unconscious cerebration plays the part of a time-keeper.

Years ago the influence of expectant imagination on the sen-

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sorium was recognized by the celebrated Dr. John Hunter. In lecturing on it he said: "I am confident that I can fix my attention to any part until I have a sensation in that part." And Mr. Braid, in his work on Hypnotism, tells us that he requested four gentlemen, in good health, to place their hands on a table with the palms upward, and each was to gaze on the palm of his hand in perfect silence. Within five minutes one of the gentlemen—a member of the Royal Academy—felt his hand turn icy cold; another felt a pricking sensation on his palm; a third experienced a great feeling of heat come over his hand; while one gentleman's hand had become rigidly cataleptic and he could not move it from the table. Here we see the wonderful power of expectant imagination. But it sinks into insignificance compared with the phenomena of artificial somnambulism or hypnotism, the serious study of which began only thirteen years ago. But its germs may be traced far back. Everything in mesmerism was not quackery; it contained some grains of truth. Deslon, Mesmer's first disciple, wrote in 1780: "If Mesmer had no other secret than that of making use of the imagination as an influence for good over the health, would it not still be a wonderful secret? For if the medicine of the imagination be the best, why not make use of it?"

To-day mesmerism is dead, just as alchemy is dead. But from mesmerism has sprung the hypnotic suggestion, even as chemistry sprang from alchemy. But the phenomena of hypnotism have nothing whatever to do with a magnetic fluid or an emanation passing from one organism into another organism. In hypnotism everything seems due to suggestion—to the dominating influence of an idea suggested and accepted by the brain during the trance and while the will is seemingly in abeyance.

We express no opinion of our own in regard to this new science, which is apparently working a revolution in psychology. We will readily accept whatever the church may at any time declare on the subject. But it is only true to say that many of the ablest physicians in Europe are devoting themselves to the study of hypnotism and that they have discovered nothing in it which does not admit of a scientific explanation. The standard work on the subject is that of Dr. Hippolyte Bernheim, professor of medicine at Nancy. In hypnotism we are dumfounded at the passive receptivity of the nervous system to anything suggested during the hypnotic trance: the flow of milk, the pulsations of the heart, the movements of the lungs, may all be changed at the suggestion of the hypnotizer.

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Nor could anything be more strange than the awakening from the trance. Dr. Bernheim sometimes tells the sleeper, "Count up to ten. When you will say in a loud voice, Ten, you will be awake." The moment the word "ten" is uttered the sleeper opens his eyes. But he has no recollection of having counted. At another time Dr. Bernheim will say, "You shall count as far as ten; when you get to six you will be awake, but you shall keep on counting to ten." Having counted as far as "six," the sleeper awakens, but he continues to count. "When he has finished I ask him: 'Why do you count?' He does not recollect that he has counted. And this experiment I have performed a number of times on very intelligent persons." In the trance the idea suggested would seem to be transformed into an act with such marvellous rapidity, *by the intensely excited automatic action of the cerebro-spinal system*, that the intellect, the Ego, has not time to rouse itself and to exert its authority.

The cerebro-spinal system, apparently endowed with a consciousness of its own, and having escaped from the rule of the Ego, is able for a while to have its own way. At least this is Dr. Bernheim's theory. And this intense excitement, this overpowering activity of the automatic action of the cerebro-spinal system may be prolonged beyond the trance, so that we continue even after we have awakened from it to execute the orders given to us while we were in it. And herein lies grave danger, for a crime might be committed. The person who has been hypnotized does not remember that he has been ordered to do anything; yet the impulse to do a certain thing is irresistible. Happily, an ingenious method has lately been found through hypnotism itself of discovering the hypnotizer who may have suggested an evil deed.

The beneficial effects of the hypnotic treatment in heart diseases and in Bright's disease are unmistakable. But its good effects are most marked in nervous maladies. According to Dr. Bernheim, there is at bottom no difference between natural sleep and this artificial sleep. Only the natural sleeper is in touch with nobody except himself, and it is from his own last waking thoughts, and the condition of his own body, before his eyes close, that his dreams arise. But in the hypnotic sleep the idea, the personality of the hypnotizer remains ever present and uppermost in the brain of the sleeper; and it is this dominating personality that gives the hypnotizer the power to call into action the sleeper's imagination, to suggest to him dreams, and to inspire him to do things while the will of the person hypnotized seems for the time being unable to say yea or nay.

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In conclusion, let us say that the evidence points to vastly greater potentialities in the automatism of the cerebro-spinal system than we ever imagined. But why need this surprise us when we know that an Omnipotent Being is our Creator? For ages past we have little by little been discovering a very few of the wonders and glories of his work. Let us continue our discoveries. And as our mortal body contains within it an immortal spirit, is it not worthy of deeper study than we commonly bestow upon it? If we understood it better, if we realized how keenly sensitive the body is to the way we treat it, we might live more soberly, more chastely, and we should find in virtue the surest means to elevate the human race.

WILLIAM SETON.

BETHLEHEM.

A THREEFOLD Bethlehem I sing—
Of God the Word, of Christ the King,
Of Him this day the Priest and Guest
In Bethlehems of every breast.

I.

"In principio erat Verbum."—John i. 1.

In the eternal solitude,
Or ere the Spirit yet did brood
Upon the waters, or the throng
Of angel forms
Leaped into sudden life and song
To fill the emptiness with thrills
Of life and motion, and with storms
Of strenuous Hosannas break
The awful silences, and shake
The bases of the everlasting hills—
The God of Might,
Throned high in inaccessible light,
Utters, before the ages had begun,
His word of equal Deity:
THOU ART MY SON,
THIS DAY HAVE I BEGOTTEN THEE.
And lo! the Co-eternal Son doth rest
In the first Bethlehem of the Father's breast.

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II.

"Et Verbum caro factum est."—John i. 14.

A lowlier Bethlehem I sing
For Christ, the King.

Not in the inaccessible light,
Whose faintest ray the ages doth illume,
Of His, the Eternal Father's face,
The splendent fount of life and grace;
But in a night
Heavy with sullen shades of earthly gloom,
Not in the Father's breast
The Babe doth rest—
But in a manger low he lies,
Whose feet should scale the farther skies;
No lightning splendors glorify his head;
No courtly trains around him pass,
And show a reverend knee
To hidden Majesty;
But ox and ass
Bend an unconscious neck above his bed!

Spirits of God! whose vision clear
Doth compass every sphere;
Whose songs can aye rehearse
The utmost secrets of the universe,
Find ye not in the Godhead here
Secrets of love beyond angelic ken?
But oh! children of men,
Now that your King has come—
Vision of Prophets, and the long Desire—
Why are ye dumb?
Where is the streaming eye? the heart with love afire?
Whose dwelling is the universe,
On whom the Seraphim attend,
For whom the highest heavens bend,
He hath no need of worshippers!
But oh! his heart is sore,
Yea, runneth o'er,
Not for the silent hour, the gloom,
The squalor of the royal room,

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The swaddling clothes, the humble straw,
Nor the brute beasts that near him draw,
Nor mockery of the palace shed
That bends above his manger-bed,
Nor the rude blasts of winter-wind—
These, these were kind!
The cave of Bethlehem
Were sure meet place for them!
Ah, no! his loving heart
Hath yet a sadder smart;
He came to seek, to save;
But the rude bleakness blown from every hill
Were yet less chill
Than the cold hearts of men grown colder than the cave.

III.

". . . Et habitavit in nobis."—John i. 14.

The lowliest Bethlehem, the least,
For Christ, the Priest!

O Bethlehem of Christ the King,
The snowy portals open wide
For simple-hearted worshipping.
No earthly lore,
No strife of schools, no tongue of books,
No torch of war,
The stubborn hearts of men shall guide
Unto thy royal seat.
Peaceful the folded flocks abide
While shepherd-crooks
Marshal the way unto thy Holy Place,
Thou new Jerusalem!
Yea, Bethlehem,
From cunning Prudence, swelling Pride,
Thou showest us 'tis good to hide
The secret of the King!

But oh! for Christ the Priest,
What sinless doors unfold?
What frankincense, and myrrh, and gold,
Bespeak the royal feast?

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See, humble Love and haughty Pride
Walk side by side;
And Innocence, and horrid Sin,
And flaming heart, and sluggish clod,
All, all may enter in
Unto the holy things of God!
Nay, rather, Christ doth make of them
His unresisting Bethlehem!
Oh! then, what tongues of Seraphim may tell
Thy love, my God, that will not utter "nay"?
Nor yet again rehearse
The tragedy of Egypt's curse
Against thy handiwork of clay?

With blood the Lamb hath sprinkled all the posts
Of Egypt and of Israel!
And so the weak, the halt, the blind,
The palsied feet, the faded mind,
The fainting heart, the dullèd eye,
The leper, slinking fearful by,
The sick, the dead, the deaf, the dumb—
These, these are now become
The tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts!

IV.

"Amen. Come, Lord Jesus."—Apoc. xxii. 20.

God, and King, and Priest, and Guest,
Be not vain thy loving quest:
Saviour, who hast sighed for us,
Bled for us, and died for us,
In the Host dost hide for us,
In the Bread abide for us,
All, all, to be born again
In the hearts and souls of men,
Enter there, and make of them
Thine eternal Bethlehem!

HUGH T. HENRY.

Philadelphia.

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A PROTESTANT PROPAGANDA.

THE foreign missionary operations of the orthodox Congregational churches of the United States have been carried on during the past eighty years by the society known as "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." This association originated with a new and, among Protestants, hitherto unheard-of movement for the conversion of the heathen, which was started by a few devoted members of the Congregational churches early in the present century. They were men deeply in earnest, who offered to go out as missionaries themselves, provided the churches would support them in the work. Their proposal was accepted, and so great was the enthusiasm which their zeal enkindled that soon the conversion of the heathen became a recognized work in which all the churches were bound to engage. As a means for carrying it out the society of the American Board was formed. There is something unique in this organization which displays the natural genius of the Yankee for practical efficiency. It is an independent corporation, elects its own members, has its own theological standard, its own rules, and enforces these rules after its own fashion. It is characteristic of this race to be for organization; we see this exemplified in politics, business, and, in fact, in everything except the one thing where it is most needed—church government. Had they the Catholic faith they would be invincible.

Foreign as the constitution of the American Board is to the principles of Congregational polity, it always worked harmoniously with it until the board refused to sanction Progressive Orthodoxy. Back to this issue must be traced the fundamental differences which have disturbed its peace and prosperity during the past few years, and which threaten to cripple its efficiency in the future. This vagary of probation after death is one of those revolutionary ideas which upset the whole system of revelation. According to this theory, faith and repentance, instead of being limited to man's proper militant sphere, the present life, are vainly looked for in a world where he is no longer perfect man but only disembodied spirit. The actual followers of this theory are probably few if the whole denomination be considered, but there is a large minority who sympathize with them or are tolerant of their views. Furthermore, they have found no difficulty in obtaining a foothold in the churches, which are powerless through lack of organiza-

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tion. "The Congregational body," says the *Christian Intelligencer*, "has scarcely a consensus of doctrine, and in one council may demand the strictest orthodoxy and in another allow the widest latitudinarianism in the candidates for the ministry. The ordination of a Congregational minister decides little or nothing as respects doctrinal position."

But how to get along with the intolerant American Board is the problem which the new school are trying hard to solve. At the Cleveland session of the Missionary Society last year they were somewhat pacified by the action of the board in choosing a Prudential Committee of fifteen to consider possible plans for bringing the board and churches closer together. But when this committee reported at the recent New York meeting that they were "unprepared to recommend any change at present in the methods of election to corporate membership" the feeling of dissatisfaction became stronger than ever. It then immediately became clear to every one that the board is simply an arbitrary doctrinal and disciplinary propaganda which may snap its fingers at the churches and ecclesiastical councils according to its own pleasure. Dr. Patten, one of its members, in a vigorous speech before the whole assembly, describes exactly how the board deals with its candidates for service. I will quote his words as reported in the *Independent* of October 24, 1889:

"When, sir, a young man, having studied in one of our Congregational theological seminaries—also represented by a delegate in our National Council—sets his heart upon going to the missionary field, he perhaps applies to a Congregational local association to be examined and to be approved as a probationer for the ministry. He is so examined and approved, after a careful inquiry into his doctrinal soundness. Perhaps he even goes further, as has been done in one or more cases that might be named. Perhaps he goes before a Congregational Council and asks to be ordained as a Congregational minister. They subject him to a careful theological examination; they approve him—and the council is not a picked one, it is a council of the vicinage; not a small council, but a large one; not feeble in intellect, but composed of men of ability known through the land—such a council approves the man theologically, and even goes so far as to specifically declare that in that and other respects he is an excellent man to send to the foreign field. And when he is ordained, in behalf of that council a brother steps forward and gives him the right hand of fellowship. What does that mean? His individual fellowship? No, sir. It means the fellowship of that council, and through that council the fellowship of the de-

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nomination. Having thus received the fellowship of the denomination as a doctrinally sound man, and, so far forth as that is concerned, worthy to be sent to the missionary field (he having expressed his wish to go thither), he makes application to the Prudential Committee of this Board, and they, setting up a test not recognized by our councils, a test that is not warranted by the creed that was formed by a commission from the National Council, a test which our denomination, as such, knows nothing of, which it refuses to apply in case after case of men who come before its councils—this committee rejects the man, and thereby flings defiance in the face of the organized ecclesiastical fellowship of the Congregational churches. Now, sir, the case is a very simple one ecclesiastically. I am not discussing a point on which there may be division; I am not saying he is right or wrong theologically. It is the fact that a man pronounced in fellowship with our churches ecclesiastically is then rejected on the very ground on which he has been approved—rejected by this body through its Prudential Committee. And yet it calls itself our agency and represents itself by a delegate in our National Council. These things cannot be reconciled, sir, and our churches will never be satisfied until some steps are taken either by an alteration of the provision of this board in that respect, or an alteration of its constitution, by which it shall come more under the action of the churches, and there shall be an end to this discordant and contradictory matter. I have spoken plainly because this is a great question and the committee must give it consideration. If this committee can find no mode of extrication for the board, others will find a mode of extrication for the churches."

The American Board claims to be only an *agency* of the Congregational churches. What right, therefore, say the minority, has it to independent action? It certainly has no right, if it is a Congregational society. Moreover, Dr. Patten has a just grievance against it, as every one can see. No one ventured to deny his charges; the only refuge for the defence was evasion; reply was plainly impossible.

Dr. Griffis, another member, also arraigned the board at the last meeting on account of its opposition to the churches. He speaks of three scandals which have arisen from its method of action. One is the notorious fact that nearly all the Congregational ministers in the principal part of Boston, besides many others outside, would not be permitted by the board to preach the Gospel to the heathen; the second is that no Congregational minister, unless he comes in the character of a member, can

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have a voice in the proceedings of the board; thirdly, it is shameful that every candidate for the missions has to go before a secret tribunal to be judged, where he cannot take the position given him by a Congregational council. And these accusations were simply ignored; they could not be denied. As long as the board professes to be Congregational, it is certainly bound to abide by the decisions of the churches and ecclesiastical councils. Its present position is, therefore, manifestly absurd and ridiculous. If it wishes to remain orthodox in spite of the denomination, its only consistent course is to sever its connection with these unorthodox churches, expel its own liberal members, and become the agency of the strictly orthodox churches. But to do this would be difficult, because the churches everywhere are more or less infected with the new doctrines.

Now, it must become evident to every unbiased observer that the evil which these men are seeking to remove lies deeper than either party is willing to admit. It is inherent in the congregational polity, which has been very appropriately compared to "a rope of sand." It is the misfortune of our non-Catholic brethren that they never see their inconsistencies except singly, one by one, and only when it is too late to avoid a crash. What they all need is authority. Without it there can never be unanimity. Even the vote of a majority counts for nothing if the principle of authority be wanting; an unauthoritative religious body by its very nature can never require obedience. It can never make laws or rules without unmaking itself. From such bodies there must always be the legitimate refuge of secession, and this, if actually carried out, would destroy the organization. Nothing is more fallacious than the analogy which is sometimes made between independent states and churches. For it to hold there would have to be various authoritative churches, as there are different sovereign states. It must be conceded that all legitimate civil power is from God, and that the just laws of states bind in conscience; a president of our own Republic, for example, when duly elected, rules as validly as ever divinely-chosen king governed Israel.

Let us now apply these principles to spiritual government. All admit that there is such a thing as divine law through revelation, but if opposing churches and individuals are at liberty to interpret it in different ways, it becomes of no effect. A law by its very definition means a rule which emanates from authority and is of universal application; it presupposes authority and would be impossible without it. Hence we conclude that inas-

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much as law is a part of revelation and depends upon authority, revelation is inseparably linked with authority.

The Catholic Church is the only perfect religious society in the world, because she alone embodies those principles which unite men with God and with each other; and there are indications, thank God! that many of our separated brethren, who think and are conscientious, are beginning to see that the unity which she alone possesses must be divine. Her unity and perpetuity are the most prominent facts in the history of Christianity, and the promises of Christ are so manifestly the foundation of her authority that the latter could never have existed without the former. "Facts are never misinterpretations of God's promises. God never misinterprets himself in history."

H. H. WYMAN.

"AND PEACE ON EARTH."

"WELL, good-night and a Merry Christmas to you!" said the senior partner, shaking Ellis Whitcomb's hand. "And, dear me, man, why do you stultify yourself any longer over those papers? —Christmas eve, of all nights, when the wife and bairns must be expecting you home!".

"I get on faster when the others have gone and it's quiet," said Whitcomb. But when Mr. Gurney had left he seemed to forget all about his work, and leaned back in his chair with a look of abstraction, despairingly noted through the glass door by the office-boy, waiting to close up, and longing to be out on the street with the rest of the surging holiday throng. In truth, the young lawyer had been retarded in his writing, and could hardly see it now, by reason of a vision which interposed itself between his eyes and the closely written pages, and would not down for all his habit of concentration. It was of a man's head, younger than his own, and of a more joyous type than were his clear-cut, grave, intellectual features. The hair, of a much brighter brown than Ellis Whitcomb's, waved gracefully over the boyish head, and the curves of the smiling mouth and glance of the bright eyes showed an ardent love of pleasure, and perhaps a touch of recklessness. The last time he had seen it the face had worn a look of angry defiance, and the recklessness had degenerated into insolence. Yet still to another might have been visible the subtle family likeness so curiously assim-

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ilating faces otherwise different. For these two heads had lain on one pillow in care-free, dreamless nights long gone, and had bent together in brotherly amity over the same school-books. And the elder could hear across the years an echo of the motherly voice, silent now, which said: "And when I leave you two alone together, you must bear with him, Ellis, for he is younger and much more impetuous than you."

He rose and commenced pacing up and down the floor, unknowing of the office-boy's pantomime without, which simulated the tearing out of handfuls of hair at the further delay. Had it been but a year ago that in this very room his indignation at the younger brother's misconduct—betting on horses and gambling at cards, wild associates and reckless courses, euphemistically called "follies" by the world—had provoked a sharp reprimand, which, met with defiance, had ended in a merited dismissal from the firm's employ? In that he could feel that he was right. The stern sense of justice which dealt equally with himself and others fully approved. Any further condonation of negligence absolute and entire, a little more indulgence, and chaos in the establishment must have come again. Already the eye-brows of the senior partner—something of a martinet—took a significant curve at mention of Walter Whitcomb's name, though he forbore greatly for his valued junior's sake. Already among the clerks had crept in a general laxity and breaches of discipline, tacitly assumed to be justified by the younger Whitcomb's example. Had not Ellis tried in the years during which he had been mounting in fortune and reputation in his profession to draw his brother with him and infuse into the really brilliant though undisciplined mind his own steady ambition and habits of work and self-control? Then, at the last, after so much forbearance and indulgence, to have Walter take his hat with a careless smile and say: "So I am free at last! No pent-up Utica of a law-office with unending briefs and cast-iron rules need contain me longer. You see, Ellis, having only blood and not ichor in my veins, I cannot sit superior among the gods, like you, or like my grandsire carved in alabaster!"

Thus far the elder's conscience had gone with him in retrospect; but now he felt a pang, remembering the incisive, freezing words of cold contempt with which he met this outburst, angered at the assumption that he who was but a man had had no temptations to overcome, no hours of self-combat. Then his brother, with *débonnaire* smile changed to a sudden white look, had said:

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"I presume I may see Christine when I call?"

"As she shall decide," sternly. After this Walter had left without another word, to reappear at his brother's house that night in company for the first time—for intemperance was not his habit—with an enemy who had stolen his brains. His careless demeanor, his wild sallies, his reckless laughter had shocked the two women who had been his constant advocates, his betrothed and her sister, Ellis's wife. And next day, without a word exchanged between the sisters on this subject, the girl sent her lover a note of dismissal for what seemed to her spirited though gentle nature a deliberate insult as well as an ill omen for the future. Since then his name had not been mentioned among them, though her indifference to other suitors and a recent severe illness had made Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb suspect that her grieved longing for the absent was greater than pride would have allowed.

The brother frowned now, then sighed heavily, and going to the desk began gathering the scattered papers. The office-boy, hope springing eternally in his human breast, stood on his hands in the deep shadow outside the radius of electric light at this favorable sign, but resumed his usual perpendicular hastily and confusedly at sight of a form which came in through the outer door, while a visitor's voice asked:

"Mr. Whitcomb still here? Ah! yes, I see him. You need not show me in; I know the way."

The glass door closed again, and the boy gave himself up once more to utter depression.

"Ah! Mr. Whitcomb," said the caller, a young man and very carefully attired, "I hardly hoped to find you here so late on Christmas eve. I am afraid you work too closely. You should be more careful of your health."

"Thank you, I am very well," replied Whitcomb with the impassive look and manner he habitually wore with all but intimates. "What can I do for you, Mr. Hammond? Sit down."

"As I have chanced to find you here I will detain you for a moment, though most likely my call, as a matter of business"—smiling—"is absurdly unnecessary. Our paying teller's frequent spasms of distrust often make us laugh at the bank. However, in this case"—feeling in an inner pocket—"he having raised the ghost of a doubt, it was best to have it laid at once."

He opened his note-book, and took out a slip of paper.

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"A check of yours was presented at bank to-day and cashed. On after-scrutiny the teller fancied there was something queer about the signature. It looks all right to me, but he persisted in finding some unfamiliar touches about it; and to satisfy his tardy caution I undertook to show it to you on my way home this evening. The child is well known at the bank."

"The child?" Whitcomb said inquiringly, taking the paper from his hand.

"A little girl, name Green; mother keeps house on Thirty-fourth Street," with a swift but intent look at Whitcomb's face. "She has often"—slowly—"been to the bank before."

The lawyer's expression changed not at all under scrutiny. "To present my checks, usually?" he asked.

The visitor hesitated perceptibly. "When your brother was with you, you know. He sent her occasionally to draw money for him—when convenient."

Whitcomb drew nearer the great green shade over his light to look more closely at the check. Who was it that had the faculty of copying hand-writing so exactly? Whose playful imitation of his signature had often caused a smile and the pointing out of minute differences, one or two of which were visible here? With whom had Walter lodged since he had wilfully abandoned the restraints of his brother's roof? A sort of spasm constricted for a moment the regular features, which were as calm as ever when he turned to the cashier and said quietly, after glancing at his check-book: "You may tell Mr. Anderson that it is all right, and the bank is quite safe."

Hammond arose, buttoning a loosened glove, and cheerfully rejoined: "Well, it will be quite a relief to the old fellow. And you will excuse my detaining you. A lawyer must know, even better than a bank officer, that the habit of distrust in a business man is unfortunately well founded." He received a bow of assent to this pessimistic view of human nature, and paused at the door to say ceremoniously: "Will you kindly present my compliments to Mrs. Whitcomb and Miss Selby. I am going out of town for the holidays, or would have the pleasure of calling on them"—a pleasure which he knew Miss Selby, at least, hardly counted on his having, in view of a recent interview, disappointing in nature to him; but he trusted to her delicate reticence, and was a man, moreover, tenacious of purpose. Out in the street he smiled, lighting a cigarette, and muttered between his teeth:

"It's all the same to me. If he chooses to acknowledge the

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signature, it still answers my purpose of keeping that fellow from the house where she is; and time and I against any two." And was presently lost in the hurrying multitude.

Up-stairs, the lawyer finished securing his papers, and gave the office-boy, now almost past emotion, a handsome Christmas-box, together with the welcome dismissal. The boy's grin of delight faded in a measure when he looked up at his employer, whom he admired beyond all sons of men.

"I guess you're as tired as me, Mr. Whitcomb," he ventured.

"As tired as you! Well, I *have* kept you late, Tom, for Christmas eve. Enjoy yourself all you can and be a good boy."

He had to stand in the "L" car all the way home, and was jostled and pushed and prodded with Noah's arks and dolls' legs and tin swords and other very much considered trifles irregularly outlining the bundles carried homeward by happy, tired shoppers. Ordinarily the humors of this good-natured Christmas mob would have diverted him; and the glimpses afforded, through all the noise and laughter of the swaying jam of people, into the common, kindly, human affections would have appealed to the deep tenderness underlying his rather cold appearance. But to-night he hardly knew he was uncomfortably crowded, and only noted, unconsciously, a sign somewhere, a flaming advertisement of Angostura Bitters, which he must have repeated scores of times mentally without once apprehending its meaning. When he got out finally at his station, near the Park, he ran down the steps, nor observed in the least the beauty of the night, with the "white moon shepherding her stars of gold," as on another Christmas eve long ago, under far Syrian skies. At the corner of his street the clear, chill air struck coldly on his cheek, and he realized the necessity of pulling himself together before going in. He walked the length of the snow-banked pavement, which a late frost had left crisp and firm, three, four, many times before he had well under control the tumult of shocked feelings, of miserable disappointment, of wretched suspicion amounting to mental conviction; keenest of all, perhaps secretly, of mortally wounded pride, that the family standard held aloft by him should be dragged in the mire by another, and that other—Walter! Did Hammond suspect? He thought he had detected a curious expression of his once or twice. He might be intimate with Walter—belonged to the same clubs, perhaps; how could *he* tell who, through the strange chances of a great city, had not seen his brother's face for a year? He forcibly ceased thinking of the matter for the time, and let himself in at his door.

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"Papa, papa!" cried his two chubby boys, tumbling over each other to get at him.

"They are only waiting to see you before going to bed," said the dainty little woman on his arm. "Boys who want to go to five o'clock Mass should be asleep by this time. Are you not very late, dear?"

"I was getting ravenous myself," the tall, graceful girl under the portière calmly remarked. "A Barmacide's feast is all very well up to nine o'clock, but I was just preparing to dine off Hugh or Selby when you came in."

"We an't been killed yet!" said darkly, with a small war-whoop, Hugh, who addressed his aunt, and whose grammar, his mother declared, made cold chills run up and down her spine.

"You have spent the time of waiting profitably, at least," said Whitcomb, glancing about the pretty rooms, gay with Christmas boughs and flowers. "What delicious fragrance! Ah! the violets."

He bent over the flat basket filled with violets of all shades and fringed with maiden's-hair fern, and with simply an address affixed.

"They are Christine's prettiest gift," said his wife, "and came without card or message. She cannot guess the sender."

The faintest accession of color in the girl's fair cheek might have seemed to contradict this.

"Mr. Hammond, perhaps," continued his wife. "He sends flowers frequently."

"They do not look like Mr. Hammond's," said the girl. "He thinks more showy blooms and of gayer tints better become young womanhood's time o' day. His taste is not, I fancy, for 'violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath'"—this with a caress in her voice; then, somewhat jealously drawing her basket away from the others' eyes: "You will not mind if I am a little selfish with these, and take them to my oratory? The parlors are so filled with flowers."

As she carried them carefully away a sudden thought struck her sister, and she glanced quickly and apprehensively at her husband. But he was playing with the little sons, and she did not see the slight contraction of his brow which followed her suggestive look.

Christmas day dawned clear, cold, and bright, as the night had promised. Joy-bells rang early from the steeples, merry little knots of people came trooping through the streets from the first Masses. The cheery voices of his own family group returning awaked Whitcomb from an oppressive dream to remember

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that a sullen cloud lowered over his day. Every trace of regretful tenderness was now eliminated from his mood, which had settled into bitter indignation and cold contempt for the sinner. With all so ill about his heart, there were Christmas gifts and greetings to exchange, his wife and sister's pretty attentions to acknowledge, the boys' clamorous, overwhelming, swarming, but fortunately short-lived, gratitude to endure. He had a half-thought, so unfit his frame of mind, of omitting attendance at the late Mass; but the habit of religious observance prevailed.

"O papa!" cried Hugh, hopping about the party ready to start, "don't mamma and Auntie Chris look beautiful in their new coats?"

"Forgive the ungallant omission of which Hugh reminds me, ladies," said Whitcomb. "I should have told you before that no nymphs of Venus, in new seal-skin coats and turbans, could ever look half so fair as you do!" In fact, the soft fur brought out to charming advantage the tints of Christine's cheeks and soft blond curls about brow and neck. Why did his wife sigh as the girl stepped in front with a little escort on each side? Was it of the violets she thought?

"If you will both permit me one criticism," said Whitcomb hastily, in a jesting tone, "I am responsible for the seal-skin, but not for those dead birds I see in the hats."

"They were *quite* dead when they came to us," said Christine over her shoulder, with pretended ingenuousness.

"As dead as the seals were," supplemented his wife.

"The seals give warmth at least with their skins, but you cannot pretend the poor little slain birds are useful."

"What became of the quantities of fish you used to catch last summer in the Adirondacks?" inquired his wife with apparent irrelevance. A discussion, half-jest, half-earnest, lasted until they were at the church-door. But when the girl stopped in the porch to draw her gloved hand from the muff and touch his, whispering with a smile:

"You are quite right, Ellis, and all such cruelty is wrong. I will celebrate His birthday by abjuring it," why should the trifling episode have made his hurt throb painfully? Good God! how sweet were the best of women, and how unworthy often those to whom they gave their pure affections! He knelt and rose, and knelt and rose, and hardly knew where he was until the choristers' clear, sweet, thrilling tones swelled high in the "*Gloria in Excelsis.*" "*Et in terra pax*" they sang, and a surging wave of anger went through him, hotly. "Peace,"

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"peace," where there was none. The Prince of Peace had come, and what then? Was there any less selfish wickedness or triumphant sin in the world? "*Bonæ voluntatis*" chanted the boyish voices. He caught at the thought; it was only to men of gentle will this peace was promised. But why, then, was he so tormented who had tried to keep himself from ill-doing? Did any sinner suffer alone? or did he not rather go on his way careless, leaving the suffering to others? "If I refrain from punishing him, I hope God will not," he had nearly hardened himself into thinking.

The Mass went on with chiming bells and mists of incense and solemn intoning, and at last the preacher mounted into the pulpit, a spare, worn-looking man, in the dress of his order, with a singularly sweet expression. He read the epistle and gospel appointed for this Mass, and Whitcomb took a hard satisfaction in such phrases as: "Making purgation of sins," "His ministers a flame of fire," "Who hast loved justice and hated iniquity!" But the father, after some timely affectionate Christmas greetings to his flock, passed on to discourse otherwise.

"To-day is born to us a Saviour," he said in substance, "who, his rulership and eternal justice in abeyance, stretches out his hands with yearning ardor, pleading always, 'My Son, give me your heart; I come for it! Behold, I stand at your door and wait.' Oh! dearly beloved, think of it! He waits! He waits! Is there one of us would keep him without? The source and perfection of truth, beauty, light, sweetness, of all we desire and adore, stands at our door, lovingly calling. And wide open we throw the portals and fall at his feet, and pray him to enter because of the love we bear him."

"But what if he, Life of our life, comes not in? What if he turns away with sorrowful eyes and tender voice, complaining: 'Nay, this dwelling is not for me. There is no love within!' 'Oh! Master, who could fail to love you?' And he answers in words that himself inspired: 'If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.'"

"Come, let us see if this it is which keeps the Lord from our unprepared souls. Have we built around ourselves a wall of pride and angry resentment and contempt for the little ones and the weaker brethren? Do we wrap our garments in pharisaical scorn about us and withdraw them from the clinging hands of those who might with such help arise? Have we that charity without which he knows we love not him?—the charity which is patient, is kind, is not provoked to anger;

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which beareth, hopeth, endureth all things, and which never falleth away; the charity we so sorely need, each one from others, for who can say: 'My heart is clean; I am pure from sin'? And in his eyes there is no man upon earth who doth good and sinneth not! But to our proud and unforgiving souls shall we lay the flattering unction that it is the wrong we scorn and not the offender? God is not thus mocked. His clear eyes see the pride, the spiritual arrogance, which make us walk far on the other side, though he has bidden us help our brother rise not seven or seventy times, but always, as He does. 'He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.' On this gracious Christmas day he came to be a propitiation for the sins of each of us."

"My dearest, if God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another. Let us love one another, dearly beloved, for love is of God. And this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God love also his brother. So, dearly beloved, may the divine Guest enter the open portals of our souls, and finding there that ardent, helpful, humble brotherly love, leave with us his peace which is eternal and passeth understanding."

A few more words, and the father left the pulpit. To Ellis Whitcomb every word was as though addressed to him directly, so earnest was the preacher's manner, so entirely was he possessed with the feeling of his words. "To men of good-will," a voice seemed whispering, and suddenly a touch of sad humility came to soften him, and his anger was more like grief. After the last gospel, and when the white-robed procession of priests and choristers went winding out, their voices fading gradually away in the "Adeste fideles," he was able to sink on his knees and say for his first prayer that day: "Oh! give me, a sinner, grace to forgive!" His secret burden was still with him, yet his heart was certainly lighter to take part in the cheery salutations and greetings outside, where the sparkling snow and sunshine combined to make all bright.

"By the way," said a recent acquaintance, "I must congratulate you if your namesake on the *Era* is a relative. To mount from a reportership to writing brilliant leaders that every one is talking about within one year is a rapid flight."

"My brother writes for that paper," said Whitcomb quietly; which, indeed, was all he knew now of Walter's life, save one other damning fact.

High carnival reigned in the nursery, where a flock of visit-

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ing children aided Hugh and Selby to act some little Christmas play under the able management of Aunt Christine.

"A gentleman to see you in the liberry, Mr. Whitcomb," announced the new butler. "Didn't give no card, sir." The fleeting smile at the children's antics had left his lips before he entered the library. And there stood he whose face had come between him and work last night. "Walter!" The surprise made him stand mute and apparently cold. The other's eager advance was checked.

"It is Christmas day, Ellis; and though I acted like a brute, and you were a little harsh, perhaps, though just, the last time I was here, I have returned, you see. I thought after—after all the kindness I seemed to slight—you might still be interested in hearing of my success. I have worked hard since then at business more congenial to me than law papers"—with a most winning smile—"and have kept steady for my own sake, not to speak of yours, and—and—well, to end the tedious, brief tale, I am promoted to a desk in the editorial room now, with a fair prospect for the future."

"I am very glad. I congratulate you," said Ellis, but so mechanically that his brother was chilled and repulsed.

"You may be more interested," said he in an altered tone, "in the second matter which brought me here. I was told that Gurney & Whitcomb had invested largely in Nirvana Mine stock. As a journalist I happen to know that it is unsound, and to be got rid of as soon as possible."

"We were only thinking of investing, and thank you for your very useful information"; but still with such constraint that Walter cried:

"As you are so ill-pleased to see me, Ellis, I will not stay; but surely we may shake hands first." He held his out, but his brother made no movement towards it, and, wounded to the heart, he turned to go.

"Stop!" said Ellis abruptly. "I was thinking of something else. Are you still lodging with Mrs. Green, in Thirty-fourth Street?"

"Yes," with some wonder, "as she inclines to spoil me, I continue to give her the chance."

"Do you generally pay her several months at a time, and with a check?"

"Certainly not," with increasing surprise. "You are thinking of the careless fellow I used to be. After—after receiving a certain letter which was as torturing and salutary as the surgeon's knife,

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I laid down strict rules of life for myself, and one is to pay as I go—or not to go."

"Then if her little girl presented one of my checks at bank—"

"Can't see what her little girl would be doing with checks signed by you. I used to send her sometimes long ago, but not for the last year, certainly, for more than one reason."

"It was a check with my signature," hoarsely and drawing nearer, "but not signed by me." The brothers looked into each other's faces, and Walter's flushed darkly-red up to the sunny locks on his temples, then grew white.

"And could you think because I used in jest to imitate—Gracious God! could you think such a thing of *me?* I would not have believed the world against *you.*"

"Our different lives—your temptations—your difficulties—I knew nothing," Ellis said brokenly.

"If I must prove my innocence to you," Walter said hotly, "it shall be done. But now I will go. I cannot breathe here a moment longer, and it is I who would not touch *your* hand now."

He moved towards the door. "Stay, stay!" cried the elder, stepping between. Without further proof than the frank glance of those wide, blue eyes, and ringing, indignant tones of the familiar voice, the dense cloud of misery which had enveloped him since last night seemed to roll away in a moment, and all was clear as the day.

"My dear, dearest boy, forgive me! Now that I see you again, I know it was impossible." Who had seen before this new expression of humility mixed with love on the lawyer's grave, proud face? He held out his arms unconsciously. "O Walter! how I have loved and missed you all these days!" The eager blood rushed once more into the younger's face, and in another instant the two men held each other in close embrace, a hard-wrung sob from Ellis testifying to the tense strain of the past hours.

"You will see now," said Walter cheerfully, later on, "how quickly we two together can clear up this matter. Tell me the circumstances."

"Hammond! Hammond!" he cried, when he had heard the account. "I know a thing or two about Mr. Hammond which it might be well for the bank to know. He is also a bitter enemy of mine since I opposed his admission to a certain club, where it would not have been safe for the younger members to

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play cards with him. I had meant to warn you when I heard that he visited here often. Is he a favorite with—with Ada?"

"With neither of the ladies," with commendable gravity; then fiercely: "If he is the rascal, he shall pay me for what I have endured! We will follow Mr. Hammond's windings until they land him in prison—or in Canada."

"But not to-day!", said Walter, with a wistful note. "To-morrow will be soon enough for justice. It is Christmas. This morning I went to church, and I hope to see an angel before night"—with questioning.

"As she shall decide," said Ellis, in words used before, but how different a tone! "Will you stay now?"

"I cannot. I am late for an appointment."

"Come back to dinner. We expect some people; but if you came an hour early; and I asked Christine just then to arrange the flowers on the table"—

As Walter took off his overcoat in the hall that night he could hear the children's voices where they sang overhead with their mother in the nursery, before going to bed, the old carol:

"And all the choirs of heaven shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day!"

And while he stood there, the fat butler being gone, down the wide stair-case carpeted with dull red came, in slow unconsciousness, a vision he had dreamed of. Slender and spirituel, in a soft, white gown bordered with a narrow broidery of gold about neck and hem, a knot of violets at her belt, the light shining on the blond curls, cut short during her illness and clustering about her graceful head, Christine looked now like an angel of Fra Angelico's. At the landing she stood transfixed, suddenly meeting his upturned, ardent gaze. In a few rapid steps he had mounted to her feet, and knelt there. "Oh! love, can you find some little forgiveness in your heart for me? I saw you at Communion this morning, when you wore my violets, and you wear them now. Did you guess they came from me? Remember over whom there is most joy in heaven, and speak to me, sweetest!" He raised the hem of her robe to his lips, while with a lovely smile she laid her two hands on his shoulders, and overhead the childish voices sang:

"And the joy-bells of earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day!"

JEANIE DRAKE.

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A TYPICAL IRISHMAN.

It has become the fashion to publish letters, diaries, whatsoever personal fragments may remain of those who have in any way gained prominence among their fellows. It is a time which delights in analysis of one's self or of others. By means of such personal fragments access is had in some degree to the inner life of men of whom the outward life is, or was, matter of comment. The letters of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, or, rather, such extracts as have been selected from amongst many, offer no exception to the rule. They are a true index to his character. Their testimony is the more valuable that it was Mr. McGee's lot, as it is too often the lot of genius, to be misunderstood. Yet when the history of the period in which he lived comes to be written, in so far as the history of Ireland and the history of Canada are concerned, the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee will stand out in bold relief. And not alone because he was the poet, the orator, the historian, but on account of those statesman-like qualities which aided so powerfully the moulding of a new empire in North America, and forecast schemes so enlightened, so wise, and so far-seeing for Ireland. In this latter respect he was in advance of his times. He foresaw much that has since come to pass.

Mr. McGee has been compared to Edmund Burke, and with justice. But it must be observed that at an age when Edmund Burke was scarcely entering upon his career of greatness Thomas D'Arcy McGee's earthly course came to a sudden and awful stop. The hand of a wretched fellow-creature deprived him of life at the very time when his powers were attaining their full maturity. It is said that he made the most brilliant speech of his life in the hours preceding his assassination. The discourse was on the union of the provinces, and for more than two hours he held friend and foe spellbound by his marvellous eloquence. It was a cherished scheme of Mr. McGee to publish biographies of the Irish orators. Any such catalogue would have been incomplete without his own name. The charm of finished oratory has been universally accorded him, with a personal magnetism proceeding from fine and warm sympathy, with ready enthusiasm, with high aspiration, with lofty conceptions, with the soul of a poet, the brain of a statesman, and the heart of a patriot. What a life, how valuable to the cause of Ireland, how serviceable to his adopted

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country, was cut short by that fatal bullet! It was the saddest irony of destiny that Mr. McGee's love for the Irish people should have been, by a certain portion of them, so cruelly misunderstood. Love of Ireland and the Irish was a species of infatuation with him. He never wearied devising plans for the elevation and the welfare of his countrymen at home and abroad. An insult offered to his race galled him more than an affront to himself. It wounded him most of all that Irishmen should ever seem wanting in self-respect, or should by their conduct expose themselves to reproach. This excessive solicitude for their good name betrayed him occasionally into a warmth of language which was made a weapon against him. However, it is neither the object of the present sketch to enter into any of these questions, nor yet to attempt a detailed account of the life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the main facts of which are tolerably familiar to the public. Besides, it will be best to allow the letters to speak for themselves. Only, a word may not be out of place on the most honorable fact of an honorable career, and yet one which was most severely criticised. Mr. McGee was reproached with inconsistency because he had gone over from the party of violence and revolution to that of constitutional agitation for Irish grievances. This he did simply because he had grown wiser. At the risk of alienating some who had been his friends and losing the confidence of others, he ceased to declaim when declamation meant nothing, or, if anything, mischief. He ceased to incite to violence when his maturity of thought convinced him of the futility of such a course, as well as its attendant dangers. When youth had ceased to throw its false light over ground that was unsteady the traveller gained the safe road. His eyes had risen from the will-o'-the-wisp to the tranquil security of the fixed star.

His reasons are clearly and admirably given in an open letter addressed to Meagher, and published in the *American Celt* many years ago. The same letter was reproduced in an introduction to the collected *Poems* of Mr. McGee. Having reflected upon the "very superficial views of political science" taught by modern books, Mr. McGee goes on to sum up all his arguments against revolution and its partisans in the following propositions: "That there is a Christendom; that this Christendom exists for and by the Catholic Church; that there is in our own age one of the most dangerous and general conspiracies against Christendom that the world has yet seen; that this conspiracy is aided, abetted, and tolerated by many because of its stolen watchword, Liberty; that it is the highest duty of a Catholic man to go over cheer-

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fully, heartily, and at once to the side of Christendom, to the Catholic side, and to resist with all his might the conspirators who, under the stolen name of Liberty, make war upon all Christian institutions."

The boyish advocate of revolution had become a Christian thinker. But to the hour of his death Mr. McGee believed in the efficacy of constitutional reform for Irish wrongs, and was ready to promote it whenever opportunity offered. In the Parliament of Canada, in public and private utterances, in his correspondence—as, for instance, his celebrated letter to Lord Mayo—he reiterates the necessity of reform and the means most likely to accomplish it. His desire was to see Ireland as free as Canada.

Somewhere about 1856 Mr. McGee was invited by a number of his fellow-countrymen in Canada to settle among them. His years of toil and struggle in the United States had proved unremunerative, and the prospect seemed a tempting one, though his ambition at first only pointed to the foundation of a Catholic newspaper there. He announces finally his determination to go to Montreal, remarking that the step would be a turning-point in his life. It was more. It was the beginning of a brief but exceptionally brilliant public career. It was the working out of that dispensation of Providence which made the Irish exile so powerful a factor in the political life of Canada.

The journal, the *New Era*, which Mr. McGee founded in Montreal in the summer of 1856 met with no great success. But before its founder had been a year in Canada he was unanimously nominated by the Irish in Montreal to represent them in parliament. Acting upon the advice of friends, he accepted the offer, and entered into public life beset with unusual difficulties. The English, Scotch, and Irish Protestant element opposed him as they would have any one of his race and religion. The French-Canadians were indifferent. The new-comer was a stranger, comparatively poor and unknown. The time came when religious differences and national animosities melted away under the magic of this illustrious Irishman's genius, under the spell of his genial warmth of heart. He was an uncompromising Catholic to the last; but English and Scotch Protestants became his most devoted friends, and so favorably had he impressed the very Orangemen that it was one of the electioneering calumnies circulated in the months preceding his death that Mr. McGee was a member of an Orange lodge. The truth was that, perhaps, no public man in Canada ever did so much to smooth away religious animosities and to unite the various nationalities

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which go to make up the Dominion. And this without the slightest sacrifice of principle. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was no liberal Catholic, as the phrase is absurdly used. In his public as in his private relations, in the House of Commons as in the freedom of social intercourse, no man ever forgot that this noble-hearted Irishman was devoted to the Catholic faith. In this he was an example for all public men.

Some of Mr. McGee's letters date back to the almost prehistoric time, when, to use his own expression, "the Grand Trunk had not yet *unified* Canada." But I shall begin with one written from Montreal on the 6th of August, 1860:

"MY DEAR S.: You know we are on the eve of a great event here, and I believe I am to be the orator of the occasion. The Hon. John Young asked me on Saturday if I would consent to make the speech about the bridge, before His Royal Highness." [His Royal Highness was the Prince of Wales, and the bridge was the celebrated Victoria Railway Bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence, and which had just been erected by the Grand Trunk.] "Imagine Sir E. K. [then governor] forced to listen to me for an hour on such a theme as Canada's future."

At Christmas of 1860 comes the following letter:

"These are strange times and events in the United States. I still cannot believe that the other cotton States will follow South Carolina's lead—but there is no reasoning *à priori* on what men will do in a revolution. A settlement by mutual concessions would be the natural end of such a quarrel, but if we are not wholly misled by the New York papers, neither party seems in a temper for conciliation. New York will suffer most financially, but she will be the first to recover. She has shot too far ahead of any rival to be overtaken, and, after all, trade and credit depend more on natural than on conventional laws."

Somewhere about this time there is a question in his letters of some political contingency likely to affect the Irish. "If the Irish people," he says, "do not rise *en masse*, they are politically lost. For myself I care little, as, unless the aspect of affairs changes, I shall not again be a candidate for Montreal. I have upheld my principles, and, perhaps, added to my reputation in Canada. But I would not for any reward renew the same servitude on the same terms for four years. As an Irish citizen of Montreal, however, I am deeply interested in maintaining the social strength of my countrymen."

In one of his letters, later on, he makes the following remark: "How horrible the news from Virginia! Every one here,

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except the plated-over Tories, feel deeply with and for the North. God grant it all well over and soon!" It will be as well, perhaps, to group any farther extracts relating to the subject of the war irrespective of chronological order. "What a war, and what slaughter!" he exclaims; "how fervently *now* can I echo the prayer: 'Lord, send us peace in our days!'" "War," he says again, "is a horrible business, and is only relieved by individual heroism from being a beastly one." "I do not know," he writes again, "what report you have seen of our war meeting. . . . I moved a resolution desiring peace above all, but rested my foot upon the ground of defence of our homes, but not one step towards aggression. . . . Canada we must uphold, but beyond that we go not."

"Although the affair of the *Trent* has blown over," he says, in a letter of January 2, 1862, "I really fear we are on the verge of war still—that is, unless the United States are prepared to see the South introduced among nations and recognized as one. Both England and France seem determined to break the blockade. Against both *united* what can you do? Harry us in Canada? Well, that will be a poor and shabby revenge at best. My patriotism for Canada is a future nationality, neither British nor Yankee, and a war *might* contribute to that result. Peace and settlement, however, would be *certain* to bring it about in another half-century, and I should prefer to trust those slow but sure agencies rather than the doubtful issue of arms. However, if it must come it must, and so you and I and many more of us will be enemies against the grain. . . . Montreal never was gayer than yesterday. The very muttering of the distant storm seemed to give an intensity to the public enjoyment. I can now understand how it was that the lava caught so many of the Pompeians in theatre or banqueting-hall. Many happy returns of the day to you and yours, and the Lord send us peace in '62." Of course, it will be seen wider issues are touched upon in the foregoing extract than the mere probability of war. Mr. McGee plainly forecasts what he believes to be the future political destiny of Canada—distinct nationality. He declares distinctly: "No provocation of abuse, how undeserved you know, shall make me contribute one chip to fan the flame against the United States." In April, 1865, the news of the assassination of President Lincoln having reached him, he writes: "What awful news from Washington! We have just heard the first fact, and such a fact! Like a pomegranate, its seeds are countless. What is to be the consequence of such a dreadful cause? But all

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speculation is vain and idle." In connection with the same subject he made use of the forcible expression, "that the bullet or dagger of the assassin never yet reached the heart of a great cause." In that same month of April, precisely three years afterwards, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was to share the fate of Abraham Lincoln. As the loss of the latter was in that crisis of American history an incalculable one, so were Ireland and Canada by the later political crime deprived of an infinitely valuable life. Ireland had scarcely a greater, as she never had a more devoted son. Canada in her whole history can boast of few such statesmen.

Occasionally he touches upon public affairs, as:

"My winter leisure has so far been spent mostly in Upper Canada, in the service of *myself* and the opposition. I think I am putting a new national basis under this party; at least, I hope so. You can hardly imagine the interest I now take in this country and all that belongs to it. But it does not and never can supply the field for mental labor and affectionate inspiration which Ireland would have done. However, God disposes."

How strange it seems to find him writing of an event so long an accomplished fact, and a mighty one, as still a future contingency. He is touching upon the union of the provinces, which Canada owes to himself with those two illustrious statesmen, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier. "The Confederation will, I think, succeed, though not without local agitations against it. It will be conducted almost in the inverse ratio of the American; the general government will be sovereign, the Provincial subordinate to the general. The rights of religious minorities in each section will be guaranteed in the constitution. This I regard as my greatest gain; for I may say (confidentially) that this clause is wholly mine; of course, with consent of the others."

On his return from a transatlantic trip he writes: "News of electioneering and cabinet-making intrigues from Canada induced me to hasten my return by three or four weeks, and will start me off to Ottawa to-morrow morning. As you may suppose, passing out of one state of national existence into another, there is no end of compromise and rearrangement. About my own position I have no anxiety. . . . The new cabinet is to be called the Privy Council; the members, as in England, are to be called Right Honorable; the income attached to office (I suppose) increased. The new Dominion will date from the 1st day of July, which probably will become our national anniver-

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sary. The first elections will probably take place in August." It was a melancholy fact that he never lived to see even one anniversary of the consolidation of the Provinces.

"Our first Federal elections," he writes, "will take place shortly, probably late in July, and, the New York *Herald's* informant to the contrary, I only wish I was as sure of heaven as of Montreal West. I am also offered local representation of Prescott County, in the Ontario (U. C.) Parliament, and unless there is a rule made against dual representation, I shall accept it, if only for a session or two, in order to protect the Catholic minority in the West, who have few constituencies open to them, and fewer candidates."

On a subject which Mr. McGee held to be of scarcely less vital importance than public concerns, the evil of secret societies, he now touches. Frequently in the course of his official career, and often in his private correspondence, he condemns them as "the source and root of all evil." It was his great grief that they should have taken any hold upon some "Irishmen, and, I am told, women too," he somewhat sadly adds in one letter. "A new clause," he writes, "has been inserted unanimously in the Declaration of the St. Patrick Society, that all members, old and new, are now obliged to sign, namely, 'that they are not members of *any secret* society.' . . . The skirts of the national society must be kept clear of the suspicion even of secrecy." "I have just been reading the article in the *Tablet*," he says, "on Brownson and secret societies, and I need hardly say how thoroughly I go with both." He goes on to speak of "the old Reviewer" in the same letter as "a man so brave, so gifted, and so nobly earnest. Brownson," he adds, "was too big for New England. He should have travelled in early life and seen countries, Europe certainly, Asia if possible." He more than once alludes to the great American with the generous admiration for the talents of others so characteristic of him.

To quote almost at random a few extracts from his letters which refer in one way or another to people belonging to the world of literature: "Sam Ferguson has sent his *Lays of the Western Gael*, published by Bell & Daldy, of London, one volume about the size of Miss Procter's *Poems*, not so large, quite. I shall frank it to you from Quebec. They are, in my judgment, the noblest and most Irish poems ever published in English. Since Moore no such bard has arisen. Last night I felt poetical myself. I was at Monklands" (the Congregation Convent of Villa Maria), "where Fasa" (his eldest daughter) "and

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most of the girls went to Holy Communion. I was deeply moved by the whole scene, and came home full to absolute silence."

"This young Sullivan," he says in a postscript to one of his letters, "writes the reviews and literary articles in the *Nation* and deserves all I have said of him." I am uncertain whether the Sullivan here referred to is A. M. or T. D. Sullivan.

"I knew Samuel Ferguson's letter would give you pleasure," he writes again, "and therefore sent it. What a fine, hearty letter it is, from a man whom I have not seen for nearly twenty years, who was hailed as a true poet by old Kit North so early as 1832, in the immortal *Noctes*, and, above all, who is so genuinely young-hearted in his attachment to native themes and native honor. I have sent for his Christmas book, and you shall have the second reading of it."

"So the poor archbishop" (Hughes) "is dead. I heard the news suddenly at Brockville, the other day, and felt it most sincerely. God rest his soul! A gifted man and a great worker, I had almost concluded to write some tribute to his character—not in verse, for it has not to me the song-yielding qualities, but in good oratorical prose. However, at the St. Patrick's Society festival, on the 17th inst., in Montreal, I may probably contribute my quoit to his cairn. A hearty, honest, though modulated testimony would, perhaps, from me be not only fit and proper now, but a debt due to the proprieties of the past. I am anxious to read your tribute to the mitred tribune." The allusion to "the proprieties of the past" related to some newspaper controversy in which the archbishop and Mr. McGee had once been opponents. The next extract is singularly characteristic of the warm heart, the generous and, withal, the delicate spirit. As all concerned are, I believe, dead, there can be no indiscretion in making what follows public:

"I ask you to read the enclosed sad story of poor Henry Giles. It is written by his wife, to whom I have not yet dared to reply. I have done, however, this moment on a first impulse, pray God it be a good omen! what I did not think I should ever have done; I have written to —— a friendly letter, asking for help. I suggested that perhaps a few friends in New York, Boston, and Montreal could *quietly* do something. I have promised at the same time to write to you, my dear S., and to stir Montreal (still without publicity) whenever I hear from both. . . . I propose myself out of my munificence to give $100. Here is a work for ——. Put this letter into his hands. Let

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him see D——, Father K——, and any other *true* Irishman who ever heard Giles. But let the sacred poverty of genius be scrupulously respected. Oh! if we could raise even a couple of thousand dollars, how rejoiced I should be, not less for the givers than the receivers. I can write on nothing else now."

In a postscript to another letter he thus expresses some thoughts upon some with whom he had once been associated: "Poor Doheny's death, which I read in Quebec, came on me by surprise, and I need hardly say to *you*, gave me a pang of real regret. I felt sorry that he should have died in enmity to me, and having done injustice unatoned for. But I felt, and have long felt, not one particle of bitterness towards the poor fellow. If he could have recovered himself; if he could have made himself respected and powerful, I should have sincerely rejoiced for the common cause's sake. But there is some infatuation over one class of the '48 men. They have shown no growth, they have originated nothing, they have tried to live on the memory of a failure, and thereby, of course, have failed." He makes some exceptions, Duffy and some other Australians, "O'Brien and Dillon, whose fame was, however, laid before '48"; Meagher and O'Gorman.

"Your account of O'Gorman's letter much gratified me," he writes. "It is well there is one such evidence left standing in New York that Young Ireland oratory and politics might have risen to real greatness."

Once when he had occasion to speak of Mitchell he said: "I know of no one who in some respects is better fitted to complete McGeoghegan's *History of Ireland* than Mitchell. Only you must watch him about the Wolfe Tone and O'Connell periods, or from the peculiar turn of his own mind he will make the suicide a hero and the Emancipator a poltroon. The house of—— cannot put its name to such a philosophy of Irish history as that."

"I send you a review of the most wonderful Catholic book that has appeared in print in my recollection, McCarthy's translation of some of Calderon's poems. I would send the book itself, but the only copy belongs to the parliamentary library. If Mrs. S. comes to Lacouna in the dog-days she shall have it there, and really it is worth coming that far to read and enjoy."

"How gets on Florence McCarthy More? In Desmond you have the sea always near you, and your own sea-side thoughts will often surge into the subject." Again, "I see you are going on

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with Florence McCarthy More, with all its difficulties. The greatest to you, I should anticipate, would be the absence of the moral sublime from his wonderfully clever and variously endowed mind. You will have the same difficulty Aytoun had with "Bothwell" to make a hero out of one you cannot reverence and hardly admire. James Fitzmaurice and Hugh O'Neil (though no saint) had some moral inspiration; but this Munster Macchiavelli, I fear, was quite beggared of that sort of estate." His friend, Mrs. Sadlier, was still engaged upon the work in question at the time of Mr. McGee's death.

"I have just sent to Dublin some contributions to *Duffy's Magazine* and the *Nation*. Among the latter a monody on O'Donovan. It is in the measure of certain *coplas* of the Spaniard Manrique on the death of his father, which are translated by Longfellow. . . . Nothing ever makes me feel my poverty more than when I am unable to testify by some more substantial tribute my veneration for such a man as this lost scholar was."

Mr. McGee was truly the poet-souled. He had every quality which belongs pre-eminently to the genuine poet. The following extract shows that he felt within himself the poetic fire. It is written from Lacouna, a Canadian sea-side resort: "I venture to send you," he writes, "a reverie in which I have indulged during the last two or three days. They are thoughts put to paper as clearly and truly as my difficulties of expression permit me. If they seem unusual or overstrained, blame the Atlantic, which always stirs up my mind to a restless and agitated image of itself. I only wish I dare—I only wish I could mould into shape half the thousand-and-one ideas which float through my brain under the magnetic spell of the ancestral sea. If I blame Bulwer and Tennyson for missing the mark, it is because I feel within me that which, without pride, I venture to say to you might have made me the poet of the Celts; but fate or Providence ordained other tasks and other duties. I would not have the hardihood to say so much to another; but you, I am sure, will not misunderstand me. We are fellow-laborers for a fallen but not all-ruined race, and therefore I dedicate this sea-side reverie to you." The lines are published in McGee's poems under the heading of "The Count Arnaldos"

A very beautiful letter is dated one Easter eve. It will be impossible to give more than a brief extract: "No art, no science, no discovery ever will be a substitute for the visible presence of a friend. Death would not be terrible otherwise, for death is only distance unmeasured." On the occasion of the death of his father, who he says lived for nearly half a century the life

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of a saint, and the account of whose death, written by his daughter, he thus characterizes: "There is something uncommonly pathetic, Irish, and Catholic in the little sketch; at least I think so," he writes: "I had hoped to visit Ireland again, but I care little whether I go or not. If it were not for the graves that are there what could the heart hold by? God bless you and yours, and preserve you all long from the touch of death paralyzing your circle." On another occasion he says: "So long as death does not come under the roof, there is no other trial, my friend, which man ought not to be able to bear cheerfully."

A few fragments of letters touching on Mr. McGee himself and his own pursuits may be of interest. His life was one of multifarious occupations and ceaseless labor. At one time previous to the Union he was President of the Executive Council and Acting Provincial Secretary, while at the same time he was laboring at his admirable popular *History of Ireland*—"working," as he tells us himself, "far into the night, rising early and working late," to keep his engagements with his publishers. It was at this time he was made, by unanimous vote, corresponding member of the New York Historical Society. He did various other literary work under pressure of these same difficulties. In one of his letters he announces the completion of the history, for which, "with the old monkish chroniclers," he says heartily, "Deo gratias." But he also took up the practice of law. "As to the law," he writes, "let me tell you I have two or three cases on hand already, and hope to make out of one of them—a most villainous good case—some noise in the legal world. Talking to a jury will be an entirely new experience to me, and I am (I confess it) painfully anxious as to how it may take. But never despair. I knew you and —— would be pleased with my *début* in the law, acquitting a poor wretch for nothing at all—only killing his wife. But he really was daft or I should have had some scruples about arguing him off. The professional triumph was certainly a decided one, and the whole court, to do them justice, seemed glad that it had fallen upon me."

The next letters relate to his journeys abroad, made in 1865 and 1867.

"Off Donegal and Derry,
Wednesday, May 3, 1865.

"This morning, at 4:30 o'clock, standing on what in steamboat phrase is called the bridge, opera-glass in hand, I discerned Torry Island. Except the first officer, then in command, I was the only one at the moment who perceived that blue, blue hil-

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lock in the direction of where the sun was to rise. There was a pale, pearl-like auroral tint already in the sky just over Torry Island. We were, perhaps, twenty miles off, and at first were doubtful whether it was the Aran of this coast, near the Bloody Foreland, or the lone isle first named. By our reckoning it ought to be Torry, and Torry, sure enough, it was. Need I tell you what a thrill that touch of land sent from the eye to the heart? For the third time, favored beyond hope or expectation, I return to revisit my native soil. Shall I more than ever feel as a 'foreigner'? Shall I enjoy or suffer most by what I may see? God knows! *I* cannot even guess yet. I called the vicar-general and D—— to share my happiness. We made little demonstration of it, but I am sure our fellow-passengers at breakfast must have noticed a certain lighting up of the eye and an added emphasis in the voices of all of us Irish. Several Irish Protestants on board, Dr. A." (a Protestant clergyman) "and his good old wife, a Mr. and Mrs. S——, and others felt the patriotic glow in all its fervor."

"I write this as we steam along parallel to the Innishowen mountains, the strongholds of northern memories. This is the land of Sir Cahir, of Hugh Roe, and that other Hugh (of the deep dissembling heart, as Camden thought), the only modern Celt, except Roy O'Moore and O'Connell, who knew how to play the high game of imperial policy with the sages of Albion. God be with them all! I shall see before Sunday the grave of the last at Glasnevin, and if other arrangements permitted, perhaps I might even be able to visit the tomb of the first, 'high upon the mount whereon the martyred saint was crucified.' But *l'homme propose*. Let us not anticipate. But really I cannot stay longer between decks, with the Donegal highlands drawing nearer. 'God bless the green mountains of dark Donegal.' This was my friend Duffy's prayer twenty golden years ago. I wonder if he is as little changed as the hills. But I really must go on deck. *Adieu*, my dear friend, till Dublin." The Duffy here mentioned was, of course, the distinguished Irish-Australian, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. On the same day, May 3, he wrote a second note, enclosing some verses. "I thought I would announce to you, thus officially, my dear Mrs. S., our making land. It may touch the hidden spring of some Irish men and women's heart. Yours I can fancy feeling what at this moment I feel. We expect to land at Derry by noon, and to sleep in Dublin to-night." In July he writes of his return, having reached Quebec, and

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announces at the same time that the Provincial delegation to England was successful. Much, however, he says, "remains to be done if we are to be a northern nation, as I have always contemplated."

On St. Patrick's day, 1867, he wrote from Rome:

"I have had a great day. I got here yesterday, very tired, but was up at 7 this morning; took two hours to St. Peter's; a cup of coffee; heard Grand Mass at the Irish College; dined there with Cardinals Barnabo and Reisack and a number of *Monsignori;* the heads of the Greek, English, Scotch, American, and some other foreign colleges; Rev. G. M., of New York; Bishop R——, of Chatham, N. B.; Rev. M. O. D., of St. Hyacinthe; Hon. Thomas Ryan" (the lately deceased senator for Victoria), "D——, of Newfoundland, and the students. Last evening on the Corso, the Central Park of Rome, I penned these lines." Mr. McGee was at this time acting as commissioner to the Paris Exhibition.

After his return he writes: "I send you another Roman scrap. I shall never be able to get that city out of my memory and imagination. . . . C. dines with us to-day. I am asking him to take charge of a pair of beads, blessed especially by the Pope at my interview with his Holiness, on the 22d of March last. They have not been out of my possession since I carried them away from that venerable presence on that memorable day."

The following scraps of letters, as they close the consideration of a life now nearing its end, will be of interest. "Know, O most sage lady," he writes, "that since the Ides of January last I sang and still sing with Francesco Redi, poet and physician (see Leigh Hunt's translation thereof), that cold water is my element. It has floated me finely through these late excitements."

In another letter, which, though undated, belongs to the last year of this great Irishman's life, 1868, he speaks of his hope of "getting out of the legislative harness, and so be enabled to return to literature, which was my first and at all times my favorite line of exertion."

On March 4 he writes:

"I am quite well again, except a little lameness, and still adhere (as I intend to do) to cold water."

March 31, eight days before the fatal 7th of April, he writes a mere note, calling attention to what he calls

"Mr. Bright's able and manly speech, delivered at London eighteen days ago. I continue to gain in strength, though slowly. Always yours, T. D. McGEE."

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Early in April he wrote from his desk at the House of Commons, mentioning that he was engaged upon an article for THE CATHOLIC WORLD on Oliver Plunkett. Full of new plans for the future, full of literary promise, busied with weighty cares, astounding both government and opposition with his brilliant eloquence, suddenly there fell upon Thomas D'Arcy McGee the great silence.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE HOSPITABLE MAN.

HE hath a gate, a door, a hand, a heart;
All wearing look of welcome to the world;
All open to receive thee, happy guest!
The gate swings inward with a loose slip-latch;
The wide-leaved door invites thee to approach;
His large-palmed hand doth give at once defence
And draw thee to his broad, joy-heaving breast:
The color mantling to his smiling face—
Fleet-footed herald from his love-full heart—
Proclaims thy coming as a yearned-for boon.

And yet, wouldst thou depart? Thou'lt find the gate
Wearing a look forbidding towards the road.
Without his door are storms, chill-blowing winds,
And spectres of some possible mishap.
Unwilling now that free and open hand
To touch thine own and help thee say, farewell!
E'en if thou yet canst fly these friendly bonds
His faithful heart will surely hold thee fast.
Or if thou goest or abidest, still
Thou knowest it is thine, thyself its own.

ALFRED YOUNG.

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1791—A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAGE.

THE "cage" referred to by Dessalines had been brought into the camp from the plantation of M. Latour, the brutal master spoken of in a preceding chapter. It was a cube in shape, measuring six feet each way, and made out-and-out of iron. The sides were finished in with strong bars crossing each other at right angles, and an extension of this lattice-work formed the frame of the roof, upon which boards were laid. It had been used by M. Latour at times as a prison for slaves under discipline, but more generally as a kennel for his blood-hounds when in training to catch runaways. In training these dogs the usual method was as follows: They were early parted from the dam, and, in order to develop fully their natural ferocity, were reared as far as possible upon warm blood taken from various animals. At a suitable age the belly of a negro dummy, filled with blood and entrails, was opened before them, and the hounds encouraged to feed from it; and this was repeated day after day until the savage creatures associated the negro form with the satisfaction of hunger. They were then shut up in a strong kennel or cage, such as this from M. Latour's, and kept there without food, water only being supplied to them, till symptoms of starvation began to become manifest. When thus maddened by hunger the keeper would bring a negro dummy, stuffed with their favorite food, and place it upright before them, and the hounds, furious at the sight, would howl dreadfully, and make frantic efforts to break through the bars. To excite them the more the keeper presently would slowly advance the dummy nearer and nearer, motioning all the while towards its breast and encouraging the dogs, whose howls would now be exchanged for low, intense whines and murmurs of delight. Then he would suddenly remove the dummy back, at which the wildest cries of fury would burst from the brutes, and not unfrequently, in the rage of disappointed desire, they would fall upon and destroy each other. At last, when they had been roused to the utmost, the door would be opened, and they would rush upon the dummy and instantly rend it into pieces.

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While at the horrid meal they were carefully caressed by the keeper, and so taught to distinguish between white and black, as between friend and foe; and this was the keeper's protection when the hounds were out upon their human hunts. So accustomed were they to regard the negro as their lawful prey that it was necessary to keep them securely chained. At times they would break loose, and the most dreadful things are told of how on such occasions they would rend innocent blacks, and especially children, that they met by chance. With the greatest accuracy these creatures learned to discriminate the African scent, and, once on the trail of a runaway, followed it up with deadly sagacity. Escape was well-nigh impossible, unless the black took to a tree and awaited the keepers, whose mercies, by the way, were often scarcely more tender than those of the hounds. As may be supposed, the negroes regarded them with mortal terror. Naught else human conveyed to their minds such ideas of horror.

The morning after the battle a party of negroes, headed by Welcome, had brought over the "cage" in triumph from the Latour plantation, but a few leagues away, and it now stood beneath a lime in a rear enclosure connected with the headquarters, where it was regarded by the blacks with great curiosity as being intimately associated with the cruelties of a notoriously brutal master. In this kennel Henry Pascal was locked up for the night. Save a sawn section of a tree that had been rolled in for the occasion, it was void of furniture. On this block the prisoner was seated, and to it his fetters were secured by chain and staple, while a plate of coarse dry fish that had been sent in for his supper remained untasted beside him.

Negroes are great gossips, and "news" goes from mouth to mouth with astonishing speed. It was almost immediately known throughout the camp that a prisoner was on trial, and many loitered about headquarters to hear the issue. When, therefore, they saw the prisoner thrust into the "cage," and learned from the guard that he was to be shot next morning, the report passed through the camp like a flash, and the blacks began flocking to the spectacle. Presently it was noised about that the prisoner was no other than M. Latour himself, and this greatly increased both the numbers and the excitement. A peering, scowling, cursing throng became rapidly massed about the "cage," and the guard had difficulty in keeping hands off. In the press were many women, great numbers of whom thronged the camp, drawn thither either by the curiosity natural to the sex, or as connected with the commissariat (the black army at the time received its supplies

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almost exclusively through this channel), and the hags far outdid the men in their hideous grimacing and vituperation, and most foul and horrible imprecations. Woman! woman!

> "In every age, race, and degree,
> The main of tenderness and sweet charity
> Abides with thee, abides with thee;
> Yet if thou shouldst a demon be,
> A good one thou, a good one verily."

Suddenly above the tumult came a sharp bark. The allusion was instantly perceived, and every note of the dog broke from the angered and imitative blacks—whines, yelps, bays, barks, snarls, growls, and howls, in a most strange and a most frightful chorus. The effect was maddening, recalling, as the cries did, every blood-hound horror; and the passions of the crowd, acting and reacting on each other, rose into a frenzy, and it looked as if they would drag the prisoner from the "cage" and tear him piecemeal. The guard, however, succeeded in convincing those nearest them that the prisoner was not M. Latour, and the rain, which now began to fall heavily, drove many away and had a cooling effect on the rest, to whom, moreover, the guard more fully explained the circumstances of the trial; and in the face of approaching darkness these, too, began to depart, till the vicinity of the "cage" was deserted save by a solitary black. He was a negro of striking aspect, and his manner and actions altogether peculiar.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACQUE.

When the key turned in the lock of the prison-door Henry Pascal closed his eyes on earthly things. Towards his father and towards Émilie Tourner his thoughts would now and then go out, but it was torturing and disturbing, and he forced them back and bent them upon himself. To prepare for death was now the work before him; and it pressed, as he had but a span to live. Solemn is that closing hour—far more so if faith has enlightened the soul—when all related things must be forgotten and we really get face to face with ourselves. In current life such converse is rarely held. These related things continually engross us and shut the "ego" from view. What am I? Whither am I going? are moving questions when their eternal possibilities are at the point of solution.

In a glance Henry Pascal took in his past life. The retro-

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spect was one of light and shadow, yet far above the average of his class. He had been upright and honorable before the world, his filial duties had been discharged with singular devotedness, and, compared with the young men of his day, who had very generally become infected with the rank infidelity of France, and whose morals were notoriously corrupt, he was religious. At an era of aggressive, defiant, fashionable unbelief he had not been ashamed to avow his faith, and his connection with the church, made in early life, had never been formally broken. But the age, as we have said, was eminently a scoffing one; the planters, many of them enormously rich, were steeped in licentiousness, a race of sybarites; every tendency towards vice and license had been prodigiously stimulated by the spirit caught from the mother country; and these adverse influences were concentrated at the Cape, where Henry Pascal had been residing for some years, apart from his family. Besides all this, the distractions of the colony exerted an irreligious bias, and in his mother's death he had lost a spiritual friend. It is not surprising, therefore, that in spite of himself, as it were, he should have yielded more or less to such environments, and religious duties, of late years, fallen into neglect. At heart, however, he was religious. There remained a root of faith, strong in early culture. Weeds had sprung up round it, but had not choked it.

As he now seated himself upon the prison block, he drew from his pocket a small silver crucifix. It was doubly dear, for it had been a gift from his mother years before, and ever since he had very carefully kept it about his person. Even of nights he would hang it round his neck or fasten it to a button-hole, and it came to be a point with him never to have it parted from him. Nor, had he been less enlightened, could he have regarded so suggestive an object as a charm. As it was, he had a sense of being uncomfortable when the crucifix now and then chanced to become misplaced, as if some protective influence had departed. His crucifix, which in other times he had so often and so fervently pressed, and which even in the latter days of carelessness he had sacredly kept near him, he now drew forth. It was fragrant with a mother's memories, and he dwelt upon her and all she had taught him. Upon her he dwelt, for she was among the dead, and he was soon to be numbered with her. Of his father he would not permit himself to think.

Scarcely had these communings begun when they were broken in upon by the tumult that almost immediately arose around the "cage." At first it was distracting, and Henry Pas-

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cal prayed for night and quietude. But the intensity of his emotions was preoccupying, and he soon ceased to regard the uproar, save as it fell in with his own mental workings. As he pressed the crucifix and thought of the Man of Sorrows, stretched on a cross innocent and unheard, his naked body blistering under Syria's noonday sun, and every eye that turned upon him a dagger, he saw in his own circumstances, with this deafening storm of passion raging round him, some sort of a parallel, and it gave to his supplications a vivid realism.

"Jesu! Jesu!" he would cry within himself, "through how much pain and how little pleasure didst thou press on to a bitter death! Oh! be a friend to me. Holy Mary! pray for me. And thou, my guardian angel, help me at this hour."

As the numbers and rage of the crowd began to lessen rapidly under the influence of the elements and the explanations of the guard, Henry Pascal welcomed the approach of peace. He now withdrew more entirely within himself, and failed to notice a black who had passed several times to and fro just in front of the "cage," and each time, as he reached the rear of the solitary guard (for his comrade had gone to supper), raised his forefinger across his lips, as if soliciting recognition. This negro had been a looker-on upon the outside of the throng, taking no part in the demonstrations. He was a tall, powerful-looking man, apparently in the prime of life, erect as an Indian, head small but symmetrical and firmly set on massive shoulders. As he passed for the third time Henry Pascal, who had lifted his eyes and was looking out with a far-away expression into the gathering darkness, caught the gesture, and bending his gaze through the gloom, with a thrill recognized the form. Jacque (for it was no other than he) saw the recognition, and repeating the sign, passed on. Upon the return he again raised the finger to the lips, and receiving the sign from his young master, immediately withdrew.

It is no reflection upon the sincerity of Henry Pascal's spiritual preparations that another train of thought now rushed into prominence. He stood upon the threshold of life, full of health and strength, and bound to the world by tender ties. Naturally, he desired to live, and the hopes and conjectures originated by Jacque's appearance on the scene filled and agitated his mind. From his knowledge of Jacque's fearless character and devotion to his family he felt perfectly certain an attempt at rescue would be made should the slightest opportunity offer. But could the faithful negro succeed? Jacque

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must be single-handed, he reflected, and could he possibly rescue him, imprisoned and under guard, from the centre of a military camp? The night was stormy, and, so far, favorable, he thought; the vigilance of the raw blacks, too, must be at a minimum in such weather; and Jacque was sagacious as well as brave. There was a chance, and he clung to it, and kissed the crucifix again and again for it.

The night was, in truth, a stormy one. The day had opened bright and breezy. The sky wore a brilliant blue, and not a cloud could be seen save a few white strata lying low along the eastern horizon. Towards noon some mare's-tails appeared in the north, and by-and-by there was an overcast, the sun occasionally breaking through; but the clouds, which moved slowly from the southwest, seemed too high for rain. They grew more dense, however, and an hour later the rain began, at first in a drizzle, gradually increasing, with now and then, as darkness drew on, heavy, quiet pours. From this time a tempest developed, the wind rising and the lightning displaying itself over the heavens in broad areas, followed by high rolling thunder. It was one of those *growing* storms sometimes seen in the tropics, the rainfalls ordinarily being sudden and furious, with terrific descending peals, and succeeded often by brilliant sunsets.

The prisoner being chained within an iron "cage" under lock and key, the captain of the watch deemed two guards sufficient; and as the night advanced, and all save the elements had become quiet in the camp, these arranged between themselves to take shelter by turns in a neighboring out-house. Toward midnight the weather was tempestuous. It rained, blew hard, and was very dark. The man on duty was squatting against the lime that stood at the southwest corner of the "cage," resting the muzzle of the musket on the ground, and clasping the lock in the armpit in the endeavor to protect it from the damp. His cap was drawn down close over the eyes, and he was dwelling upon the execution to take place in the morning, wondering how many would be detailed to shoot, whether he himself would be among them, whether *his* shot would take effect, etc., when his ear—negroes are remarkably quick to hear—caught the sound of a foot-fall to the rear. Supposing it was his comrade, yet surprised, as he felt sure his time was not out by half, he started up and turned in the direction of the sound. As he did so, a deadly blow stretched him on the sod. He fell without a groan, as dead as if the heart had been pierced.

Jacque and his companion (for the former was accom-

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panied) at once fell to work. They dreaded the lightning, which in a storm of this character shone in wide sheets of mild blue light, making objects as distinct as day. Not a word was spoken. The door of the "cage" yielded easily to a prizing-bar, Henry Pascal's fetters were quickly broken, and silently and rapidly the three moved on, under Jacque's guidance, till a point in the wood was reached outside the limits of the camp. Here Jacque stopped and hurriedly said that he must go back, that he held a position of prominence, and, to avoid suspicion, should be in his place before the return of the other guard to his post and the escape became known; that he (Henry Pascal) could fully trust his companion, who would explain everything; that pursuit, he thought, would be out of the question, as the rain would destroy all trace of footsteps. He further told him that it was he who had saved him in the battle and who had gotten in the proclamation, and also that M. Tardiffe was on a visit to Dessalines. All this was said in the most hurried manner possible. Time was precious to each. Jacque held out to his young master the hand of adieu, at which the latter fell upon his neck, and having embraced him with the utmost ardor, struck out with his guide. Two miles away a musket report, borne upon the stormy wind, told the tale of the escape; but they considered themselves secure from pursuit, and felt assured Jacque had had time to make good his return.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FLIGHT.

Of the insurrectionary negroes some were guided by lofty motives and took no hand in the ghastly excesses that characterized by far the larger part. Among these was Jacque Beattie. He had been identified with the movement from its inception, and his high character and intelligence at once secured position. The officers for the black army Dessalines selected almost wholly from his own trained men. Outside of this body Jacque was one of the very few who received a responsible place. He was known in the army as Colonel Beattie, his command consisting of some five hundred men, at the head of whom he had shown conspicuous gallantry in the late battle. Though not within that limited circle around Dessalines where military measures were authoritatively discussed, yet he was in a position to learn at once conclusions reached. He knew of Dessalines' disposition to ransom the prisoners almost as soon as formed, and, to warn

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Henry Pascal against Jamaica reports, contrived through the guard to have a copy of the proclamation, with the pencillings that had been correctly read, dropped into their room. He was aware, too, of M. Tardiffe's presence in camp. He knew well this man's real character, and shared his young master's opinion of him, *l'ami des noirs* though they called him. As a trusted body-servant in the Pascal family, he was fully cognizant of the rivalry between him and his young master. When the latter was suddenly summoned before Dessalines a suspicion at once arose that M. Tardiffe might be at the bottom of it, and the impression deepened on his learning the nature of the false charges for which Henry Pascal had been ordered to execution. What other source for these charges so likely, he thought, under all the circumstances? Upon the accusation or its origin, however, he did not dwell. His sole thought now was the rescue of his young master, and this he resolved to attempt if a possible chance of success offered.

In the person of another negro, with the sobriquet of Kingfisher, Jacque had a confederate. His real name was Francis, and in early life he had been the property of Colonel Tourner. His wife, however, belonged to another proprietor, whose estate lay in the northeastern corner of the province, not far from the town of Limonade; and as the colonel's efforts to buy the woman had proven fruitless, he had disposed of Francis, upon his own entreaty, to this proprietor, that man and wife might not be parted. In felling timber Francis had sustained an injury that permanently disabled one of his legs, and a crab-yaw afterwards attacked the foot. Rendered unfit for active plantation work, his master, a kind-hearted man, had settled him, in requital for faithful services, upon a few acres near the mouth of the Yaqui or St. Iago, a river that empties into the sea, by a broad and deep channel, some fifty miles eastward from Cape François. Here Francis lived practically free. Bella, his wife, looked after the patch. He himself devoted his time to fishing, for which the Yaqui and its tributaries afforded an excellent field; and in this occupation he became so expert that he was commonly known as Kingfisher. After supplying his master and himself from the products of his nets and traps enough remained to enable him to turn many an honest penny, and altogether he was a well-to-do, happy "nigger."

Kingfisher had brought in fish and vegetables for the army, ascending in his canoe a western branch of the Yaqui to within a few miles of the camp, and soon came across Jacque

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Beattie. Jacque and he were close friends, though Jacque was much the younger. In earlier life (the Pascals and Tourners being intimate and the estates near each other) they had been a great deal together, and after the latter's removal they were not so far apart as not to meet at least occasionally—the slaves, of nights, being notorious go-abouts, and often making astonishing journeys. The moment Jacque (who was intensely on the watch) learned the result of the court-martial he sought out Kingfisher. He had influence with him, and knew him to be good grit, and that he cherished a warm regard for the Pascal family. So he sounded him, and finding him to his mind, made known the facts in regard to Henry Pascal, dwelling particularly on his belief that his young master's hapless fate was due to the machinations of M. Tardiffe, envenomed against him as the successful suitor for the hand of Émilie Tourner. All this touched old Kingfisher, under whose black skin beat a big, tender heart. He remembered very gratefully his good old master, nor had he forgotten the many little kindnesses of Madame Tourner, nor the sweet face of "Ma'm'selle." He had not seen her since she was a child, she having been abroad at school. But her beauty and winsomeness were fresh before him. He knew, too, Jacque's young master, especially as the playmate of "Ma'm'selle," when he belonged to the old plantation. To help him was like helping the "old folks"; and all this, aided by Jacque's strong personal influence, readily won him into an ally. Jacque and Kingfisher conferred together, but nothing definite at the moment could be settled upon. The stormy night was favorable. The point of difficulty related to the guard. Should a strong one be posted, an attempt to rescue would be futile. So it was arranged that Kingfisher, when darkness set in, should leave the camp with his baskets, as if homeward bound, and having secreted them by the wayside, meet Jacque at a designated place some hours later for instructions. Meanwhile the latter was on the lookout, and soon informed himself as to the number and disposition of the guard—that two only were detailed, and they on duty, turn about, at intervals of a couple of hours. His plan, therefore, was to slay the guard as soon after reaching his post as he thought his comrade would be asleep, pilot Henry Pascal from the camp, and, placing him in charge of Kingfisher, return to his own quarters before the discovery of the rescue. How far the execution was successful has been already mentioned.

To return to Henry Pascal and Kingfisher. Little con-

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versation occurred as they hurried on as fast as circumstances would allow. The latter informed his companion that their immediate destination was his own home near the mouth of the Yaqui, where Henry Pascal might strike a brig or schooner; and that, in default of such good luck, he would try to get him to the Cape by night through the country. Beyond this nothing was said, save a necessary word now and then, Kingfisher's attention being absorbed by the difficulties of the way. Between the camp and the country there was a vast amount of passing, and parties might be met even at such hours on such a night. Kingfisher, therefore, whenever he could, chose turn-outs and blind paths and obscure roads, and though he was thoroughly familiar with every foot of the country, the darkness and the storm and his lame leg withal made progress necessarily slow. Full three hours were consumed in going the six miles to the point on the *Riviere du Massacre*, where had been left the canoe or dugout, as it was commonly called, being hewn and hollowed from a section of a tree. It was well that Kingfisher had taken the precaution to draw the light craft some distance ashore, otherwise it would have been lost or destroyed in the swollen waters. The canoe was found safe in its place of concealment, but to proceed for the present was out of the question. The Massacre, at all times a rapid stream in this piedmont country, the heavy rain-fall had now made a torrent. It became necessary to wait for day, by which time Kingfisher hoped the waters would so far have run down as to enable him, in the light, to manage the boat.

It was a wild, unfrequented, densely wooded spot, and several hours of delay being before them, Kingfisher urged on his companion the necessity for all the sleep he could get, as the next three leagues would be trying. They reascended, therefore, the precipitous bank to its summit, and in an open space beneath a pimento-tree sought repose, Henry Pascal resting against the trunk, and the old negro stretched out upon the wet leaves. Henry Pascal had thought that sleep was impossible, but no sooner had he settled himself and exertion ceased than overwrought nature responded to the invitation. The great and prolonged tension suddenly relaxed, and before he knew it he was sleeping soundly. He awoke within an hour. Sleep had been short, yet intense and refreshing. How changed was all! The morning was fair, with a few flying scuds. The stars were out, shining beautifully bright through the cleared-up atmosphere, while the moon, in her last quarter, hung in the western sky. Henry

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Pascal felt buoyant and strong. How sharp the turns in life, he thought; how quickly our levels rise and fall, and show the slowly changing world in new aspects! The occurrences of a few hours before were a dreadful dream, resembling those storm-driven clouds that had been drenching the earth and sending forth lightnings and thunderings, but had now all passed away and given place to the peaceful stars. He reproached himself for not having expressed the fulness of his gratitude to brave, noble-hearted Jacque Beattie. But the time was so short, all were so hurried, Jacque would understand it, and Jacque should yet know the depths of his heart towards him. His thoughts then turned upon the loved ones at the Cape. How joyfully would they meet? The crucifix was in his hands. He knelt and poured forth thanks. When he rose the gray dawn was just peeping over the eastern mountains. Kingfisher still slept—heedless of the mountain gnats, though the bite is like a spark of fire—and he was allowed to sleep on, for down towards the shaded river it was yet densely dark.

The deep forest silence, enhanced rather by the waters' monotonous flow, the stir of life coincident with incoming day now began to break. From a neighboring tree a potoo gave one of its loud, hoarse *ho-hoos*, followed by a lower note from the depths of the throat. The mate answered; then all was still again. Suddenly came a rushing, whizzing, startling sound. It was a piramidig, or night-hawk, swooping on its insect prey. The swoop apparently was a signal, for immediately these birds, deprived by the storm of the evening's meal, were out in great numbers, winnowing the crisp morning air with their long, narrow, arcuate wings—now flying low, now careering on, now beating up and up, to get space to swoop in perpendicular descent; now following each other in close and persistent pursuit, "eager for the nuptial rite upon the wing"; now darting on prey, with their broad, viscid mouths wide opened; wheeling and doubling, with sudden zigzag dodgings, and stationary flutterings when a choice catch happened to be made. As Henry Pascal sat musing and observant the while of these birds, watching their movements and listening to their singular cries, the day had rapidly advanced. In the glowing east, beneath some purple strata that hung motionless in their resplendent settings, a fiery rim shot above the horizon, and anon the glorious tropical sun, full orbed, was sending forth his level rays.

Henry Pascal roused Kingfisher, whose first care was to hasten down the bank to learn the state of the waters. He re-

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ported, to the surprise of his companion, that he thought they could proceed. These island streams run off as suddenly as they rise, and though the Massacre was still swollen and dangerous, Kingfisher was an expert boatman, and good reasons existed for making the start at the earliest practicable moment. He then explained to Henry Pascal the circumstances of the journey before them—that the course of the Massacre for the next three leagues was through a wild, broken section, and the stream so rapid and rough, especially in its present state, that daylight was necessary for managing the boat; and that as the river was now more or less a highway for the coast negroes bearing supplies to the camp, his safety required that he should covertly follow the canoe along the bank; that he hoped these difficulties would be surmounted early in the afternoon, and the point reached where the river approaches the savannas of the lower lands, and its waters grow calmer; that here they would remain in hiding till night-fall, and then, under cover of darkness, continue their journey together in the canoe.

They broke their fast, from Kingfisher's wallet, on cassada cakes and roasted yams and plantains. Henry Pascal aided to launch the boat, and the journey began. It was a toilsome one to both, their efforts, by the way, being in precisely opposite directions—Kingfisher's endeavors were to hold back, those of his companion to press forward. The former was greatly hindered by the fish-box in tow. He thought several times of cutting it adrift, but it was a good one, and had been long in use, and he decided it was worth extra trouble. In the turns and eddies of the swift current, with this box swinging from side to side and varying the canoe's course, his best skill as a boatman was called into exercise. Henry Pascal's progress was by far the more difficult, and at very many points it became necessary for Kingfisher to pole ashore and await him. To thread a virgin tropical forest, even when one may vary his course along the line of least resistance, is a feat. The difficulty vastly increases when the course is prescribed, and that along a river's margin. The dense vines and undergrowth, many of them, like the sensitive plant, armed with the sharpest needles, would have been impenetrable but for the hatchet which Kingfisher had supplied from the canoe's outfit. Great prostrate trunks, so soft with decay as to be scarcely able to sustain their own weight, were often in the way. Not unfrequently considerable detours became absolutely necessary, at which times communication with Kingfisher was maintained through whistles and halloos. Here and

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there tributaries interrupted progress, when our fugitive would either take to the water or be carried over in the boat. Besides all this, it was necessary to be constantly on guard against venomous insects and creeping things. In the nine miles but one public road was passed, where a bridge spanned the Massacre, and here Kingfisher took the lead and carefully reconnoitered. At noon a halt was made, though half a league only of the journey remained. A delightful north wind, moderating the weather, had followed in the wake of the storm, but down by the river the heat was stifling, and Henry Pascal felt completely worn out. A short repose renewed his strength, and the fugitives struck out again, anxious to finish this part of their course as soon as possible, in order to get rest against the night journey; and two hours later they reached the point of which Kingfisher had spoken, where the Massacre becomes broader and smoother and approaches the cultivated lands.

They had suffered no interruption save from natural obstacles. Throughout this wild, sparsely-settled section, close upon the Spanish line, not a living soul had been seen or heard, and the swollen waters of the Massacre had forbidden ascending boats. Here the light cotton-wood canoe was drawn ashore, and arrangements made for substantial rest. Henry Pascal had, indeed, a battered look. He was excessively fatigued, and his garments all soiled and rent and in the utmost disorder; but his heart was light, bubbling over with emotions of gratitude and joyous anticipations. High upon the bank a spot was chosen, and the contents of the provision-wallet having been well explored, he stretched himself out, with the trusty negro by him, for the rest and sleep his jaded frame needed, and to which all the surroundings lent their aid, for on this elevation, where the forest was less dense and the open country in the near distance, the cool north wind blew, the light of the effulgent sun came down to him softened and subdued through the myriads of green leaves that rustled above, fragrant sweetwoods and logwoods and many kindred growths loaded the air with "Sabean odors," and the forest birds sang a lullaby. Beautiful little todies—the robin redbreast of the West Indies—in grass-green coat and crimson gorget, gave forth low, sibilant cries as they sought from twig to twig their insect prey; from the thickets, where they were darting to and fro, came the full, clear whistle of keen-eyed, fidgety hopping-dicks, while overhead in the tree-tops, or circling above them in their strong but short flights, were screaming macaws and paroquets.

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CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE MASSACRE.

The negro is peculiarly sensitive to cold. He gets chilly with the going down of the sun, and through the night sleeps well covered, even in tropical latitudes. As the shades of evening fell and the atmosphere became charged with dewy freshness, the lowered temperature roused Kingfisher. It was time to renew the journey. He awoke his companion; the canoe was launched, and the fugitives were borne along on the bosom of the Massacre. It was one of those beautiful tropical evenings which once seen are never forgotten. The stars, admirable for size and radiance, shone out from the depths of a perfectly clear sky, "a firmament of living sapphires." Westward the distant lightning—incessant at this season—played fantastically in the low banks of clouds skirting the horizon. The night breeze blew deliciously; and the canoe, for whose steerage an occasional stroke of the paddle sufficed, glided forward on the swift, smooth current of the river. Refreshed by his nap, exhilarated by the surroundings, and no longer preoccupied by the difficulties and dangers of the way, Kingfisher was talkative. He knew, too, how to adapt himself to his audience, for he dwelt almost exclusively upon incidents in the child-life of his companion, when he himself belonged to the old plantation, and the former was a constant visitor at Belle Vue as the playmate of "Ma'm'selle"—to all of which Henry lent an attentive ear.

Kingfisher's sense of deference induced him frequently to pause, and the conversation on his part was only renewed under some soliciting remark from his companion. One of these pauses proved extended. The old negro had just spoken incidentally of M. Tardiffe, and the mention of the name called up a train of thought which Henry Pascal wondered at himself for not having before considered. In the hurried information given by Jacque at the parting moment one of the few items was that M. Tardiffe was in the camp. What could he be doing there? Many were the surmises to which this question gave rise. Was it in his own behalf (for he had properties at Dondon he might wish to save), or in that of his friends, or of the prisoners, or the colony at large? He finally settled down into the opinion that the colonial legislature, then in session at the

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Cape, must have deputed him on some mission of conciliation or humanity. Could he be the person, it flashed across his mind, who had spoken against him to Dessalines? No, no, he would not entertain the thought. Little as he admired the character of the man, of so foul a plot he could not possibly be the author. In truth, it was a satisfaction to him not to know the author. He was so thankful for his deliverance (at least thus far wrought), so grateful for the friends that had been given him, so filled with happy anticipations, the frame of his mind was so joyful and loving, he was glad he knew no one to rouse counter emotions. Ruminations about M. Tardiffe, however, were far less pleasing than Kingfisher's reminiscences, and breaking from them with a remark in reference to the old plantation life, he gave the cue to his companion, who started off again with his charming anecdotes, taking care to have "Massa Henry" and "Ma'm'selle" always appear together, and relating, with great gusto, the prognostications the negroes were wont to indulge in with regard to them. His narrations had all the minuteness of detail with which age recalls early impressions, and if in his efforts to please fancy should to some extent have lent her aid, it was a tribute to the old negro's kindly heart, if not to his absolute veracity.

A two-hours' run had been made, when it became necessary for Kingfisher to concentrate energy upon the paddle. The Massacre by this time had fairly entered the savannas towards the coast, and the current slowed. A few sharp strokes, now on this side, now on that, and kept up with the endurance of a veteran boatman, sent the light craft forward. An hour later they passed into the broad, deep St. Iago or Yaqui; and within the next hour, near midnight, made a final landing at the foot of the pathway that led to Kingfisher's home. A fourth of a mile off, in the midst of a small clearing, stood the cabin, which belonged to the better class of negro dwellings. The posts were bamboo, the sides wattles, with rafters of sweetwood, on which the ordinary thatch was laid. Interiorly it was plastered and white-washed. There were two rooms, one for sleeping, the other for cooking, and well furnished with ordinary negro household articles. Bella, Kingfisher's spouse, had long retired, and not expecting her "old man" at such an hour, and the times being so out of joint, she was startled on hearing approaching footsteps, which her ear, too, detected as belonging to more than one person, and in sharp tones demanded the cause of the intrusion. Reassured on recognizing the familiar voice, Bella delayed not

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admittance, when, receiving a word from Kingfisher, she hastened back to frock herself, and returning almost instantly, struck a light, and, with every mark of alacrity, set about preparations for lodging her guest. The provision was simple enough, yet sufficient. In a corner of the room, intended for a mattress, lay a pile of dried cocoa-nut leaves, and these, spread out and topped with a bamboo mat, constituted the bed into which Henry Pascal was fain to turn.

Next morning all were up betimes, for the heartrending condition of Cape François, menaced by foe and famine, was attracting succors from every quarter, and any hour they might signal a craft making for the Cape from some one of the Spanish towns or settlements up the river. Kingfisher started off for his fish-pots. Meanwhile, Bella, whose manner indicated to Henry Pascal not only that she knew all but that he had in her a good friend also, had gotten out her bread-stones and charcoal furnace, and having bruised the moistened corn into the finest flour, deftly kneaded it into cakes, and had the tortillas ready against Kingfisher's return with a string of snappers and yellow-tails. Breakfast followed, of fish, tortillas, yams, and plantains, each the best of its kind, with the strong coffee in use among the negroes. Henry Pascal, who had suffered on prison rations, lingered before the first tasty fare he had seen for some days, and Kingfisher, leaving him at the board, hastened out to prepare a station for signalling any incoming or outgoing vessel. He returned speedily, and the two at once started off, Bella, of course, receiving a warm adieu.

The location chosen was a third of a league away, just at the river's embouchure, where the channel curved somewhat westward, and a species of small, fan-leaved palm, scarce fifteen feet high, densely covered the shore. Mingled among the palms were sea-side grape-trees, thick with crimson-veined leaves and bunches of red berries, and a clump of these growths, with the slightest aid from Kingfisher, formed at once both a shelter from the heat and a hiding-place from any chance hostile blacks, whilst affording the amplest outlook seaward. They had remained here perhaps an hour when a sail was seen making down the river. It was a three-masted craft, with jibs out and all her canvas set. As she stood two miles off, abreast the point, Henry Pascal and Kingfisher came out upon an open space on the beach, and waved a token repeatedly, and even ventured halloos; but she sailed past, not recognizing or unheeding the signals. It was a bitter disappointment. Kingfisher

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was sympathizing, his consolations running in this wise: that Monday was always a good day for ships; that he knew another would be along after a while; that he was sure it would come nearer in, with a variety of similar reflections very creditable to his kind-heartedness, after indulging in which he presently took a turn up the river for certain nets and fish-baskets that had now been without attention for several days, and in examining which he could also have an eye for passing sails.

By this time the fierce tropical sun was well up, and Henry Pascal, seeking his shelter, had leisure to observe the surroundings. The tide was low on a smooth, snowy beach, and the white breakers came rolling in, to expand, coalesce, and spread out in broad sheets upon the foamy shore. Below him, at the extremity of the curve making from the point of the embouchure, a group of pelicans were disporting, some sailing on flagging wing, some plunging for prey, while others preened their plumage, perched on the fibrous roots of the palms, which here and there formed stretches of vaulted open network along high-water mark. In imagination his eye followed up the beach, and with a sweep was fifty miles away at the Cape, and many and long were his musings. When he recalled himself to his surroundings, an hour, he thought, must have thus passed. The sun had perceptibly advanced. The tide, too, having turned, was now rushing in with a freshening breeze, and he was watching the swift arrows of water shoot along the line of contact, where the advancing swell, about to break on the shore, met the reflow of its predecessor, when Kingfisher came running up as fast as his stiff leg would allow, with the intelligence that a sail was on the way down the river. In a moment she emerged within view, and when nearly against the point made a tack that brought her far towards the western side. The signals were observed, and Henry Pascal's heart bounded, for it was the final assurance of safety, and the cry of the ten thousand rose within him, "*Thalassa! thalassa!*" on seeing the sails slacken and the anchor heaved. A boat put off, and Henry Pascal, after pouring out his gratitude to Kingfisher, and wringing the old negro's hand again and again, was presently aboard. It proved to be the brigantine *Elizabeth*, trading between the Cape and the Spanish settlements on the Yaqui.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CAPE FRANÇOIS AGAIN.

Storms and head-winds followed that afternoon and the next day, retarding progress, and it was not till the afternoon of Wednesday, the last day of August, that the *Elizabeth* anchored in the harbor of Cape François. The news of Henry Pascal's arrival spread with the greatest rapidity throughout the city, and excited the liveliest interest, for he was well known and popular, and his hapless capture had been a universal theme. He was on everybody's lips, and great numbers sought him personally, as well on his own account as to learn the first really authentic tidings from the negro camp. On reaching shore he hastened to the Hôtel de Ville—where, indeed, the news had preceded him—to meet his father, who received him as though from the dead. While here a message comes from the governor-general, M. Blanchelande, and the next two hours are passed in reporting before him and the chief officers commanding in the city such information as he had been able to gather respecting the strength, efficiency, and temper of the black army, together with the immediate movements contemplated by Dessalines, and his purpose towards the prisoners. The circumstances of his escape he dwelt upon only in a general way, concealing, for obvious reasons, the names of his benefactors. But late that evening, after receiving a host of friends, he privately gave the full details to his father and Colonel Tourner, who were delighted beyond measure at the devotion shown by Jacque and Kingfisher, and, in truth, often fairly wept over the recital.

Next morning he went aboard the *Sappho*, whose decks now wore the usual aspect, all the fugitives, save the Tourner family, having returned to the Cape on the subsidence of the panic. Madame Tourner, in expectation of the visit, was all ready to receive him. The colonel, the preceding afternoon, the moment he caught the report of Henry Pascal's return flying about the city, had despatched a messenger to his wife with the news. She communicated it to Captain Winslow, of the *Sappho*, who immediately went ashore. He was one of the officers before whom, at the governor-general's residence, Henry Pascal reported, and through him the latter conveyed word to Madame Tourner that he would call on the morrow.

A great change had taken place in certain of her views. As her daughter lay in delirium, and life for hours trembled

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in the balance, bitterly did she reproach herself as the cause, in having been a party to M. Tardiffe's scheme and so urgent for his suit. In spite, also, of her partiality for the man, the more she reflected the more her generous nature was compelled to admit the utter meanness of this scheme, to which she had assented under a supreme sense of helplessness and despair. Her daughter's illness, too, had opened her eyes to values she had hitherto not fully weighed. It has been before observed that beneath Madame Tourner's worldliness, the accident rather of a sunny nature and tempting surroundings, beat a warm, womanly heart, and deep currents flowed out towards her husband and daughter. But these currents had been moving on undisturbed for years, and she knew not how vitally they bound her till a sudden fear of interruption revealed their strength. Never before had her daughter been so critically ill; for the first time she saw herself menaced with the loss of her only child—and all this because she had been seeking M. Tardiffe's gold. Sorely did she bewail and lament her folly. It was a grief that swallowed up every other. What was gold—she so often bitterly cried within herself, as those watching, anxious hours passed—against her daughter's life and love? She all but cursed the gold, and, terribly stung with self-reproaches, vowed, if her child was spared, never more to cross her affections.

For Henry Pascal's escape she was, indeed, overjoyed. All on a sudden it opened up new hopes, and, naturally enough, she took a more rational and better view of his prospects. The opening in Jamaica she now regarded as very good, and Henry Pascal fully able to improve it. She thought, too—doubting not they would all go thither—that the English ancestry of her husband would tend to help him to opportunities in this prosperous English colony; and altogether there was much, in her opinion, to be thankful for. For very plain reasons she earnestly hoped Henry Pascal's escape had been in no way connected with the efforts of M. Tardiffe. That the latter had not returned with him gave ground for such a hope, and the replies to the first questions addressed to her visitor put her mind at rest in this direction. His first question was of mademoiselle, whose dangerous illness he had heard of through the colonel. A week had just elapsed since the beginning of the attack. It had been of great severity, but comparatively short, and it was a coincidence that the crisis had passed the very day of Henry Pascal's return. As the fever ebbed and the delirium went off her inquiries after Henry Pascal were anxiously repeated, and the ship's surgeon

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advised that the news of his return be at once, yet gently, communicated. Madame Tourner had feared that complications connected with M. Tardiffe might prove a source of distress, and delayed the tidings till she had seen Henry Pascal himself and learnt particulars. Relieved on finding that "the news" was unencumbered, she replied in fine spirits to her visitor's question, saying her daughter was better, and might be able to see him presently, and asked to be allowed to retire a moment to aid in some preparations.

The attack had left Émilie Tourner prostrated in body and in mind. The events which immediately preceded and led up to it seemed to her a ghastly dream, and when the reality broke upon her the effort to recall them was unsatisfactory. She remembered having interceded with M. Tardiffe, and his expression of willingness to oblige her, but what followed was all indistinct. Whether he had gone, or how he had gone, she could not tell. The circumstances were wholly confused, only that she retained an impression of something sinister connected with them; and to the clearing up of the mystery her earliest inquiries were directed. Her mother, however, gave evasive replies, and endeavored, in her enfeebled state, to lead her mind in less disquieting directions. As Madame Tourner now entered the apartment of her fever-worn daughter the latter, still engrossed with the one thought, turned towards her and said:

"The servant tells me you've had a visitor."

"Yes, Émilie."

"Has he brought news?"

"Yes, my darling; some authentic tidings from Dessalines have just reached the Cape."

"What of the prisoners?" she cried with sudden energy, partly raising herself as she spoke, but immediately sinking back in the vain effort to sustain the position.

"Be calm, my dear child. The news is *not* bad. We hear that Dessalines, being in need of funds, is disposed to ransom the prisoners."

A momentary flush of satisfaction which brightened her features and seemed to expand her frame passed away as she replied in slow, halting, drooping tones:

"To hear of ransom is better than to hear of death, but where can the means be had? and what must the end not be?"

"Possibly, Émilie, he may have escaped. Monsieur Pascal is known and liked by the negroes generally, and he must have friends in the black army."

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"O maman! don't oppress me with vain hopes."

"Well, Émilie, the news really is that he *has* escaped."

"Escaped!" replied the daughter, bending upon her mother a look of the deepest interest.

"Yes, escaped through the aid of Jacque Beattie. Rumor has it that Monsieur Pascal descended the *Riviere du Massacre* by night, and he is supposed to be now at some point on the coast."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the daughter, with a beaming countenance. "Yet," she added thoughtfully, "dangers must still surround him."

"Suppose, Émilie," said Madame Tourner, as an arch smile played over her features, "the point on the coast it is thought he has reached should be Cape François!"

Regarding her mother with a half-frightened expression, as if she could not think she would trifle with her, yet afraid of trusting such perfect news, she asked solemnly:

"Mamma, can you be jesting?"

"Let us thank God, my child; Monsieur Pascal is indeed safe at the Cape, and all the city rejoices."

To this announcement Émilie Tourner could only reply by burying her face in her handkerchief and weeping for joy.

When the burst of feeling had presently passed she turned to her mother, and with eyes still filling with happy tears, said in a deprecating voice:

"Surely, maman, you are not deceiving me?"

"Well, my child," smilingly rejoined Madame Tourner, "if you can't believe me, I shall allow Monsieur Pascal to speak for himself. Our visitor is none other than he, and he awaits my return for permission to see you."

Another application of the handkerchief now became unavoidable, Madame Tourner the meanwhile giving hasty touches here and there to complete the order of the apartment. It is scarcely necessary to add that the effect of the interview was in every way salutary, and that Émilie Tourner's improvement advanced with astonishing rapidity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

The day following Admiral Affleck, in response to the appeal for help, arrived from Jamaica with the frigates *Blonde* and *Daphne*. Seeing he could effect nothing against the insurgents,

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concentrated, as they were, in the interior, he resolved to return, after landing supplies and debarking a force to aid in securing the Cape's defence till troops should be sent from the mother country. He delayed departure a few days, to enable certain families who had determined upon leaving San Domingo at once to complete arrangements. Among these were the Pascals and Tourners.

In the mail for Cape François, brought by the *Blonde*, was a letter which Mr. Harrison had directed to Henry Pascal at Kingston, and which the latter's uncle had forwarded. It contained a formal offer, on advantageous terms, to open an agency at Kingston, to which offer Henry Pascal, resigning his military office, promptly wrote an acceptance. Colonel Tourner, after full consultation with his family, also determined upon going thither. Nothing could now be done at the Cape. Opportunities of some sort, he considered, would present themselves in Jamaica, and it would be far better to await there the issue of San Domingo affairs. He therefore relinquished his command, his military services being no longer necessary; Émilie Tourner was carefully removed to the *Blonde*, and the latter part of the week the good ship safely reached Kingston. Here Henry Pascal succeeded far beyond his expectations, and in due time his nuptials with Émilie Tourner were celebrated. Within a few years he became the Jamaica partner of the Harrison house. Ultimately, upon Mr. Harrison's decease, the Kingston branch passed absolutely into his hands, and he rose to wealth and influence. As for Colonel Tourner, though his San Domingo possessions were irretrievably lost, he fairly prospered at Kingston, living happily near his daughter, and occasionally accompanying his son-in-law to London, where the latter had established business relations.

M. Tardiffe became a victim to Dessalines' wrath, falling into the trap he had prepared for another. When the guard, in turn, came on duty the night of the escape and found his comrade dead and the prisoner gone, an alarm was sounded through the camp. Little, however, could be done before morning, when every effort was made to obtain a clue, but in vain. Dessalines was in a tremendous fury. Naturally he suspected Jacque Beattie, as having been a favored servant in the Pascal family, and set afoot some secret investigations. But Jacque had cleverly concealed his tracks, and nothing was discovered. While brooding over the matter, his rage at being baffled growing with his potations, Dessalines remembered M. Tardiffe's

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saying he knew the Pascals well, and how very desirous he was that his presence in the camp should not be known to Henry Pascal; and, altogether, his drunken suspicions being aroused, he did not stickle ordering him to be searched, when, to the astonishment of every one, including M. Tardiffe himself, who had not thought of the ensnaring document, the note from Madame Tourner was found. Dessalines was convinced of his complicity in the escape, would listen to nothing from him, threw him into prison, and a day or two after, on hearing of the tortures inflicted upon captured blacks at the Cape, in a gust of passion ordered all the prisoners to execution.

Jacque Beattie bore an active part in the long and dreadful struggle that finally ended, twelve years later, in the complete triumph of the blacks, under Jean Dessalines. He had become full weary of war, and the peace that followed the proclamation of black independence proved a profound disappointment. Jean Dessalines was the counterpart of his twin-brother, Paul, and his horribly wicked and bloody rule so disgusted Jacque that he disposed of his possessions, which had now become considerable, and came to Kingston. He was at once manumitted by Henry Pascal, who with every member of his own and his wife's family held him in great honor, and never grew weary in manifestations of gratitude. He lived at Kingston many years, and as "Colonel Beattie" was a familiar and highly-respected character. It was through Jacque that Monsieur Tardiffe's perfidy and the circumstances of his fate first became known.

Henry Pascal made repeated efforts, but in vain, to get tidings of Kingfisher. For the noble old fellow he always kept a fresh, warm place in his heart, and his memory as a grand hero was transmitted to his little children, whom he would often delight with the story of his rescue and escape. His eldest child, by the way, was called Jacque, and for another he gravely suggested to his wife the name of "Kingfisher"; but she deemed it altogether too bizarre, and they agreed upon Francis, Kingfisher's original prænomen.

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.

THE END.

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TITLES: THEIR SENSE AND THEIR NONSENSE.

IT is curious that no book has been written on the origin and history of titles. Mr. Frederick Marshall, in his book on *International Vanities*, has written amusingly on the ceremonials of rank, but has kept titles more or less in the background. It is only by diving into odd sorts of dictionaries, especially French, German, and Italian, that we are able to pick up fragments of information on a subject which has a quaint kind of interest.

Who could have been the first man who titled himself? Adam is said to have lived hundreds of years, so that even he possibly may have known the bearer of the first title. If we go back to B.C. 2000 (when Adam must have been dead one thousand years), we read of Menes, which signifies "the Conductor"; and about B.C. 1200 there was one Tiglath Pileser, which may be taken to mean "illustrious chief." A little later we come to Xerxes, who styled himself "Xerxes the king, the great king, the king of kings, the king of the many-peopled countries, the supporter also of the great world," an assumption of superiority which excited the emulation of other and less turbulent monarchs, for we read that Tigranes, the Armenian, also proclaimed himself "king of kings," and was so sensitive as to his title that he refused to answer a letter because it was addressed only to "The King." Evidently the love of titles springs naturally to the human mind when personal power has lifted a man above his fellows.

Royal titles have been, of course, the most magnificent, the most pretentious of a sort of quasi-divine dignity. It has been suggested by a Frenchman that crowned heads like great titles as "a compensation for the riskiness of their business." This same Frenchman says that "a sovereign's business is the least lucky in the world, and that no insurance office ought to think of accepting his life." He has made a calculation that up to the present time there have been 2,540 emperors and kings, ruling over about sixty-four nations; and that of this number of crowned heads 300 have been driven from their thrones, 64 have abdicated, 24 have committed suicide, 12 have become insane, 100 have been killed in battle, 123 have been made prisoners, 25 have died as martyrs, 151 have been assassinated, and 108 legally condemned and executed. Accepting this calculation as accurate, we should still be disposed to question whether the magnificence

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of royal titles afforded any solace under such sorrows. Be this as it may, the splendid title of Emperor (exceptionally unlucky in point of a "natural death") disappeared in Western Europe from about A.D. 475 to about A.D. 805, though the title of King has never fallen into abeyance, but has only been modified linguistically. Of semi-royal titles there have been a multitude, and not a few of them survive to the present day. A Reigning Grand Duke is still existent; and until lately there was a Reigning Serene Duchess. Elector is a title which, if extinct, is historic, suggesting the greater part of the history of central Europe for a period of certainly more than two centuries. It is true that Palatine, Margrave, and Landgrave, titles once implying a sovereign lordship, have vanished out of modern royal blue books; so, too, has Doge, with its memories of Venice, and Protector, with its memories of Cromwell; but Viceroy is still significant to English minds—and very painfully significant to Irish minds, though Lord-Lieutenant is its more customary interpretation. Such old-fashioned titles as Hospodar and Stadtholder convey no distinct meaning to our young men. Yet there are other big titles which mean much—Sultan, for example, which in Arabic is "mighty man," and Caliph, which implies a "royal substitute," being to this day significant and portentous. Bey once meant a bigger man than a Sultan, while Khedive is a modern growth out of Pasha. President is the most modern of (supreme) titles, and, to the thinking of many persons, the most respectable. At least, it is the simple expression of a fact, and owes nothing to terminology for its power.

That the vanity of royal rulers must not be taken as proportionate to the extent of their dominions or their power is proved by the fact that many second-rate rulers have smothered themselves in volumes of titles. Thus, so late as the year 1826, the King of Portugal—who was not even a "great man"—described himself as "King of Portugal and Algarve within and beyond the seas; in Africa, Seigneur of Guinea, and of the navigation and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and the Indies." This must have been news to the Shah of Persia and to the English "Indian Office." The King of Sardinia had a habit of styling himself—before he took a fancy to be King of Italy—as King of Cyprus, Sicily, and Jerusalem, and seigneur of forty-seven other districts, which must have puzzled some old-fashioned geographists, who had impressions as to a different ownership of those countries, and which indeed made the King of Naples quite angry, as he also had a weakness for being King

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of Jerusalem, and was a very considerable royal proprietor in Sicily. As to mighty eastern sovereigns, we will pass over such a magnate as Khorrum Shah, the fifth Mogul Emperor of Delhi, who contented himself with the title of "king of the world," a quite harmless if somewhat embracing affectation, and we will speak of a sovereign who, at 140° east, sits enthroned as the tip-top power of the universe. It is true that he has only one title, but it is a title which includes all other possible titles. Moreover, his ancestors from the date of B.C. 600 have claimed and have been acclaimed by the same title. This more than human potentate, whom we call the Mikado, but who is not the Mikado in his own country, is known by his subjects as Ten-o, which, being interpreted—if the English language is indeed competent—means as nearly as possible, Heaven-Highest. This potentate must smile serenely on modern dynasties, with their mushroom titles of Majesty and Royal Highness, since in the time of Nebuchadnezzar his ancestors were Ten-o, and have always been so, and, of course, must be so to the end of time. Now, let us respectfully contemplate this "well-born" monarch. Not even in the British Museum is there any relic of periods which were anterior to "Nebuchadnezzar the king"; so that we look in vain for relics of the Japanese ancients who acknowledged Ten-o as the only personage in the world. Curious that this supremely "old-familied" monarch should have condescended to adopt modern modes of government, should have recently created a brand-new titular nobility, and should be known even in his own country as a too liberal constitutionalist and the patron of nineteenth century institutions! Ten-o is now the promoter of railways; Ten-o has practically granted a constitution; so that Nebuchadnezzar and the most modern of Christian sovereigns—B.C. 600 and A.D. 1889—may be said, speaking poetically, to have joined hands across the ages, and to have linked supreme autocracy with liberalism.

Of the titles by which Christian kings have been addressed, Majesty seems to claim the most antiquity, though in early times many great men were addressed as Majesty, nor does it appear that till about the beginning of the fifteenth century kings claimed to be alone truly Majestic. Their older titles were Grace, Grandeur, Serenity; with Highness, Celsitude, or Altitude thrown in as subsidiary compliments. The very superb title Imperial Majesty was first claimed by the proud Emperor Charles the Fifth; while the title Royal Majesty seems to have first caught the fancy of a French king about A.D. 1554. Highness was an

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invention of a Roman emperor, and continued popular with a variety of Christian kings; but the title Royal Highness is quite a modern discovery, not earlier than the time of the French Louis XIII. Louis XIV. presented that title to his nephews; while the title Prince (first, of course, the Roman *Princeps*) was much used, though in Latin, a thousand years ago. As to quite modern titles, Monseigneur was the title of only one personage, the French Dauphin, but soon came to be extended to the French prelates. And as to the three adjectives Excellent, Eminent, and August, the first once belonged to kings alone; the second, originally reserved for royal personages, was bestowed by Urban VIII. upon cardinals; while August, with its fictional handmaid Perpetual, was an invention of some German notability.

But now as to the Pope's title, Your Holiness; was it originally Catholic or only royal? The answer is that Paternity, Beatitude, Grandeur, and Apostolic Majesty were the Pope's titles down to the beginning of the fourteenth century; but the title Holiness had been shared by many monarchs whose saintliness was not their primary characteristic. Not only was Louis le Débonnaire styled Your Holiness, but even the heretic Theodoric enjoyed the title; and so also some of the Emperors of Constantinople, and at least one Frenchman, King Robert, were honored with the complimentary epithet. More curiously, perhaps, still, two at least of the Roman emperors were styled not only Holy, but Very Holy, which, after all, was but an approximation to their titular rank, Divine, conferred chiefly after they had gone to reside with Jupiter and Juno. As to the origin of the reservation of Your Holiness to the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church, it came about simply in this way: The Pontiffs adopting the title for themselves, the rest of the world respectfully gave it up, using the title henceforth not as a recognition of rank, but as a homage to the Pontiff's office and person.

One big royal title we have not noticed, that of Czar, or, as perhaps it should be written, Tsar. The Great Lord Autocrat, Grand Duke, etc., were the earlier Muscovite titles; but Duke Wladimir, who died in 1125, was the first who, for some reason, was called Tsar. Imperial Tsar was an amplification of later times; it was first thought of about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the then Emperor of Germany took offence at it, even protesting that he must forbid the assumption. But the monarch of Russia was self-willed, and his successors have always shown the same trait. In 1721, after the peace of Nystadt, the Russian senate and synod further conferred on their

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supreme head the title of Emperor of all the Russias. This was thought too bombastic to be recognized. Many sovereigns wrote angrily to the Big Man. For nearly half a century the title was contested, and some of the letters of the royal objectors are still extant. Yet one does not see why a monarch should not indulge in grandiloquence, if such an amusement is congenial to his subjects. "Ten-o" was never reviled for his sublimity, nor have other monarchs been considered as his inferiors because Heaven-Highest tops them all in self-assumption. Nonsense is inseparable from all arrogance, and should be regarded with a courteous contempt.

From the titles of kings have come the titles of nobility, the nobility being, as the rays of the sovereign sun, benignly warming and warmed, complementarily. It would be impossible in a short space to trace the development of noble titles, and indeed it would be tedious to attempt it. History records battles which have been fought for "empty titles," so that vanity can claim the honor of having shed as much blood as its foster-brothers, interest and love. Nor are we in these days less worshipful of syllables—or, for that matter, of ribbons, stars, or orders—than were our forefathers in less civilized periods. Distinctions call for titles; all men like distinctions; therefore all men like to be extra-syllabled. Moreover, differences of rank, in the modern order of governments, necessarily require some prefix or "handle" by which the political degree may be intimated. Even socially we must have our nomenclature. The Englishman, if he be respectable in position, is mightily offended if you do not address his letters to Esquire, while the graduate of a university is a decided stickler for his M.A. when his name has to appear in a public document. It is human to love titles. Just as there is no dark chief in Africa, nor even any red Indian in the prairies who has become illustrious in the fine art of scalping, who does not rejoice in some nickname of distinction, so is there no gentleman in either hemisphere who would not rather be entitled as a somebody than herded with the *profanum vulgus* as a nobody.

So that there is obviously a real side as well as a comic side to the whole subject of royal and noble titles, and therefore of all etiquette in "styles." It is true that men are children, however old they may become, and that they kneel to the mere symbols of superiority [most Englishmen feel a pulsation in the presence of a Duke and a slight disturbance on the approach of a Royal Highness], yet since the aspiration after *personal* superiority is the idea, if not the fact, of all name-worship, we must

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allow that there *would be* good in titles did they guarantee the superiority of the holder. Thus, the original idea of a nobleman was a man who had done noble deeds; so that the homage was paid only to title because it was first paid to merit. This idea has quite died out in England. A man may be now made a peer [of political "parity," that is, with the sovereign] because he has amassed a fortune as an underwriter or as a money-lender, or as a bill-discounter of vast proportions, or as a brewer of stout ales for the thirsty multitude, or as a banker of much craft and greater success. Nobility has, therefore, come to mean prosperity. Titles are but the coroneting of good luck. Nobleness and nobility have been divorced. And again, unfortunately, there is no obligation for an English nobleman to adopt the sacred principle, *noblesse oblige*, so that his title may become a watchword of reproach or of contempt, while he continues to serenely "lord it" all his life. The court catechisms of vanity are as precise as they are complex in regard to the homage which is to be paid to syllabic rank, but they do not touch the questions of merit or of competency, of industry, of morality, or even of decency. Is such a nobility worth a cent to the public good? This is a matter of opinion; yet is there not some harm done in the creation of a vulgar flunkyism, in the cherishing of purely material standards of rank, just as the French aristocracy for a long time did the same thing, before the law of primogeniture was abolished? At least we must say that there is little incentive to virtue; the incentive is to greed and to vanity.

Perhaps, however, this is to take too grave a view of an institution which no one has ever supposed to be supernatural. Titles have been the sport of all philosophers—who nevertheless have rarely refused to accept a title

As the temptation is very strong to run on lengthily on this subject—such a variety of topics being incidental—let us conclude with this one more observation: that Heraldry, most probably, was the father of Nobility, or rather, the father of such nobility as was titled. And we will select but one out of a heap of old traditions which the lovers of heraldic lore are wont to cherish. That delightful enthusiast known as Morgan has assured us that heraldry is so very ancient that even Adam must be accounted to have been "armiger." Adam and Eve were lawful bearers of "cote-armure"! "After the Fall," says the enthusiast [he might well put it after the Fall], "Adam was assigned a shield *gules*, and to Eve another, *argent*." This is historic,

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and nothing more need be said. The same learned author has assured us that, "after the Fall, Adam bore a garland of fig-leaves, which Abel quartered with Argent, and an apple *vert*, in right of his mother." This seems likely. Moreover, in the book of St. Alban's, printed so late as 1486, we read, among other startling announcements (refreshing to the enthusiast in heraldry), that "of the offspringe of the gentilman Japeth came Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys, and also the great line of Mary"—but here, for reverence' sake, we omit what follows—all of whom were entitled to bear arms. Obviously, then, heraldry and titles were in the position of father and son; and since we must not be carried away with such romancing, we will end with acquiescing in the quaint view, that as even Adam was "armiger"—though it does not appear that he was a nobleman—it seems likely that heraldry was the precursor of all titles, or, rather, suggested the nomenclature of rank.

A. F. MARSHALL.

MUSING.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν.*

I.

SELF-KNOW! Can I know so? I know I can, for I know that
I do so know.
What? That I *am*, and as I am; here wanting, wanting so—
Some all, though what I may hardly know, and yet—yes, 'tis a
great deal.
That above all I know, for that, oh, that above all I feel!
Ay, and so feeling, I feel I feel—all wants beyond and before—
The want not to want, be the want what it may: I want not to
want any more.

* Words over the entrance to the Temple at Delphi. "*Descendit e cœlo* Γνῶθι σεαυτόν," says Juvenal, Sat. xi. 27.

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II.

True, want is never of naught; 'tis of somewhat there now to pursue.
Still, is not this want I feel but to *have*, nor is it so much to *do*;
Though what it is for, I know, would give me all I could get; would, too,
Make me do all I ought, and yet, for neither I long thus . . . I see!
In that I want not to want, I want—I want but to be let be.
Be how? Be being, always and wholly self-finding, so suffering no pain.
Be what? What I am; for what I have got, or what I've been able to gain
So as simply to have, may go, all go; so that what I *am* I remain.
Wert vain then, O vision of Beauty and Truth, and Goodness and Greatness, all o'er me
But beckoning me up?—bright dream of my youth, there even now rising before me!
Wert thou also vain, manhood's last aim?—vain all I have tried and have done!
No, no, but 'twas always the same; I longed, as I long, to *become*.
That longing I know now cannot be wrong, for I see 'tis my being's feel;
What no world-fact, or act of my own, but my Maker's in me doth reveal:
'Tis the self-word of Sense, this want to act forth what of worth is my life's potency,
To become what for all I am made to become, to be what 'tis in me to be.

III.

Restless heart! What wouldst thou now? Doth Sense the Right not say?
Thou sighest so, I scarcely know whether for yea or nay
Or only doubt. Still, sigh, my heart! Why not? But thus canst tell
The secret of thy nature's way; and that too must be well.

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Sigh on—yes, what if all I ought at last I came to be?
No, 'twould not do. Nay, longing most, thought turns self off from me
To mine—the others, father, mother, brothers—O my own
Gone for ever! Wrong? Aye, wrong were being left alone.
No matter what one's lot may be hereafter to become,
Not that may mean for what life cries while thus the heart sighs "Home!"
Sense shows not all the Right. There is what Sense from Self may move:
Why, at its best, Sense is thy slave, thy willing slave, sweet Love!

. . . . . .

I see, with mind's clearest self-seeing, each one
Should act out as *being* what in him is *done;*
To my spirit still is it life's fullest way shown;
Man as made is not One for his being alone . . .
Must I say, then, 'twere vain to try thought's way to find
The want that the word is of spirit and mind;
Law of head and of heart, of the One and the Kind;
Truth of sense and of sentiment, wisdom and love;
The Mean making Self e'en as resting to move?

. . . . . .

Ah, yes, Lord, well Thy Word's word sings:
"As the hart thirsteth for the water-springs,
My soul is athirst unto Thee, O God!"
Ah, yes, here too Thy creature sings:
"*As the hart thirsteth for the water-springs,*
My soul is athirst unto Thee, O God!"
I but tread the path Thy prophet trod,
And, tired of becoming, long to be
At rest—at one, First One, with Thee,
My more than self and mine to me,
My Good and theirs, and the Good of all—
O Good—Good—God! What can I call
Thee more? What can I do but rest
In the thought of Thee, as for all for me,
THE BEST!

T. J. O'M.

All Hallows College, Dublin.

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CHURCH, STATE, AND SCHOOL.

THE idea of complete separation of the state from religion is something worthy of careful consideration. Imagine a state appealing to its citizens upon grounds altogether unreligious! The best thing in the way of motive the civil organism can present is "the general good." The general good is a purely negative quantity; namely, securing the conditions without which happiness would be out of the question. And if this be the secular power's highest motive, its greatest sanction is on the side of reward, civil protection, worldly prosperity; and on the side of punishment, reformatories, jails, and scaffolds. Imagine a society made up of men into whose lives, *as citizens*, no other motive nor sanction but these entered! It is not easy to form the concept of, in Mallock's word, a thoroughly *dereligionized* state. Such, however, would be one entirely separated from religion. The fact is that the motives and sanctions of religion are those which most move men in the right-minded fulfilment of civic duties. "Man's primary duty is towards God; his secondary duty is towards his brother-men; and it is only from the filial relation that the fraternal springs." On this fraternity the Christian state is based. The union between church and state which the Catholic Church reaches out for, and the separation of them which she condemns, were well summarized by Dr. Brownson in this magazine, May, 1870:

"For ourselves, we are partial to our American system, which, unless we are blinded by our national prejudices, comes nearer to the realization of the true union as well as distinction of church and state than has hitherto or elsewhere been effected; and we own we should like to see it, if practicable there, introduced, by lawful means only, into the nations of Europe. The American system may not be practicable in Europe; but, if so, we think it would be an improvement. Foreigners do not generally, nor even do all Americans themselves, fully understand the relation of church and state as it really subsists in the fundamental constitution of American society. Abroad and at home there is a strong disposition to interpret it by the theory of European liberalism, and both they who defend and they who oppose the union of church and state regard it as based on their total separation. But the reverse of this, as we understand it, is the fact. American society is based on the principle of their union; and union, while it implies distinction, denies separation. Modern infidelity, or secularism, is, no doubt, at work here as elsewhere to effect their separation; but as yet the two orders are distinct, each with its distinct organization, sphere of action, representatives, functions, but not separate. Here the rights of neither are held to be grants from the other. The rights of the church are not franchises or conces-

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sions from the state, but are recognized by the state as held under a higher law than its own, and therefore rights prior to and above itself, which it is bound by the law constituting it to respect, obey, and, whenever necessary, to use its physical force to protect and vindicate." . . . "We note here that this view condemns alike the absorption of the state in the church, and the absorption of the church in the state, and requires each to remain distinct from the other, each with its own organization, organs, faculties, and sphere of action. It favors, therefore, neither what is called theocracy, or clerocracy, rather, to which Calvinistic Protestantism is strongly inclined, nor the supremacy of the state, to which the age tends, and which was assumed in all the states of gentile antiquity, whence came the persecutions of Christians by pagan emperors. We note further that the church does not make the law; she only promulgates, declares, and applies it, and is herself as much bound by it as the state itself. The law itself is prescribed for the government of all men and nations by God himself as Supreme Lawgiver, or the end or final cause of creation, and binds equally states and individuals, churchmen and statesmen, sovereigns and subjects. Such, as we have learnt it, is the Catholic doctrine of the relation of church and state, and such is the relation that in the divine order really exists between the two orders, and which the church has always and everywhere labored with all her zeal and energy to introduce and maintain in society."

Many well-meaning non-Catholics think that an establishment, or concordat, or agreement by which church authorities should hold secular power, constitutes the ideal union which Catholics have longed for. On the contrary, Catholics know that the church was never more wronged than when dealt with as an establishment or tied up by a concordat. In every such case the tendency has been towards the assumption of church control by the civil power. Whatever advantages the church seemed to acquire from these alliances, her deprivation was generally, if not always, far in excess of her gain. Through the middle ages, when it is commonly supposed she possessed greatest civil authority, "she enjoyed not a moment's peace, hardly a truce, and was obliged to maintain an unceasing struggle with the civil authority against its encroachments on the spiritual order, and for her own independence and freedom of action as the Church of God."

These considerations are apt to throw some light on the Catholic aspect of the problem, which, briefly, is that both institutions were intended to act in harmony, each within its distinct province; one looking to man's temporal welfare, the other to his spiritual. Withal, though the province of each be distinct, the proximate—earthly prosperity—must not antagonize the ultimate end of man, happiness hereafter.

The history of civilization tells us the value of religion to society considered apart from its governmental functions. Industry, the arts, the sciences, sanitation, commerce, discovery have received their strongest impulse from her. If there be any ad-

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vance which man has made in which positive dogmatic religion has had no hand, then that advance is not yet catalogued.

It is, moreover, entirely to the church that society owes the Home, where man finds his purest and completest earthly bliss.

But it is in the moral sphere that the church has rendered society untold benefits. It is popular to speak of religion in one breath and morality in another. Separate them, and what have you on the moral side? At best utilitarianism. This could no more produce the high standard of actions religious motives put before men than the cracked, kernelless acorn-shell could grow the oak-tree. Sun would shine, rain fall in vain, the germ of life would be wanting. A moral code without inwardness, with a temporary value and without absoluteness, so that it would be within "the competence of any man or all men to alter or abolish it," would certainly be a sorry standard of social virtue, a veritable dummy togged out in "the clothes of religion." To such a standard, to this kind of a god alone, has society a right if it be separated from religion.

Still, it has been objected that the union of religion and society tends either to corrupt the former "by debasing the spiritual to the love of luxurious ease, as in the case of the monastic orders," or to disorganize the latter "by proclaiming beggary [voluntary poverty?], the symbol of its ruin, more honored than productive industry." To confuse beggary with voluntary poverty, the proximate cause of the greatest philanthropic industries the world has seen, is to outrage language; as well call property theft.

Could such results as those objected come to pass, they would be the effect of pure accident, and could be quoted no more fairly as reason why the church and society should be entirely cut asunder than a child's destructive carelessness in handling matches could be urged as ground sufficient for the prohibition of their manufacture. It is true that "each institution has its essential place and function," but this does not disprove their mutual usefulness. As religion makes of the individual more than a worm of earth, and of his life more than "an idiot's dream," so does it, and must it, lift society up out of the slough of natural satisfactions on to the highlands of spiritual endeavor. If in performing this duty the church would stoop to functions unworthy of itself, or run a risk of debasement, then would it be inherently unfit for the work it was set to do; namely, to make the natural a path to that which is above nature and rounds out man's happiness, the divine.

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So much by way of introduction to what we have to say of religion and education.

"The ultimate end of education," says Professor Huxley, "is to promote morality and refinement, by teaching men to discipline themselves, and by leading them to see that the highest, as it is the only content, is to be attained not by grovelling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continually striving towards those high peaks where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good—'a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.'" The quotation is pertinent, because it defines the position of the "advanced" scientific school of the day as to the work education should do. This school, of course, regards religion as a detected superstition of no future influence. The work it did is, under the new *régime*, the province of education. The inference is an easy one: granting religion, it and education should go hand-in-hand, since their ultimate end is the same, raising men up out of "the rank and steaming valleys of sense."

In other words, the object of education is the formation of character; character is a matter of principle, of motive; these are subjects of the spiritual order; consequently, they belong to this order's authoritative representative, organized religion. It is begging the question to claim for the state absolute control of education because its own protection and the public good require educated citizens. It has already been shown that for the same reasons the state needs religious citizens. Should it, therefore, usurp a spiritual function?

The core of the matter is, secular society is unable to discharge its proper functions without the co-operation and aid of the spiritual society. Civic virtues no more than personal are the proper effects of purely secular training; uprightness, honesty (except as advantageous policy), fidelity, loyalty, respect for authority are not direct consequences of reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Secular studies are undeniably valuable auxiliaries to spiritual progress, for religion, being a revelation of God, requires an intellectual worshipper. Of all religions the Catholic most thoroughly realized this truth; else why is her history the history of universities? The bearing of knowledge on religious truth is the subject of Dr. Newman's "Eighth Discourse on University Teaching," of which the following extracts are too pertinent to this article's purpose to be omitted:

"It is obvious," he says, "that the first step pastors of the church have to effect in the conversion of man and the renovation of his nature is his rescue

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from that fearful subjection to sense which is his ordinary state. To be able to break through the meshes of that thraldom, and to disentangle and disengage its ten thousand holds upon the heart, is to bring it, I might almost say, half-way to heaven. Here even divine grace, to speak of things according to their appearances, is ordinarily baffled, and retires, without expedient or resource, before this giant fascination. Religion seems too high and unearthly to be able to exert a continued influence upon us; its effort to arouse the soul and the soul's effort to co-operate are too violent to last. . . . What we then need is some expedient or instrument which at least will obstruct and stave off the approach of our spiritual enemy, and which is sufficiently congenial and level with our nature to maintain as firm a hold upon us as the inducements of sensual gratification. It will be our wisdom to employ nature against itself. . . . Here, then, I think, is the important aid which intellectual cultivation furnishes to us in rescuing the victims of passion and self-will. It does not supply religious motives; it is not the cause or proper antecedent of anything supernatural; it is not meritorious of heavenly aid or reward; but it does a work at least materially good (as theologians speak), whatever be its real and formal character. It expels the excitements of sense by the introduction of those of the intellect. . . . Nor is this all. Knowledge, the discipline by which it is gained, and the tastes which it forms, have a natural tendency to refine the mind and to give it an indisposition, simply natural, yet real; nay, more than this, a disgust and abhorrence towards excesses."

If the church neglected education, she would deprive herself of the surest means of self-development; for her progress, nay, her existence, if you will, depends on her members having a secular education deficient in not an iota to that which others would possess. Fostering of ignorance by the church would be suicidal. There need be no apprehension that the church will play into the enemies' hands by doing herself what they have been struggling in vain to accomplish time out of mind.

However, to hold that secular schools in which religion is neglected or tabooed are not *godless*, in the sense Catholics use the term, because secular knowledge prepares the way for religious, or because therein truths of nature are taught, and all truth is God's, is quibbling unworthy serious minds. "The truth of mathematics," writes a present-day sophist, "the truth of history, the truth of science, truth anywhere round the globe, is just a word of God; and just in so far as children are taught that truth they are taught religion. . . . At any rate, by taking away from the schools all formal teaching concerning religion, suppose they are *godless*, they are at least harmless as far as they go." The assertion anent "the truth of mathematics," etc., proves altogether too much; namely, the utter impossibility of an atheistical school of science. Unfortunately for the proposition's defender, there have been such schools.

And the trend of "advanced" scientific teaching at present, is it for or against God? Is the whole truth or a half-truth

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taught when the fundamental principle of things is left as a matter of conjecture, of opinion? If the visible things of the world reveal the invisible, can the explanation of the one be given without any reference to the other? And will such reference be either theistic or atheistic? Such reference *must* be made, or the existence of God treated as an *unnecessary* fact. And is not that just how it is treated? Then how can schools of this complexion be harmless? Can there be a harmless neutral stand in regard to God, or materialism, or positivism?

Moreover, truth as expressed in things or principles, objective truth, apart from its concept by the human mind, is certainly God's truth; nobody questions the declaration that facts are facts. It is with the attempted statement and explanation of phenomena and principles, though with truth as a subjective element; truth modified or corrupted by opinion, and by theory, and by natural bent of disposition, and by one-sided mental development, and by dyspepsia, by all the ingredients that go to make up human fallibility—with truth in this sense it is the schools have to do. Consequently, the teaching of truth depends altogether on the view the teachers take of it. Maybe now the adjective *godless* as applied by Catholics to schools distinctively secular may be understood, and the quibble as to its use estimated at its proper worth.

What would be the strongest ground on which the separation of secular and religious studies could be pressed would be that of their inborn incompatibility. Professor Harris, in the *Andover Review*, states the proposition as follows:

"The methods of religious instruction are of necessity different from the methods in secular education. In the secular branches the good method of instruction trains the intellect to keep all its powers awake and alert. The thought must be trained to be critical. The pupil must not take the words of his text-book on faith merely. He must question and verify, demanding proofs and investigating their validity. . . . In religion, on the other hand, faith is the chief organ. . . . Religious truth is revealed in allegoric and symbolic form, having both a literal sense and a spiritual sense. The analytical understanding is necessarily hostile and sceptical in its attitude towards religious truth. But such attitude is entirely appropriate to the study of science and history. It is obvious that the mind must not be changed abruptly from secular studies to religious contemplation. A lesson on religious dogmas just after a lesson in mathematics or physical science has the disadvantage that the mind brings with it the bent or proclivity of the latter study to the serious detriment of the former."

This view of religion and this method of religious criticism and investigation may satisfy a Protestant, but the Catholic church demands thorough rationalness in all religious inquiries. That reason proves the existence of God is with her a dogma;

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and she lays it down as incontrovertible that the reasoning faculty rightly exercised leads to the Catholic faith. John Henry Newman, on the day of his reception into her fold, wrote to his friend, T. W. Allies: "May I have only one-tenth as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies!"

Catholic theology is a development of reasoning on the highest subjects. The acceptation of truths on the properly-tested authority of others (the fundamental principle of revealed religion) is a problem of pure reason. If reason has already demonstrated the existence of God, the fact that he is the authority on which truths are taken as such does not lift the problem out of reason's sphere, when the *fact* of the revelation can be proved by the same criterion as other facts accepted on authority—that is, by the testimony of witnesses qualified to give testimony as to the actual happening itself, no matter what be their qualifications for a right conception or explanation of the happening's meaning.

The man of strong eye-sight is best fitted for fine work at the telescope. Burnham, who by naked eye distinguished double stars which to others seemed a single point of light, with a small telescope discovered hundreds of them that blinked in vain for recognition by lenses twice the size of his. The illustration fits the Catholic Church's position as to the relationship of Reason and Revelation. Reason is the mental eyesight; the clearer, stronger, more critical it is the better use can it make of Revelation, the God-given telescope, by which it looks beyond the stars far into infinity.

While religion is held unable to bear the sharpest scrutiny from legitimate metaphysical inquiry it is belittled, turned into the lawful butt of infidel sarcasm. Hence the self-same methods are fitted for the introduction and guidance of youth in the spiritual as in the natural world of thought and fact. In one, as in the other, the method of imparting knowledge is progressive, proportioned to the age and abilities of the learner. Take the child in the primaries: it learns as it eats, on the authority of an older person declaring what is and what isn't good for it. How absurd to hold that a beginner must assimilate the Rule of Three through an acquaintance with the abstractions of calculus! Why, then, is religion to be taught backwards? A child sees a picture of Bucephalus and Alexander; another of Christ blessing children. For the teacher to state one fact in a method differing from a statement of the other would be an outrage on common sense. There is just as much need in the one case of a *critical*

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explanation as to why Alexander and his horse are of more interest than John Smith and his donkey as there is in the other case of a *philosophical* inquiry into the mode of union between the two natures in Christ. The facts come first; the realization of their full meaning grows in direct ratio with the development of mental capacity and the acquirement of knowledge. Religion alone, therefore, must not be made for the child a darkened chamber in which mystery and indistinctness overwhelm with awe, and which is sure to be treated as a hobgoblin room of the imagination when reason develops and memory recalls its terrors. On the contrary, the principle that religion is "the light that enlightens every man that cometh into the world" should be acted on. It should be made not the Mystifier, but the Illuminatrix of Reason, which bends the more reverently in worship of God and abasement of itself the more clearly it perceives his unspeakable perfections.

As a corollary to what has been written, it follows that the lesson in the catechism is not what differentiates the Catholic from the secular school. A half-hour daily in Catholic schools of the grammar grade, an hour or two weekly in higher schools, is given to this study. Though this brief time were turned to other use, the Catholic would yet differ *in toto* from the public school. Catechism, as a recitation, is as the other studies, simply an intellectual exercise. The Catholic school, however, has to do with more than the child's intelligence. The public school cannot pretend to train the conscience or will: its province is the intellect and memory, and even here it has to stop short within fixed limits. Beyond this province it may not go without positivizing as to religious truths, and positivize it cannot: it must suit equally infidel, pagan, Jew, Buddhist, Unitarian, Trinitarian, and the rest.

In the Catholic school, on the other hand, all the achievements of the intellect and memory are grouped about a common centre, inasmuch as all have their relations to the interests of Revealed Truth; besides this, a set of principles for the guidance of will-action, as authoritative in their department as the rules of the syllogism in theirs, is acted upon, not merely understood, by teachers and pupils. Hence the different results of the systems.

It remains to ask, Would this "sectarian" teaching bring about a condition of things similar to that of the middle ages, so that the majority might proclaim the profession of other beliefs than its own an overt act of treason? Comparing the nineteenth century with those days, the question bears its ab-

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surdity on its face. Anyway, for Catholics Dr. Brownson answered it years ago:

"This union of church and state [see the first part of this article] supposes nothing like a competency on the part of the state [he is speaking of the American state] to authoritatively declare which church represents the spiritual order. The responsibility of that decision it does and must leave to its citizens, who must decide for themselves and answer to God for the rectitude of their decision. Their decision is law for the state, and it must respect and obey it in the case alike of majorities and minorities; for it recognizes the equal rights of all its citizens and cannot discriminate between them. The church that represents for the state the spiritual order is the church adopted by its citizens; and as they adopt different churches, it can realize and enforce, through the civil courts, the canons and decrees of each only on its own members, and on them only so far as they do not infringe on the equal rights of others."

But if not from a political stand-point, from that of private life would not separate schools beget separation and distrust of fellow-citizens? Since within one's own church are the elect, the loved of God, how can I, his friend, but hate those without, who are his enemies?

In answer to this we have to say that the contact the children in the common schools have with one another is so slight and superficial and short-lived as to be unworthy the exaggerated emphasis now put upon it. Up to the present this contact has rather strengthened than lessened social and religious distinctions, and it has done so in not the pleasantest of ways for both parties concerned. It is to the ties of neighborhood, labor, recreation, business, social equality, literary associations, politics, patriotism, that the spirit of kinship in us all owes its constant sustenance and consequent growth.

Furthermore, why is it to be taken for granted that in parochial schools children are not to be taught patriotically? What an insulting insinuation to Catholic Americans the objection cloaks!

For the Catholic school explicitly or implicitly to inculcate distrust or hatred of neighbors because of religious differences would be for it to contradict every applicable principle of Catholic theology. The Catholic Church was founded for the purpose of benefiting those whom the objector would wish us to style "the enemies of God." No man is God's enemy; it is the sin within a man that comes between himself and his Maker. *Its* destruction is the objective point of Christian endeavor. The church has ever distinguished between the sinner and the sin. Hence her asylums, hospitals, missions, good works of all sorts for the avail of sinners, heretics, and pagans.

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The phases of the discussion touched upon in this article, with others of still more practical import, await the future development which from the force of circumstances they must receive. Much as has been written on the school question, the case is as yet but well opened. As the controversy advances Catholics will appreciate more and more the logicalness of the position their church has assumed. It is simply a matter of time and active controversy until the best Protestant opinion swings into line with the church, for right must win, at least in America.

The school movement just now is in a state of being analogous to that of the Home Rule movement in England a few years since. Wait for half a decade, until the mists of prejudice and sophism have been scattered, and through a clear atmosphere American Christians with their own eyes see the masked spectre of infidelity, which, all unknown, has been making them dance to his music—wait, and see how thoroughly the demon will be "laid"!

JOSEPH V. TRACY.

Hyde Park, Mass.

THE CHURCH AND THE TOILERS.

AN English paper is our authority for the following about Cardinal Manning:

"To those who have not ceased to believe in Christianity it will be not the least of his claims on the gratitude of the world that he has shown a sceptical generation that orthodoxy is no enemy of Radical progress. A young friend was speaking to him recently of the new London movements, and chanced to say they might roughly be described as 'practical Socialism.' 'I prefer to call it Christianity,' said the Cardinal."

Some Protestant historians, notably Lecky, have pronounced the Catholic Church the protector and defender of the poor of the past. We omit quotations from them. We omit proofs that the first labor organizations known in history were founded by "the lazy monks." We also omit the past events of history, which show that when the church spiritualized the business relations of the poor to the rich there was more peace and less poverty, and confine ourselves to narrating a few of her recent actions which prove her to be the protector and defender of the poor of the present day:

First, in Belgium:

Witness the effects of the triumph of the Belgian Catholic

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Party, to whom the Belgian workmen owe: (1) A government inquiry into the condition of the workingmen; (2) the organization of the Liège congresses on social questions, which has led to a special movement for the reform of the factory laws; (3) as a result of its report, an elaborate labor law, with special reference to the protection of women and children in the factories.

Second, in Germany:

When its financial interests and public peace were endangered last spring by the great strike at Bochum, who formulated the grievances and demands of the poor miners? The answer is, the Catholic priests of the place. Indeed, we know of no other men who have been such heroes of the democracy there, or who have better fulfilled the high ideal as set forth by the Eternal Priest. They mingled fraternally with the miners of Westphalia, and, as a consequence, all was tranquillity, intelligence, self-sacrifice; for they recognized in their priests pastors who thoroughly sympathized with them in their misery and discontent. Moreover, the German Congress of a few weeks ago made labor and capital the most important and prominent subject of its programme. Dr. Windthorst, one of the many Catholic leaders who have promoted the labor cause in Germany, said: "We have come to Bochum to prove that Catholicism has the courage to plant its flag in the mining region. The interests of employers and employed are not opposed; they complete one another; the workman can do nothing if work be not given to him, and the capitalist can do nothing if the workman be not given to him. To the one we would teach Christian humility and obedience; to the other Christian justice and benevolence."

Third, in France:

Ten thousand of the Catholic working classes answered the Pope's request to visit Rome. Four trains each week, with five to six hundred passengers, ran from the 14th of October until the 18th of November. Every part of France sent its representative workingmen, and many wealthy Catholics contributed in aiding the poorer of these laborers to visit the Eternal City. What a splendid sight for the Italian Freemason! —the French laborer, farmer, and mechanic embracing and receiving the especial blessing of the Vicar of Christ. But more than this, it was a new phase in the present religious life of France. It told us that there are still multitudes of loyal Catholics among the French working classes. For this we thank God, since we have had reason to fear that it is through their grief-stricken hearts that the canker-worm of atheism is eating. The

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French anti-religious laborer is fierce and irrational in his hatred of the church and her priests; and this pilgrimage of Catholic workingmen was no doubt especially beneficial and encouraging to that class of Frenchmen.

Fourth, in Russia:

We find the more thoughtful among her people saying that the poor are sinking into atheism and vice, and that their amelioration can only be effected by a reunion with the Church of Rome.

Fifth, in Ireland:

Witness Archbishop Walsh during the strike of the bricklayers in Dublin; and the efforts of the whole Irish clergy, whether in prison or in church, fighting unto death to emancipate their suffering countrymen.

Sixth, in England:

Consider the London strike, one of the most serious conflicts of modern times between employer and employed—a bloodless war which endangered the social prosperity of the largest city in the world. We need not say that the happy ending of the battle was due to the moral grandeur and persevering energy of a leader in the Catholic Church.

"When the Cardinal," says the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "went to and fro between the dockers and the directors, refusing to despair when his Established brother of London had shaken off the dust of his feet against the strike and disappeared into space, combating with the utmost patience the difficulties interposed by prejudice and passion, interposing a constant element of cool common-sense in the midst of hot-blooded counsels, he must have felt sustained and inspired by the best traditions of his church. The occasion, no doubt, was less imposing than on that great historic day when St. Leo stood up as mediator and deliverer between Attila and the Eternal City, but the spirit of devotion and the sanctified sagacity of the cardinal were no less admirable than those of the great pontiff."

In Africa consider Cardinal Lavigerie's action towards the African slaves. In our own country look at Cardinal Gibbons in his relation to the Knights of Labor.

Thus in this century the church manifests herself as the Mother of the Poor. Modern heterodoxy, liberalism, infidelity have done nothing and cannot do anything for poverty. The leaders of the London strike name Dr. Parker, the leading Non-conformist minister of the city, as one fearing to soil his hands with the poor. The liberal Mr. Spurgeon they call "an old autocrat"; and as for the Non-conformists, who are supposed to be democrats if God ever made a democrat, these, they tell us,

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kept as far aloof as the Queen herself. Robert G. Ingersoll talks of "tears and kisses, kisses and tears," of flowers, birds, and butterflies, and other golden slobber, to ragged women and starving children. Huxley, Spencer, and Harrison are tearing down everything and building up nothing. Felix Adler is giv ing us, as a cure for evil and poverty, "ethical culture"; while Henry George seems to think that the poor will be no longer with us if we adopt the single tax.

No; the Christianity of Christ alone holds the key to the mystery of woe and want. She tells the rich that they shall be poor indeed if they have no treasures in heaven. She reminds the lazy, wealthy "man about town" that the kingdom of Christ is not made up of his kind. She informs the capitalist whose luxury is the poor man's robbery that he shall suffer by the decree of a just God and an honest tribunal. She points out the lurid gleam of an everlasting hell to the fiend who has stolen a maiden's honor or robbed a mother's love. "Verily there is a reward for the righteous; doubtless there is a God who judgeth the earth." She condemns, in the Plenary Council of Baltimore, the liquor-saloon, warning the laborers from its fatal door.

Christ knew the bitterness of tears and the privations of poverty; not only that, but he shed his blood for each and every one of us regardless of race or class, for the negro as well as the white, for the tramp as well as the aristocrat. The poverty of his life has sanctified the poverty of our life. Moreover, joys untold has he promised the poor. He has placed most of them in a church where "the afflicted find solace, the oppressed relief from their burdens," and where "the poor have the Gospel preached to them"—a church which has ever been the apostle of popular rights and the champion of rational liberty and equality from the day that Christ established her. At her. communion-rail the king kneels at the side of the pauper.

HENRY O'KEEFFE.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IT would not be easy to point out any useful purpose which has been served by the publication of *The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J.* They have just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, with an introduction and a running fire of editorial comment by Christine Terhune Herrick. They are accompanied by extracts from Miss J.'s own letters to the duke and passages from her diary. All the documents of which the present volume is an abridgment "have lain for years," says Mrs. Herrick, "in the attic of a country house within thirty miles of New York City. Their publication is permitted through the kindness of a friend with whose family Miss J. was remotely connected." So superfluous a disinterment has surely seldom been undertaken. Considered as a study of human nature under conditions slightly abnormal, Miss J.'s contributions to this correspondence afford some material to the psychologist, but as history neither the duke's letters nor her own have any conceivable value. In fact, the editor's only shadow of excuse for pillorying poor, thick-skinned Miss J. in this fashion must be found, if anywhere, in Miss J.'s evident anticipation that her record of the curious relation subsisting between herself and Wellington would some day or other be laid before the public.

In 1834, when this correspondence began, Miss J. was "a very beautiful woman about twenty years of age," belonging to the "smaller English gentry," well educated according to the standard of the times, and almost fanatically devout on narrowly Evangelical lines. She was an earnest student of the Bible and a firm believer in the doctrine of an overruling Providence which directs even the most trivial events of life. When in doubt on any subject, it was her custom to practise sortilege by opening the Bible at random and shaping her course according to the direction she fancied she found in the first passage on which her eyes fell.

About six months before writing her first letter to the Duke of Wellington Miss J. and another young girl had been instrumental in bringing to repentance and to public confession a murderer with whom both Catholic priests and Protestant parsons had labored in vain. The fact got into the public papers, and was made the theme of a small religious book. One effect of

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this notoriety on Miss J. was to inspire her with the notion that she had been specially elected as an instrument, in the hands of God for the advancement of what she understood to be "the cause of Christ." Looking around for a suitable object for her zeal, her attention was drawn to the Duke of Wellington. He was extremely prominent in public affairs at the time, and that fact appears to be all that she knew about him; she expressly states that "when she first wrote to him she was not aware that he was the conqueror of Bonaparte, and did not even know when the battle of Waterloo took place." Her motive, and the theme of her letters, are given in the following passage from her diary. The "poor Cook" alluded to was the criminal with whom she had previously "labored." Her capitalization is at all times peculiar:

"Seeing that I have adverted in the former part of this book to the feelings experienced on our return from poor Cook, which induced me to look up to the Lord, inquiring what next HE would have me to do, receiving this precious reply: 'Greater things than these, that they may marvel'; and considering such words must have had a reference to his condescending dealings a few months afterwards in influencing me to write to the Duke upon the necessity of a new *birth* to righteousness, I am solicitous to devote a portion of this book to his letters, remarking thereon as the list thereof proceeds."

In 1834 the duke was a hale, hearty man of sixty-five, who had been a widower for three years. It was his well-known habit to read and answer all his own letters as soon as possible after they were received. Miss J.'s epistle, sent from Devonshire on January 15, 1834, was courteously responded to on the 18th of the same month. Encouraged by this, Miss J. ventured to present him with a Bible when she returned to London the following April. Her account of this eminently supererogatory work is characteristic:

"After earnest prayer the Bible was taken by me, with a fluttering, agitated feeling, to the Duke's gates and delivered into the porter's hands, after asking him if the Duke were at home. He replied, 'Yes, ma'am.' I then asked, 'Is he engaged?' He told me Lord—I forget his name—and Sir Thomas Somebody were with him. I then inquired, 'Who delivers parcels into His Grace's hands?' He respectfully said, 'I do, ma'am.' I rejoined, 'Then you will deliver that' —returning home, marvelling wherefore such things were permitted and what the end thereof would be. Of course, a suitable note accompanied The Bible."

The duke made no reply until late in August, and even then his letter was delayed by his having addressed it to Mrs. instead of Miss J. She writes that she presumes he was in doubt

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as to whether she were married or single. In this note he seems to have asked whether he might not have the pleasure of meeting her, and in her reply Miss J. not only told him her age and condition, but expressed her own desire to know him, "Considering it may be The Lord's will to permit personal interviews, proposing under such circumstances to use my influence with him; accordingly craving the Divine blessing thereon." The duke's reply is dated from Walmer Castle, October 24, 1834:

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Miss J. The Duke has received her Letter, in which she expresses a desire to see the Duke, and that he should call upon her.

"The Duke has certainly received one, if not more, letters from Miss J., all written upon the same important subject and with the same beneficent object in view, although the desire to see the Duke was not expressed in them; and the Duke lately acknowledged the receipt of one, and of the book, etc., accompanying it.

"Although the Duke is not in the habit of visiting young unmarried ladies, he will not decline to attend Miss J.," etc.

He presented himself accordingly at the London lodgings, which she shared with her friend Mrs. L., on the 12th of the following month. As no account of the curious interview which followed could be so graphic as her own, and as it seems to throw the only glimmer of light on the patience with which the duke continued to support his part in the correspondence, which lasted with few breaks for the next seventeen years, and terminated on his part only a few months before his death, it is worth quoting:

"I will proceed to describe this visit, which took place through a declaration *on his part* in a former letter that the desire to see me sprang from the consideration evinced *by me* concerning his *everlasting welfare*. This induced me to receive him accordingly, praying to God to be with me every moment of the time, directing even my dress. This He did, letting me be dressed on the occasion as HE pleased, which, as my Diary relates, was in my old *turned* dark green merino gown, *daily* worn—not permitting me to be decorated in any way likely to attract notice, which, as the employment in view was of so sacred a nature, was neither required nor obtained.

"Having committed myself on my knees into his gracious hand, 'whose I am and whom I serve,' to do with me whatever seemed agreeable to his unerring will, I descended the stairs after the Duke was announced, with these words from dear Mrs. L. following me: 'Now if the Lord should send his arrow into his soul!' (She had fancied from the commencement that God intended to exalt me for the purpose of showing forth his praise, so that this impression must necessarily have been powerfully strengthened by what followed.)

"I entered the Parlour, where, standing before the fire, I beheld anything but

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the kind of individual personally imagined. I had not had the slightest idea that the Duke has such a beautiful, silver head, such as I always from my childhood admired, inducing me as I approached to offer my hand with additional pleasure, saying, 'This is very kind of Your Grace.' He received my hand graciously and respectfully, but spoke not a word. I then requested him to be seated, two chairs having been placed for that purpose each side of the fire,—and occupied one of them myself; when, recollecting the purport of his visit, I immediately rose, saying, 'I will show you *my Treasure!*' He also rose, standing until I re-seated myself with this *large*, beautiful Bible in my arms. I placed it upon the table between us, opening it at the Third Chapter of St. John's Gospel, announcing the same. On arriving at the seventh verse thereof, containing this MOMENTOUS passage, flowing from the divine lips of Him who spoke as never man spake, '*Ye* MUST *be born again*,' I, as is usual with me, raised my hand, pointing my finger emphatically, with the solemnity so important an occasion demanded, being desirous to impress the same on his mind, when, to my astonishment, he eagerly *seized* my hand, exclaiming, as before described: 'Oh, *how* I *love* you!' This was his first utterance! . . . Should any one consider strange the expression of *agonizing* applied to the Duke's feelings at the time he seized my hand and exclaimed as written, I can only say that such an expression seems hardly doing justice thereto in my Estimation. Nor can I find *any* language adequate to display the same, for God appeared to have struck the Duke dumb on beholding me, giving him no power of speech, until he *betrayed* the effect such had on him. He seemed determined from first to last to overcome or conceal these feelings; yet on one occasion, with great solemnity of voice and manner, on my questioning him concerning who caused him to feel thus towards me, he replied, 'GOD ALMIGHTY.'"

Considering Miss J.'s youth and innocence, as well as the undoubted good faith with which she had accepted herself as a special envoy from above, it is hardly to be wondered at that she interpreted these avowals as an offer of marriage, especially as they were not only repeated on the occasion of the duke's next visit, but followed by the question whether "she felt sufficient for him to be with him a whole life, to which I replied: '*If it be the will of God.*'". Miss J.'s mental attitude, however, is not an easy one to label. It was made up of contradictories. While her words and actions flowed inevitably from her convictions, and so deserve to be esteemed true, yet as she affords an excellent specimen of the most glaring self-deception she cannot be called sincere. Both she and Mrs. L., who being older might have known better, but who seems to have neglected her opportunities in that line, had evidently entertained glowing expectations for Miss J.'s future from the time when the duke answered her first letter. Though they did not know that he was the conqueror of Napoleon, they probably remembered the announcements made in the daily journals when the Duchess of Wellington departed this life. Miss J. certainly never deserved the epithet worldly in its ordinary acceptation, but it is fair to

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credit her with a certain unworldly worldliness even less pleasant to contemplate than its more frankly mundane counterpart. When she came away from the duke's gates after leaving her Bible for him, "marvelling wherefore such things were permitted, and what the end thereof would be," her pretty little head was perhaps already adjusting itself to an imaginary coronet. Long afterward she writes: "I was impressed throughout my correspondence with and knowledge of the Duke with a feeling that the end God had in view was my exaltation for His Glory, or in other words to show forth His power." Her wrath and indignation when she discovered her mistake are so natural in themselves that one chiefly regrets the gloss of supernaturalism with which she succeeded in veiling their true character from herself. "I should not be surprised (although rest assured I do not desire it)," she wrote the duke as soon as she had comprehended his meaning, "at any vengeance God saw fit to shower down for such a dreadful intention upon Your Grace's head." In another letter to him belonging to the same period she speaks of herself as "a Being who *feels* herself entitled even in the sight of God, not only to the appellation of virtuous, in the strictest acceptation of the word, but RIGHTEOUS. This appellation as far exceeds the former in *value* as the heavens do the earth, as the one is to be found, I trust, frequently in the unregenerate, whilst the *latter* springs SOLELY from above."

To these letters the duke replied, first, that he "entirely concurred" in her intention to see him no more; and again, on receiving a still more scathing rebuke for his presumption, by a quietly worded but sincere apology, with which the whole affair might have fitly ended. That it did not do so was owing to the young woman's obtuseness, aided by a woful lack of humility, which seems never once to have permitted her to regard any word or act of her own as having any source but the express will of God. That she was one day or other to become the Duchess of Wellington, and in that capacity to be a shining example of His power to "honor those who honor Him," became a fixed idea in her mind, which was never shaken until the duke's death. In one of the letters just quoted she tells him that even had his offer been what she supposed, she would have hesitated to accept it "until I perceived in you that change of heart so necessary to salvation, without which 'no man can see the Lord,' fearing I ought not to consent even under the most flattering circumstances to partake in any outward honors likely to bring the disapprobation of God." Doubtless she be-

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lieved herself to be speaking the exact truth, but one suspects that had the land lain in that direction she and Mrs. L. together would have piloted her bark safely round such an obstruction into the desired harbor. As things actually stood, Miss J. relieved her mind by two or three tart letters, and then, instead of relapsing into the natural silence of a justly offended woman, took what she esteemed higher ground. The insult had been offered not to her but to her Master. It was a source of trial and confusion of face to her, but it by no means relieved her from her divinely imposed task to labor with the duke for his eternal welfare, "concerning which," as she confides to the diary which she expected one day to see the light, "I was firm and faithful throughout, believing God would convert him *eventually*, causing him to shine forth gloriously in His adorable service. As in that case the erroneous impression in my mind would in all probability have been verified, I looked forward to becoming as 'a city set on a hill which cannot be hid,' conceiving such exaltation would admit of showing *His* praises *openly* before men." In this last sentence we have the key to all that follows. That "all" meant more to the Duke of Wellington than it can to the most untired reader of this volume of letters. Mrs. Herrick has given no more of Miss J.'s pietistic rhapsodies than serves to bind together the three hundred and ninety replies made to them by the long-suffering duke. These range in tone from paternal kindness to curt sarcasm or dignified remonstrance. They are always brief, almost always monotonous, and, except as being undoubtedly authentic, they have no value either literary or historic. Miss J.'s comments on them are now and then amusing, but one grows tired of smiling at self-delusion, even when it takes such a form as this entry, made so late as 1850: "It is evident that from this period Satan was permitted to work in the Duke's mind, weakening consequently the power I had been permitted to exercise, by rendering my communications tedious." One can fancy Satan squirming under so needless an insinuation against his perspicacity. Miss J.'s efforts to convert the "nobility and gentry" were not entirely confined to the Great Duke. Sir Robert Peel received and answered some of her admonitions, and the Queen Dowager Adelaide was only saved by the duke's foresight from a lecture on her failure to pay her rates and taxes and her further lapse from duty in permitting the Duke of Wellington to leave "Your Majesty at Hastings for Dover on The Lord's Day." "She could not help lamenting the Queen's omission to hint that Sunday was not a day for travel-

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ling," wrote Miss J. to that lady, "feeling so desirous to see Your Majesty a shining vessel in The Lord's Hands to show forth His praise by knowing His Commands; also that the Duke should be restrained from doing that which on a dying bed would pain him to remember."

After the duke's death in 1852 had finally crushed her hopes of worldly exaltation, Miss J. came to this country to spend the rest of her days with a married sister. But she had become so cranky that living with her proved too difficult, and they soon separated. Miss J. died in New York in 1862, having apparently lived to little other purpose than to afford a melancholy spectacle of ill-judged devotion and misdirected zeal.

Life's Long Battle Won (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) we take to be the work of a woman, notwithstanding the masculine name which appears on its title-page and cover. "Edward Garrett's" previous stories—*Occupations of a Retired Life*, *Doing and Dreaming*, etc.—have not fallen in our way, but the present one would naturally incline most intelligent and sympathetic readers to go a little out of their way to look them up. It is in every sense good reading. With quite sufficient plot, incident, and story to keep up interest, its strength lies, as we think it should, chiefly in its characters. Not the least attractive of these is that one which, standing behind the scenes, and busy only in bringing the personages of the little drama before the audience, has been unable to prevent its own shadow from looming up behind them all. Life-like and interesting as they are, the gossipping Gibson women, gentle Lesley Baird, common-sense, shrewd, practical, and yet unworldly Clementina Kerr, the two old Scotchwomen, Alison Brown and Jean Haldane, patient and loving-hearted Mrs. Crawford, and the womanly, aspiring Mary Olrig, yet the personality of "Edward Garrett" is, on the whole, the predominant attraction of the book. A woman, one would say, who has known how to love and how to suffer, and who has won to wisdom through both experiences. Shrewd, too, and observant, with as quick an eye for a foible or a fault as for a natural virtue or a supernatural grace. Add to this a sincere Christian faith, which, incomplete though it be, yet rises from the true root; a pleasant, unaffected, entertaining style and a competent mastery of her material, and you will have the sum of Edward Garrett's stock-in-trade as a novelist.

A most charming book of essays is *A Rambler's Lease*, by Mr. Bradford Torrey (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It will not pay to skip a word between its covers. Mr.

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Torrey has achieved successfully that end which, as he says in his paper on "New England Winter," all scribblers would be glad to reach: "To treat a meagre and commonplace theme in such a manner that whoever begins to read has no alternative but to finish." His work seems to us preferable to that of Mr. John Burroughs, with whom he has so much in common as to choice of topics and love of out-door life. Mr. Torrey's style, however, is agreeably free from Emersonianisms and those other minor affectations which disturb one's enjoyment in the case of Mr. Burroughs. A good deal of his charm arises, we suspect, from what he describes in the paper on "Butterfly Psychology" as that "strong anthropomorphic turn of mind which impels me to assume the presence of a soul in all animals, even in these airy nothings, and, having assumed its existence, to speculate as to what goes on within it." To him all nature is alive. Bee, bird, flower, tree, and river enter into cordial relations with him, and these essays are but the simple and delightful record of their friendship. Doubtless there is no other road so short as this for him who wishes to surprise the secrets of "our poor relations." Like their betters, they yield willingly and in its integrity to the sympathetic touch what the dissecting-knife or the keen scrutiny of mere curiosity banish at the very moment of contact. It is long since a volume treating of external nature in its lower forms only has given us so unmixed a pleasure as the *Rambler's Lease* has done. Reading it, we were reminded from time to time of a page in *The New Antigone*, wherein Ivor Mardol explains that the final cause of fly-fishing is "not to catch trout for supper, but to get back the lost sense of Paradise and be one again with the spirit of the watery realms from which, some forgotten morning millions of years ago, the first amphibian crept daringly on land. He said now and then to his scientific friends that while he agreed with them in going forward, he thought it would be fatal to man's happiness if he did not go backward too. . . . 'Man will rule over nature,' said Ivor, 'only when he is at home in every part of it and knows it from within!'" It is that sense of being "within" by sympathy and affection which Mr. Torrey gives his readers, and gives, to our sense, more fully than most of those who write on kindred themes.

Roberts Brothers' "Famous Women Series" has been enlarged, but not, as we think, enriched, by Mrs. Bradley Gilman's monograph on *Saint Theresa of Avila*. It is a pity that the subject should not have been treated by more competent hands.

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Judging from the result alone, it is difficult to believe that it could well have been entrusted to any less competent. St. Teresa is assuredly a very famous woman, and will continue to be so. What made her famous was not so much the fact that she reformed the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel as the manner of her prayer and the intimate union of her soul with God. Not the number of convents which she founded, but the books she wrote have made her name a familiar word among those who are of the household of faith. Those books, however, and the experiences to which they testify, are written in what Mrs. Gilman has evidently found an inscrutable cipher. Speaking of the account of her prayer which Teresa gave to St. Peter of Alcantara, Mrs. Gilman says:

"This work, although one of the curiosities of religious literature to the student, is not of enough general interest to give much time to here. It was undoubtedly sincere in purpose, and occasionally its language rises into pure and beautiful rhetoric; but in all probability it was written under intense and morbid spiritual excitement, so that to attempt to fathom or explain its mysteries to-day would not be feasible."

Again, in the chapter called "Theresa's Perfect Conversion," she attempts to analyze the saint's natural endowments in such a manner as to eliminate the supernatural entirely. To this end she tells her readers that Teresa—

"had one of those restless, passionate natures whose 'reach' exceeds their 'grasp,' and often reminds us of George Eliot, who in *Romola* urges above all else faithfulness to the marriage-tie, but whose own wedded life was far from being above criticism. With ideals immeasurably superior and possibilities infinitely greater than those with whom she lived, Theresa failed for twenty years to reach even the conventional" *(sic)* "standard of duty. Her sensitive, high-strung nature was capable of ascending loftier heights and of sinking into lower abysses than were more commonplace souls. She was, we find, easily moved by all the influences of the senses; . . . the outward image was almost indispensable to her special kind of piety. Her mysticism was of a coarser kind than that of Madame Guyon. . . . Every deep spiritual experience was with her the direct outcome of some outward sensuous impression. . . . What she calls her 'perfect conversion' arose from a strong sensuous impression."

Then follows, in the saint's own words, the well-known passage in which she records the effect produced upon her by the sight of a picture of the Crucifixion. "Her nature was one, as we know," goes on Mrs. Gilman, "which was always prone to extremes. . . . Her enthusiastic spirit and vivid fancy could not be cast into ordinary moulds; they refused to grow symmetri-

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cally, and she took a sudden and extraordinary leap from worldliness into asceticism." Presently Mrs. Gilman, who has already told her readers that St. Teresa was upwards of forty before this conversion took place, speaks of her as an "imaginative girl," who, in spite of the warnings of her confessors and spiritual guides, "continued to see and hear all sorts of extraordinary things." In this spirit, also, she quotes in full from the saint's autobiography the account of the transfixion of her heart, upon which she makes this comment:

"What are we to say of this legend? A nineteenth-century historian—who is a Jesuit and a brother of Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, of England—not only vouches for its truth, but tells us that 'the wound was not imaginary, but real and material; and that the heart of the saint may still be seen in Avila, with an opening on each side, the rims of which are half burnt.' '*Credo quia non possunt*' might well be the motto of the Roman Church. . . . In the light of modern psychological investigations, what are we to think of these statements? We must recollect all the conditions which surrounded our saint; . . . and then we must take into consideration Theresa's own imaginative mind and diseased bodily condition; she was never a robust woman, and her nervous organization was supersensitive. With these facts to direct our investigations, we may find that Theresa's famous visions appear less mysterious."

Mrs. Gilman's conclusion seems to be that what is known as Christian Mysticism is one thing in fact and essence with the "Faith Cure" and the "Christian Science" of the present day. St. Teresa, to her mind, "lays herself open to the accusation of being called hysterical, if not insane. But among the famous women of the world she surely has a right to stand. . . . Of all the saints of the Roman calendar, St. Theresa has the most admirers among modern writers. . . . The romantic story of her life has drawn from George Eliot the exquisite prelude to *Middlemarch*."

We must be pardoned for believing that to writers of Mrs. Gilman's sort, and to the average readers of the "Famous Women Series," it is the latter fact which has done most to give the saint a place in the list. Her name looks odd enough in conjunction with those of Georges Sand, George Eliot, Madame de Staël, and the actress Rachel. But for *Middlemarch* we suspect that the saint's latest biographer would still be in the condition of that "intelligent friend" from whom she quotes the opening sentence of her preface: "'Was St. Theresa a real character? I always associated her with St. Margaret and the Dragon.'" After studying her with such helps as are afforded by a dozen biographies, including that written by herself, she has produced a sketch which professes to follow the saint through a life be-

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ginning with a passionate, frivolous, flirty girlhood, into whose real particulars Mrs. Gilman avows that she has been unable to penetrate:

"What were the particular sins which Theresa reproaches herself for having committed about this time, a careful study of her own writings fails to reveal. Was her conscience like the conscience of many a religious devotee—supersensitive? Or did she at this period of her life commit some real sin for which she needed to reproach herself? . . . It is certain that . . . she had yielded to many temptations, though what the nature of these temptations was we shall probably never know."

Poor Mrs. Gilman, whose imagination has been forced to be the sole handmaiden of her curiosity! She has been trying to read the life of a saint and to explain her persistent hold upon remembrance, and yet eliminate from it the note of sanctity! "It is not as a saint in the superstitious meaning of that word that Theresa is worthy of being remembered," she tells us.

"In studying this sixteenth century woman we find love to have been the great source of her power over her contemporaries; she had a perfect genius for loving all who came in contact with her; and there were few who could resist the natural outpouring of her impulsive, affectionate nature. In her own passionate yearning to be loved we see Theresa touch hands with George Eliot, Margaret Fuller, and all the great-hearted women of the world."

And so on *ad libitum*, and, we must add, *ad nauseam* likewise. And yet what a study might have been made of St. Teresa!

Mr. John Habberton publishes in *Lippincott* for December a novelette entitled *All He Knew*, to which the conductors of the magazine call special attention as likely to prove an antidote to *Robert Elsmere*. Perhaps it may have some salutary influence in that way. It is not only interesting and brightly written, but it hits the right nail on the head. The question of documents is of serious importance, but it is not the only, nor, in all points of view, the essential, one in Christianity. The Christian documents do not claim to be more than a partial record of the words and miracles of Jesus Christ. They are not now, and they never were, the court of last appeal when the questions of his divine power, the truth of his doctrines, and his continual presence in the world come up. That court is to-day just where it was in the beginning. It consists in the two-fold action of Jesus Christ. That action, embodied visibly in the authority of the church he established, and invisibly in the soul united to him, forms one inseparable synthesis. The Holy Spirit

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in the external authority of Christ's church acts as the infallible interpreter and criterion of divine revelation. The Holy Spirit, "the mind that was in Christ," acts as the divine Life-giver and Sanctifier of individual souls. The supposition that there can be any opposition or contradiction between the action of Jesus Christ in the supreme decisions of the authority of the church and his inspirations in the individual soul can never enter the mind of an enlightened and sincere Christian. The measure of our love for Jesus Christ is the measure of our obedience to his authority in the church, and the measure of our obedience to him in his church is the measure of our love for him in the interior of the soul. It is Christ, then, who is the court, in his duplex and inseparable relation to mankind in the outer life of the church and the inner life of the soul. "Do you seek a proof of Christ who speaketh in *me?*" writes St. Paul to the Corinthians. Then, having thus affirmed the external authority of his apostolic mission, he proceeds to its complement in their own souls; "who [Christ] towards you is not weak, but is mighty *in you?* . . . *Try your ownselves if you be in the faith; prove ye yourselves.* Know you not your ownselves, that Christ Jesus is in you unless ye be reprobates." The visible church developed naturally out of this two-fold life of the divine germ. The seed is the Word of God, and it needs both a chosen sower and a good soil.

To return to Mr. Habberton: Abstracting from the divinely instituted external order of Christ in the world, Mr. Habberton has presented the interior life of the unintelligent believer blamelessly lacking sacramental aids. He proves conclusively the great weight of evidence there is in favor of the religious verities in the soul of any one who honestly undertakes to live out the maxims of the Gospel. Such work as his is of invaluable service to religion. Nor do we wish to say aught against its circulation and use merely on the ground that it is a statement of but one side of integral Christianity. So far as it goes it is both charming and convincing.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, who may be taken as a fair representative of the conservative and anti-divorce element in Protestantism, in his article in the *North American Review* for November, explains the attitude of his church on divorce as determined (1) by the law of the Episcopal Church; (2) by the "public opinion of the clergy and laity" of that church. We cannot help complaining that his treatment of the matter is obscure and hazy; but as far as we can discover from him, the only positive law of the Episcopal Church on the subject is the one prohibiting the remarriage of all divorced persons except the innocent party in the case of a divorce for adultery. No private judgment as to the meaning of the Word of God is allowed against this law, he affirms; yet he declares almost in the same breath that the law of the church is "by no means identical with the opinion of either the clergy or laity," and as an instance of this diversity between a law against which no private interpretation of Scripture can hold and the public opinion of some of the clergy and laity, he instances the protest of a member of a committee of the General Convention as follows: "The undersigned finds himself unable to concur in so much of the [proposed] canon as forbids holy communion to a truly pious and godly woman who has been compelled by long years of suffering from a drunken and brutal husband to obtain a divorce, and has regularly married some suitable person according to the established laws of the land."

A more pitiable exhibition of the weakness of the Protestant Episcopal Church and of its utter inability to cope with this monstrous evil of divorce cannot be found. What a spectacle is this for a religious body to make through its chief American representative! What a comparison between this and the following fearless, truthful utterances of Cardinal Gibbons in the same number of the magazine mentioned! "To the question, then, Can divorce from the bond of marriage ever be allowed? the Catholic can only answer, NO. And for this NO his first and last and best reason can be but this: '*Thus saith the Lord.*'"

Now, if it be impossible for the greatest and most orthodox (taken as a whole) of the Protestant churches to have a consensus of doctrine and practice in regard to marriage, how can it be expected that the state will have right laws? How futile, then, is it for Protestants to object to divorce laws. What opposition does the Episcopal Church practically make to them? Bishop Potter says that divorce is rare among the members of this church. We should like to think so, but it is hard to believe that a law such as he describes that of his own church to be prevails in practice. How can those who think the law is opposed to the liberty of the Gospel enforce it? Would it not be wrong for them to do so?

I have no means of judging what proportion of adulterous marriages are performed by the clergy of the different Protestant churches or by magistrates who are members of these churches, but such marriages are actually often performed and without difficulty, and mostly by clergymen, and we fear some of the Episcopal ministers are not above suspicion in this respect. Now, the churches could if they would make divorce laws practically a dead letter. If Protestant ministers, and magistrates who are members of their churches, would refuse to solemnize marriages of divorced persons, the evil of divorce would soon almost disappear;

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but we know that they do not thus act, and even some of those who speak most emphatically against divorce laws do not hesitate to perform the ceremony of marriage for divorced persons. Hence they are in reality extending the evil which they affect to lament.

But it must not be supposed that Bishop Potter, though a staunch churchman and a strictly rubrical ecclesiastic, represents the best opinion among Protestants on this question. Mr. Gladstone, England's grandest statesman, and a layman of the Established Church from personal conviction, and withal a man of the widest experience in the public life of his country, defends the position of the Catholic Church in regard to the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He says in his article in the December number of the *North American:* "Marriage is essentially a contract for life and only expires when life expires." "Christian marriage involves a vow before God." "No authority has been given to the Christian Church to cancel such a vow." The American Episcopal legislation on this question he repudiates. In answer to the objection that adultery breaks the marriage-bond and gives the innocent party the right to remarry, he says: "This is a distinction unknown to Scripture and to history," and, furthermore, shows its unreasonableness from the incongruity of not granting divorce where both parties are guilty of adultery, and from the injustice which would result if the innocent party, though more guilty than the other, were allowed to remarry and the latter not. What noble words! Whose influence is most potent for purity, that of the great layman, a champion of human rights, who upholds before the erring world the divine law of marriage in all its purity, or that of the bishop who cannot give the public a definite yes or no to this great question? I would call attention to the following words of this representative ecclesiastic: "The question may be asked whether the absolute prohibition of divorce would contribute to the moral purity of society? It is difficult to answer such a question. . . . It is quite certain that the prohibition of divorce never prevents illicit sexual connections."

Now, what says Mr. Gladstone? "The remedy [of divorce] is worse than the disease which it aims to cure. It marks degeneracy and the sway of passion. . . . Unquestionably, since the time [of the English Divorce Act of 1857] the standard of conjugal morality has perceptibly declined among the higher classes of this country and scandals in respect to it have become more frequent." Mr. Edward J. Phelps is another Protestant, who has written a powerful article in the *Forum* for December last, in which he takes precisely the same ground on marriage as the Catholic Church. He says the evil of divorce "must be plucked up by the roots. There is no middle ground. . . . The advocates of the theory of divorce *a vinculo* for adultery alone base their views on what is claimed to be the precept of Christ as given in St. Matthew's gospel. . . . 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, *save for fornication*, and shall marry another shall be guilty of adultery.' But in the gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke the words here italicized are omitted, and the language as there given is a distinct condemnation of the putting away a wife for any cause whatever and marrying another."

It is one of the brightest signs of the times that a non-Catholic dares to thus publicly advocate the indissolubility of the marriage tie, and we trust that the day is not far distant when a reaction against divorce will set in strong enough to remove the foul blot of legalized polygamy from our nation. But the work must commence with the churches. Christian ministers must stop mocking the holy institution of wedlock by sacrilegious rites; they must do what every Catholic priest does, refuse to marry those who are divorced.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The representative of the Columbian Reading Union met with a most cordial reception at the Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore November 11 and 12. He found delegates from remote places as well as from the large cities of the United States who had already formed decided opinions as to the beneficial results to be expected from the general diffusion of good literature through the co-operation of a chain of Catholic Reading Circles extending across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The decisions of the Congress itself were expressed officially in the report of the committee on resolutions. We are indebted to this committee in a special manner for the prominent recognition given to questions which have been discussed at considerable length in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For the members of our Reading Union it will be especially gratifying to know that the first Catholic Congress of America made a strong declaration in support of the work to which they have devoted so much time and attention, not to mention their expenditure of money. It urged upon all the duty of supporting liberally the good Catholic journals and periodicals engaged in promoting the intellectual defence of the church, and directed attention to the necessity of having a clear knowledge of the books which correctly interpret Catholic doctrine and opinion on the important questions constantly coming to the front. Substantial encouragement given to Catholic authors of the better type was specified as a powerful incentive to bring our literature to the desired standard of excellence. By extending the sale of the best Catholic books now in existence, the way will be prepared for more to be written. The practical suggestions on this subject, endorsed by the Congress, contain these significant words:

"We recommend, therefore, the work of Catholic circulating libraries and *Reading Circles*, and also efforts to have the best Catholic books and periodicals introduced into *public libraries*."

This positive sanction of the movement which led to the formation of the Columbian Reading Union should produce some visible results by stimulating those in charge of Reading Circles to greater activity. Naturally, we shall look to the delegates of the Catholic Congress for practical manifestations of zeal in forwarding the interests of libraries and Reading Circles in the vicinity of their own homes.

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For the sake of our young people we have been gathering hints and suggestions relating to mental improvement by means of literature. Without competent guidance there is danger of wandering into barren fields, seeking for intellectual treasures where none can be found. We gladly publish a communication bearing on this matter from one who holds a prominent rank as a powerful writer, and is a welcome contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

"The Columbian Reading Union invites me to send an assurance of personal co-operation in its work. I know none more practical than one which circumstances combine to make timely—a suggestion concerning the use of indexes in pursuing a course of reading or in getting directly at the pith of a topic. Many young readers, animated with an earnest wish to find authentic information, especially upon questions involving historical, scientific, or moral doubt, are appalled by the catalogue of a great library. They do not know the intrinsic worth of many of the books mentioned under the head which represents the subject they are searching. They do not know how to select among authors

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who have written upon it, leaving out of consideration the unimportant and concentrating attention upon the thorough and the accurate. Happily, there is now a mode of approach shorter, more convenient, and perfectly reliable. The periodical literature which has come into existence so plenteously in fifty years represents the advance of the world. Whether in science, in the fine arts, in fiction, in open historical matters (and there are few historical matters that are closed), in commentary upon exploration and experiment, in discussion of social and moral issues, the periodicals now precede the books. It is the aim of the editor of every first-class periodical to anticipate the public want on every popular or material inquiry; and the pens of the foremost thinkers in every division of intellectual labor are constantly at work for the monthlies and the serious weeklies as well as for the quarterlies. No periodical is a substitute for a good book. No literature can be produced in our time which will warrant reading to the exclusion of monumental literary works upon which the approval of mankind has been stamped. Young readers who begin books of traditional fame and feel compelled to lay them aside unfinished will later learn that the defect was in their immaturity, not in the judgment of the human race. But in the periodicals the young reader has this advantage; the article deals, as a rule, with only a distinct and rounded aspect of a question; and it is only by taking subjects apart in this manner, getting the analysis first of the parts, that judgment is able to combine the aspects afterward and make the synthesis.

"Before the publication of Poole's *Index of Periodical Literature* it was difficult to use the past volumes of the magazines thus to promote culture. Dr. Poole has included in its pages, in addition to the noteworthy secular periodicals, *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *The Dublin Review*, *The Month* (London), *The Irish Monthly* (Dublin). There is no subject of real importance, vital in our time, which will not be found ably and authentically discussed in the pages of these publications. The *Index* is both nominal and topical; if you want to read upon Galileo, you turn to the great student's name in the *Index*. Following it, incidents in his career or the proof bearing upon the dispute attaching to it, or the sources whence one can approach judicial consideration of the evidence, are all to be had, clearly indicated, with the name of the periodical and writer, volume and page. No Catholic family of cultivation is without the *Catholic Quarterly Review* and CATHOLIC WORLD. They are also, it must be assumed, in every Catholic general library. They are in every public library where other series of periodicals are kept. Poole's *Index* is also in every library, or ought to be. It is necessarily a bulky volume, not portable. THE CATHOLIC WORLD announces that it will shortly publish an index to its own pages at a nominal price. This will be portable. When, therefore, a student goes to a general library to consult its volumes, he can speed his labor by taking his index with him. I do not think there is yet a separate index for the *Catholic Quarterly Review;* perhaps there will be. Poole's will serve. No inquirer after sound foundations upon any topic need plead difficulty in getting them when Poole's *Index* and its companion make the task so easy. The estimate in which these two publications are held by the most competent, and ought to be held by all who read for profit as well as entertainment, is on record by the hands of distinguished non-Catholics. The quarterly deals more with erudite and recondite matters than the monthly. Of the refinement and acumen of the literary spirit of the latter, it is pleasant to cite a remarkable witness, whose words have come under my eye this week. William Michael Rossetti has just given out a volume on his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The latter, whose reputation is certain to gain with every generation, had a severe struggle in the beginning for fame—for even a good name. When nearly twenty years ago he published his

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Poems they encountered unjust censure by dull reviewers. A few great critics perceived their beauty and truth, and stood manfully by him against a host of assailants. William Rossetti says that no review impressed him more than that by an unnamed writer—THE CATHOLIC WORLD did not print writers' names then—in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. 'He thought that its writer had shown remarkable power of penetrating into the essential and not wholly self-avowed personality of the author.' The bound volumes of the two leading Catholic periodicals ought to be procured for every library which does not contain them. They constitute in themselves a library of reference, sound, well written, and by judicious editorship made continually available for meeting every new question and elucidating every old one. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN."

It is hardly necessary to urge upon the attention of Catholic colleges and academies the utility of making Poole's *Index* available for their senior students. The modern Alma Mater must take cognizance of nineteenth century literature, and its monumental works of fiction which exert an influence over minds that no educational institution, however venerable and excellent in other respects, can entirely ignore. From reliable information, it may be mentioned with regret that there is one academy conducted on an antique model, which cannot be changed by any words here printed, because THE CATHOLIC WORLD is not allowed to circulate among its scholars lest they might read the stories. This same policy excludes all fiction. It is an alarming symptom of decrepitude.

* * *

The writer of the following letter can henceforth quote the Catholic Congress in defending the claims of her sex. She may silence objections to her plans of self-improvement by these words:

"It is our duty to acquaint ourselves with Catholic doctrine and opinion on the important questions, demanding right answers and just, practical solutions."

"The avidity with which Catholic women are taking hold of the advantages offered them through the Columbian Reading Union shows that there are some in our midst who are keenly alive to a long-felt want; namely, an opportunity to pursue some method of self-improvement under the proper guidance and encouragement. While considerable has been done for men by means of societies with libraries of more or less magnitude to encourage reading, but little has been done to induce women to take any steps toward intellectual advancement. The reason of this seems to be a popular fallacy that women should be discouraged from making any attempt at intellectual growth. For a reasonable basis on which to defend such a conclusion I have long sought in vain. Gladstone says: 'A woman is most perfect when most womanly.' We find that womanliness needs also strength of character, and strength of character is adorned by intelligence. Yet we cannot mingle to any extent in social circles today without encountering evidence of this popular prejudice, and what seems most surprising is the fact that it is often advanced by men of seeming intelligence. I remember an incident which came within my own notice not long since. A young lady of my acquaintance, who was accustomed to meet a great many Protestants, took a keen interest in investigating the charges made against the church in order that she might answer them intelligently. Among the subjects to which she had given thought and attention was that of the disputed ground between science and revealed religion. Meeting one evening at a social gathering some one whom she thought could aid her investigation, she proceeded to discuss the subject of all-engrossing interest to her just then. A gentleman who was present took it upon himself to inform her afterwards, with evident solicitude, that she was spoiling her chances for matrimony by such conversations. Are we to conclude from this that a premium, in the form of a husband,

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is offered for a woman's ignorance? If so, is it surprising that society to-day is composed largely of feather-brained women, whose conversational powers are confined to the prevailing fashion or the latest piece of gossip? There are, however, a few brave spirits who do not think that the title of Mrs. is the only thing that life has worth living for, and these are willing to face the social opprobrium that serious conversation entails, believing that an intelligent defence of the church and her doctrines is something that they ought to guard as jealously as their own good name.

"We have all heard the objection that the church fosters and encourages ignorance for her own sinister designs. Protestants seek to draw this inference when they attribute to the church the apathy which prevails among some of its members. Certainly we must admire the untiring energy and indefatigable zeal which many of their number manifest in everything that tends to intellectual advancement. In the words of Longfellow, 'Let us, then, be up and doing,' and since the Columbian Reading Union has decided to place within our reach well-arranged lists, there is no longer any excuse for women to remain in ignorance of Catholic literature. Make the Reading Circle the fashion, and it will be sure to become popular, and we may then hope, at no distant day, to find our women substituting intelligent conversation for much that is at present far from edifying. If it becomes an established rule for women to talk sense instead of nonsense, men will no longer attempt to ridicule the change for the better.

"ANNA M. MITCHELL."

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"I cannot understand how any one who has a desire to witness the spread of Catholic literature could hesitate for a moment to approve of what seems to me a most efficient means of promoting a noble end. That there is a need of some way of directing the Catholic reading public cannot be doubted. Publishers whose efforts are devoted to a more secular end have employed this means of reaching the people with telling results, and there is to me no reason for supposing that a more elevated aim should not meet with equal success.

"I will consider it not merely a pleasure, but rather a duty, to exert myself in behalf of the Union, and will be happy to become a member.

"*Detroit, Mich.* T. M. O'BRIEN."

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"No person of ordinary intelligence will fail to admit the necessity for such an undertaking as the work of the Columbian Reading Union. When one thinks of the vast stream of corrupting literature poured forth one cannot but wish there were some wholesome repressive influence interposed to save our youth from this moral malaria. It is, indeed, true that 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be digested.' The extent of the ruin caused among the young by the reading of pernicious literature cannot be estimated. It spreads its baleful influence in silence and secrecy, and thousands succumb to the vices fostered by a corrupt imagination. It is impossible, however, to ignore good fiction as a powerful factor in modern life. It has, in fact, been very influential in all ages of the world. E. M."

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To those who reflect upon the subject, or have it forced on their attention by daily observation, the need of guidance for young readers is very apparent. We wish that the friends of our movement would imitate Mrs. Leahy, whose letter we publish, in making a personal visit to some of the public libraries where juvenile literature is distributed indiscriminately. We would like to get reliable information as to the quality of the books given to the young in the numerous circulating libraries of New York.

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"Any one who has ever had to train children can tell what patience and energy are required to aid and improve them in even the ordinary elementary studies. When this work is done day after day the result is, in many cases, attained only imperfectly. How, then, can we expect those very minds to understand religious and moral truths without a similar course of instruction? The education of children, especially from five to fifteen years of age, is not what it should be when there is a total absence of religious training.

"A glance into any of our public libraries will show that many young folks desire to utilize their leisure hours. Unless the attraction were strong grown boys and girls would not voluntarily flock to these places. Do they ask for Catholic literature? A Catholic book is generally hard to find in such libraries, even when it is wanted. I have often looked over the books and papers in use among juvenile readers and the result has not impressed me favorably.

"Public libraries are for the benefit of the public, but the good that our young Catholics derive from them is attended by many dangers to their pliable minds. A short time ago I read the catalogue in a public library and saw only a few well-known Catholic names in comparison with the writers of other denominations. I asked two of the ladies in charge which Catholic books they had there. The reply given was that there were very few and unknown to them. It has become a crying necessity to establish a plan by which good reading can be placed under the eyes of children in libraries and in our homes. We need books pleasing, attractive, and useful. Plenty of this literature can be found for all ages and classes if enlightened Catholics would wake up to the desperate necessity there is for such work being done. Could we realize or measure the good that would be accomplished in five, ten, or fifteen years none of us would hesitate. We are capable of doing much more in this particular work than has been done. By earnest and persevering action on our part public libraries will in time recognize our demands, and prepare sections or shelves devoted to Catholic writings. We shall be respected by others not of our faith for our efforts to extend an enlightening, refining influence, by aiding ourselves and others in a work that has been much neglected. JOSIE WILKINSON LEAHY."

"*Dorchester, Mass.*

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"Allow me to say that in my opinion the Columbian Reading Union is just what has long been needed by parents who daily perceive on the part of their children a growing and ever-increasing desire for reading-matter. Left to choose at random, the young reader will plunge into nonsensical and trashy books, while the parent is unable or too busy to look up something for an antidote until the mind of the young person is contaminated. The Union proposes to share with such parents the responsible duty of selecting readily and without loss of time to the parent the proper reading matter to place before children. Books should pleasantly entertain, at the same time most surely instruct, the young reader and assist in forming character. Then to all library associations, whether of young men or women, membership in the Union will prove an invaluable aid in selecting the best books to be placed upon their shelves and before their readers. Plant good seed if you would reap a good harvest. I hope that the Union may meet with the success it merits, and that a love for the reading of Catholic literature may be widely disseminated. L. HENELY."

"*Chicago, Ill.*

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"In trying to satisfy various tastes I have found it necessary to get books of every description, devotional and spiritual, lives of the saints, histories, tales, and novels. By having a good selection of stories by Catholic authors, a number have been diverted from the public library, where they choose their books in many cases by their titles or depend upon what the librarian may give them. I often

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find myself wishing that I could supply boys and girls of twelve and upwards with attractive reading of which there is so much that is non-Catholic. If while preparing for first Communion and Confirmation they had for home-reading the books which are written on those subjects for the young, with many such stories as are written by Maurice F. Egan and E. L. Dorsey, full of life and American or Irish-American life, it seems to me it would do a vast deal of good. I have been asked by several young ladies for books which their brothers would find interesting; but are there any historical or biographical books for the young to take the place of Dickens' *Child's History of England*, and Abbott's and Miss Yonge's histories, etc.?

"At the Sunday-school it was suggested lately that the teachers of certain boys' classes might unite to purchase a few good books to be passed around, but it remains only a suggestion. I believe that whenever there is some one to begin a library or Reading Circle and afterwards continue the labor for its success there will be many glad to avail themselves of such privileges. To furnish books for the poor and for prisoners in particular seems to me worthy of more attention. The latter class have so much time for thought that what they read will make more lasting impression than in other circumstances, and they will readily accept anything offered them if at all readable. * * * "

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The first list of stories for children is now published by the Columbian Reading Union. It was prepared under the auspices of the Ozanam Reading Circle of New York City, and contains about four of the best books from the catalogue of every Catholic publisher whose name and address could be obtained. Any omissions will be supplied in the next list of the same series if notice is sent to the office of the Columbian Reading Union. The plan is to preserve impartial relations with all the publishers.

Copies of the list of children's books will be mailed free to all those who have paid one dollar and are entitled to membership in the Columbian Reading Union. Others may obtain the list by sending ten cents in postage.

M. C. M.

FRENCH SCULPTURES AND PAINTINGS AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

The works of Antoine-Louis Barye, and of certain distinguished French painters, now on exhibition at these galleries are eminently worthy of careful and repeated study. Indeed they require it; no single visit would enable even a trained observer to adjust his capacity to the demand made upon it. It is like hearing too much orchestral music at one time; the ear grows dull and no longer distinguishes separate delights in what has become a great though not altogether disagreeable noise. Two or three fine pictures, such as Corot's "St. Sebastian"; Troyon's fine, silvery "Cattle Drinking," or his "Drove of Cattle and Sheep"; Rousseau's admirable "Forest of Fontainebleau," Daubigny's "Village au Bord de l'Oise," Millet's "Sower," "Turkey-Keeper," his two peasants planting potatoes, in a canvas whose title we forget, or his famous "Angelus," are more than enough to fill the eye for one day. The latter picture it seems to be the latest critical fashion to belittle somewhat in comparison with other paintings by the same artist. The specimens of his work hung on these walls show an astonishing evenness of achievement. They are all interesting, although they are not all beautiful. But to our thinking "The Angelus" deserves the precedence it has certainly taken among them. The engravings from it have made the graceful lines of the two figures familiar to every one, but the lovely color and atmos-

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phere of the painting itself take one by surprise. It is what one expected, but it is so much more!

The Baryes are—some of them—very wonderful. The man who made them, one would say, must have had a fellow-feeling with the great beasts whom he has petrified in the very moment of their most characteristic actions. "Nature red in tooth and claw with ravin," bestial nature, rising to dignity only in the terrible warfare whereby it perpetuates its life, looks at you on every side of the over-crowded space devoted to this artist. The works are of all sizes, from the colossal "Lion and Serpent" to that of paper-weights less than two inches square. Great or small, they all give the same impression of a very sympathetic power in the hand that modelled them. The man and the beast have been fused, and the expression is dual. Look at the immense fore-paw of the lion in the plaster just referred to—the arm and hand, one would say, of some Titanic blacksmith; or at the lines in the bronze "Panther Seizing a Stag," where the first impression is half-human. What pleased us best, on the whole, in the collection were the four bronzes placed on pedestals just in front of the portrait of Barye—the "Elk Hunt," the "Bear Hunt," the "Bull Hunt," and the "Tiger Hunt." The *ensemble* in these seems perfect; the grouping and massing of figures, the intensity of expression, the truth of action. The wounded elephant in the last-named of these groups has something grotesquely childish in its helpless fallen under lip, its stiffened trunk and tail, its relaxed limbs. One feels both pity and a trifle of contempt, as for some great booby blubbering over the inevitable.

"*Editor of* THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"DEAR SIR: Your article in the current number, entitled 'A Plea for Erring Brethren,' brings forcibly to my mind a sermon preached by the late Most Rev. J. B. Purcell at the laying of the corner-stone of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in our city many years ago. The saintly archbishop was reviewing the history of the church in Cincinnati, a retrospect of nearly fifty years, and in the most touching way mentioned the names of some of his old-time friends—non-Catholics—whose genuine Christian lives he referred to in these words: "They thought they were good Methodists, good Baptists, good Presbyterians, but they were all good Catholics, although they did not know it, for it is impossible to escape the atmosphere of the true church; it reaches from earth to heaven." In the same spirit I have read somewhere of late the tender words of Dr. Manning, in which he says that the good and pious Anglicans of all the dreary years since the Reformation, he trusts in God's mercy, have found their way to heaven. I thank THE WORLD for many, many spiritual comforts brought home to my mind in the doctrine of persuasion and love so beautifully taught for all those years. Fifty years ago I heard for the first time from the lips of Dr. Cantwell, of Meath, who confirmed me, the loving side of our divine faith. I have not so often heard a repetition of it that my appreciation of the ethereal music of to-day loses a particle of its refreshing influence.

"Your servant,

"*Cincinnati, O., November* 20, 1889. JOSEPH P. CARBERY."

NOTICE.—The Life of Father Hecker, the first chapters of which were announced for this issue, will begin in the April number. The April number has been chosen because it will mark the silver jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, whose establishment was one of Father Hecker's most notable works, and whose success was ever the object of his most earnest endeavor.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE. By James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

It is a fortunate thing sometimes that the majority of average readers are led to examine a book more by the sight of a distinguished name upon its title-page than by any interest in its contents. This is especially the case with regard to the volume before us, because a host of people will buy it, and read it, and profit by it, who otherwise would probably never see it at all; the very class of readers, in fact, who are likely to be most benefited by its perusal—*i.e.*, unbelievers, indifferentists, nothingarians—will no doubt first open its pages to see what a *cardinal* has to say. This, we repeat, is a fortunate thing; for when a book is so excellent in itself, so reasonable, so persuasive, so logical, so convincing as this one, it deserves the largest circulation a book can have; and if the exalted rank of the author helps to disseminate the good seed of his words, it is a matter for hearty congratulation.

Our Christian Heritage is perhaps the most helpful work that has appeared in recent years. In the small space of five hundred pages are condensed, with singular clearness of method and conciseness of language, answers to some of the most profoundly important questions which can occupy the human mind—the "whence," the "why," the "whither," which the restless intellect of mankind never tires of asking. Such topics as the Existence of God, His Attributes, the Origin and Destiny of Man, the Immortality of the Soul, the Freedom of the Will, the Divinity of Christ, the Claims of Christianity, are here treated in a way which must go far towards convincing a fair-minded reader, and which in any case cannot fail to deeply impress a prejudiced one.

If this book has one characteristic more strongly defined than another, it is what we may call its "sweet reasonableness." It is not dogmatic; it is not dictatorial; it is not abusive; it is not "polemical" in any sense. It is a frank, honest, straightforward presentation by the author of the reasons for the hope that is in him, together with an affectionate urging of those reasons upon others. Throughout the volume we recognize the same gentle courtesy, the same strong yet simple diction, the same fervent piety, which distinguished that earlier work of the cardinal, written while Bishop of Richmond, *The Faith of Our Fathers.*

We regret that the late reception of our copy of *Our Christian Heritage* makes a longer notice impossible in this issue. We shall give a more extended review of the book in a future number.

SACRED HEART HYMNS. A choice collection of bright and melodious hymns to the Sacred Heart. Compiled and edited by F. Canter. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

With a very few changes in the words of these sentimental ballads, and with no change whatever in the music, these "Hymns" would be very suitable for the use of lovers with guitars as moonlight serenades, or to swell the repertory of the "minstrel" troupes whose usual "solo" and "chorus" the majority of them very much resemble. If the devotion of the Sacred Heart, which has done so much for religion, has been wrongly esteemed by many as chiefly appealing to sensuous women and effeminate men, we think the blame is to be justly ascribed to much of its popular artistic expression in painting, sculpture, and especially in such sensuous and effeminate language and melody as this volume contains.

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PASTORAL LETTER OF RIGHT REV. O. ZARDETTI, D.D., Bishop of St. Cloud, Minn. Issued on the day of his Episcopal Consecration, October 20, 1889. Sioux Falls, S. D.: Brown & Saenger.

Dr. Zardetti was long and favorably known in the Northwest as a learned theologian and as a zealous and enterprising priest before his elevation to the episcopate. By birth he is of that Teutonic race which has given the church in America so large a number of her prelates. He has fully assimilated the spirit of his adopted country, as the pages of this learned and devout pastoral eloquently bear witness. He believes in the providential mission of the United States, and he well knows how it finds its counterpart in the spiritual life. His little treatise on devotion to the Holy Spirit is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the religious literature of this country. We sincerely trust that the missionary labors of a pioneer bishop will not hinder his contributing more and more to the spiritual life of our people by theological and devotional writings. A simple statement of the truth from the lips or pen of a bishop carries great weight, for it is from a divinely authorized exponent; how much rather shall a learned bishop get a hearing, especially one who is filled with the consciousness of the extraordinary designs of God with our generation!

BABYLAND. By the editors of *Wide Awake*. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

We examined this volume of *Babyland* for 1889 from cover to cover, and found each page filled with beautiful pictures and interesting reading matter. For little children just learning to read it will be a most acceptable present. The numerous illustrations portray many amusing incidents of baby life.

PERCY WYNN; OR, MAKING A BOY OF HIM. By Neenah, author of *Tom Playfair, etc.* Napoleon, Ohio: A. J. Schiml, *Catholic Companion* Print.

It is refreshing to find a new book for Catholic boys, neatly printed, with gilt edges and excellent binding. Percy Wynn is depicted as an active boy, fond of fishing, foot-ball, and other out-door sports. The author has succeeded admirably in sustaining the interest of the narrative, using a clear, vigorous style, and introducing many of the strong phrases invented by college boys.

We hope that Neenah will find it profitable to write more stories of this kind, based on the actual realities of school-life in America. There are many fine characters in our Catholic schools to furnish ideals for fiction. The Catholic boy of the United States has decided characteristics which compare favorably with the highest types known in the Catholic countries of Europe. His photograph should be accurately reproduced in our native literature, which will be bought eagerly as soon as it is produced. We have been waiting and watching for some enterprising Catholic publisher to offer inducements to competent writers in this neglected department of healthy juvenile fiction.

ACCOMPAGNEMENT DU NOUVEAU MANUEL DE CHANTS LITURGIQUES (de M. l'Abbé Bourduas), Messes, Proses, Cantiques, Psaumes, Hymnes et Motets des Dimanches et des fêtes de l'année, harmonisés pour l'orgue d'aprés la tonalité Grégorienne, par R. Octave Pelletier, Organiste du Cathedral de Montreal. Montreal: Eusèbe Sénecal et Fils.

We have to congratulate church organists, and such other students of music as wish to know something about the legitimate harmonic treatment of Gregorian chant, upon the appearance of this scholarly production. So far as the matter of the work goes, it offers us an accompaniment to the selections from the Gradual and Antiphonarium (Edition of Montreal) contained in the excellent little congregational manual edited by M. l'Abbé Bourduas indicated in the title, and which we commended to our readers in a former notice.

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Various harmonizations of chant have come under our notice, of which some ignore both its tonality and rhythm, such as the *Répertoire de l'Organiste* by J. B. Labelle, and the like erroneous attempts at chant harmony commonly found in our American church-music books, giving us as a result neither true chant nor good music. Other competent musicians, such as Niedermeyer, in his *Accompagnement pour l'Orgue*, and M. Lagacé, of Quebec, in his *Chants de l'Eglise*, although respecting the tonality and modality, have followed the system of equal notation, which has resulted in accentuating the worst feature of that system, by destroying not only all rhythmic movement and expression, but so veiling the tonal harmony of the chant melody as to practically render it unintelligible.

M. Niedermeyer and others of his school, learned though they are, seem to have forgotten that the chant is not a mere aggregation of unrelated tones, but that it is a true melody, of varied modal construction and thematic form; each mode possessing, and its formulas expressing, different æsthetic characteristics and endued with its own spiritual power to affect the *morale* both of singer and listener; just as modern musical melodies are composed in either the major or the minor modes, and distinguished for their martial, amorous, saltatory, humorous, or mournful spirit.

The attention of all students of chant has of late years been specially directed to the question of rhythm by the profound researches and writings of eminent musicologues such as the R. P. Dom Pothier and R. P. Dom Sauter, of the Benedictine Order, and the Abbé Raillard. To ignore the rhythm of chant is to deprive it of all soul and life, and render it quite as unmeaning as any modern song would be if all the notes were made of equal length and its measure and accents were suppressed.

The system of harmonization of chant referred to, written in this lifeless form, devoid of all passing notes and other devices requisite to insure a flowing rendition of the melody, such as the eminent musicians we allude to have given us, is therefore one which gives us indeed a succession of chords, but utterly fails to produce what chant is, and what its name implies, viz., Song.

The celebrated and lamented Lemmens, who abandoned his brilliant career as a public musical artist to devote the remainder of his life to the study and teaching of chant, while being impressed with the necessity of preserving the tonality and of fully recognizing the element of rhythm as indispensable to the true intelligence of chant, yet believed that in the accompaniment of it the element of measure, at least to distinguish the relative value of notes, might be, and if we understand his theory, should be, introduced together with the employment of passing notes and intervening chord resolutions.

We acknowledge that the general effect of such a treatment is not without certain attractive features. Yet we hold that to restrict the free, inspired movement of chant to the regular alternations of strong and weak accents, forced by measured divisions of the melody, is to rob it of its unique and most sublime character.

The author of the work before us has, we think, chosen a happy medium in the style of notation adopted, which, though necessarily imperfect, as we have before said in noticing chant translations into modern notes, is on the whole about the best we have seen. The rhythm is thus tolerably well indicated, especially for organists who already know something of it. M. Pelletier had no easy task before him in preserving the tonality and avoiding confusion of the different modes without the use of modulation, and yet obtain an agreeable movement of the different parts of the accompanying harmony, but it is very gratifying to observe that, on the whole, he has accomplished these aims in a highly satisfactory manner.

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Whilst adhering to those true principles requiring the employment of harmony strictly consonant for the melody, he has made most happy and effective use of passing notes, suspensions, and anticipations, by which means he has succeeded in bringing out the rhythm into more intelligible relief, the lack of which devices are so regrettably felt in the works of Niedermeyer and his eminent disciples. There are a few exceptions which we think deserve to be taken and noticed.

The formulas for the psalm chants are not sufficiently elaborated to suit the needs of the ordinary organist. The third termination of the fourth mode is erroneously given, following, as the writer has done, the evident misprint as given in the table of these chants in the antiphonarium. The phrasing of the *Kyrie* in the *Missa de Angelis* has thrown some of the accents upon wrong notes. We think it an error to attribute the *Lauda Sion* and *Veni, Creator Spiritus* to the 13th and 14th modes. These chants are unquestionably in the 8th mode; for the dominant throughout is Do, and the final, Sol. He has been misled by a wish to avoid the apparent *triton* in the true formula for the conclusions. It is only apparent, for the Si is not an essential and accented tone but only one of those passing notes used in chant, like the *nota liquescens*. Moreover, the dominant of the 14th mode is Mi. We cannot find that tone dominant in any part of the *Lauda Sion*. We are also a little surprised at the harmony of the *Creator alme siderum*. We do not find the dominant treated as a La in the harmony given. Hearing it as written, we would pronounce the hymn to be in the 13th mode, whose scale being identical with that of our modern major mode, has given rise to the vulgar modern harmony commonly adopted by organists in rendering that hymn. Accompanied with proper modal harmony, and the melody being taken at a much lower pitch, we obtain quite another and more appropriate expression of this solemn, yearning chant of the Advent season.

If there should be, as we sincerely hope there may be, a demand for this volume and for the manual of M. l'Abbé Bourduas in the United States, a brochure containing at least the Prefaces of both translated into English should be prepared and furnished by the publishers.

With this volume before the organist and its harmonies well studied and thoroughly practised so as to insure a free, flowing rendition of the chant phrases, and the little corresponding manual of M. l'Abbé Bourduas in the hands of the people, pastors who are desirous of introducing congregational singing of the church's own holy, edifying, and inspiring Song of Praise and Prayer may have some reasonable hope of realizing that "consummation" of the church-music question so "devoutly to be wished."

SELECTIONS FROM THE SERMONS OF PADRE AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO. Preached at the Church of San Carlo al Corso, Rome, Lent, 1889. Translated by Catherine Mary Phillimore. Second Series. New York: James Pott & Co.

The translator cautions the reader in her preface that these sermons are translated from versions never revised by the author himself, and that they do not pretend to be more than *selections* from the course of sermons delivered by Padre Agostino, and that the translations in this case are made, as they were in the volume previously published, from the reports printed in the newspapers and sold in the streets a few hours after the delivery of the sermons. This statement is not only due to the literary honesty of the translator but also to the preacher, for the Catholic reader can thereby explain the presence of inaccuracies in the statement of doctrine of which the Padre Agostino is quite incapable. But the sermons nevertheless bear internal evidence of being fairly enough reproduced.

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This series is in some ways of hardly such value as was the first, yet it contains a number of useful pieces of pulpit oratory. There are five sermons on our Lord, some of which carry the reader to a high state of sympathy with his passion and atonement, and others eloquently summarize the motives of credibility for his mission. The first sermon in the book, on the necessity of religion, is in some sense of the term a masterpiece, and might, with certain adaptations to our people, be used with much effect in our pulpits. The last sermon, "Our Native Land," is a high flight of oratory. It is probably the one which was misunderstood by some portions of the preacher's audience, and which gave him occasion to publicly express his loyalty to the principles which guide the Holy See in the present difficulties with the Italian government.

We recommend this volume to all classes of readers, especially to the clergy.

S. ALPHONSI M. DE LIGUORI, EPISCOPI, CONFESSORIS ET ECCLESIÆ DOCTORIS. Liber de Cæremoniis Missæ ex Italico Idiomate Latine Redditus opportunis Notis ac Novissimis S.R.C. Decretis Illustratus necnon Appendicibus auctus opera Georgii Schober, Congreg. SS. Redemptoris Sacerdotis. Editio altera emendata et aucta. Ratisbonæ, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, Chartis et Typis Frederici Pustet, S. Sedis Apost. et S. Rit. Congr. Typogr. MDCCCLXXXVIII.

This work of St. Alphonsus is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to say anything of it. The body of the work is devoted to the main subject of the book, the ceremonies of the Mass in general. The appendices take up and discuss the various questions arising as to the obligation of celebrating and as to the things pertaining to votive Masses and the like. The book is a complete treatise. The editor has enlarged the original, and gives the later decisions of the Sacred Congregation bearing on the matter in hand.

TEMPERANCE SONGS AND LYRICS. Second edition, greatly enlarged. By Rev. J. Casey. Dublin: James Duffy & Co.

These homely and home-made songs and lyrics, as the zealous author terms them, have been already favorably noticed to our readers, and we have only to renew our hearty commendation of them, and trust they may find popular use in temperance societies, and thus render, as he hopes, a service to sobriety and song.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE DIVINE OFFICE. Explanation of the Psalms and Canticles. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Dr. H. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor. 1856–1859. Buchanan's Election–End of the 35th Congress. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

A LIFE OF JOHN DAVIS, THE NAVIGATOR, 1550-1605, Discoverer of Davis Straits. By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. With two Courses of Lenten Sermons and a Triduum for the Forty Hours. By Rev. Julius Pottgeisser, S.J. Rendered from the German by Rev. James Conway, S.J. In two volumes. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

GOOD THINGS FOR CATHOLIC READERS. A Miscellany of Catholic Biography, Travel, etc. Profusely illustrated. Second Series. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

THE GREAT TRUTHS. Short Meditations for the Season of Advent. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS, according to St. Francis de Sales. By Rev. Joseph Fissott, Missionary of St. Francis de Sales. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE DIARY OF PHILIP HONE, 1828-1851. Edited with an introduction by Bayard Tuckerman. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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A NEW DEPARTURE IN CATHOLIC COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

CATHOLIC colleges in the United States find themselves confronted by conditions which seem to require a new adjustment of time-honored methods of discipline. The Declaration of Independence, as interpreted in our country, has come to mean that the son is equal to his father, and entitled to a voice in the manner and matter of his instruction and education. Whether this be right or wrong it is *de facto*, and it must be considered by the heads of educational institutions. Who believes that Yale's *prestige* in the annals of base-ball influences the father to send his son there? But who does not know that the son's preference is often for the college which has made the best record in what the French call "le sport"? Of course there are studious young men who want to learn, but they are generally those whom circumstances oblige to take care of themselves. And it is the faculty and apparatus that draw them, not the fame of well-fought base-ball or boat-racing matches; but the young man with a father capable of paying his bills is much influenced by the scores of the year's competition in games.

Similarly, the discipline of any college is considered by him from the point of view of his inclination and tastes. The common dormitory system, by which no student has his own room, but all sleep in large dormitories like patients in the wards of a hospital—a system which the French undergraduate accepts without a protest—is viewed with disfavor by the American Catholic student, and he invariably cherishes the hope that the day will come when he can have a room of his own; and a college which does not offer him this hope cannot expect to have his suffrages after a limited time. Few fathers are unreasonable enough—

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according to the modern definition of unreasonableness—to send their sons of a certain age to a college some of whose arrangements do not meet with their approbation. The thoughtful father understands very well the advantages of the system of living which obtains in Catholic colleges. He knows very well—perhaps too well—the evils that result from the "boarding-out" system; he knows that young men, free from parental restraints and the influence of public opinion, are not likely to remain without reproach. It is the fashion to hold, with the late school of "muscular Christianity," that young men generally "come out all right." But experience has dissipated that myth which the late Rev. Charles Kingsley did so much to make popular.

It is certain that boys from the age of seventeen to twenty-one need restraint—or, rather, restrictive influence; for at that time there seems to be a special league of the world, the flesh, and the devil against them. The world of the college town is too prone to look indulgently on the sins of students, and perhaps to play the part of Falstaff, not without a thought of profit, to their Prince Hal. If everybody concerned would be entirely frank, there is no doubt that residence of students outside college bounds would be condemned.

If your son be serious-minded he will need none of the wisdom of Polonius, and you can trust him in a community of students where the opinions of "the fast set" govern speech, if not action. If not—if he, because of his years and the plasticity of youth, be not proof against the laxity of youthful example—you will find that he will have paid too much for that experience which man is best without.

Public sentiment has begun to swerve towards the conservative system of the Catholic colleges. Even the *prestige* of Yale and Harvard does not now convince fathers that they are the safest places for boys; and there is no doubt that the wise father is beginning to know his own son well enough to wish that some restraint could be applied to him during his collegiate years. A college ought to stand *in loco parentis*. If it seek to divest itself of all responsibility for the morals of its students, it fulfils the lesser part of its mission.

It is time that the Catholic colleges of the country took advantage of the trend of thoughtful opinion. But they cannot do this until they so modify the dormitory system that young men will not recoil from it. This has been declared to be impossible. If so, the Catholic college will continue to be handicapped; it will continue to be filled with boys who leave its precincts at a

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time when they should begin serious collegiate work; it will continue to graduate classes small in proportion to the number of students entered on the rolls.

The need of a modification of the dormitory system—admirable as it is for smaller boys—has been forced on the trustees of the University of Notre Dame by the logic of events. It is entirely in place here to cite what they have done as an example of what may be done—indeed, of what *must* be done if Catholic colleges are to be saved from becoming mere preparatory schools for junior students. Their work, when it began to take form, was looked on with forebodings by conservatives who feared that any recognition of modern prejudices against the dormitory system, even for students in senior grades, meant anarchy. Somehow or other, the Western atmosphere fights for the innovator as valiantly as the stars did in an elder time. And what seemed impossible was done in six months. A new building was planned to flank one side of the great lawn and to balance Science Hall. The plan completed, the new edifice began to arise. At the beginning of the school-year of 1888 it was almost ready. A little later it received the name of Sorin Hall—and the impossible had come to pass. It is a fixed fact now.

Sorin Hall is an oblong building, built of the white brick of the adjacent country, planned, both for convenience and appearance, in the style of the French renaissance. It contains sixty rooms—twelve feet by fourteen—besides the apartments of the rector and his staff, a chapel, the lecture-room and chambers of the law department, bath-rooms, and a well-equipped reading-room. At present it is not half its proposed size, as seventy-five more rooms will be added, with, it is probable, the lecture-rooms of the English course. From present appearances, it seems as if the additional seventy-five rooms would be all too few, as there are many more deserving applicants for rooms than there are rooms in which to put them.

I mean to emphasize the word *deserving*. Admission to Sorin Hall depends entirely on the merit of the applicant. It is not an assemblage of "parlor boarders" under a new name. No extra fee is demanded. The applicant for a room in Sorin Hall must be of the *élite*, and mere cleverness without corresponding seriousness and good conduct will not gain the coveted honor for him. A desk, chairs, a book-case, a bed and other necessary articles, are provided by the college; the rest of the garnishing of the room is left to the taste of the student. Some of the men in Sorin Hall go in for æsthetic

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embellishments. *Chacun à son metier.* Here you find the base-ball gloves quartered, as it were, with a physiological chart, and a microscope nestling among back numbers of the *Scientific American*, all shaded by Turcoman curtains sent by some loving mamma; there a photograph of Cardinal Newman perched on a volume of Tennyson, and a synopsis of the Cronin case pasted over last month's foot-ball score, while the purest simplicity in the matter of other embellishments reigns.

The rules of order and cleanliness are not more stringent or more scrupulously enforced at West Point than in Sorin Hall. It has a campus of its own and a government of its own, subject, of course, to the government of the University. It was anticipated that the formation of this new community would occasion a certain resentment among the less fortunate seniors, who naturally—being thorough Americans—would hate an aristocracy of which they were not members. But the exalted seniors disarmed enmity by a prudent affability of manner, and, as the "sweet hope" of attaining to a room is so unconcealed among all the seniors, any attempt at the proverbial "sour-grapes" act would be conspicuously hollow. The rules that govern Sorin Hall are not many, but they are strictly enforced. As there is a commodious common room, visiting in rooms is not allowed; lights must be out at a fixed time; unseemly noises are prohibited; in a word, every reasonable restriction that can conduce to decorous conduct and the formation of an atmosphere inducing study is insisted on.

Nearly two years have passed since this modification of the dormitory system was attempted. It has had a fair trial. The sixty rooms are filled by sixty gentlemen, whose work in the recitation rooms shows that they have made a distinct gain by their isolation from the more bustling air of the college proper. A man in Sorin Hall has too much respect for his standing to forfeit his privileges. A clandestine visit to town—were it possible—would mean expulsion; and there have been no expulsions. Any interference with the rights of others, if persisted in, would meet the same punishment. The fact that admission to this privilege of the University is dependent on conduct and standing accounts largely for the success of what is no longer an experiment. To have made admission dependent on an increased fee would have crippled it at once, and have put back an advance in the collegiate surroundings of higher students for many years. The *élite*, then, would have been a real aristocracy of money, not a picked group of men promoted

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for merit. And, if our Catholic colleges are to flourish, merit, not money, must be the ladder of preferment; any snobbishness in this respect would have at once created all those difficulties among the students which the promoters of this new departure in discipline wished most to avoid.

Notre Dame has shown how to draw older students to its lecture-rooms; it has made an audacious experiment which, now that it is so thoroughly successful, seems to have been the only thing that could have been done. All of us who are interested in Catholic education desire, above all things, to see our colleges well filled with those older students who drift to what are called non-sectarian schools, but which are more dangerous to religion and morals than the professedly sectarian schools. In the latter belief in God and respect for the Commandments are at least part of public teaching. I confess that no question, social or political, seems to me more important than this: How shall we keep our own?

We cannot keep our own without higher education; the highest is not too high. We cannot keep our own unless we analyze carefully the causes which keep promising youths from our colleges. These colleges have, as a rule, no endowments and no scholarships; they must depend on the solidity of their teaching and the effectiveness of their discipline; they must form characters as well as fill minds, and they cannot afford to neglect any chance of disarming prejudices against their methods. The modification of the dormitory system is one of the most important steps that can be taken for the disarming of existing prejudices. As an anxious observer of the progress of higher Catholic education—as a student of the methods of Catholic colleges—as a man too well experienced in the objections which are made against them,—as a teacher who puts a quiet environment above all things, except morality, in a student's life, I beg leave to call attention to this new departure in discipline at Notre Dame. The success of Sorin Hall marks an epoch and the beginning of a synthesis between traditions and the demands of the present time.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Notre Dame, Ind.

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HYPNOTISM.*

IF the attention be directed repeatedly, by an individual in conditions of bodily weakness, to any part of his organism, sensations of different kinds, not existing previously, will be perceived in that part. This is a fact generally accepted by physicians, and fatal disease (hydrophobia in some cases) has, it is maintained, resulted simply from the influence of the imagination intensified in its power by fear at the time of reception of some slight or even fancied injury.

As one of the highest mental faculties we must consider that of concentrating by an act of will the attention; the converse of such power is inability to concentrate the attention by any effort of will, and consequently the individual's mind is here a prey to all sorts of distraction arising from sensorial (peripheral) impressions or from mental reproduction of previous states or ideas, these reproductions being due to hyper-excitability of the cortical brain-cells.

If, now, by any process the power of inhibiting mental impressions arising from occurrences without the body or within it is put out of function, the power of concentrating the attention is lost for the time being and imagination may run riot. Now, let the imagination be directed into a definite channel, so to say, and there being no inhibitory check upon it, whatever power it may have in affecting vital processes of the organism will be exercised to an unusual degree in the direction or channel to which its operations are thus limited.

In such condition the individual may be made to sleep, or to enter abnormal states, such as catalepsy; to become anæsthetic in different parts of the body; to experience hallucinations of sight or taste, etc.; to exhibit without any external real cause different trophic disorders, such as the appearance of a blister which goes through all the stages of change seen in an ordinary blister from a burn; to be without memory of what occurs during the condition;

* To an inquiry in the October number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD concerning hypnotism there were answers in the next succeeding number of such nature that it seems desirable to set before the readers of this magazine a short sketch in which the present status of hypnotism, from a scientific point of view, is presented. Within the limitations of an article such as this a study of the subject cannot be expected, but it is believed by the writer that an unpartisan view has been preserved. Many points of greater or less importance to the psychologist and moralist have been barely touched upon, their bearing for such readers being, it is hoped, fairly inferable. The works cited, especially those of V. Schrenck-Notzing and Bernheim, teeming, as they are, with references to the literature of the subject published since 1860, may be consulted by those desirous of fuller information.—JOSEPH T. O'CONNOR, M.D.

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to become an automaton and follow the operator as a piece of soft iron follows a magnet; and, finally, to be so imbued with a command of the operator that at the hour directed by the latter (it may be many hours, or even some days, afterward) the subject, then in his ordinary condition, does precisely and at the exact time and without knowing why just what he had been ordered to do. More than this, diseases can be ordered away, normal secretions and discharges of the organism can (their absence being disease) be ordered to return, and even the normal pains in surgical operations and in childbirth can be commanded to not appear; and in suitable subjects these commands have been obeyed.

These are facts, many of them repeated over and over again, and the state or condition of body in which such phenomena are possible is called hypnosis, or, more commonly, hypnotism.

Hypnotism is nothing new. Ancient peoples possessed it, its practice being mixed with different forms of idolatry; it is said to have been employed during the middle ages combined with "spiritism," and in later times the remarkable results attained by its practicers, under claims that possibly were in some instances free from conscious fraud, have been recorded Thus, Valentine Greatrakes, stated to have been a prominent Irish officer, proclaimed, in 1662,* that he was gifted by God with the power of curing disease. His renown became extraordinary, for cures really followed, but attacks of frightful spasms often attended his method, which was simply the laying on of hands. In 1700 Gessner, a Swabian and said to be an ex-monk, won celebrity through his cures, and, after journeying through Swabia, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, settled in Regensburg. So many had recourse to him, it is said, that at one time ten thousand persons were health-seekers at his hands, but there was no room for them in the town and they had to live in the fields.† The explanation of the cures, of which many must have been genuine, will appear later.

The first systematic attempt to utilize the method apart from admixture with the mystical or supernatural was by Mesmer about 1775. He had discovered, in 1772, that by stroking the human body with a magnet certain peculiar effects followed which he considered were due to an influence streaming forth from the magnet, the "magnetic fluid." Later, when he accidentally was without a magnet, he used a rod of unmagnetized iron, and the same results followed; and, further, he found that stroking with the naked hand was equally efficacious. Clinging to the emanation theory, he

*G. Gessmann, *Magnetismus und Hypnotismus*. A. Hartleben's Verlag. 1887.
† Gessmann.

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now ascribed his results to an influence or fluid drawn from or emitted by the operator, similar to that from the magnet. He called this "animal magnetism" to distinguish it from metallic magnetism. His fame became great, but in 1784 a commission appointed by the French government reported unfavorably upon his claims and suppressed his method of cure. The term "mesmerism" was given to the method by his disciples. Before the outbreak of the French Revolution the adherents of Mesmer among the medical profession were not inconsiderable in number or position, and after 1815 a new society for the cultivation of mesmerism was founded. About this time the Abbé Faria appeared in Paris, and by his exhibitions aroused anew the interest of the public in "animal magnetism." It is worthy of remark that Faria (nothing is given of his clerical standing) should have been the first to see the explanation, widely prevalent to-day in scientific circles, of the phenomena under consideration. He maintained that the cause of the "somnambulic" phenomena resided solely in the magnetized subject. He was laughed at, made ridiculous, and abandoned his exhibitions.

But little advance was made in discovery in this domain until the time of Braid, an English physician, who in 1840 made the discovery that by the subject's fixing his gaze steadily for some minutes upon a brilliant object held in a certain position he was put into a condition analogous to that produced by mesmerism. To this state Braid gave the name "hypnotism," and its production by Braid's method of fixing the gaze upon a brilliant object, usually a faceted glass ball or button, is frequently termed "braidism." All prominent writers upon our subject at the present time date the scientific foundation of hypnotism from Braid's investigations.* All the later, physiologically established, phenomena were already described by him and he was cognizant of the lighter degrees of hypnotism as used by the Nancy school *(vide infra)*. He ascribes the inability to open the eyelids to exhaustion of volitional influence upon the muscle that raises the upper eyelid. He emphasized the subjective nature of the influence, as well as the power of dominant ideas in the waking state, and sought to account for the results observed in some alteration of the cerebral circulation. According to him, the occurrence of hypnosis is essentially dependent upon "expectation." "The livelier the fantasy, the more intense the attention, the stronger the belief of the patient that the expected results will occur, the surer and more evidently will the expected

* V. Schrenck-Notzing, *Ein Beitrag zur therapeutischen Verwerthung des Hypnotismus*. Leipzig, 1888.

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phenomena appear even, in many individuals, in the waking state." He even pointed out the power of "suggestion" in sufficiently deep conditions of hypnosis. It is worthy of note that his methods have been followed almost exclusively by the school of Charcot, although he considered physical methods as merely aids.

We see in Braid's works hypnotism divested of its wrappings of the supernatural, of spiritism, of fraud, of demonism, and even of Mesmer's magnetic influence. Braid's publications made but little impression upon his contemporaries; indeed, they were scarcely known outside of England. The notion of some emanating force found expression in the terms bestowed by different observers and experimenters upon the cause of hypnotic phenomena. "Electro-biology" (Grimes, 1848), "Electric Psychology" (Dods, 1850), both of these from the United States; "Od" or the "odic force" (Reichenbach, 1852), this being a universally diffused force throughout space and concentrated by the operator; and "force neurique rayonnante," are but a few of the titles, intended to be descriptive, invented about this time. Gradually, however, prominent members of the medical profession were brought to give a hearing to the claims of hypnosis, and Broca and Follin reported to the French Academy of Sciences in 1859 the opening of an abscess under the anæsthetic influence of hypnotism. Dr. Guérineau reported in the same year that he had amputated the thigh under hypnotic anæsthesia. Similar reports had, however, been made in 1829, and several during the period 1845-47.

Liébeault, who had been busy for several years in studying the phenomena of hypnosis, issued in 1866 his work, *Du Sommeil et des états analogues considérés surtout au point de vue de l'action du moral sur le physique.* He adhered to the theory of "suggestion," which he still further developed, and successfully employed it as a therapeutic measure. He explained the phenomena from a psycho-physiological point of view. The work of the Nancy physician made no deep impression, and hypnotism remained a scientific curiosity; it was simply known that some individuals by fixing the gaze upon a brilliant object fell asleep and became anæsthetic, and that in others catalepsy was produced.

In 1873 Czermak published his observations on hypnotism in animals, but as far back as 1646 Athanasius Kirchner had shown that a chicken placed, with legs tied, before a chalk-mark on the floor became after a certain time motionless and reactionless to irritants, and remained in this position even after the thongs were removed and the animal irritated. Czermak got the same results,

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even without tying the animals, in birds, lizards, crabs, rabbits, etc. Other observers have had similar experiences.

In 1875 Charles Richet, the Paris professor of physiology, investigated the psychical phenomena of induced somnambulism, but the greatest impetus to the scientific study of the subject was from Charcot's experiments upon hysterical patients at La Salpêtrière. His methods, as has been said above, are almost entirely physical, and he divides the phenomena of hypnotism in hysterical persons, upon whom alone his experiments were made, into three classes, catalepsy, lethargy, and somnambulism, with, however, stages of transition.

Catalepsy is produced by sudden intensive sounds, the sudden flashing of a bright light, etc. In this condition the subject's eyes are open, staring and fixed, the limbs are in the state known as *flexibilitas cerea* and retain for some time any position in which they are placed, reflex movements are entirely lost or lessened, respiration is slowed, there is anæsthesia of the skin and of certain organs, with contraction of the peripheral blood-vessels. Suggestion is possible, especially *via* the muscular sense.

Lethargy is caused by "fixing" a not too brilliant object, after the method of Braid. In this state the eyes are closed, the reflexes heightened, respiration accelerated, muscular contractures are readily educed by mechanical irritation of the special muscles, their tendons, or the nerves supplied to them. There is hyperæsthesia rather than the reverse, and the peripheral vessels are dilated. In exceptional cases only does "suggestion" act.

Somnambulism is caused by long-lasting weak sensorial excitement, or by the mere idea of sleep. The symptoms in this stage are: normal tendon reflexes; muscular tonicity, as in the waking condition; slight irritation of the skin calls forth contractures of the underlying muscular groups, disappearing through continuance of the same irritation; analgesia sometimes; senses acute; eyes half-open, lids tremulous. Consciousness and mental activity cloudy. Suggestion possible, but the power of resistance is present. Mental dulness, as a rule, complete.

By closure of the eyes the cataleptic or somnambulic condition passes into the lethargic, and by opening the eyes the lethargic into the cataleptic. Rubbing the vertex during the cataleptic or lethargic stage produces somnambulism.

The school of Charcot hold that only hysterics are subject to hypnotic methods and that hypnosis itself is a disease, a neurosis.

The final stage of development in the subject up to the pres-

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ent writing culminates in the observations of Dr. H. Bernheim,* professor in the Medical School at Nancy. He has shown that the theory of Charcot has beclouded the whole subject, both from the purely experimental and the therapeutic points of view.

All the facts which for years have been observed in the few "drilled" hysterical subjects in La Salpêtrière can be explained by the action of "suggestion," and all the phenomena of hypnotism are to be thus explained.† Suggestion may be verbal or by gesture, or by the unconscious play of the operator's features from surprise, or disappointment, or satisfaction, etc. The expectation that some special line of phenomena will appear acts, in cases such as Charcot's subjects, as a "suggestion." The "influence" of different metals applied to different parts of the body is proven to have been from within the subject, but aroused by "suggestion" (auto-suggestion, as in the case of applied plates of gold), from the old notion that, *e.g.*, the metal gold possesses a specially noble quality, for this metal refused to act when the subject was made to believe it was copper, and copper, when believed by the subject to be gold, brought out the same symptoms as gold did in the earlier experiments. So, in Luys's experiments with medicines in closed and sealed glass tubes held in the hand or applied to different parts of the subject's body, the possibility and even the likelihood of auto-suggestion cannot be excluded.

Bernheim employs a slight "fixation" of the subject's eyes or a few passes simply as means to concentrate the patient's attention, and then he "suggests" sleep and finds it to occur in some degree in a very large proportion of cases observed by him. Liébeault's table (quoted by Bernheim) shows that of 1,011 persons subjected to the hypnotic method only 27 were refractory, 33 became slightly drowsy, 100 went into a light sleep, 460 into deep sleep, 229 into very deep sleep, 31 into light somnambulism, and 131 into deep somnambulism. Bernheim adds that the people who came to Liébeault were from the masses, who were undoubtedly already persuaded of his 'magnetic" power, and consequently with brains ready to yield in some degree. Sex seemed to make no difference in the statistics.

Bernheim makes nine grades in his classification of the hypnotic states, these being in two groups, *a*, Grade I.-VI., in

* *De la suggestion dans l'état hypnotique et dans l'état de veille.* Paris. 1884. The references in this article from Bernheim are from the German translation by Dr. Sigm. Freud: *Die Suggestion und ihre Heilwirkung.* Leipzig und Wien. 1888.

† Forel, *Der Hypnotismus: seine Bedeutung und seine Handhabung.* Stuttgart. 1889.

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which memory is retained after emerging from the state; and *b*, Grade VII.-IX., in which there is amnesia after awaking, or somnambulism.

Grade I. has "suggestibility" for distinct physiological acts, *e.g.*, the arousing of a feeling of warmth in a definite part of the body, or cessation of pain—both through suggestion; there is no catalepsy, nor inability to open the eyes. The patients assert positively that they have not slept. Grade II., inability to spontaneously open the eyes; otherwise the same negative symptoms. Grade III., suggestive catalepsy, yet with retained volitional power to overcome this, and the power can be exerted. Grade IV., suggestive catalepsy, with loss of volitional power to overcome it (except by suggestion). At times automatic motions, such as turning the arm for an indefinite length of time, can be produced. Grade V., suggestive contracture, not to be overcome by will. Grade VI., automatic obedience in greater or less degree. The subject is motionless if left to himself, but at command gets up, or walks, or stands still, etc. Sensory deception or illusions cannot be provoked in any of the foregoing stages, and memory of what has occurred is retained, sometimes with, sometimes without, consciousness of having slept. Grade VII., here belong those cases in which amnesia is present on awaking, but no hallucination can be produced. In almost all cases of this grade the phenomena of the previous stages can be called forth, such as catalepsy, contractures, automatic motions and automatic obedience. Yet it happens that one or another may be wanting. Grade VIII., condition is the same as the last, with the production of hallucinations during the sleep, but it is impossible to cause hallucinations (by suggestion during the state) occurring after the awaking. Grade IX., sensitiveness for hypnotic and post-hypnotic hallucinations.

More or less analgesia may be evident in all the stages, oftener in somnambulism.

The views of the Nancy school as to the causation of the phenomena of hypnotism—that is, by "suggestion"—are accepted by the greater number of observers in this field, but, as has been already stated, the Paris school holds to a physical causation. There are some who maintain that both may be needed in explanation. Over-irritation, sensorially, as in Braid's method, is blamed for the appearance of convulsions, etc.

Whatever be the correct position concerning this part of the question, it seems certain that the greatest therapeutic results have followed the teachings of the Nancy school, and we have

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now to consider just what has been achieved here. All kinds of hysterical diseases have been cured, many troubles of functional character, some of inflammatory nature, hemiplegias, etc., from apoplexy, migraine, hemorrhages, some insanities based upon hysteria, the pains of cancer, menstrual anomalies, etc., etc. Many cases of bad habits, some of them of vile character, have been cured, and also many of the alcohol and some of the morphine habit. All of the foregoing makes a good showing in favor of hypnotism as a therapeutic measure. But the question will be, is it an unsafe measure, or more dangerous than is the use of many drugs commonly prescribed by physicians?

The writer believes with Dr. Friedenreich * that "an individual who has been frequently hypnotized is thereby rendered abnormal, and even if other abnormalities cannot be shown to exist, he is still easily hypnotizable and readily subjected to the influence of another person." At the same time it must be remembered that this is probably true only of frequency of the higher grades of hypnotism, and that Bernheim distinctly states that the higher grades are not necessary for therapeutic purposes. It is not strictly true that no one can be hypnotized against his will, but, as Bernheim puts it, no one can be hypnotized who does not believe that he can be hypnotized. Thus a slight influence obtained at a first trial inevitably makes the second effort more successful. There is no domination of one mind by another, properly speaking, in hypnotism; no "clairvoyance," or seeing what occurs in a distant place; no prophetic power or power of revealing the hidden past, nor any power of performing miracles. Suggestion accepted without resistance, and often unconsciously, by the subject accounts for all that hypnotism really does; the mode of action within the body is unknown, but it is according to natural laws of the organism. I have yet to learn that a tumor has been removed by hypnotism or that the results of a destructive lesion in the nervous system have been undone, or that an ulcer has been healed suddenly. Various superstitious practices have been employed to cure warts (which are really small tumors), and I have been gravely informed by patients that rubbing a gold ring upon a stye will cause its disappearance; but if so, it is because of the inherent "suggestion" becoming assimilated, so to say, in some lower brain centre and so causing a change from the abnormal to the normal through it. But such changes take time; they never occur suddenly. So, in the cases of hemiplegia, etc., reported as cured

* *Vide Neurologisches Centralblatt*, April, 1888, p. 211.

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by hypnotism, I would prefer to wait for the report of the post-mortem examination before admitting that the paralysis thus cured was anything more than what is termed an "indirect" symptom of the brain lesion. I think that any physician who understands the effect of destruction of part of the motor tract in either brain or spinal cord will admit that restoration of destroyed nerve-tubules is positively out of the question by any natural means. And I think it well established now that whether the phenomena of hypnosis are psychical or physical, or both, the processes involved are natural ones.

The power of post-hypnotic suggestion to cause crime through an innocent agent carrying out—at a time hours or days after emerging from the hypnotic state—the action suggested while in that state has aroused the serious attention of physicians and jurists alike, while the danger of producing a widespread condition of nervous disease as a result of public demonstrations of "mesmerism" is emphasized by all writers upon the subject. In different European countries medical and legal societies have petitioned the authorities to prohibit all public exhibitions of "mesmerism" by any person whatsoever, and to forbid the employment of hypnosis by any person not a physician with special knowledge of nervous diseases. The use of hypnosis by physicians should be limited to therapeutic purposes, or for the instruction of medical students, and as for these ends the lower grades of hypnotism are, according to Bernheim, sufficient, no injurious consequences need follow. For his own protection the physician should not use the method except in the presence of a third reputable person as a witness.

JOSEPH T. O'CONNOR, M.D.

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THE NORTH WIND.

"Arise, O North Wind, and come, O South Wind, blow through my garden, and let the aromatical spices thereof flow."—*Canticle of Canticles.*

Go! blighting North Wind, go!
And let the spice-trees blow.
My garden's drear.
Thy breath is chill alway,
Thy touch is slow decay.
I would thou wert away,
My garden's dear.

I would my garden fair,
The South Wind I would there
With warmth and life.
North Wind, thou doth not please!
Thy biting airs that freeze
The moaning, sobbing trees
Are all too rife.

My garden is mine own,
My hand the seed hath sown,
For it I wrought.
Its blooming is the prize
I promised to mine eyes;
With blood and sweat and sighs
'Twas dearly bought.

Go, North Wind, go, I say!
For thou hast had thy day,
This is mine hour.
For all thy cold and frost,
My work—done at such cost—
I will not suffer lost,
For I am Power.

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THE OUTRAGE AT ANAGNI.*

IN the Central Park Museum, New York, which the prudence, justice, and generosity of certain wealthy citizens have donated to the public, there hangs a picture that attracts in a special manner the attention of clerical visitors. It is called "l'Attentat d'Anagni," and represents a pope, in complete pontifical attire, standing aloft on a dais and seeming to challenge the onset of certain bold, rough soldiers, led by a man who, sword in hand, rushes up the steps to assail him, while his ecclesiastical associates fly in terror from the pontiff's side. This is the representation of one of the greatest scenes in history. The pope is Boniface VIII., who sat in the chair of Peter from 1295 to 1303. His invaders are soldiers of France and the *condotti* (armed followers) of the Roman patrician family of the Colonna, under the leadership of the chancellor of that kingdom, William Nogaret, and of Sciarra, head of the Colonnas.

What power there is in a picture! Go look at this one and see. Cardinal Wiseman tells, in his essay on Boniface VIII., how it was through seeing his picture by Giotto in the Lateran cathedral that he was led to study up the history of this pontiff, and wonders that this scene had never been chosen as the subject of the artist's pencil. Indeed, as the cardinal goes on to say, "it exhibits, beyond almost any other in history, the triumph of moral over brute force, the power of mind, arrayed in true dignity of outward bearing, over passion and injustice." One or two other events will suggest themselves as parallel to this. One is the sacking of Rome by the Gauls in the year 363 of the republic, when the fierce barbarians found the priests, the consuls, and the senators calmly seated in their places, clothed in their official attire, and ready to meet death, as they did meet it, in majestic silence. Another is the sublime spectacle offered us in the Fourth Book of Kings, chapter i.:

"And behold Elias sat on the top of a hill. And the captain of fifty spake unto him: Man of God, the king hath commanded that thou come down. And Elias answering, said to the captain of fifty: If I be a man of God,

* Cardinal Wiseman's *Essays*. O'Shea, New York.
Universal Church History: Alzog. Clarke, Cincinnati.
Bishop England's Works. Vol. II. Murphy, Baltimore.

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let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty. And there came down fire from heaven, and consumed him and the fifty that were with him."

Nothing attracts men's interest so much as an exhibition of courage. Even the struggle between two brutes or the duel of gladiators entices us. The soldier is the general hero. But the man who in his own room coolly faces death in defence of his convictions is greater than the warrior engaged in mortal conflict. He has no rushing battle to hurry him on, no cheering comrades to support him, no martial trumpet to stir his blood and divert his thoughts from danger. To suffer is immensely greater than to do. Hence the unarmed Boniface is beyond comparison a more striking figure than the leader of his assailants; hence the artist makes him the central figure of this painting, the technical merit of which is forgotten in the fascinating interest of its magnificent subject. Let us turn to the pages of history and learn something of the life of this splendid hero, and the circumstances in which he displayed the fortitude whose "counterfeit presentment" is so attractive and imposing.

Boniface VIII. was the successor of Pope St. Celestine V. His name, before being raised to the papal throne, was Benedict Gaetani, and he had distinguished himself as a cardinal in many important and intricate affairs of state.

"On him," says Alzog, "nature had lavished her choicest gifts. He was equally skilled in canon and civil law; his talents and accomplishments fitted him to be no less a secular prince than the head of the church; his strong sense and force of character enabled him to fully comprehend his mission and his office, and to go straight through with whatever business he had in hand, without turning to the right or the left; he surpassed all his predecessors in talent for affairs, experience of practical life, and in his knowledge of the art of governing; though far beyond three score and ten, he was still in the full tide and vigor of manhood, and must, when looking back upon the lives and calling up the memories of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., have resolved to follow their example in pursuing a well-defined policy, and assuming a bold and determined attitude."

This man was chosen to succeed the gentle, too gentle, Celestine, and with the design, doubtless, of correcting the abuses that had arisen in consequence of the last pope's mildness. In fact, Boniface comes between two saints, his immediate successor and attached friend being St. Benedict XI., who assumed this name on his assumption of the papal chair because it was the

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baptismal one of the subject of our sketch. Protestant historians generally reprobate Boniface VIII., and even Catholic writers have been carried away by the narrow provincial spirit which is the characteristic of heresy as distinguished from Catholicity.

The wizard of poetry in that age, Dante, hated the pope because the latter resisted the extension of the imperial power, Dante being an ardent Ghibelline. Hence he calls him most caustic names: "the prince of modern Pharisees"; the "high-priest whom evil take" (a bitter imprecation); nay, makes St. Peter speak of him as a usurper and charge him with blood-shed and crime; he even represents a place prepared for him in hell amongst those condemned for simony.*

"Dost thou stand there already?
Dost thou stand there already, Boniface?
. . . . . .
Art thou so early satiate with that wealth
For which thou didst not fear to take by fraud
The beautiful Lady [the church] and then work her woe?"

St. Peter, speaking:

"He who usurps upon the earth my place,
My place, my place, which vacant has become,
Now in the presence of the Son of God,
Has of my cemetery made a sewer
Of blood and fetor, whereat the Perverse
Who fell from here, below there is appeased."

Yet we think it can be shown in no long space that just as Gregory VII., Sylvester II., Innocent III., and Leo X. have each obtained a grand though late vindication from Protestant writers, so Boniface VIII. might also form the subject of a similar panegyric.

The popes in the Middle Ages were accepted as feudal superiors by many of the kingdoms of Europe, who even paid tribute to the Holy See, and thus became secure from subjection to the emperor and could rely on aid in case of domestic or foreign trouble. The pope was, in fact, by international law and custom recognized to be the Head of Christendom, the father and the judge of nations, and much of the "pomp and circum stance" attaching to the pontifical court was and is owing to this state of things. Hence one need not be surprised that when Boniface was riding from the Vatican to the Lateran cathedral

* Longfellow's Dante: *Inferno*, xxvii. 70, 85; xix. 52.

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to be enthroned Bishop of Rome two feudatory kings led his horse, as well as afterwards washed his hands at Mass, and served him at the banquet following, taking seats themselves lower down with the cardinals. Apart from temporal considerations, we can easily understand how Catholic gentlemen would consider it an honor to render this service to the successor of St. Peter, and, besides, the monarchical institutions of Europe render necessary certain display which our democratic simplicity does not easily understand. The new pope at once began to act in accordance with his ideal of the lofty position he occupied. His first care was to pacify the ever-contending Italian republics, to make peace between Philip of France and Edward of England, to dissuade the German emperor from invading the former country, to set about the reunion of the Greeks with the Holy See, and the recovery of the Holy Land, whence the Catholics had been driven in 1291. He gave Sicily to Charles II. of Naples, and Corsica and Sardinia to James of Aragon, requiring tribute of each of these kings; he excommunicated Henry VIII., king of Denmark, and condemned him to pay a heavy fine for having imprisoned the guiltless Archbishop of Lunden; he founded the famous University of Rome called the Sapienza, and canonized St. Louis IX., the crusading king of France.

The temporal authority of the popes had, however, been gradually waning, and though the policy of Boniface, like that of his predecessors, had been to establish peace among the states of Europe, to defend oppressed princes and prelates, and adjust differences among contending parties and factions, it was not always his fortune to have his labors crowned with success, and he was not unfrequently obliged to employ weapons, both temporal and spiritual, against those who resisted his authority. His first great difficulty arose from an effort to settle a family quarrel of the Colonnas, one of the great Roman families. Two of its members—James Colonna and his nephew Peter—were cardinals. The former was allowed by his three brothers to administer the family estate for the common good, but, not doing so to their satisfaction, they complained to their sovereign, the pope. The latter exerted himself to have justice done, but in vain. The offending cardinal and his nephew, with others of the family, not only refused to obey, but even became guilty of high treason by giving aid and comfort to Frederic of Aragon, then at war with the pope. They fled from Rome, and though they themselves had voted for Boniface in the conclave, now issued a manifesto declaring his election

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invalid, and, circulating it among the people, dared even to have a copy nailed to the great door of St. Peter's, and another laid upon the high altar!

Decision shows the man. The grand old pope responded at once to the challenge. The crime and the criminals were so well known that no long trial was called for. That very night he excommunicated his rebellious subjects, with their clerical adherents, and declared war against them. He made one of the injured brothers of Cardinal James captain of his forces, and razed to the ground the family fortress, Palestrina (native place of the great embellisher of the Gregorian chant). But the ready and decisive pontiff nurtured no revenge. The Colonnas came of their own accord and sued for pardon, and though their lives were forfeit with their goods, he absolved them from the excommunication and let them go. How they requited his mercy the picture intimates, and we shall see later on.

It was from France, however, that his greatest troubles came, and by the eldest daughter was the father's honor most cruelly outraged and his noble spirit tried. From France, did we say? Rather, it should be said, from the tyrant who then ruled that noble nation—a man who set at naught the international law of all civilized countries, as well as violated the rights and customs of his own. He imprisoned Guy, Count of Flanders, and his two sons, with several nobles, against the solemn engagement made by his own general and cousin, Charles of Valois—treachery that was amply revenged by the Flemings under the leadership of their renowned sovereign, the "Lion of Flanders," in the battle of the Golden Spurs. He interfered, as we shall see, with the most exalted prerogatives of church government—being a man, according to *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (no friend of Boniface, as it calls his death a victory for civilization), who "converted royalty, which was formerly protecting, kind, and popular to the mass of the people, into a hard, avaricious, and pitiless task-master, under whom the taxes were greatly increased, the Jews persecuted, and their property confiscated; and who, when these means were insufficient to satisfy his avarice, caused the coinage to be greatly debased." Such was the man whose opposition does immortal honor to Boniface VIII. What greater credit can be claimed for any one than that the unjust and the oppressor hate and oppose him, and that he fights and resists them to the end? "We love him, therefore, for the enemies he made."

The immediate cause of the outbreak between the pope and

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Philip was the latter's levying an extra impost on the clergy and extorting the same, without the consent of the Holy See and after its proper protest and warning.

Wars in those days, as very often now, were frequently gotten up for mere personal motives, ambition, or family aggrandizement. "*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" The pope often interfered in behalf of the oppressed people; but at all events, he was the proper protector of ecclesiastics and of church property. When it is considered that Edward of England in this war required one-half the entire income of the ecclesiastics in his realm, and that Philip demanded one-fifth of all their property, movable and immovable, the grounds for the papal bull of condemnation are plain enough. Still, not to exasperate the king, he explained that it was not intended to forbid the clergy giving what they liked, if only it were freely given and not extorted illegally—that is, beyond the ordinary rate prescribed by law. The popes were obliged to be very cautious in censuring wilful monarchs, as they might do, and often did, immense harm to the church and to their people when pushed too far. Witness the conduct of Henry VIII. of England and his successors.

Philip was not disposed to meet the pontiff half-way, but continued to resist his authority as supreme judge in international matters, to harass the clergy and seize their property in the various dioceses, and, as he had imprisoned the Count of Flanders and his sons in violation of an armistice, so he did the same with the bishop sent as ambassador by Boniface. He had this prelate (one of his own subjects) arraigned and convicted of high treason on silly and contradictory counts, and requested the pope to degrade him that he might be punished according to the law in similar cases.

The pope replied by suspending the tithes which he had allowed the clergy of France to pay for a two years' space, and issued a bull in which he reminded the monarch that, though a king, he was still a son of the church and a subject of her head; and he proceeded to complain of the violations of popular and ecclesiastical rights, of which he had been guilty, by arbitrary appointments of individuals to church livings, by levying oppressive taxes on the clergy, and by seizing the revenues of vacant bishoprics, as well as by debasing the coin of the realm, and thus meanly robbing his own subjects and the neighboring peoples. The king got very angry and claimed that he had no superior on earth but God himself; called the pope an

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aggressor, and invited the estates of the kingdom to assemble in congress and maintain the ancient liberties of the nation.

While the nobles and the commoners appear to have sided with the king, the clergy assured him of their good-will, but begged permission to attend the synod at Rome, to which the pope had summoned them and him for the removal of difficulties and the establishment of peace. In fact, notwithstanding Philip's violent threats, four archbishops, thirty-five bishops, and six abbots are said to have gone to Rome in November, 1302, to be present at this council. The result of it was the issue of the famous bull *Unam Sanctam*, in which the pope defines, as matter of faith, that all Christians, no matter what their station, are subject to the church and to her head on earth; not inasmuch as the pope may claim the jurisdiction of another king, but that if any king's conduct in his government be against God's law, then it is the pope's right and duty to correct him, and his to obey the pope. Boniface now sent the Cardinal of Amiens to Philip with the object of conciliation, but, like his predecessor in a like office, the eminent priest was cast into prison. Philip again assembled the three estates (clergy, nobles, and commoners), and once more protesting against the pope, not only rejected his acts, but, on the suggestion evidently of the exiled Colonnas, who had left the Roman states after the razing of Palestrina, drew up a long, bitter, and most heinous indictment against Boniface, whom he charged with heresy, witchcraft, idolatry, disbelief, simony, and murder.

The deputies pledged their fortunes and their lives in defence of the liberties of France against the aggressions of Rome, and for the first time in history king and people, high and low, appealed from the pope to the general council, thus starting the famous "Gallican Liberties," and practically opening a schism. "Of all the prelates and ecclesiastics present at that Gallican assembly," says Alzog, "the Abbot of Citeaux alone had the courage and the manliness to stand up and protest against proceedings so dishonest and violent."

But those bishops who objected to obeying the pope found that they had to render double obedience, in spirituals as well as in temporals, to the king, whose little finger proved heavier than the loin of their spiritual superior, and discovered to their loss that their emancipation from the head of the church only left them bound hand and foot, and absolutely under control of an unprincipled layman. Jesus Christ provided for the freedom of Christians by establishing two distinct powers, one in the spirit-

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ual sphere, the other in the temporal; and thus the citizen was free from the power of the pope in so far as the civil allegiance was concerned, and safe from the power of the king in matters regarding the tribunal of conscience. The so-called "Gallican Liberties" destroyed this compensating arrangement of the Son of God, and the clergy of France became the creatures and slaves of the "fool and oppressor" that chanced to be on the throne, very much as the Protestant sectarians who followed them two centuries later. Gallicanism, like heresy, always results in political tyranny.

We need not say anything of the accusations brought against the character of Boniface, which not only he himself solemnly and on oath denied in a consistory of the cardinals held at Anagni, but from which a general council, held a couple of years after his death in that very France, and under a French pope, Clement V., completely vindicated his memory. But we come now to the last act in the tragedy, in which the Lion of the Fold was brought to bay by the hounds of his enemy, and the Vicar of Christ, exhibiting one of the grandest spectacles the world has ever witnessed, triumphed over the Prince of this world and his satellites.

William de Nogaret, the keeper of the royal seals, who had taken an active part in getting up the charges against the pope, was sent into Italy, accompanied by Sciarra Colonna, the former ostensibly as ambassador, but really, as Rohrbacher says, with the intention and order to seize the pope and convey him prisoner to France (nay, even, perhaps the French Protestant historian Sismondi is correct when he declares, "evidently to kill him"!)—an enterprise surely more worthy of the Old Man of the Mountain than of the Catholic king of chivalric Gaul. Nogaret had with him a band of three hundred horsemen, and being joined by adherents of the Colonnas and other malcontents and traitors, came secretly to the environs of Anagni, an old town in the ancient maritime province of Italy, and about forty miles south-east from Rome. Here Pope Boniface was staying with some of the cardinals. It was his native place, and he felt there more security and peace than in his episcopal city.

The conspirators not only bribed some of the pontifical guard, as Moroni says (*Dizionario:* art. "Bonif. VIII."), but even the chief men of the town sold the Vicar of Christ—their king, their countryman, and their fellow-townsman—for the debased coin of France. At midnight, September 7, 1303, the whole

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troop swarmed around the palace where the Holy Father was, and with cries of "Death to Pope Boniface! Long live the King of France!" attacked it on different sides. We can imagine the feelings of the venerable old man, who in his eighty-seventh year found himself suddenly roused and informed of the cause of the tumult. Doubtless, however, whatever sadness may have invaded his aged breast gave way quickly to sentiments of confidence, of courage, mayhap even of joy, that he was made worthy to follow so closely in the footsteps of his Divine Chief. So vigorous, too, were the efforts made by the faithful members of his household, and so well did the great building lend itself to the purposes of defence, that it was full midday before the combined bands of Nogaret and Colonna succeeded in effecting an entrance.

Meanwhile the pope vested himself in full pontificals, even to the tiara, to which he himself had added the second of the three crowns that encircle it, knelt awhile before the altar, then mounted his throne and ordered the doors of the audience chamber to be thrown open. "Since I am to be taken by treachery," he said, according to Darras, "like my divine Master, and am in the face of death, I wish at least to die as a pope." He then took his crucifix in one hand, and in the other held the symbolic keys. On account of the dreadful confusion which now followed the bursting in of the infuriated soldiery, it is natural that accounts, even of eye-witnesses, should vary in regard to the details of what was said and done. Sciarra Colonna, with drawn sword, rushed in first, but stood awed and irresolute under the calm, intrepid eye of his spiritual and temporal superior. Perhaps he felt a silent reproach for this return to the amnesty granted him by his sovereign and conqueror four years before. The leader of the French now rushed forward, and seemed as if about to use for the first time that knightly sword wherewith he had been girded for his services as chancellor to Philip, on the defenceless body of an aged priest, but he also quailed before the majesty of the pontiff. Lawyer as he was, however, he began to use his tongue and to lash therewith the victim of his wiles and violence. "My lord the king gives you your life: lay down the tiara; resign the papacy." There was no reply. "You will not? Then I am going to take you to Lyons to be judged and deposed by a general council of all the bishops." The pope made answer different from that of Elias to the captain of fifty: "Behold my head, behold my neck! I am

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ready to suffer for the faith of Christ and the liberty of his church. Pope as I am, and legitimate Vicar of Jesus Christ, I will patiently suffer condemnation and deposition at the hands of the Patareni." These words alluded not only to the heresies prevalent in certain districts of France, but cut Nogaret personally, as his own progenitors had been condemned for attachment to the sect named.

The pontiff was then left under a guard of soldiers while the sacrilegious invaders of his residence scattered themselves to riot and pillage. For two days and more the aged pope remained in durance too vile to be described, and deprived of rest, not only, but even of food. At last the people of Anagni, driven by shame and pity, and excited by the appeals of Cardinal Fieschi, took arms for the rescue of him who had come "unto his own," and had trusted in the hospitality of his native city. Crying out, "Long live the Pope! Death to traitors!" they drove out the hostile bands, killed some of them and took others prisoners, amongst the latter Nogaret himself, whom the Vicar of Christ, however, set free without imposing penalty or requiring ransom.

A few days later Boniface set out for Rome, where he received a most extraordinary ovation from the people. But, alas for human nature! The cardinals of the Orsini family, another of those Roman patrician clans, indignant that they should have been suspected of complicity against him, would not allow him to enter the papal residence, but imprisoned him again in his own capital and detained him for a time. Then at length the pontiff felt the reaction setting in and his stout constitution giving way; his last illness seized him. He died "like a pope," to use his own words. We have the authority of the "process" used in the posthumous inquiry into his conduct at the General Council of Vienne, A.D. 1311, eight years after his death, that he "made profession of all the articles of faith in the presence of eight cardinals, according to the usage of the Roman pontiffs," received the Sacraments, and gave up the ghost on the 11th of October, 1303, one month after the "outrage at Anagni."

Considering the disturbed condition of things in Italy at that time, and the positive, stern, and inflexible character of Boniface, it is no wonder that many stories should be current about him and the wildest rumors regarding his every action. Certain Ghibelline and Gallican writers, among them Châteaubriand, repeat how he died in anger and despair at the unrevenged out-

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rages of which he had been the victim. "Un Colonne lui frappa au visage," says the writer just named (quoted by Rohrbacher), alluding to the assertion of some that Sciarra Colonna had struck the pope with his gauntlet at Anagni, "Boniface en meurt de rage et de douleur."*

And here we may be allowed to remark, What a hard time the popes had and still have! The predecessor of Boniface died in prison; he himself suffered what we have related; his successor, Saint Benedict XI., died of poison administered in a bouquet by a youth in the habit of a nun (Moroni, *Dizionario* ad hunc loc.) What Châteaubriand refers to is the tale that Boniface when dying bit his hands in impotent rage. But "history is death to atheism: she is God's witness," and so is time. On the 11th of October, 1605, three centuries and two years after his death, it became necessary on account of certain repairs in St. Peter's to remove the sarcophagus of the pope, and a natural and perhaps pious curiosity led them to raise the lid of the wooden coffin inside the marble tomb. This was done, however, in the presence of the cardinal vicar-general of Rome, of the whole body of canons of St. Peter, of several bishops then present in the city, and of the chief lay magistrate and certain physicians; even the general public was admitted. What was the astonishment of the beholders to see the body as if in sleep, and in a wonderful state of preservation! "Corpus integrum et incorruptum," says the chronicler, "manus habebat longas et pulchras cum unguibus, signis venarum et nervorum, adeo ut videntibus summam injiceret admirationem"† (v. Darras). A notary drew up a formal account of this disclosure of the body, of its marvellous condition, of the hands which calumny had made the dying pontiff rend with his remaining teeth, of the placid expression of the face, and of the gorgeous pontifical robes in which the corpse was attired. So God in time brought about the vindication of his vicar.

Philip, the modern Pilate,‡ as Dante calls him, died in 1314, and as if in punishment for his crimes, his three sons, who one after another succeeded him, left no legal heirs, and in 1328 the crown that had been handed down from father to son for over

* "A Colonna struck him in the face, and Boniface died of rage and grief at the insult."

† "The body, entire and incorrupt, had long and beautiful hands, with the finger-nails and marks of the veins and nerves so perfect as to fill the beholders with the greatest wonder."

‡ "I see the modern Pilate so relentless
This does not sate him" (the outrage at Anagni), "but without decretal
He to the temple bears his sordid sails."
—*Purgatorio*, xx. 91, Longfellow's trans.

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three hundred years passed away from the direct line of the Capets.

And now that we are about to draw the veil over the picture that first drew us to look into the history of Boniface VIII., let us try and take in his remarkable character as a whole. He had enemies, but the man who has none, according to the Roumanian proverb, "is not of much account." He was not conspicuous by his mildness; in fact, he erred perhaps on the side of severity, especially in his treatment, necessary though it undoubtedly was, of his predecessor, the ex-pope Saint Peter Celestine. "A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar" it is true, but when rocks are to be blasted, then it is vinegar that is required. And this was the mission of Boniface VIII. But he was not revengeful, and showed as much forbearance with the prince whom Johann von Müller calls Philip the *Insolent* (Alzog, ii. 819) as Saint Francis of Sales might have exhibited. Not a word is said against his morals, no stain of avarice is ascribed to him. His literary ability is shown in the style of the bulls which he issued, his political interference was uniformly for peace, and for justice even at the cost of peace.

"Catholics are too apt," says the learned annotator of Bishop England's works (vol. ii. p. 519, ed. 1849), "to cherish an excessive admiration for that gentle and retiring virtue which appears in such men as Celestine V., and to imagine that there is something foreign to the Christian temper in that bolder and sterner character which is seen in Gregory and Innocent and Urban and Boniface. But we should remember that the Old Testament sets the example of such men as the last in a light equally advantageous with that of the former, and that God raises them up especially to guide his church in the periods of storm and tempest, inspiring by the 'same Spirit' some with the holy purpose of abdicating the world and its honors like the humble Celestine, and others with the resolution so nobly expressed by Urban VI. when advised to take the same course: 'Stabo et debellabo diabolum.'"

This writer might have added that even in the "Law of Love" Boniface could find precedent for his severity, and this not only in the examples of Saint Peter, his first predecessor, in the interview with Ananias and Saphira (Acts v.), and of Saint Paul with Elymas (Acts xiii.), but even of the Lamb of God himself in his dealings with the proud and unjust (Matt. xxiii. 14; John xviii. 6, etc.)

We have already quoted some of Dante's very hard and partisan expressions regarding Boniface, but no word in that poet,

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nor in any other writer, however hostile, says Cardinal Wiseman (*Essays*), "contains the slightest insinuation against his moral conduct or character, nor any imputation of avarice, and this is not a little thing in one who has been more bitterly assailed than almost any other pontiff." The poet-laureate of Italy, Dante's contemporary, Petrarch, calls Boniface "the marvel of the world," and the Protestant Plaick has written a vindication of him. There is in the history of the church, and especially in that of her chief bishops, a very great analogy to that of Jesus Christ himself. It is very hard to reflect how they seem to be set up, as he was, "as a sign which shall be spoken against," as King James' version has it, or "as a sign which shall be contradicted," as it is in the Douay (Luke ii. 34), without feeling convinced that the pope is indeed what he claims to be, really and indeed the undying vicar and representative of our Lord on earth. The Catholic heart of Dante melted at the parallel which the "outrage at Anagni" suggested; he forgot the fierce invective with which he had assailed Boniface, and indignantly sang:

"I see the flower-de-luce Alagna enter,
And Christ in his own Vicar captive made.
I see him yet another time derided,
I see renewed the vinegar and gall,
And between living thieves I see him slain.
I see the modern Pilate so relentless
This does not sate him, but without decretal
He to the temple bears his sordid sails!
When, O my Lord! shall I be joyful made
By looking on the vengeance which, concealed,
Makes sweet thine anger in thy secrecy?" *

EDW. F. X. MCSWEENY.

* Longfellow's *Purgatorio*, xx. 86.

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DR. WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

MR. WILFRID WARD'S book is a valuable contribution to the literature and history of the Tractarian movement, in which his father, Mr. W. G. Ward, played a conspicuous part. Indeed, after Cardinal Newman—to whose genius and elevation of moral purpose the movement owes its chief attraction—no name we could mention in connection with it stood more prominently forward from 1838 to 1845. These years were most eventful ones, both to the actors in the Oxford drama and also to the English Church Establishment, whose religious character, it was hoped, might be changed by the views, the aims, and teaching of a few gifted and high-minded men. Their efforts to Catholicize England, and their failure to do more than save their own souls, is an oft-repeated story. Like Saul of old, they went forth on their errand, at first but a humble one, viz., to restore to the Establishment the teaching of the standard Anglican, but not Catholic, divines. But as they travelled onwards their vision grew wider and still wider, till their aim became the impossible one of merging error into truth, and of uniting a sect with the church. This was not to be done—as it well might have been done—by the submission of the former and by the renouncement of its independence, but by what is styled "corporate reunion"—in other words, by a system of concessions in which both Rome and England, meeting on equal terms, were mutually each to yield what the other refused to accept. Such a scheme, of course, was predestined to failure; and as a corporate body the English Church has profited little or not at all by the Tractarian effort. Yet at the same time their work was not all labor lost, for the men themselves gained the Kingdom. Their aim had been so high, their trust had been so great, and their love for all that was Catholic had grown so strong that they could never again be as they had once been, mere Anglican Protestants. When, therefore, their hope of Catholicizing England by means of the Establishment failed them, one by one they entered the church; and on the whole, though of course there were exceptions, the Tractarian leaders became Catholics. Thus was their hope fulfilled and their fidelity to their principles rewarded; and though the result came to pass very differently from their first expectations, none

* *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* By Wilfrid Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

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in the end rejoiced more than the Oxford converts that their dream of the reunion of the churches was exchanged for the solid reality of a simple and child-like submission to the one true church, and the unconditional acceptance of the Catholic faith.

As we said above, all this is well known. Yet as we read in turn of the part played by each individual Tractarian in the Oxford movement fresh matter of interest appears, and the old story is seen from a new point of view. The movers themselves, too, were men whose thoughts and words are well worth our noting. They were men by whose writings, by whose poetry, by whose philosophy England will ever be the richer. In each leader we see a special gift, and if Newman be the prophet, and Faber, Caswell, and Keble be considered the poets of the movement, we claim for Mr. W. G. Ward the not less important part of being its chief philosopher.

There is no doubt that Ward was a great philosopher; but in his case the gravity associated with deep thought was greatly mitigated. He was a born logician, to whom insufficient or defective reasoning was positively painful, who could never rest satisfied with an answer that did not go straight to the root of a question. It was in the October term of 1830 that W. G. Ward went to Oxford and was entered as a commoner at Christ Church. At this date no form of religious thought was very active in the university, and he therefore threw his chief interest into the political discussions of the Oxford Union, a debating society of which he was then described as the "Tory Chief." Of the characteristics of a genuine Tory we find, however, but few signs in Ward. His keen power of speculative insight into every question brought before him, and the zest and enjoyment with which he used this power, were antagonistic to the tacit acquiescence in existing conditions which is encouraged by the conservative spirit. "He always brought everything back to first principles," writes of him an old friend; and first principles and Tory principles are not always at one. In the end the philosophical bias of his mind, joined to strong popular sympathies and a general and thoroughly Catholic appreciation of the true position of the poor in the Christian economy, proved stronger than the hereditary instinct which on first entering the university induced him to join the party of which both his father and grandfather were then zealous supporters; and though he does not appear later on in life to have been an active politician, the bent of his mind was liberal. At this we are in no way surprised; for if Ward's speculative sense pre-

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vented his being a Tory intellectually, it was in no way counterbalanced by any romantic or poetical love of the history or the sentiments of bygone times. Such a feeling enables some minds —though they cannot intellectually admire much that is in the past—to find therein a charm more potent than reason, which causes them to be unwilling to disturb or to part with much that is argumentatively indefensible. In Ward this sense seems to have been absent to an unusual degree. The poetry of the past did not appeal to him, and he looked on history as a mere dry record of facts in no way more attractive than the columns of his daily newspaper. Indeed, he would maintain that the acts of Julius Cæsar, the romances of chivalry, or the stern zeal and fanatical devotion displayed in the English civil wars were intrinsically no more interesting than the doings of any insignificant Mr. Smith of to-day, and the story of his breakfast, of his journey to the city in an omnibus, and of his return home to dinner.

We must remember, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward bids us, that the Oxford of to-day has little in common with the Oxford of fifty years ago; and that though but slight outward change may be seen (for the old walls are so aged that a century more or less can hardly be noted on their stones), each decade of this last half-century has probably brought about more change of spirit and of thought than any full century in the years gone by; and perhaps no years were more pregnant with new life than those from 1835 to 1845. These were the years when the Tractarian movement was at its height; and when the movement collapsed it did not leave ecclesiastical things as they had been before. Its far-reaching effect has been curtly stated by Mr. James Anthony Froude; and though Mr. Wilfrid Ward disputes his view, there is a certain amount of truth in it. "But for the Oxford movement, scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers." In other words, it set men thinking, or, rather, it would have been more correct to say it set Anglican churchmen thinking. Thought throughout Europe had been busy enough for some years, and in England it had not been inactive. The semi-political philosophy of Bentham, of the two Mills, and of other so-called radicals was, in the beginning of this century, in possession of the most active and eager intelligences in this country. We believe we do the philosophy no injustice when we say that it was a system which claimed to be outside all divine revelation, and that it was content to dispense with the existence of a Supreme Being. At the same time, it

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had the temporal welfare of mankind greatly at heart, and to the following of some of its maxims much of the material prosperity of England may be attributed. Had the triumph of the utilitarian philosophy, however, been complete, England would probably have lost her special characteristic of moderation in dealing with political and social evils, and her pride in being able to cure abuses whilst avoiding the danger of tearing up corn and weeds alike. In the place of sober reforms she might have fallen a victim to revolutionary chances; for, as is well known, the school of which we speak were anxious to abolish the English aristocracy and to destroy the English Church Establishment. Both, no doubt, needed much reform, but at that time it is doubtful whether England could have spared the latter; for though to-day it may be argued that the Catholic Church is well-nigh ready to take the place of the Establishment, sixty years ago this was hardly the case.

The fear of being destroyed had, however, the effect of arousing Anglican churchmen. To fight a common foe, two schools of thought arose within the Establishment almost contemporaneously—the High and the Broad Church systems; and these have since then remained the most active amongst the multitude of divers opinions permitted by law to exist within the Church of England. With the latter we are but slightly concerned, and were it not that for a while W. G. Ward was a zealous follower of its founder, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby School, we had hardly need to mention it. But no account of Ward would be complete without some notice, which space obliges us to make brief, of his early religious leanings—leanings which, in the first years of his Oxford life, seem to have been in the very opposite direction to those of his later years. We must also endeavor to give a slight sketch of the working of an active and logical mind during the change which transformed the young Benthamite into a fervent Catholic.

Ward came to Oxford an admirer of Bentham, if not a philosophic Radical. Here his first religious attraction was Whateley, the future Archbishop of Dublin, in whom he recognized a "breadth of sympathy and a dislike of unreality" which claimed his adherence, and whose logical distinctness of mind he also much appreciated. This influence, however, lasted but a short time, and to it succeeded that of Dr. Arnold, in whose teaching Ward's special attractions in the higher life, unworldliness, hatred of all shams and love of the poor, found full recognition. Here he was content for a while to abide. But, full of moral excel-

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lence as was Dr. Arnold's teaching, and sympathetic and large-hearted as was the master himself, Arnold's system rested on too insecure a basis ultimately to satisfy so clear and keen a mind as Ward possessed. Morally there was little fault to find, but after a while he discovered that intellectually Arnold had no firm ground to rest upon, and that the spirit of free inquiry on which his teaching was based would carry a logician like Ward to the denial of all revelation whatsoever. Through life Ward consistently maintained that the unaided intellect of man was insufficient to furnish him with the most elementary articles of faith (even with the belief in the existence of a God), and Arnold's method of reaching truth—namely, by the principle of free inquiry applied to Scripture—whilst it furnished sufficient doctrine for Arnold's moral teaching, was to Ward's deeper insight quite unequal to found a satisfactory basis for any religion at all.

But though Arnold's religious teaching failed Ward, he was in no danger of losing all faith, as did so many of Arnold's disciples. His strong religious sense, his deep realization of God's presence and power in the world, and his early resolution that his whole life should be devoted to the promotion of God's glory, saved him from a like fate. When he discovered that intellectually his creed was undermined, he decided that the mainspring of faith was not in the intellect at all, but in the conscience; and he was thus uninjured by the weakness of Dr. Arnold's reasoning. The promptings of conscience, if carefully listened to and carefully followed, lead us forward; and the connection between holy living and true teaching he discovered to be intimate and sufficient for our guidance. "Conscience was the primary informant, as being directly conversant with the moral nature of the individual, and with the first principles which that nature implied, and also as giving him intuitive trust in others whose moral perceptions were wider and truer than his own." Thus he gained the dogmatic principle, and this, joined to a craving for a visible and trustworthy guide which his nature had ever experienced, and which is supplied by the true church, made him intellectually a Catholic some years before his actual submission. In those far-off years it was, perhaps, not so easy as it is to-day to tear away from the Establishment and to enter the fold. It is true, no convert ever had fewer prejudices to overcome or less love for the religion of his birth to hold him back. Still, even Ward could not leap at one bound from the latitudinarianism of Dr. Arnold into the full plenitude of the Catholic faith and body. Like so many others, he was first

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a follower of Newman, and it was only when the latter was ready to leave the Establishment that Ward agreed to follow.

In his early Oxford days he seems to have entertained a prejudice against the great Tractarian leader. When asked to attend the sermons which the latter was then preaching in the University pulpit of St. Mary's Church, and which were stirring the whole religious life of England, Ward's only answer was: "Why should I go and listen to such myths?" By the strategy of a friend, Ward found himself one Sunday afternoon at the church door just as the clock was striking five, the hour for the sermon. "'Now, Ward,' said he, 'Newman is at this moment going up into his pulpit. Why should you not enter and hear him once? It can do you no harm. If you don't like the preaching you need not go a second time; but do hear and judge what the thing is like.' By the will of God, Ward was persuaded, and he entered the church. . . . That sermon changed his whole life." From this moment the personal influence which Newman exercised over Ward was the chief motor in his life; and as time went on it only increased. Many years after, when both were Catholics, and they differed on a matter of ecclesiastical policy, Ward wrote plaintively to Newman: "Ever since I have been unable to act with you, I have felt myself a kind of intellectual orphan."

Still, in those first days Ward's intellectual convictions were hardly with the Tractarians. It was his *animus* chiefly that changed. Up to this time the movement had repelled him; now he felt for it a moral if not an intellectual attraction. These were the days when Newman still believed and hoped in and worked for the *via media*. This did not go far enough for Ward. He required that the principles of the Reformation, as well as its actual results, should be condemned; and for some years this was the point at which Newman stopped short. The appearance of *Hurrell Froude's Remains*, a work in which the Reformation was condemned and its authors met with severe criticism, was the event which decided Ward on avowedly joining the Tractarians. The book simply delighted him. Thoroughness was its characteristic; it never temporized, but put forth the author's not over-popular views in an uncompromising way that even Ward himself could hardly have exceeded. Hurrell Froude professed "openly his admiration for Rome and his hatred of the Reformers"; and again, what greatly attracted Ward, "authority in religion was the avowed principle. A clear, explicit rule of faith was substituted for perplexing and harassing speculation."

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The book was edited by Newman and Keble, and was approved by them. At length, therefore, Ward was satisfied, and allowed his intellect to follow in harmony with the moral charm which Newman, as we have said, already exercised over him, and he formally joined the Tractarian party. As was generally the case with Ward, the extremest amongst the extreme, he was soon even ahead of it, and, regardless of all strategy, was delighting in arousing and shocking Protestant prejudice, and was never better pleased than when he was most paradoxical.

Newman himself tells us the movement at this point was joined by a new school of thought, consisting of "eager, acute, resolute minds, who had heard much of Rome. They cut into the movement at an angle, and then set about turning it in a new direction." Amongst these none was more active than Ward, nor did any other more completely scare and annoy the older and, if more sober, the less logical Tractarians than did he. These latter, though falsely claiming the proud name of Catholics, and really opposed to much of the popular Protestantism by which they were surrounded, were still more strongly opposed to the claims of Rome. Indeed, like their successors, the Ritualists of to-day, they may be termed merely fancy-religionists, for whilst they chose here and there a point of Catholic doctrine and insisted greatly on it, they were entirely without any due appreciation or knowledge of the true proportion of the faith, or of the key-note to all our belief, viz., church authority resting on a divine and guiding Spirit, which is as potent to-day as in the time of the Apostles, to lead us into all truth. No; all they did was to appeal to antiquity for certain doctrines which, however much they might be ignored in the popular religion of the day, they believed to be taught by their Anglican Prayer-book. Content when they found such confirmation in the Fathers, they never troubled themselves as to their further teaching or stopped to consider that whilst antiquity, no doubt, teaches the doctrines of the Real Presence and the necessity for a valid priesthood, it is equally distinct in teaching the doctrines of Transubstantiation and of the Papal Supremacy. The younger Tractarians—men like Ward, Oakeley, Morris, and Dalgairns—mastered this truth early in the day, and joined the church; the older men, such as Pusey, Isaac Williams the poet, Sir William Palmer, and Keble, never reached it, and they died Anglican Protestants. Between the two, and for some length of time, hovered Newman. He was torn asunder between the stern logic of his principles, which the uncompromising Ward would

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never allow him to lose sight of, and his love for his early friends, for his communion, and for Oxford. The history of the struggle of the two parties is the history of the later years of the Tractarian movement.

When once Newman's doubts as to the truth of Anglicanism were fairly aroused he retired from the post of leader, left Oxford, and in the quiet village of Littlemore spent some years in earnest prayer and watching for light and guidance. The practical lead of the movement now devolved upon Mr. Ward, who, advancing beyond the point at which he and the extreme Tractarians had at first been content to aim—the corporate reunion of Rome and England in the form of a reconciliation which was to be neither bitter nor humiliating to either—advocated principles which could never hope to obtain permanent sanction in the Establishment. The most startling feature in Ward's new teaching was the exaltation of the church at the expense of the Establishment. In his own communion he can discover no good whatsoever; whilst not only does he accept and glory in accepting all the formal doctrines of the Catholic Church, but he goes further, and in the innocent but thoroughly un-English devotions and religious habits of perfervid and enthusiastic southern Catholics he not only sees no harm, but he would wish his northern countrymen likewise to accept them. These views were first promulgated in a series of articles in the *British Critic*, a widely circulated periodical of that day; and, we need hardly add, they caused a sensation bordering on consternation amongst old-fashioned churchmen, whose religion and whose patriotism were closely interwoven, and who felt equally aggrieved by Ward's exaltation of all that was foreign compared to what was English as with his preference for what was Roman compared to what was Anglican. The adverse criticism with which the articles in the *British Critic* were received, far from inducing Ward to soften their asperity or to tone down their supposed exaggeration, made him resolve to put forth his opinions in a collected and extreme form, and, so to say, to challenge the authorities to allow or to disallow distinct Roman teaching in a clergyman of the Establishment. This work, which Ward began as a pamphlet, but which fast grew into a big book, was the once famous but now little known *Ideal of a Christian Church.*

The *Ideal* was attacked a few months after its publication by the authorities at Oxford, who proposed to summon a convocation of the governing body, and to deprive Ward of the degree which had been bestowed on him conditionally to his

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subscribing to and holding the Thirty-nine Articles. The book, it was not untruly said, was inconsistent with such a subscription, and indeed Ward frankly owned that it was so. His defence was mainly based on the inconsistency of the Articles not only one with the other, but also with many different parts of the Prayer-book, to which his allegiance was equally pledged. The Articles, he pleaded, were inconsistent with the Prayer-book, and the Prayer-book with the ordinary belief of an average churchman. The whole thing was an *imbroglio* which no consistent man could accept; his own subscription was as honest as that of any other man at Oxford; it was the whole illogical piece-meal system, not Ward himself, which was in fault. To Catholics who know aught of the Anglican formularies this is no news, and it is fully admitted by the more reasonable Anglicans themselves. But, although few are bold enough to claim a logical coherence for the English Establishment, there happens to be one point on which she speaks with an unfaltering voice. "The Church of Rome has erred," is her presumptuously worded judicial sentence. Now, it was the main contention of Ward's book that in this "erring" body he found his "Ideal." "Oh, most joyful! most wonderful! most unexpected sight! We find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English churchmen!" was his proud boast; and, as those who heard his defence tell us, that if he said once he said twenty times in the course of his speech before Convocation, "I believe the whole cycle of Roman doctrine." Thus defied, Oxford could hardly do otherwise than condemn the book, and then deprive Ward of his degree.

The university had done its worst; but there was one thing which no solemn don nor woolly-headed parson could achieve. They could not subdue Ward's lively spirits, nor take the fun out of him. A few hours after his degradation he was discussing the chance of his having in the future to wear an undergraduate's cap and gown, for his degree was now gone; and was turning into ridicule the probable dilemma which his abnormal position might cause the pompous head of his own college. On the following morning, too, his friends, on coming to his rooms to discuss the state of affairs, were amused to find that whilst he had already written to more than one eminent lawyer as to the legal aspect of his degradation, he had also found time to compose an amusing parody on a then popular ballad, which he applied to his position, and sang to them with much gusto.

Mr. Ward's condemnation preceded only by a few months his

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reception into the Catholic Church. In the interim he married, an act on his part which gave great offence to his High-Church friends, for clerical celibacy was a favorite though a rarely observed point of discipline with the Tractarian party. Ward, in the *Ideal*, had written strongly in its favor; but as he had no belief in the validity of Anglican orders, he looked on himself as a simple layman, and felt at liberty to marry without being guilty of any inconsistency. His action was, however, differently viewed by others, and it may be said to have wrecked his influence with his party. The Tractarian movement itself was now nearing its end, and Ward's marriage was accused by many persons of hastening its collapse. His condemnation at Oxford was soon followed by that of his friend, Mr. Oakeley, in London, whose church in Margaret Street had for some time been the centre of what to-day would be called ritualistic services. To this blow may be added the fast-growing conviction that Newman's final step could not now be much longer delayed. To many whose only reason for remaining so long in the Establishment was unwillingness to move before their leader gave the word, his joining the church was only the long-expected sign that they too might follow. Amongst such disciples Ward ranks the foremost. Indeed, some years before, when taxed by a priest on his inconsistency in remaining an Anglican, believing as he did, his answer was: "You Catholics know what it is to have a pope. Well, Newman is my pope; without his sanction I cannot move."

And now at length to his "pope" light, and grace to follow the light, had been vouchsafed, and he had allowed it to be known that his faith in Anglicanism was at an end, and that he awaited only the opportunity to make his submission to the Catholic Church. This strongly affected Ward, and a final word from his wife, in which she announced that she could "stand Anglicanism no longer," decided him to delay no more. Together, therefore, they left Oxford for London, and a few days later were received into the church by the Jesuit Father Brownbill.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE world has a few places around which its dreams are gathered—cities golden with glamor and gray with age, whose names, Florence, Venice, Rome, have a sound in our ears like the sound of exquisite music, and a fragrance like the fragrance of the world's dead roses. Oxford is a sharer in this lovely fame, the most sacred place in all England except, perhaps, that other place of Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakspere's house and Shakspere's grave draw, magnet-like, generations of loving pilgrims from many lands; or that holy fane of Westminster Abbey, where the dust of the great dead lies amid the glories man's hand has raised to God.

I wonder whether it is best to see or to leave unseen the places one has dreamed about? Perhaps the reality is never so good as the vision, missing, perhaps, some enchantment of imagination, some mist like that which to the vision of the short-sighted enfolds all things in a glory of vagueness. At least with such a thought the untravelled may console themselves, seeing with other eyes, hearing with other ears, and keeping each his dream.

Like many another famous place, Oxford does not come forth to meet one with her treasures. From the train, as it glides in after its quick run from Paddington, one catches for a moment a fleeting glimpse of towers, and then is lost in the usual grimness of a railway station. The train deposits one amid slums, out of sight of the things which make Oxford memorable, not profaning them with shriek and whistle. Unhappily, however, the jingle of the tram-car is heard in "the High," and the sight of the long yellow cars is a discordant thing to one who will look back from that special point in "the most beautiful street in Europe," whence one sees winding away college front and cathedral tower in a vista incomparably stately and beautiful.

It was warm June weather when I first made acquaintance with Oxford, to have my best dreams realized—Oxford, lying low, all drowsy in golden heat, with the wide river flowing away from her down to London town, and the little Isis and the little Cherwell, all trembling with shoals of water-lilies, ringing her round, cold and pure. The country was at one's door in

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the enchanted town, the birds waking one before dawn with little exquisite trills breaking into one's sleep; they were cutting the grass in the college gardens, and the scent of it, heavy and sweet, flooded one's dreams. Wolsey's elms, with their venerable heads cropped, were all verdant in the streets, having broken out once more into youngling leaves; the fritillaries were over in Christ Church meadow, the dusky-red academic flower which grows only here, but the cut hay was lying in luscious swaths; it was just that perfect time of the year when all things have reached perfection and have not begun again the returning path.

I was visiting at the house of a professor, itself wrapped in greenery and overlooking a college garden. I used to wake at dawn, because the air was oversweet, and watch the mists folding themselves away and the new day arising, rose and gold, over the city whose towers and halls and quadrangles are always gray—always gray, yet a background for much color. The greenery has mantled the loftiest tower, and the Virginia creeper hangs luxuriantly on wall and gate-way; in autumn it will be blood-red, and the many-colored chrysanthemums will press thickly, a yard high, against the lower walls. June had another kind of garnishing. The English love flowers, and every window, arched and quaint, had its window box, flaming with scarlet geraniums contrasted vividly with the blue of lobelia or corn-flower. It was as though the old walls had broken out riotous with youth and bloom.

The undergraduate—there are three thousand of them at the university—contributed also to the colors. He had blossomed into flannels, for it was approaching commemoration, and the proctors had relaxed their vigilance. In his striped "blazer" and cricketing cap young England is comely—bronzed-faced, blue-eyed, frank of countenance. It is not often your English youth gets the chance of donning colors; let him escape from tweeds and neutral coloring into the brilliant *negligé* of flannels, and all the color-sense in him runs riot. So he fills the quads. and the gardens and the Broad Walk going down to the river with picturesque gleams, and is cool in the wide sunshine that floods all open spaces. He comes and he goes, this representative of young England; the University gathers round her knees the sons of men, for ever young; the same, yet not the same. One thinks the old buildings must take the human race to be one that does not grow old.

The most beautiful of all the colleges are Magdalen (pronounced "Maudlin"), founded in 1474 by Bishop Waynflete, and

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New College, founded by William of Wykeham in 1380. No Protestant foundation of later centuries can touch the beauty of these and the other pre-Reformation colleges. One feels in face of them that when the Mass-bell and the Angelus ceased to be rung in England the poetry and the art went with them. Then, too, the beautiful, stately names departed; for St. Mary the Virgin, St. Mary Magdalen, Corpus Christi, All Souls', we have Wadham, Hertford, Pembroke, and so on, with a Puritanic hardness and coldness.

Coming down "the High," as the famous thoroughfare of the High Street is called in Oxford, one sees Magdalen Tower facing one, a beautiful, lofty, square structure, exquisitely proportioned. At its angles are statues of St. Mary Magdalen, St. John, Henry VII., in whose reign it was built, and the founder. These were out of reach, happily, of the Cromwellian iconoclasts who in 1649 repaid the ill-chosen hospitality of Dr. Wilkinson, the then president, to the Protector and his generals by wrecking whatever offended their unlovely religious formulæ. The figure of our Blessed Lady was torn down from over the gate-way, the precious stained glass in the windows broken and trodden under foot, the organ looted away, by Oliver's own orders, to Hampton Court, where it remained till the Restoration. Scarcely any traces show this devastation, unlike others of the grand English churches which Catholics built in an age of faith, and which now are ill-supplied by the cold Protestant worship. In the Lady Chapel at Ely, for example, only the exquisite tracery of stone in window and pillar and arch resisted the destroyer; the cold, white glass is wintry where loving hands had set jewels for the sun to stream through, and in the interstices of the lovely stone-work one sees gleaming gems of gold and color remaining from the frescoes which were defaced. Sometimes they scraped away the faces of the saints and the Mother of God in their fanaticism.

On Magdalen Tower, of a May morning at sunrising, a pretty function takes place. Here, suspended in mid-air—the tower is one hundred and forty-five feet high—are the president, fellows, and choristers of Magdalen, all assembled to hail the rising sun on the first morning of summer. They sing a Latin hymn,

> "Te Deum Patrem colimus,
> Te laudibus prosequimur,"

in the dewy dawn, when the rose and gray are still in the sky

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and the sun has but just leaped above the horizon. The birds in the ivy for once have their songs outsung, for Magdalen choir is unrivalled; I have been told it costs something like £15,000 a year to keep up. Mr. Holman Hunt is making a picture of this impressive scene; it will be in next year's Academy, perhaps. The origin of this custom has been much debated; some call it a remnant of sun-worship, others a Protestant substitute for the Requiem Mass for the soul of Henry VII., but no satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at.

Every evening at six the Even-song is sung in Magdalen Chapel. If a Catholic wishes to be very stringent he can attend in the ante-chapel, and indeed, admittance to the chapel itself being had by ticket only, one need not be tempted to be less than stringent. Above one's head there will be a beautiful rose-window in many shades of scarlet and purple; the side windows are filled with glass in yellower shades; dim and religious is the long choir, with its wonderfully carved stalls of oak rich with age, and beyond, a beautiful rood-screen and an altar-piece of Christ being taken from the cross. Then the choir comes filing in, all in white surplices, and presently one young man's voice, clear and ringing, will go leaping from height to height, soaring into the painted and carved roof, and drawing many hearts after its flight, truer and stronger and sweeter than the flight of any bird. Magdalen choir has many beautiful voices and one wonderful voice. When I was there there was a floriated iron screen between us and the inner chapel, but after the short Even-song was over we passed through and inspected at our will. It is a place where every day is gold and rose, a still place, full of richness and holiness. The men who raised this fane to God, in the name of Mary the Sinner, gave a glory to Him which no mutations of time or possession can take away. One's thoughts of it took shape in verse, which, like most verse, fell far short of what one would convey; however, here it is:

IN MAGDALEN CHAPEL.

(June, 1889.)

"Unto a sinner, Magdalen,
This pile was given of godly men
That she to Christ might give again.

"They raised it high, they raised it fair,
A glory in the upper air,
A glory for the world to wear.

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"Lovely with color certainly,
Gems and fine gold and tracery,
And naught more fair by land or sea.

"Lovely to make the senses faint,
And set with many a haloed saint,
And oaken carvings rich and quaint.

"God blessed them in each rare device,
A precious thing, a thing of price—
Mary the Sinner's edifice.

"No gold that in the window high
Trembles like any western sky
Passes her hair's gold purity.

"No jewels in the window set
Shine like her tears, so salt and sweet,
Wherewith she laved her Master's feet.

"No incense, filling roof and nave,
Could pass the precious nard she gave
To make a sweetness in His grave.

"No human song or song of bird
Could dearer be to Christ the Lord
Than the poor Sinner's trembling word.

"Who loved so well, her place should be
As high as righteous purity;
Magdalen Mary, pray for me!

"Unto a sinner, Magdalen,
Lover of One without a stain,
This pile was raised of godly men."

From this feast of colors in the chapel one passes to the gray and green of the cloisters, where the reverence of old age in arch and wall goes side by side with the ever-springing youth of the velvety grasses. The cloisters run four sides of a grassy square, vaulted passages where the feet of generations now at rest have trodden. One looks out through a succession of arches on the grass and the flowers, and the tower standing clear against a blue sky, and the Founder's Tower, draped heavily with ivy and circled about by wheeling swallows. The quiet of the cloisters is unbroken, save for the chatter of birds. The occasional artist, with his or her easel settled at some point of advantage, is quite silent, and visitors, touched with the green peace of the place, walk quietly, as one does in a holy place.

Outside the college are Magdalen Walks, with the little river

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flowing on under overhanging trees, and through great gates a vision of dappled deer, with their fawns, feeding in an atmosphere of green light. There is a little water-mill, with a miller's house, all red-tiled and gable-windowed, bridging the stream. The Walks run side by side with the Cherwell all round Magdalen meadows. There is Addison's Walk, where one may sit and see half a mile or so of a leafy avenue in ever-dwindling perspective, the trees, undisturbed for centuries, meeting above one's head. It is this gathering of things held precious for centuries the Old World has and the New World has not. They say an American visiting Oxford asked a college man how they made the turf in the college gardens so green and velvety. "Well, you see," was the answer, "we lay it down, and then it is carefully mown and looked after for a few centuries, till we get it perfect." For man is so much more a conservative creature than nature as he has more pain in producing.

New College has cloisters like Magdalen, a little less beautiful perhaps, but holier because the dead lie there. There is a curious tower with gargoyles of strange, fantastic heads, wry-mouthed and leering, looking as if they had many a tale to tell. The daisies were growing prettily when I was there last, and one or two American friends who were with me, poets and Catholics, plucked them to take over seas in memory of Oxford. We left the white roses which were tapping against the arches undisturbed. We went out through a vaulted passage which was once a college room, till the unhappy occupant having killed himself, no one would follow his tenantcy, and so the room was utilized in this way. We saw the chapel, with Sir Joshua Reynolds' window, his Virtues, quite unecclesiastical-looking, full of the airy grace and naturalness we know in his portraits. I will not describe the chapel, for what I have said of Magdalen applies in more or less degree to all the old chapels. There are the chapel and ante-chapel, the oak stalls and stained windows, and an exceptionally splendid roof, decorated with lavish colors. They keep the silver-gilt pastoral staff of William of Wykeham here.

The gardens, which lie sunk a little, are surrounded by the old city walls, which Henrietta Maria held against the Parliament. They are kept in perfect preservation, the college being bound to keep them in good repair for ever by the agreement of the founder. So they are there, bastions, loopholes for arrows, and all the rest, with the walk upon top within the parapets. One leaves the college by a quaint gateway, over which is the warden's house, and looking down upon you from the wall, a statue of our

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Blessed Lady in a niche, with an angel kneeling, and the founder, his hands clasped in prayer, at the other side. New College had for its statelier title, "St. Mary's College of Winchester in Oxford"; it came to be called the New College because it was the second foundation, Merton having preceded it by a century or so. Our Blessed Lady's name is associated with many things in Oxford. The university church of St. Mary the Virgin, with which Newman's name is so closely associated, has never changed its patron, and then there is St. Mary Hall, a foundation of Oriel, the college most intimately connected with the Oxford movement, and which was itself founded by Edward II. and his almoner to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Merton, as I have said, is the oldest college in Oxford, bearing date 1274. It has many beautiful things, old and new, its dower of chapel and hall and library, in common with the other colleges. There is a beautiful wheel-window in the chapel, the finest in Oxford, perhaps; and the dining-hall, with its tall windows filled in the upper parts with stained glass, its portraits of departed worthies who had been on the foundation of the college, its heraldic shields, its painted ceiling, its carved mantelpiece and splendid doorway, with scrolled iron-work of the fourteenth century, is a fine specimen of the magnificent refectories in which Oxford dines. The library is a very beautiful apartment, shaped like the letter T, low and dim and rich, with diamond-paned windows against which green boughs were tapping, and a ceiling with square panels of painting or dead gold.

Christ Church is the largest of colleges in Oxford. Its church is the cathedral church, and by its bell, Great Tom, Oxford sets its clocks. By the bye, Great Tom has a quaint way of ringing the hours through in their exactitude, till he comes to five minutes past nine in the evening, when he registers a hundred and one of his great strokes. I have heard no explanation of this; perhaps it was for the curfew. Christ Church was Wolsey's foundation, and is an example of the splendor and scope of the cardinal's far-reaching ideas. Tom Quad., in which is Tom Tower, measures 264 feet by 261. Cloisters to run round what is now a terraced walk were designed, the shafts of the arches still remaining visible, but the great cardinal fell while yet his foundation was unfinished, and the grasping king seized on it and its revenues. However, he finished it after a mutilated fashion some years later, changing its name from Cardinal's College to the College of King Henry the Eighth. Wolsey's statue, in its arch over Tom Gate, gazes away perpetually from his

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splendid foundation. They say he docked the cathedral of its proportions for the quad.'s sake, meaning, no doubt, to make it up some other way, but his gift was taken out of his hands.

The cathedral is very old, dating from the twelfth century. It was part of the convent chapel of St. Frideswide, one of the many small priories which were sacrificed for Wolsey's scheme. It is cruciform in shape, with roof and arches of great beauty. Modern days have given it stained glass by Mr. Burne-Jones, and a reredos of sandstone and red marble, a very exquisite specimen of ecclesiastical architecture.

Christ Church Hall is the finest refectory in England, measuring 115 feet by 40, and 50 feet in height. The oak roof is carved profusely, with pendants of the cardinal's arms and those of Henry VIII., and with the date, 1529. There is a great bay window by the raised dais, with a wonderful roof of fan-tracery springing from fantastic heads, the upper lips of which foam over a royal crown. The oak wainscoting goes half the height of the hall, with luxuriant carving ending it, and below, the cardinal's arms and the king's, with some of later benefactors.

There is a splendid collection of old masters, the gift of General Guise, in the Christ Church library, Raphael, Da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, Titian, being among those represented.

I suppose Christ Church is the wealthiest of Oxford's twenty-two colleges, as it is the most aristocratic. To this foundation of the butcher's son comes the bluest blood of England for university training and education, passing here from Eton and Harrow and the other cradles of the lords of England, so that to be a Christ' Church man gives one a social *cachet* without more to do.

One goes out from the college to the Broad Walk, a lovely avenue of ancient trees, with Christ Church meadow to the south, and a continuous walk by which you will come to the little Cherwell, full of water-lilies and with overhanging trees, by which a boat will glide unexpectedly, startling one with the plash of oars. An off-shoot avenue of trees more lately planted goes down to the river and that wharf known to Oxford as Salter's, where boats can be procured for hire. Up and down the bank, in a gay line, are the college barges, brightly painted and decorated; and in the June sunshine, with groups of girls in summer frocks and undergraduates in blazers, the scene is full of vivacity and color. How different from the Thames when it gets down to London, long before which Sabrina and her nymphs

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shall have deserted it. Poor stream! the water highway and the refuse receptacle of the biggest city in the world.

I have said enough of the Oxford colleges to give the New World reader an idea of their splendor and scope perhaps. I have chosen to dwell on the older ones because the later foundations seem to me to grow less beautiful in proportion to their lateness, till we end with the glaring red brick, picked out with yellow, of Keble College, and the strange mosaics of its chapel. If its makers had been content to make it entirely red brick, it would have mellowed into a certain richness with time, and as it clad itself about with ivy and the other creeping plants which Oxford fosters, would have taken on a certain beauty; now it will be always hot and ugly. Mansfield College, still unfinished, which is to be the college of the Nonconformists, is better, and has a certain largeness and freedom in its open front, flanked by the chapel and the principal's house. The little Renaissance of the ninth century, a part of which goes by the name of the pre-Raphaelite movement, has done little for later Oxford buildings; but the pre-Raphaelite spirit is essentially an un-Protestant one. It must infuse into its religious art warmth and color such as Protestantism abhors; it can work with stained glass, with statues, with music, with splendor of color and luxuriance of design, but Protestantism distrusts such things.

One must not leave Oxford without speaking of the Bodleian Library, that great, four-square house of learning, with its library proper, like a larger copy of the college libraries—fretted roof and carved wood-work, with the light streaming in from diamond-paned windows on priceless illuminated manuscripts and many precious things. Above the library is the picture-gallery, following its lines, with portraits of kings and queens and many noteworthy persons. I remember only a few, for Oxford is a place in which one feels, or at least I felt, an indifference to mere kings and queens, in face of the majesty of holiness and art and learning to which the place is a monument. I remember a mournful-faced Charles the Martyr, a Mary Stuart with beautiful brown eyes and an oval face exceedingly beautiful despite the thick nose, with some index in the face to that fascination wherewith the living woman was able to enchain hearts. I remember Abraham Cowley, all faint rose and white, with yellow ringlets, like a girl; and also a modern masterpiece, by that master of living masters, G. F. Watts, a portrait of a young marquis who died in his Oxford days—a haunting picture, with

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Venetian glory of color and a dreaminess which is poetry made visible.

From the quadrangle of the Bodleian one gains admittance into the old Divinity School, to my thinking the most beautiful building in Oxford. What it was when its many windows were filled with stained glass dazzles one to imagine; now they are all cold white, except here and there where the trees and the ivy have joined to give them a gracious veil of living green. It was built about 1480, and has the most beautiful decorative work in stone. No words can describe the stone-work of the ceiling, fine as the frost-flowers on the pane, delicate and exquisite as lace, and with a profusion that is unsurpassed. The pendants are chiselled figures of the Virgin and Child under a canopy, or statues of the saints, amid a wilderness of arches and tracery and foliage. Those were days when men working for God made their work an art.

Beyond the Bodleian is the Radcliffe Library, a round building, now used as reading-room to the Bodleian, from the top of which one may see all Oxford to advantage, provided one has breath and inclination for the climb. Close by is the Sheldonian Theatre, built by Sir Christopher Wren, a horseshoe-shaped building, wherein is held the Encœnia, or Commemoration of Founders, the annual ceremony at which honorary degrees are conferred, prize essays and orations and the Newdigate prize poem recited, and the like. It is finely proportioned, with a painted roof, and a gallery running round it, the windows above flooding the place with a glare of daylight, which recalls the same architect's St. Paul's.

The Ashmolean Museum and the Clarendon Press building are close at hand, all within this memorable square, which is bounded on three sides by St. Mary's Church and Brasenose and Hertford Colleges respectively.

Life in the university city ought to be livelier than life in other places. It has its little sets, its little precedences, its little jealousies, like the life of every community, but doubtless it gains in dignity and loveliness from its lovely surroundings. Art has found a kindly foster-mother here from the days when Walter de Merton first began college-building down to the time when Rossetti and Burne-Jones painted their strange frescoes on the walls of the Union—frescoes which now, alas! have well-nigh peeled themselves away, the rash artists having in no wise prepared the walls for their reception. Curiously enough, Cambridge, far less beautiful and romantic, has excelled her sister as

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the mother of poets. Religion, the mother of the arts, has a firm foothold in Oxford, though agnosticism has well-nigh driven the Low Church out-of-doors; the religion which survives is something warmer, something more generous, something many steps farther on the road that leads to the Spouse of Christ, under whose beneficence these glories of Oxford had birth, unto whose fold we trust all men shall turn at last.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SISTER VERONICA.

HER life-path winds through shadowed ways,
And many days
Are hidden deep in grief and pain
And drenched with sorrow's tears;
And many nights, with saintly grace
Of heart and hand, she keeps her place
Where life and death stand face to face.
Whoe'er it needs, receives her care,
Together with her earnest prayer.
Unquestioning, serene, and still,
She waits but for the Master's will.

And so whene'er the angel calls,
And twilight falls,
And this sweet soul within the boat
That sails the waveless sea
Is faring home, her kindly deeds
For others' woes, for others' needs,
Shall spring to life like buried seeds
Of lotus, and the darksome way
Be whiter than the whitest day;
And clouds of perfume shall arise
To waft her into paradise.

MARGRET HOLMES.

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"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE."

IT is a fine thing to make money. It is glorious to be rich; and rather desirable to be honest, too. But the combination is somewhat rare. What with dishonest pools, trusts, corners, futures, syndicates, monopolies, combines, and all the rest of it, the feat of making money honestly does seem difficult.

And yet we *ought* to make money. It is a duty with many of us. Not merely to make a living—that is the duty of all men; but to make more than a living, and, for some of us, to make a great deal more. God gives to all men (exceptions are very few) the ability to earn a livelihood, but to some he gives the power to make millions of money. Certainly the gift of money-making comes from God. There is no other source. But, like all gifts, it may be used either for good or for evil. Like all gifts, all talents, it should be used, not hidden in a napkin. I do not believe that God has given only to wicked men the ability to acquire wealth. I do not believe he withholds from good men the power to make money. I do not believe that financial ability makes men wicked, nor that wickedness gives men financial ability. And what excuse is there for any man to be poor in this country? Certainly he is not poor by choice. No man would refuse wealth were it offered him. He is poor, therefore, because he can't help it, and that is a miserable thing for any man to acknowledge—I mean, for any man living in our free country.

The old sayings, "Poverty is no crime," "It is no disgrace to be poor," may be true in some regions, but not here. No; here poverty *is* a disgrace—I feel like saying, "a crime." The poor man is a falsehood to the bounteous generosity of our land; he is a denial to our equitable and beneficent Constitution; he is an admission of his own inefficiency, intemperance, inertia. And the educated poor man is the most pitiable, not to say contemptible, of all. What good is his education? He is too poor to enjoy himself or to benefit his fellow-man; too poor to build churches, schools, or asylums. He cannot help the Catholic press, cannot encourage Catholic art, Catholic clubs, Catholic enterprise. And as for diocesan and other church debts, they'll never be paid if he is to pay them.

There is too much talk about the evil power of money. We

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ought to consider more often its power for good. Money is not necessarily an evil power. Were riches necessarily an evil, why did God bestow them as a reward for Solomon's choice of wisdom? Why did God restore and largely increase Job's wealth? Why did he order the Jewish temples to be adorned with gold and gems, and their services to be conducted with costly magnificence? The very last service which was rendered to Christ's body by his followers was from a rich man, whose new sepulchre was honored by that divine Guest. The three persons whom our Saviour raised to life were persons of prominence and wealth. In our own day, is it not, at least sometimes, our wealthy Catholics who erect our grandest churches and charitable institutions? Surely it were a hard thing to say that our expensive organs, rich windows, costly paintings are always from the scant, pinched earnings of the poor!

Columbus, with all his determination, courage, and wisdom, couldn't move an inch until Isabella had procured money for him. His long, long delay was all for want of money. And the long, long delay of many a great and much-needed enterprise is all for want of money. For instance, without money we cannot kill Protestant slanders, kill those majestic lies, so calm and cool and stately, which preside over the anti-Catholic press. We may "down" them all we can; they come up smiling every time. We pound them with logic, scorch them with witticisms, annihilate them with facts, give them every sort of death and torture that literary weapons can inflict, yet here they rise again, good as new. Their readers never read our refutations, and all our paper battles go for naught. But there is one way we could rout them, had we only the funds—libel suits! How many Protestant papers would last under such treatment? How many infidel lecturers, sweet-mouthed Fultons, "Bishop" Coxes, or "escaped nuns" would prosper under it? How could they make a living if they were hauled into a court of justice for each falsehood? If our asylums and other charitable institutions were not so much in need, I would like to start a subscription right now for a Catholic Libel-Suit Fund. Protestants don't feel the truths in Catholic papers, but they would feel pretty keenly the fines and other penalties of a libel suit. The "power of the press" is pretty strong; still, it isn't a circumstance to the "strong arm of the law"; but that strong arm won't move for us till we oil it with money.

Aye, money *is* a power, and there's no use denying it. And

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the moneyless man has cause to be ashamed at having no aid to give in the great Christian enterprises which cannot be successful without money. Would our Catholic University be the grand fact it now is were it not for the Caldwell money? And the *Catholic Mirror* of August 10 says:

"Generous *contributions* are still greatly needed, that the . . . work may advance as it ought. *Funds* are needed to endow other professorships. . . . *Funds* are needed to endow scholarships. . . . *Funds* are needed to establish prizes for the reward of distinguished merit. . . . *Funds* are needed to enlarge the library. . . . *Funds* are needed to render the buildings adequate to the demand for accommodations. . . . What can the clergy do toward all this? They can earn our gratitude by sending their names . . . to be added to the list of *contributors*. . . . They can spare us embarrassment by *handing in the installments* of their subscriptions. They can aid the undertaking very materially by speaking of it as a work in which Catholics *of means* ought to take part. . . . They can organize concerted action for the endowment of scholarships."

And is there not to-day many another Christian work sorely in need of money? Is there not many a church deep in debt? many a school and asylum in dire want? Is not the entire Catholic press struggling for lack of money? It may be answered that all this is because we need more generosity among our Catholics. I question this. I think what we need is not more generous Catholics but more rich Catholics. We have too few rich Catholics.

"Is it as easy for an honest man to make money as it is for a dishonest man?" I asked a successful merchant the other day.

"Just as easy," he replied, "just as easy."

"Well, then, why is it that there are so few moneyed men among our practical Catholics?"

"Simply because they don't give their attention to it," he answered. "That is the whole trouble. They know the goods of heaven will last for ever, and the goods of this world will not, so they give but little attention to the latter."

Now, I think it is just there they make the mistake. Earthly treasures can become a help towards the gaining of heavenly treasures. Why may not the gift of money-making be held as a high vocation, and devoted to the interests of heaven?

What abominations are music, poetry, sculpture, the drama when given over to the devil! But what glories they are when devoted to the service of God! How admirable are the great

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artists who consecrated their genius to religion! And why should not the genius of fortune be consecrated to holy ends also? Art is a power, literature is a power, oratory is a power; but what is their power compared to the power of money? And it is a demonstrable pity that our practical Catholics hold and wield so little of that power.

The Jew has reason to exult in his wealth and power. If Christians will not unite, if they will not actively and co-operatively oppose the Jew; if they *will* patronize him and let their own merchants go to the wall, if they will play into his hands all the time—they deserve to see him chuckling over his gains and their losses. They deserve to be ground down under his heel; they deserve to see the press, the government, and all great financial influences drawn into his firm clutches. Hurrah for the Jew! Hurrah for every one who is smart enough to take advantage of his neighbor's folly! It's useless and ridiculous for us to sit down and weep and wail over the moneyed power of evil men, the venality of law, or the corruption of politics; ridiculous to weep and wail over the onmarch of the Jews. My cry is, "Let the best man win," in whatever fight. When wicked men triumph it is not because of their wickedness, but because of the foolishness of their victims. Were good men always wise, bad men would never be their victors.

Much breath is expended in denouncing "the almighty dollar," and in bemoaning this age as an age of money. It certainly is an age of money; money is king; but why weep about it? They who write grandiloquently about "the soulless money-making propensities of this grasping age" are usually the fellows who have lost all their money by unwise speculation, or else never had any to lose, and never will have any. Instead of blaming their neighbor for getting rich, they ought to be ashamed of themselves for staying poor.

By a natural law of the eternal fitness of things money is always flowing out of the hands of the foolish into the hands of the shrewd. Who should complain? Isn't it a good law? It assuredly is, if there be any truth—and I think there is—in the old saying, "One fool does more mischief than ten knaves."

Think of the thousands of Catholics who throw away their money in lottery schemes. If all the good people in the United States who patronize lotteries were to cease so doing, could any lottery company exist another year? Aye, it is the

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folly of the many rather than the wickedness of any which causes money to accumulate in the hands of the few.

There is one prayer which we ought to say oftener than we now do. We pray for an increase of faith, hope, and charity; we pray for patience, for peace, for health. All very well; but we too rarely say, "O Lord! give me good sense. Give me hard, practical, every-day gumption. If I had a little of that, I shouldn't act as foolishly as I generally do; I shouldn't waste my time nor money; I shouldn't remain as now, unable to aid the church and religion; I shouldn't allow anti-Catholics to get control of everything because of my weakness and poverty; I shouldn't be idle, or indifferent, or foolish any more. Yes, dear Lord, please give me good sense." I wish there were a prayer to that effect in every prayer-book.

Certainly it is the natural desire of every good Catholic not only to see his faith propagated but also to assist materially in this propagation. Is the piety of that layman worth anything who can coolly look on and have no wish to help in the great work of the propagation of the faith? Give me that man whose solid piety—active piety—makes him work hard six days and contribute generously from his earnings on the seventh. Zeal may be exercised through literature, or teaching, or preaching, or art; but we can't all be *literati*, or teachers, or preachers, or artists. And when you come right down to business, the truth is that a layman's zeal should flow chiefly through the contribution-box. Frequent and handsome donations indicate pretty surely that a man has the right sort of zeal. And how can his donations be frequent and handsome if his earnings be not abundant and reliable?

I really consider that the educated Catholic layman who in this country cannot munificently aid religion ought to be ashamed to hold up his head; except, of course, such as are rendered incapable by unavoidable accident.

"But there is too much dishonesty in money-making nowadays. It would not be right for Catholics to enter the contest. Catholics cannot, must not, become rich." This is exactly the idea I wish to combat. I cannot see why Catholics ought not to become rich. We all want to be rich. It is a natural propensity, and the man who hasn't it is a natural freak.

The youth who has anything of the man in him soon begins to say to himself: "I must make money; I will make money." And if his education has left him with scant idea of how to

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make it honestly, is he the only one to blame if he follow Chesterfield's advice, "Make money, my son, make money; honestly if you can, but—make money"?

The fifth commandment of the church is, "To contribute to the support of our pastors." It is therefore our duty to give money; which implies a duty to have money; whence, a duty to make money. Now, shouldn't it be the pastor's duty to see that we are taught how to be honest in our money-making? It is easy enough to say, "Be honest." But the great question is, How? And the great trouble with me is: Why this "How" is not taught and studied and written about more than it is. True, the present crookedness of business is something outrageous; there is immense power in the hands of the dishonestly rich; and yet, is it impossible to make money honestly? I claim that it is not. I claim that riches can be acquired by good men no less than by bad. I do not believe that God intends all the riches of our land to flow away from us into the hands of our enemies—into the pockets of Masons, Jews, infidels, anti-Catholics. But even granting that, under present circumstances, the legitimate acquisition of wealth is extremely difficult to Catholics, then I will urge that it is our duty to discover a way out of the difficulty, and also that one reason of the difficulty is the overcrowding of the professions and our neglect of financial training.

There are in the United States ten millions of Catholics, most of whom are poor, many wretchedly poor. Is this not a burning shame? Is it not a crying shame that so many thousands are miserable in so fair a land as ours? Isn't it somebody's fault? It is a shame, a disgrace, and I contend that it is mainly the fault of those who are, or ought to be, the leaders and protectors of the poor. I contend that this burning shame rests largely upon unpractical education. Cardinal Manning says about the same, "The sin of our day is the worship of inutility." And my point is that that worship is participated in by too many of our schools, seminaries, and colleges.

I think we should recognize the power and commend the acquisition of wealth. The graduate should leave school with the firm intention of making money honestly and spending it wisely —making it plentifully and spending it generously. I shall be told that all this is heretical.

Is it? Very well. The Scriptures counsel virginity. Its merit is taught us by the example of our Saviour himself, by that of his Blessed Mother, of his foster-father, his beloved disciple, and

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others. Direct counsels from our Saviour, the epistles of St. Paul, and the teachings of the church urge the beauty and wisdom of perpetual virginity. Yes; God commends the vow of virginity; and yet he blesses by "a great sacrament" many who do not take that vow. Now, follow the same line with regard to wealth, and my heresy becomes orthodox. Our Lord teaches the excellence of holy poverty, but yet he blesses those who have (or acquire) wealth and use it beneficently. So, why not teach how to gain and how to use wealth? Why not teach that it can be nobly directed towards spiritual ends? Kathleen O'Meara said: "I am writing novels for the good of my soul." Why may not every educated Catholic layman say, "I am making money for the good of my soul, the benefit of my neighbor, and the glory of God"?

Do I decry holy poverty? No, no; with all reverence I kneel in spirit to kiss the feet of those who choose voluntarily the hard and stony path of holy poverty, and thus walk close upon the footsteps of their Lord. No; but what I am afraid of is that the many Catholics are poor not so much because of their love of holy poverty as because of their aversion to holy industry. I fear many of us are liable to the same arraignment which a witty speaker made against some young men: "D' you know what's the matter with you fellows? Simply this: there's too much aspiration among you, and too little perspiration!"

A distinguished priest said, in one of the truest sermons I ever heard: "The greatest evil of our day is, according to some, drunkenness; to others, greed; to others, dishonesty; to others, impiety. In fact, there is considerable divergence on this question. But my observations for many years, during a wide and varied experience, convince me that *the* evil of our day is idleness." And he went on to convince his hearers of the same fact. Ever since that Sunday I have wished that education were more directly occupied than it now is with the prevention of idleness and the promotion of practical industry.

The Boston *Pilot* says it were better to study industrial facts than to spend "valuable months and years in memorizing the dates of worthless European kings and queens, or even in the abstract study of fractions, proportions, etc., which are usually rubbed out of the mind as easily as off the slate." Admirable advice. But who is going to follow it? Is there a single one of our colleges or convents that will abridge the literary course and make room for industrial teaching? Certainly not.

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So noticeable is the fact that wealthy men are not usually college bred that it seems as though education not only fails to develop practical usefulness, but actually kills the germ of it in those who possess it. It cannot be true that *only* inefficient boys are sent to college. Therefore, since so many inefficient men come *out* of college, it must be that their training is deficient and unprofitable from a financial point of view.

I know a man who received three high-grade diplomas—military, medical, and legal—and yet he hardly earns his salt. I once knew a fine student, a splendid linguist and classical scholar; a very pious man, too. He had the handling of vast amounts of money in his life-time, and yet he died leaving his family and many creditors in appalling destitution, all for want of knowing the simplest business rules. I knew an estimable lady who had a finished education. She spoke fluently several languages, had studied higher mathematics, and was for many years a teacher herself. She inherited from a relative a considerable sum of money, yet in a few years she was utterly penniless (victim of a swindler), and had to enter an asylum, all for want of a little financial sagacity. She had been taught physics, literature, sciences, everything — except one thing, common sense. She herself said to me: "I don't know anything about money. I am as innocent as a baby about such things." That was a true word, "innocent as a baby." There are lots of highly-educated Catholics such as she who are "innocent as babies" of the plainest, easiest business knowledge. What wonder they get fleeced by unscrupulous rogues!

A letter now before me, from a scholar and a gentleman, and a true Christian, says incidentally: "You know I am a perfect dunderhead in money matters" (I quote *verbatim*). Unfortunately, many another cultivated and intelligent Catholic is "a perfect dunderhead in money matters." This gentleman is about seventy years of age, is exceptionally well educated, a staunch, earnest Catholic, has been a great traveller in his day, was professor of *belles-lettres* in one of our leading seminaries, and yet—is "a perfect dunderhead in money matters." With all his learning and intellectual abilities, he is but a poor man, living on a small teacher's pension from the English government. He loves his religion truly, and is just such a man as would have been a great benefactor were he able. Too many, far too many of our Catholics are his counterparts: finely educated and

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very poor. Truly, if anything (outside of religion) is worth teaching, it is how to make money.

In our universities there are chairs for this science and for that—a chair of philosophy, a chair of natural science, chair of *belles-lettres*, chair of ancient history, etc. I wish there were a chair of financial science. It is a great pity that that branch has not been reduced to a science and well equipped with text-books, professors, and endowed chairs. I'd like to see a class listening to Professor Somebody on "*How to make Money.*" I warrant that there'd be no dull eyes and yawning mouths while that subject was under discussion. When Professor This or That descants upon hieroglyphics, or botanical technology, or classic literature, there may be sleepy heads present, but I think they'd wake up surprisingly when Professor S. starts in with, "Now, young gentlemen, we will have a talk on how to get rich." He'd handle a rich subject, certainly; one that would take in honesty, industry, tact, enterprise, economy, hygiene, sobriety, manual labor, mechanics, trades in general, agriculture, navigation; in fact, the fertility of his theme might lead to an embarrassment of riches.

Our schools turn out more literary people than anything else. The time spent in spelling, reading, writing, grammar (with its many phases), rhetoric, composition, biography, history, the classics, and heaven knows what else of literary pursuit, naturally bends the mind in that direction. Is it any wonder that newspapers are run to death with would-be writers? and that magazines are harassed with literary aspirants, and have store-rooms full of accepted manuscripts, not to mention the cart-loads they reject? and that the swarms of *literati* are growing appalling? and that real talent is almost smothered beneath those masses of mediocrity? Then, why, oh! why is it better to teach boys Greek and Latin than to teach them the best principles of prosperity? Why better to develop literary taste than business tact and financial acumen? Why better to encourage scientific nomenclature than live ideas of commerce, enterprise, and money-making?

Our churches, seminaries, schools, and asylums are always soliciting money. This is all right. But do these solicitors ever teach the people how to make money? It seems strange that their appeals for money should be so frequent—and no one can deny that they are frequent—while instructions for making money should be so rare.

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There are not many of us whose temptations arise from our being overwealthy. I trow not. But the souls who suffer from the temptations and evils of poverty—their name is legion.

True, some Catholics do lose their faith because of newly acquired wealth. They must get a newly acquired fashionableness to go along with it. And so they join any convenient Protestant church which happens to have a stylish congregation. But who can number those who lose the faith because of poverty?—poor children who are sent to the public school; poor orphans who are put into Protestant asylums. One of the strongest sentences in Father Dougherty's annual letter to Archbishop Corrigan is, "And these [proselyting societies], strengthened by money and influence, are constantly doing all in their power to steal our Catholic children." It is among the poor, not among the rich, that these swarms of anti-Catholic proselytizers, kidnappers, soupers, blanket societies, etc., get in their work.

We must fight money with money. We need money to rescue the bodies and souls of the poor from their oppressors and tempters. Catholics hold a lamentably small amount of this money power. And Catholic schools lamentably fail to assist in the acquisition of this immense and needed power. Is it not high time that the missing element be supplied in our education?

Why do we see and read and hear so much of dire and dreadful poverty if it be not the design of Providence that we do our part in its removal? But we cannot to any great extent benefit the poor directly. The philanthropic notions about educating the poor, elevating them, making them wise, industrious, economical, cleanly, etc., are false because impracticable. "The poor ye have always with you"—that is, the poor shall always be poor; in other words, ignorant, foolish, improvident, dependent. We must take them as they are.

Now, since the poor cannot be benefited directly—that is, through immediate education of them—they must be benefited through the rich. The rich are, and always will be, masters of the poor. The poor are virtually the slaves of the rich. Where the rich are good, the poor are happy; where the rich are bad, the poor are unhappy. This sequence is inevitable. Therefore the only way to render the poor happy is to make the rich virtuous. Since the present rich are not likely to become virtuous, our best hope is for the future. It seems impossible to make rich men good; but mightn't we try to make some good men

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rich? We sorely need good rich men. It is the duty of all leaders to consider that need and strive towards supplying it. Now, there are some men who *will* be rich. This native characteristic should be recognized in their education and their religion. Their capacity to make money should be not opposed but directed. They are the natural masters of the poor; and should not this relationship be considered even while the future rich man is yet a school-boy? He is destined to protect and succor the poor.

The best way to aid the poor is to give them work, honest, well-paid work. This is indisputable. Therefore the best philanthropist is he who owns factory, or mine, or railroad, or store, or dock, or ship, or farm, whereby he can give employment to thousands. Would that among our good, pious, practical Catholics there were more bankers, merchant princes, railroad kings, wealthy planters, and ship, factory, dock, mine, and foundry owners! Little fear then of labor troubles, little fear of trusts and monopolies.

Would that more of our young men were throwing their energies into manly work, into the great fields of trade and mechanical industry, instead of into professional or literary pursuits! Would that our schools were turning out, not impecunious scribes and lawyers and teachers, but capable youths, determined to become prominent business men and manufacturers! And would that Catholic education were henceforth to strongly aid in producing a rising generation resolved to make money not only honestly and honorably but abundantly; and to spend it not only generously but wisely, nobly, piously, for their own good, the benefit of their neighbor, and the glory of God!

M. T. ELDER.

New Orleans.

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THOUGHTS ON MODERATE DRINKING AND INTEMPERANCE.

ON the moderate drinker who is not naturally predisposed to the desire for stimulant the habit of intemperance steals insidiously, if it does at all, and its power is of slow growth. But when the total-abstinence advocate brings him into his considerations of the effect of alcohol on man he is met by the theological arguments that religion and morality *require* only temperance, and that it is neither a sin to drink intoxicants nor to ask others to do so. Why go further than the church requires? Here are arguments and inferences. The arguments are not disputed, because unanswerable; but many who advance them and try to shield their explicit or tacit disapproval of total abstinence behind them are not always just in their inferences, any more than they are always temperate in their practice. Continually insisting that bare temperance is a virtue has not restrained men from becoming drunkards, and the limit of moderation has frequently been overstepped by many who glibly quote what the church *requires*, and in the same breath condemn honest reformers for extravagances of which they are blameless. Total abstainers study theology as well as moderate drinkers, and they know what the church commands and condemns on the use and abuse of alcohol. Much that we hear from the self-appointed champions of moderation indicates that their love of orthodoxy in morals has not an adequate complement of hatred of immorality. The principles of Catholic morality are in greater danger from the immoral lives of Catholics than from occasional trespasses of zealots beyond the boundaries of enlightened reason. Men seem so very anxious that total abstainers may not become heretics that they argue as if there was no sin to be feared from drink except drunkenness, and that drunkenness is no very serious evil anyhow. There are men who do not get drunk, and yet who give grievous scandal by becoming tipsy. Apart from outright drunkenness, the frequent indulgence in intoxicating liquors has prejudiced people very widely against the Catholic religion, prevented many conversions to the faith; has caused multitudes of Catholics to neglect the practice of religion, and in many cases to entirely lose the faith. Are we too severe in saying that moderate drinking is responsible for all this?

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Would it harm these people to practise self-denial to win others to the truth, even though their fastidiousness may to a few appear too exacting? Consideration for others and generosity in the way of self-denial will be rewarded.

There are others who by the excessive use of drink, and yet without intoxication, give bad example and bring great grief to their families, and by their spendthrift habits deprive them of the support to which they are justly entitled; and yet these heads of families can truthfully say that they were never drunk. Can they not range themselves under the banners of moderate drinking? If moderate drinkers are and remain temperate, they are not bound to become total abstainers; but they must not expect to hide behind the term moderate all sorts of reckless and convivial drinking. In matters of this sort it is not talk that convinces men but conduct. Their arguments do not prove a theory applicable to their case, for their practice often denies their words. Because St. Paul urged St. Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and for his other infirmities, this does not justify a healthy man in using alcohol to the destruction of his stomach. Because it is not a sin to sell drink, this does not license men to keep saloons as they are generally kept in this country. The saloon-keepers in this country must laugh in their sleeves at their theological defenders, just as the slave-holders of the South and the landlords of Ireland have had reason to smile at those who defended and yet defend their "rights." The slave-holders claimed that they had acquired property in men and that slavery could not be condemned as evil *in se;* but behind this screen they outraged humanity's right to justice and to freedom, neglected what their duties as Christians and the dictates of humanity required, and did actions which neither religion nor humanity could justify or condone. So it is with saloon-keepers. Their business is admitted to be not unlawful in itself; but that means in the abstract, and may practically apply to parts of Europe. But here and now the business is bad, almost universally acknowledged to be a proximate occasion of mortal sin, and is the enemy of the larger and sounder portion of every municipal community in the land; "not unlawful in itself" to the contrary notwithstanding. As a practical problem for solution, the saloon question is no more affected by the fact that men keep harmless saloons in Germany or Italy than if they kept them in the moon.

But it may be urged again that if moderation in the use of alcoholics is no sin, why refer to it at all in the temperance

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controversy? Because, though it be no sin to drink moderately, every one who has had experience of or has observed its workings on our weak nature knows that drinking moderately has led and is yet leading multitudes to the habit of intemperance. Nor in our warnings about moderate drinking do we go further than the church allows. We know that the church rejoices in the practice of what is more perfect. Now, "temperance is good, but total abstinence is better," says Cardinal Manning. Total abstainers know that the church encourages, blesses, and indulgences their practice and their propaganda. The plain truth is that many moderate drinkers have become drunkards just because they did not quit drink totally. The best means for one who considers himself a temperance man to ascertain if he still has control of his appetite is to try the practice of total abstinence. If the moderate drinker can refrain from drinking he is still free; if he cannot, appetite is gaining control, and there are many cases in which there will be valid reason to fear the approach of intemperate practices; and then total abstinence will have become a necessity. May God give us all the grace to know our weakness in time and the strength to struggle and prevail against our moral foes!

The object of total abstinence is by the practice of a counsel of perfection to become better Christians, as well as to shun a danger and to avoid an evil. So thoroughly are many good priests imbued with the conviction that the danger of contracting the habit of intemperance is everywhere around us that they go amongst the boys who are preparing for life by being instructed for first Communion and warn them against the danger of drinking intoxicating beverages, and endeavor to induce them to take the pledge. We who favor total abstinence are, therefore, unwilling to admit that it is simply a curative practice. It is also preventive, and its fruits as a preventive bless many a home with members of young cadet societies who frequently grow to manhood without having known the taste of alcohol. What father or mother of a family would not prefer this state of things in their children to any form or grade of "moderate drinking"?

We have to deal with a special condition of things existing in our own country; we have to reckon with our own tendencies and to consider our own social life. Our custom of treating, our idea of hospitality, the quality of the liquors used, and the high pressure of our temperaments—all these are causes which have effects and must be considered by those who try to learn why intemperance is so prevalent; and these are the causes

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which make total abstinence so beneficial in this country. American temperance men have no apostolate to the Old World and do not aspire to convert the nations to their views. Travellers tell us that in portions of Europe the practice of total abstinence excites surprise, and its necessity or even benefit is not understood; and yet we observe that immigrants from some of these countries are the reverse of models of temperance after they have been a short time in this country. The natives of wine-producing countries become the patrons of strong drink in this country. The custom of treating, which we are told is an American practice, is carried on by these people in a wholesale manner shortly after landing here. We shall be told that these immigrants whom we meet are not fair specimens of their fatherlands and are of the common and rude people. That expression sounds familiar. We have been assured, in a patronizing manner, that total abstinence is a proper practice and beneficial for the common people of our own country. It is surprising how the common people are supposed to benefit by the practice of self-denial whilst the uncommon people do not need this extreme cure and drastic preventive.

We, who have seen the common people elevated and misery driven from their homes by total abstinence, have no hesitation in rapping at the doors of the wealthy and the great with our peace-giving remedies. We believe in the frailty of human nature, not in the aristocracy of virtue, nor in the power of wealth to generate morality, nor in the influence of refinement or education when they are pitted against pampered appetites. The demon alcohol which is to be exorcised is no respecter of persons, has no regard for rank or position, soon dulls intelligence and blunts refinement, and wealth but hastens the results which it is in the nature of alcohol to produce in its victims. It will humble human pride, destroy self-respect, weaken the will, harden the heart, destroy the health, befog the intellect, arouse the passions, destroy happiness, bring misery to the home, and cause the eternal loss of the immortal soul—all this of the rich and educated as well as of the clownish. The habit of intemperance will produce these effects on all who are unfortunate or selfish enough to contract it, and whilst it may not cause the vice of the educated and the refined to stalk abroad, because they generally do not drink where brawls prevail, it will bring degradation to them and unhappiness and ruin to their families.

The families of drunkards can never condone drunkenness nor get used to it; and it is from their stand-point that Chris-

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tians must view the vice. The palliation of this crime is too common; we are sick of hearing these brutes spoken of as having a "*weakness*" for drink—"it is the poor fellow's only fault"; "he is just a little too convivial." The dire reality is that the vice of drunkenness, gross sin as it is against one's self, is a foul crime against one's family, and the plainer the words used to characterize it the better. It always hangs like a lowering cloud over the wretch's home, and his family cannot rid themselves of the misery that it always brings, nor of the dread of the terrible calamities which are too often its further results. The reason why drunkenness cannot be condoned is that the drunkard is always guilty, always responsible for his condition, always brutally selfish, always doing what is unworthy of himself and cruel to others. Excepting rare and extreme cases, there is no time when he cannot reform, and every motive of religion and manhood urges him to do so. *All that is required of him is the practice of total abstinence.* This is easy after the alcohol is out of his system, but, as a rule, he cannot taper off. The time with him for the practice of mere temperance is past. The basest form of callous selfishness is the only motive that can induce a man to gratify his appetite for drink when he knows that gratification is the bane of the existence of those who love him best, and the cause of unutterable misery to those who depend on him not only for their support but for their happiness also. The sacrifice of a gratification which, instead of being necessary or beneficial, has become destructive in the highest degree, is the least that such a man owes to his own, and a very insignificant atonement for the misery which his vicious selfishness has caused. There are cases where men can occasionally drink for a time after having been enslaved to intemperance, but such cases are extremely rare, and there is no time in their after-life when they are free from the danger of drinking to excess. Where, then, is the place of moderate drinking as a measure of reform? And if barred out in that sense, it has little to do with settling the problem of intemperance.

The most abundant evidence is at hand that the alcohol habit once contracted can, even after reform, never be treated otherwise than as an enemy in chains; the fetters must be strong and continually inspected. No position is too exalted, no pride too sensitive, no influence of all those which guide and prompt men to do right too potent to prevent such persons from yielding to over-indulgence if they awaken the insatiable thirst for stimulant by tasting alcohol. Would to God that this judgment,

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so humiliating to our dignity as men, could be gainsaid! It is because it is in the nature of alcohol to produce these results, and because a large number of those who drink moderately may become enslaved to the insatiable desire for the stimulant and thus become drunkards, and because we need the countenance and companionship of men whose self-control is above suspicion, that we advocate total abstinence as a general practice. Total abstinence elevates the drunkard, saves moderate drinkers from the danger of intoxication into which many of them are liable at any time to fall, and prevents those who have never indulged in liquor from acquiring that taste for stimulant which too often grows into an uncontrollable appetite.

P. J. McMANUS.

St. Paul's Church, Scranton, Pa.

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

O GOD! all good inheres in Thee.
We have our being but in Thine,
As stars with borrowed glory shine,
As streams flow downward to the sea.

To live as factors of Thy plan,
To know Thy thought for us, and so
Conform our wills, in weal or woe,
To Thine—this is the life of man.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

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A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

ROBERT BROWNLY was a proud man as he gazed that first morning of the year on a scene as lovely as any that a New Year sun ever shone upon. His young wife, in her dainty morning gown, was bending over the cradle of her baby boy; the child, who had just awakened, was extending one pretty dimpled hand towards its mother's face.

That face alone was a study. The newly-awakened tenderness, the soft flush of maternal pride, lent a beauty almost holy to the delicate and youthful features. Robert stood looking at the picture for some minutes in silence. Then, as the pretty mother picked up the laughing boy and turned towards him, he exclaimed: "I wonder if any fellow ever had before as genuinely happy a New Year as this. I can well afford to wish every man, woman, and child to-day 'a Happy New Year' without the smallest grudge in the world.

"And you, too, are happy, Lillian. Isn't it so?" he said, seeking her blue eyes for confirmation of her perfect contentment. But Lillian was bending over her boy and did not look up, though she said, with a little laugh: "I know I ought to be happy, Robert, if I were as good as you are, or baby. Who ever had such a darling boy, or such a good husband?"

"Ah!" said Robert, laughing in the abundance of his good humor, "I am afraid my wife is becoming very artful."

Then, as she blushed a little, he laughed again, and said: "No, Lillian, that is the last accusation I would want to make against my wife, and the most unmerited. Do you know," he continued, walking towards the window and looking out, "I sometimes think it is very strange that I should be so exceptionally fortunate in everything. I am a crank on the subject of sincerity. If I find any one guilty of the smallest deceit I want to end my acquaintance with him then and there. Now suppose I had married a tricky woman. I might have done it. Men in love are blind, you know, and I might have had my eyes opened too late. Good heavens! how I should have hated the deceitful creature! I can't imagine a more miserable fate than to despise the woman one has married." And his usually genial face was drawn into a most withering scowl.

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"Which reminds me," he said, as his features relaxed and he smiled at his imaginary difficulties, "that my wife is a strictly truthful creature as well."

"Yes," to the servant who announced a gentleman in the library; "I will see him in a moment. Eh? He is in a hurry? Well—" And after kissing wife and baby he left the room. Just then nurse came in to take the baby, and Lillian was left alone.

"O my God!" she cried, sinking on her knees and covering her face with her hands, "how shall I ever tell him now? I could not bear it!"

The New Year had come to Lillian as it comes to us all, a stopping-place for reflection, a halt on the road, a fresh starting-point. All other days whirl over us and bear us on unconsciously; but New Year's day pulls us up suddenly, as it were, and compels us, willing or unwilling, to consider how far we have gone and whither we are going.

A few years previous to this time Lillian Nelson had been a bright, happy girl. Though an orphan, and so impoverished at her parents' death that she had been obliged to earn her daily bread as a telephone operator, her cheerfulness, frankness, and candor made her a universal favorite. Lillian's mother had been an Irish Catholic, her father a convert. In spite of the loss of both parents at an early age, and though surrounded by Protestants, she continued firm in the practice of her religion. Suddenly the girl's fortune changed. She was invited to visit her father's sister, Mrs. Carlton, a rich and influential lady, and upon that personage taking a fancy to her, she was practically adopted, and became the daughter of the house. The girl soon became warmly attached to her aunt, and the latter exerted an astonishing influence over her niece. Unfortunately, that power was soon used to break down the structure of the girl's piety and faith. Lillian's was essentially a clinging nature. She would have made the typical old-time heroine—gentle, confiding, and submissive; but pretty and lovable as such a nature may appear in romance, and often in reality, it lacks the element of strength, which is as necessary a part of a perfect woman's character as a certain elastic firmness is an essential quality of all plants that grow. It is fair to say, however, that Lillian would have resisted any open opposition to her religion. Mrs. Carlton never opposed her openly.

"Ah! going to church so early this morning?" the latter would say as Lillian prepared for Mass. "I really hoped you would breakfast with me; I wanted to have a little chat"; or,

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"I don't feel well, and I should like to have you stay with me this morning."

At first Lillian always had a polite but firm answer ready for any such excuse, but gradually she began to grow lax and to yield point after point. Again, Mrs. Carlton would remark quietly, as her niece was going to make a call or preparing for reception:

"It is not necessary, my dear, to tell any one what church you go to. So-and-So and So-and-So are Protestants, and it is no one's business but yours what sect you belong to."

"I am not ashamed of my religion, Aunt Caroline," Lillian once said proudly; but imperceptibly the impression took root in her mind that her religion was a subject to be kept in the background.

When Robert Brownly appeared upon the scene as a suitor for the young girl's hand Mrs. Carlton, who considered him a most eligible *parti*, cautioned Lillian more plainly and decidedly than she had ever done before to say nothing about her religion. For a moment the spark of faith still glimmering in the girl's breast flashed in her eyes:

"No, aunt, I have kept silence too much already about my religion, and if Robert Brownly asks me to be his wife I will certainly tell him that I am a Catholic. He will have to consider whether that is a serious objection before he goes any further."

"You silly little goose," said Mrs. Carlton. "All that is very fine, but it is nonsense. No one urges you to tell a lie. You have simply to say nothing on the subject. Nobody imagines that my niece is a Catholic, so there will be no questions asked. When you are married, no doubt, you can tell him all, and he will be perfectly satisfied. I understand men better than you do, little girl," she continued caressingly, "and I know that a trifle can crush a love affair in the beginning. It would be such a pity, for Robert Brownly is a splendid fellow and just suited for you, I think. Besides, I am sure that you love him already."

The girl could not deny that she loved him. Yet, although Mrs. Carlton urged that the Brownlys had always been the strictest Protestants and had never been known to marry Catholics, Lillian did not promise to keep silence. It was only when her jealousy and pique were aroused that she yielded to the temptation and tried to make herself believe that she would make it right—*afterwards*.

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So the Catholic girl was married by a Protestant minister. After marriage the stumbling-block her guilty silence had thrown across her path loomed up before her as a mountain. When she knew Robert better she did not fear so much that he would object to her religion, but she dreaded to reveal her hypocrisy. Her love and esteem for him, and consequently her desire to appear well in his eyes, had grown stronger each day. Robert was the soul of truth and honor. He detested anything like deceit. How, then, could she tell him that she, his wife, whom he loved and trusted, had concealed from him so important a fact as her religion?

Though Lillian's spirits were buoyed up by her natural gayety, though she was pleased and interested in her home, her husband, and her baby, yet her conscience was still alive and gave her many uncomfortable hours. At last, on the New Year morning when Robert found her leaning over her baby's crib, looking in those innocent eyes, she had resolved, cost what it might, she would be a hypocrite no longer. She would confess all and repair her guilt. She might neglect her duties, lose her own soul, but how could she leave the little soul that God had entrusted to her care unbaptized? Her faith was still strong enough to make her feel that this was little short of a crime, and that if her child should die unbaptized the evil would be irreparable. Such a possibility seemed too terrible even to imagine. Ah! in what a difficult position the young wife's concealment had placed her! Those few words of Robert's sufficed to crush her resolution of the morning, and to leave her still farther from the difficult step that conscience, duty, every feeling of good within her urged her to take.

When later Lillian came down to the quiet little lunch that was to precede the formal dinner Robert remarked that she looked tired and urged her to devote herself less to that "bouncing boy," who was, he said, almost strong enough to take care of his mother. After lunch she put on her furs and went out for a short walk.

The exercise, the bracing air, and the subtle exhilaration of the scenes through which she passed made her almost forget the painful thoughts that harassed her. She walked straight on up the stately Fifth Avenue, when suddenly the Catholic cathedral came in view, standing out in snowy contrast with the dark buildings around, like a pure soul amid the world's corruption. This was the church where, not many years before, she had prayed, where she had received the Divine Sacrament

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where—ah! the memory of those blessed moments that had been filled with peace rushed upon her, in bitter contrast to the tumult that an accusing conscience was now raising in her distracted mind. Hitherto she had been too ashamed of her treachery to dare kneel before God's altar. Now she felt impelled to throw herself on her knees in the spot where she had prayed in her innocence. Hurriedly and eagerly she went up the broad stone steps and into the sacred edifice.

She walked a few steps up the aisle, then turned into one of the lower pews. She longed to go on to the altar-rail, to throw herself before the Blessed Sacrament and renew her resolution of the morning. Yet, still shrinking from the sacrifice, she could only beg God to help her and give her strength. There were many people scattered here and there in the great church, but she did not notice them. Only as she walked down the aisle on her way out, one face attracted her strongly.

The face was irregular, uncouth, pinched with hunger and want, the youthful features sharpened and twisted out of their natural roundness and smoothness by the cruelly-defacing hand of poverty; but in the uplifted eyes, earnest and full of confidence, spoke the faith that moves mountains, the love that knows no fear. Lillian stood still a moment, then passed on out of the wide door; but she felt an irresistible desire to see that face again. She was tempted to go back to ask the ragged boy—he seemed scarcely more than a boy—to pray for her; but as she opened the door again a queer, crippled figure was coming down the aisle. His face looked commonplace enough now, but she recognized it as that of the earnest pleader. She opened the door again and waited for him to come outside. The boy looked up a moment at the handsome young lady, and would have passed on, but she came over to him, smiling. "Will you kindly tell me," she said, "how long the church keeps open at night?"

This was the only question that suggested itself at the moment.

"Until nine o'clock, I think, ma'am," answered the boy, surprised and abashed before so elegant a creature. He would have passed on, but she said: "I saw you praying in church, and you prayed as if you wanted something very much. Can I help you in any way? Do you need money?" And she took a little gold coin out of her purse. The boy looked so miserably poor that she need hardly have asked the question. The rough

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features brightened with a grateful smile, but as he took the money a shade of disappointment flitted over his face. "Is it not enough?" she asked, a little surprised. "I have no more at present in my purse; but if—"

"Oh! thank you, ma'am," said the cripple, confused and blushing, "it's an awful lot. I guess it's more'n I ever had in my life; but—I thought; maybe—I—I mean—I—didn't ask for no money."

"No, I know you didn't," said Lillian kindly, "but you will take it as a little New Year's gift." The boy puzzled her. Was he afraid of being thought a beggar?

"Oh! I mean—I—I didn't ask God for that."

"Won't you tell me," she said, "what you asked?—that is, if I can help you. What is it you want more than money?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered, hesitating at first, then with a burst of confidence, as he looked at her kind and pretty face. "It's—what I bin making a novena for, and I kin do it if I only gets a chance, and bein's I've lived off alms ever sence I was borned almost, and I want to earn somethin', and nobody never'd give me no work becos I was crippled, and I never learned nothin', and I *kin work* better'n what I always done—odd jobs and errands and sellin' papers. What I want the most of all is"—and he stopped, looking up in the lady's face, as though afraid that she might think his pretensions too exalted—"it's—*stiddy work.*" He said the words slowly, as though considering their great importance.

Lillian could not suppress a smile as the boy announced the summit of his ambition.

"What is your name?" she asked kindly.

"Jimmie Cronin."

"Well, Jimmie, come to my house—you'll remember the direction, No.—, —— Street—to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and I will see what I can do for you. Our fireman is going out West in a day or two, and I believe you could take his place, attend to the furnace, and so on. You don't look strong, but *I think you can work.*"

Oh! if she had known what happiness those words brought to the cripple's heart. His eyes filled with tears, but he shuffled his feet awkwardly, pursed his mouth as if about to whistle, and said:

"You—" Then he blushed, and said: "I mean, I'll come *sure.*"

She had gone a few steps, when she turned back suddenly.

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It was the lady's turn now to look confused. She blushed as she said hurriedly: "I—that is, my family, my household, is Protestant. You need not mention where I met you." Jimmie stared stupidly. His astonishment could hardly have been greater if the lady had told him that the Pope had turned Protestant. He answered, "No," mechanically, and she walked away, thinking that after all he was a very stupid fellow.

The New Year's dinner passed off brilliantly, and Lillian soon forgot her emotions of the morning and the almost pathetic little episode that had followed. At breakfast next morning the maid announced a queer little man to see Mrs. Brownly. "He said you told him to come, ma'am, or I wouldn't have let him in at all, he's that miserable-looking."

Oh! what a nuisance," exclaimed Lillian, who now wished that she had not bothered with the "creature." "Send him away," said Robert carelessly.

"Oh! no; I suppose I must do something for him," Lillian said, suppressing a yawn. "He is a poor creature I discovered yesterday; he is in need and wants work. I *thought* we might use him as fireman now that Curtis is going."

Robert looked surprised and amused. "Why, this is a new departure! Hunting up beggars to work for charity! What next, I wonder? I suppose you'll belong to an association for providing the poor with strength, or something of the kind, before I know where I am. My wife is charitable, if she is not religious."

"No; I am serious, Robert. You want a fireman, and here is a young man who wants work."

"Well, that is logical, at all events, though I don't doubt that there are thousands of young men in the same position. Where did you pick this one up? What do you know about him?"

"Nothing," she answered, "except that he is good and willing to work."

"For which endorsement," he said, laughing, "I'll be bound you can't give a reason or a proof except the usual one—woman's instinct. Well, I suppose it's safe to engage him on the strength of that. If he is a success, so much the better, and if he robs us, kills us, and sets fire to the house, I'll have the satisfaction of proving to the world that this thing about woman's instinct is all humbug." So Jimmie was engaged. After a few weeks had passed Robert declared that the cripple was such an honest, upright fellow and such an energetic worker that for

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the future "Lillian's first impressions" should be his only guide in judging character.

To Jimmie's great disappointment, he rarely saw the lovely lady who had seemed to him an angel sent directly from God to answer his prayer. Certainly she had fulfilled her promise, but here her interest had ceased. The poor boy had had so little kindness shown him that he exaggerated the "beautiful lady's" goodness to him, and he longed and prayed for an opportunity to do her some good in return.

Little did Lillian dream as she came down the stairs in her trailing plush reception gown, or later, when robed for the opera or a party in her floating, gauzy fabric, that the poor cripple was gazing upon her from some unsuspected corner with an admiration that was the most genuine tribute her beauty could receive. "I wish she was a Catholic," Jimmie would say to himself. "I thought she was at first, but she an't, and I don't believe she's got any religion at all. I wonder what made her go in the church, anyways. When she told me 'bout not saying nothin' about seeing her in church I thought she was a Catholic and her folks was Protestants, and she was skeered of 'em. But she an't skeered a bit; the master'd stand on his head for her, and anyhow she an't no Catholic, for she never goes to Mass on Sundays." If his lady had been a persecuted Catholic, Jimmie would have had innumerable opportunities of helping her, he thought; but as it was, he found that she had no need of him. Consequently, all his overflowing gratitude he lavished on the baby boy.

Ellen, the nurse, found Jimmie a valuable assistant; the boy would stretch out his dimpled arms eagerly to the cripple, and would crow with delight at Jimmie's antics, performed for his babyship's amusement. Jimmie's love for the little one soon grew so strong that he could not bear the thought of letting the cherub suffer the smallest neglect, and his confidence in Ellen being more limited than Lillian's, he generally managed to constitute himself baby's guardian during its mother's absence. One morning, however, Lillian had gone out shopping earlier than usual, just at the time that he was busiest. Nurse had taken baby up to the nursery for its first nap, when a short time afterwards he heard a scream. Rushing up-stairs, he found the nurse flown, and Polly, the kitchen-maid, running about frantically and shrieking, "Oh! he's kilt! the darlin'! the lamb! He fell out of the bed on his head; and he's kilt, he's dead! Ellen has run out of the house entirely, she was so skeered! Oh! the lamb!"

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"My God!" said Jimmie, "it will kill her. Where is he?" There, upon the nursery floor beside the crib, lay the little son and heir of the house, white and motionless, with his golden hair fallen back, making a glory around his head. The cripple bent down sorrowfully over the little form, and lifting it tenderly in his arms, he carried it towards the window. "Hush, Polly," he said, "the little one has only fainted."

Then, bearing his precious burden to the marble basin, and letting the cold water run from the tap, he sprinkled the white face over and over again. Before long the little one opened his wide blue eyes, looked around in astonishment, then smiled up in Jimmie's earnest face with an expression the cripple never forgot.

Lillian was thrown in a flutter of alarm and excitement when, upon her return half an hour later, she learned of her baby's accident. "O my precious boy, my baby!" she cried, rushing up-stairs; and snatching the boy from the frightened Polly's arms, carried him to the window. She looked anxiously at the blue eyes, passed her hand over the golden head, laid her ear close to the child's heart, and covered him with kisses and caresses. The baby's blue eyes, she thought, looked bluer and deeper than ever as they smiled joyously into her anxious face.

"Ah! thank God!" she exclaimed. "He's just as well as ever he was, mum," said Polly, "and there isn't a thing in the world the matter with him." Yet that night as Lillian lay awake thinking of the risk her child had run, she vowed to have him christened without delay. She knew that private baptism is allowed only in case of danger. And might not an accident happen any day? She was overcome with horror at the thought that God might punish her by snatching her baby from her unbaptized.

The next day baby looked tired and pale. Under ordinary circumstances she would not have attached much importance to these symptoms, but after what had happened the day before they alarmed her somewhat and she sent for the doctor. "He is not ill," she said, "but I fear he is not very well, and I want to know." She spent all her morning in the nursery, bathing the little one, and lavishing upon him a hundred little cares and caresses.

After lunch, finding him much brighter, she yielded to Robert's persuasions to take her usual afternoon drive. "The doctor will not be here until after his office hours, and you will be back long before then," he urged, as Lillian hesitated. Still she went

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out reluctantly, with a misgiving that seemed to her unreasonable, but that she could not altogether control.

She shortened her drive considerably, and when she alighted from her carriage there was Robert standing in the door-way, a look on his face that she never saw before, a look that was sorrowful and pitying. All her fears arose tumultuously in her heart. O heaven! was the baby ill?

"God grant that I am not too late," she murmured, as she came up the steps.

"What is it?" she cried at last in an agony of fear. Robert came towards her, his face full of grief and pity; he put his arm around her gently, but he could not speak. Her face grew pale and her eyes dilated wildly.

"O my baby!" she cried. "He is iil, he is dying! Let me go to him before—"

She would have flown to the stairs, but he checked her. "No, dearest," he said tenderly, "you could not bear it. Our little baby is—"

"Dead!" she cried, so wildly, so pitifully that Robert's heart ached to hear her. Then, thrusting him aside, she exclaimed: "I do not believe you; I will see!"

But as she said the words she fell, pale as death, in Robert's arms. He bore her gently to the library and laid her there upon the lounge.

When she regained consciousness she called wildly for her baby. Robert attempted to console her with loving words, but she scarcely seemed to hear them. After a time he told her that the little one had had a convulsion just as the doctor arrived, and that it had died in the latter's arms. He even dwelt upon the baby's death, hoping that the storm of tears, dreaded at first and longed for at last, would come to her relief. But tears come to sorrow that is blessed, not to sorrow that is despair.

The days and weeks rolled by, yet no comfort came to the sorrow-stricken household. An expression of settled despair was written on Lillian's face. Robert found it impossible to arouse her interest in her surroundings, and the fear that she was losing her mind became stronger day by day. At last a trip to Europe was decided upon, and accepted by Lillian as she accepted everything, with indifference. During the ocean voyage and amid all the novelty and beauty of the scenes through which they passed she showed the same stony apathy. Three months had gone by, yet there was no change for the better; on the contrary, Lillian was growing physically weaker every day. Since her baby's

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death she had not expressed a desire or shown pleasure at any plan or prospect; but when Robert spoke of returning, she said: "Yes, it is better. I am glad."

So, discouraged and sorrowful, Robert prepared to return to the home where not a year before he had been the happiest of men. Into that home Lillian entered, the ghost of her bright, pretty self. Her friends were "sorry," some "sincerely sorry," to see her suffering; but one friend, the humblest of all, grieved for her with a sorrow almost as deep, though not as hopeless, as her own. The more Jimmie grieved the more he prayed. In church and out of church, at his work, everywhere, one invocation was constantly close to the grateful cripple's lips: "Dear Lord, won't you please let me help my lady?" More than ever, since the blow that had fallen upon her, he wished that his lady was a Catholic.

Ignorant and humble as he was, the crippled boy could see that the lady's sorrow was without hope or consolation. He knew, too, that in prayer lay her only refuge, her only comfort. Had she not prayed once on New Year's day in the dear cathedral, and would she not go there again to pray if she was only reminded? But who would remind her? who would speak to her of God?

It seemed to the boy, as he thought of it, that she stood alone in her sorrow; the books, flowers, and presents sent her by friends, and even her husband's tenderness and love, could not touch her or help her. Then it seemed to him that though he could not fight for her, or risk his life for her, as he had often wished to do, his opportunity had come to help her.

He was only her servant; it was not his place to speak as a friend; she might be indignant; but even though she turned him away, he would speak. If his words made her say one little prayer to God, would that not be worth the risk? When Jimmie entered Lillian's sitting-room she was seated before the grate-fire in a little, low wicker chair, the bright flames shining full in her poor, wan face. Was this the lovely lady who had appeared to him at the church-door on New Year's day, looking like a vision of happiness? Was this the queenly mistress of the house before whom he scarcely dared to raise his eyes? Sitting there in her loneliness and sorrow, she touched him as she had never done before; he felt a rush of pity as he begged God to let him bring his lady comfort.

"Ah! the furnace, I suppose," Lillian said, looking up

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wearily as Jimmie entered the room. "You can speak to Mr. Brownly about it when he comes in."

"Lady," he said, "you was good to me once; you give me work, *stiddy* work, and God sent you to answer my prayer; and I bin wantin' to tell you that I can't bear to see you frettin' and grievin' so much.

"You tole me once never to speak about seein' you in church, and I never did to this day; but what I got to say is that if you'd go to church ag'in, and if you'd see a priest there and hear him tell about the Catholic religion, you'd feel a great sight better.

"I saw one Catholic baby die once, lady, and the mother was a poor woman, but she loved that baby better'n her own life, 'cos her husband was dead and the kid was all she had. She cried and went on awful at first, but afterwards I used to see her smiling all the time, and I asked her why, and she said she loved God so much she wouldn't begrudge him nothing, not even her little one that she know'd was safe and happy. O lady! if you could only feel like that! Little babies goes straight up to heaven—"

"How dare you speak in that way to me, boy!" cried Lillian, a flash of fury blazing up in her sunken eyes. She had caught him by the arm and was holding it tight. "Don't you know that my baby died without baptism?"

"Oh! no, lady," said Jimmie, "that he didn't, for I baptized him myself the day he fainted, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, just like the priest told us in Sunday-school, for I thought he was in danger of dyin'!"

Her hand tightened upon his arm until he could have shrieked with pain, but the wave of hope that rose in her breast spread shining over her countenance. "Thank God!" she said as she sank on her knees and a flood of happy tears rushed to her eyes.

She took Jimmie's trembling hand. "O boy!" she exclaimed amid her tears, "you don't know what you have done!"

For a moment she looked in Jimmie's face, and in that moment she almost realized the poor boy's tender and grateful compassion for her.

Good God! had the boy deceived her so as to bring her comfort?

"Prove it!" she cried hysterically; "prove that you baptized my baby, or if—you have deceived me—I—I—" And again the stony look came back to her poor, wan features. "Was

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there no one there? Did any one see you? Was the nurse—was Polly?—Oh! tell me, did no one know of it?"

Lillian was looking into the boy's face, watching its expression, waiting for a word as if her soul depended on his answer.

Something like a sob burst from the boy's heart.

"No; no one saw me; no one knew it but God. Polly, I believe she was running around there, but she didn't know, and she was going on so she didn't take no notice of anything."

Jimmy was hurt, but looking in his lady's pleading eyes he was ashamed the next moment of having thought of his own feelings. He went quickly to the door and called, "Polly!" Perhaps he thought she might remember something. Yet he had not much hope. When Polly came in the room a few minutes afterwards Lillian was vainly struggling to keep calm.

"Tell me, Polly," she said, "all about the day my baby fainted. You saw him, didn't you? Did you see Jimmie? Where was Jimmie? What was he doing?"

"Oh! indeed I does remember it, ma'am, and I'll remember it the longest day I live. Yis, ma'am, I'll tell you ev'ry partick-lar. Well, that mornin' Ellen came runnin' down-stairs, and say she, all of a tremble, 'The baby's fell out of his crib, and he's kilt! Oh! what'll I do at all? I couldn't never face the missus!' And she ran out the kitchen door, and then I flew up-stairs as fast as I could go, trembling every bit of me, and I called Jimmie, and he came running up, and there we seed the poor lamb lying on the floor so quiet, and for all the world like dead.

"And Jimmie took him up in his arms, and says he, 'He's only fainted.' And he took him to the wash-stand, and let the tap run, and he shprinkled water on the baby, and I was that frightened I was screaming all the while, and—"

"Yes, yes!" said Lillian. "Jimmie—did you hear him speak Did he say anything when—?"

"Yes, he was mutt'rin' somethin'; I thought it was prayin' he was, and I ran to the window to see if you was comin', and when I come back the only words I heard him say was the 'Holy Ghost'! And I thought maybe the child was dyin'; but what did I see?"

"Come away, Polly," said Jimmie. "The lady knows it now."

"O Jimmie! forgive me," said Lillian, whose tears were now flowing freely. "God bless you! Do you know what you have done? You have saved my soul."

And Jimmie knew why his lady had suffered, knew that God

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had answered his prayer, and that he had helped his lady most at the moment when he baptized her little baby.

Ah! why had he not told her before? Had he known that she believed, that the knowledge of her baby's baptism could have given her the comfort it gave him, he would have told her long ago. But he knew also, alas!—and the knowledge was bitter—that his beautiful lady had been false to her conscience and that God had punished her.

Lillian's repentance was fervent and complete. She had been a traitor to her God, yet he had opened his arms with blessings to invite her return. However, God's love was not human love.

It was many years before Lillian occupied the place in her husband's heart from which she fell when her trembling lips revealed her past hypocrisy. She suffered all the more to know that among Robert's many friends the friend of his youth whom he had loved best was a Catholic. Robert declared that he esteemed the Catholic doctrine above every other, though he professed no religion; but his wife's deceit to him and treachery to her faith was a shock to his love and his pride, a blow that could not easily be healed.

During those long years in which Lillian had many a struggle to endure, many a heart-ache to bear, many a victory to achieve, the humble friend who had been God's instrument of mercy towards her remained her constant helper and support. Not only was the cripple's presence a continual reminder of her debt to God, but Jimmie's eyes seemed to read her very soul. Before that honest soul she was ashamed of any weakness, of any faltering that looked like slipping backwards.

When, years afterwards, Robert Brownly and his happy wife knelt side by side to partake of the sacred Banquet perhaps Jimmie's part in their happiness was forgotten, but there was *One* who did not forget, and even on this earth blessed a hundred-fold his faithful servant.

MARIAN WHITE.

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PSYCHNIKA.

To him who throws the weeds of doubt aside
And walks, faith-armored, through the changing years,
Girded with sunshine and the merry smiles
Of happy children, bidding ill be well,
And well be better still; to eyes that see
The good day broadening ever in the East
And all things circling to a nobler course;
To hand and brain that through the stifling days
And weary nights of half-requited toil,
Undaunted urge the wheel of progress on,
No death, no final overthrow can come,
But only passage, sweet transition up,
Up to the peaks, the white, immortal heights,
Where right is law and God is all in all.

All lesser things, a mighty caravan,
Shall pass before thee; kingdoms rise and fall,
The mountains crumble and the seas roll back,
And Earth, with tremblings like a frighted child,
Uprear new ridges to the darkened sun;
The stars shall sink in some great Waterloo,
Hurled from their thrones with all their courtly bands,
And flying headlong through the blackened space
Rise nevermore to rule the charmèd night.
But thou—thou shalt pass never; youth shall pass,
And riper years, and age, perchance, may touch
Thy outward husk, not thee; within thee stirs
A something yearning for the nobler course:
Thy soul alone of all things cannot die.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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AMY HOWE'S INHERITANCE.

TO MRS. CONRAD ALLAYNE, New York.

MY DEAR MRS. ALLAYNE: Since meeting you at Nantasket last summer I have fallen heir to a handful of letters from your ancestress to mine. These, with supplementary evidence in the shape of letters from my great-grandmother Marian to my great-grandfather George, turn your family tradition into a pretty bit of history. Permit me to offer you the mosaic, my kindest of audiences, as something of interest to you, and so a reward for the sympathy you have shown in the things of interest to me.

Gratefully your friend,

January, 1888. BERKELEY REID.

TO MR. BERKELEY REID, Boston.

DEAR MR. REID: The collection of old letters which you so kindly forward seem to me to be of more than personal value. Why do you not publish them, just as they are? I do not think it would be necessary even to change the names of our respective great-grandmothers, it was so long ago. With gratitude for your thoughtfulness,

Your friend,

January, 1888. RUTH HOWE ALLAYNE.

. . . . . .

HILLSIDE, September, 1809.

SWEET MILDRED: How you can scold when you have a mind! Upon my word, I did not mean to wait so long. Since I have, be glad of it; for now there is news to tell.

Professor Heron has answered that grave epistle we concocted in Miss White's school-room ere I left. It is little but an answer, and written in haste, it would seem. He was on the sailing vessel *Araminta*, which came to America August, 1790. He came for the material which went to make up the book we read about him, and he does remember a four-year-old child they called Ama, whose mother or nurse died the first week out, and left her to wander about the ship. He says some pretty things about the waif; but alas! dear Mildred, can tell nothing more than did the sailor who carried me through

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Boston streets; nor Mrs. Howe, whose husband fell upon me borne thus, and brought me home. If Father Howe had lived I believe he would learn my parentage. It was he, you know, who first sent me to Miss White's school; but Mother Howe can but babble of the way my hair curled in my neck, and of how she attired me in the long clothes that served the boys in cradle-hood. For my own ragged little skirts were past the saving, so she says. I would there were but an inch remaining, enough to bear a monogram or tell one letter of my unknown name. Ah me, my Mildred! the romances we read together in the window-seat had many such a tale, but none so tantalizing in its incompleteness.

Mother Howe is proud to see that I have not forgot my spinning. She often declares no maiden in the country can outdistance my flying wheel. Shall I confess something? Its whirring prevents unwelcome talk and I can spin two threads at once—the inner one so long, so fine at times it seems a cocoon-web to lie about my heart.

You ask of the boys. Hosea is planning for a journey west, to New York State. David is in a taking to go with him; but John says one must bide with him. John is as ever my favorite, but thoughtfuller if anything than when you dubbed him Socrates, a year ago. Sailor Jack has not forgotten me, nor ever will, I think. He brought me silk for a gown when last he came to port, and a fine shell comb. Speaking of finery, the peddler passed through here yesterday. You should have seen the flocking from keeping-room and kitchen, mistress and maid, and even the men leaving their work to ask of news from town. His trifles did not please me and his stories smacked too strong of hatred towards England. I do believe myself English born. But the dear books, hid between lawn and lace, I seized upon forthwith. They were mostly fiction, and brought the ghost of good Miss White to my elbow, warning me against the sweets, so that I took a sober elegy by one Mr. Gray as a sort of boneset to clear my tongue afterwards. Do you ever go back to the school? My respectful affection to the mistress, if you ever see her; and to yourself you know how warm a love. Write soon again. Be no charier of commendation for this long letter than you have been of complaint for silence.

Yours ever,

AMY HOWE.

TO MISTRESS MILDRED HAVEN, Boston.

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HILLSIDE, June 15, 1810.

To DR. GEORGE BERKELEY, Boston.

DEAREST FRIEND: I feel like offering apologies to some one; shall it be to you? You are the one to whom I have said most of what I would now retract. The Howe farm is not a *dreariness set in silences*, as I declared to you a year last winter. It is the loveliest place in all the world, the most poetical and romantic. Mother Howe is a sweet old lady, and John—well, if I were not yours, I know what I would do. Hosie has gone West, and Dave is going soon. I never did like them as well as John. He is one of the men they are going to make Presidents of; thoughtful, well read in what it is necessary to read, and a very knight for chivalrousness. I wish I had never encouraged Amy in feeling better than her belongings, so that she would marry John. Not that he has any idea of it himself, any more than of plucking the roses which frame his window. She is there, like the rose-bush; that seems to be enough for him. Seems, I say, for I do believe if she once showed her heart was warm towards him she would see his aglow; or, if he thought she needed his to keep hers warm. She does; I would like to tell him so. There goes my mistress a-match-making, like all women who are once betrothed, I hear you say. Nay, love;, but when a woman has once found happiness, why should she not try to teach her sisters what they need?

We are having a glorious time. Constance has gained red cheeks, and I a pound or two of flesh. Are you missing me? Indeed, I could not stay from you for ever. When you have leisure seek mamma; she misses both her girls. Farewell for now.

THY MILDRED.

HILLSIDE, November 3, 1810.

MY MILDRED: What will you say when I relate the doings of the past few days? And yet I must tell you. Last Tuesday evening the Underwoods had their harvest dance. John and Dave and I were there. Dave said I held my head too high, and tempted Bethiah Underwood to pull it down. But John declares the jade was jealous; and it was nothing new. But that is neither here nor there. While John and I were leading Money Musk a strange gentleman came in with Beth,

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and asked her who I was. "It is Amy Howe she calls herself, but no one knows *how*," she answered pertly, and the whole room heard. "Say the word, sweetheart, and the name is yours by law," whispered John in my ear. Oh! but my heart was full to bursting with hurt pride and anger. I nodded yes, and went upon his arm when the dance was ended, and let him say to her, "Your compliments! A month hence I change a foster-sister to a wife!" You should have seen her redden. They say she would give her bold, black eyes to win him for herself.

I have scarce had time to think. A month is short. The sewing-women are now here. The date is fixed—December 3d. Will you not come?

Ah! yes; I know. The dreams of England and the grand estate; but they are only dreams.

Yours ever,

AMY HOWE.

HILLSIDE, July 1, 1825.

To DR. GEORGE BERKELEY, Boston.

DEAR HUSBAND: Ever since I breathed this fresh, pure air I have pitied you, a prisoner in the city heat and dust. Little Mildred, on the couch beside me, sighs frequently, "Poor papa!" The darling is much better for the change. I almost wish that I had brought the boys along. Amy and John both chide me for leaving them behind. They are well, as also Ruth, Matilda, tall Jo, and little John. Such wonderful good children, George, you never saw—never come to Amy to fret or tease, but seem to study how to save her, and do her service. It is a tendency inherited, I think. You know their father is the same. Sometimes I question if it may be well for her. It is exacting children and husbands who expect much that make us wifely, motherly. No offence! And Amy is as much a girl as when she stood before the dominie in this same keeping-room near fifteen years ago. I admire her as much as I ever did—more than any of her kind. She is the only one consistent with herself. The rest of us but masquerade at our ideals, and, tired with them, are glad to be ourselves and commonplace again. Commonplace she could not be. That may be why the village folk resent her so—that and a proud indifference

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she has, which makes her husband and her boys and girls so inordinately glad of any slight unbending.

I love to see her come alive; and she will do it yet for mention of her parentage. I asked her once why Ruth was Ruth and not another Amy. "I will learn first what is the proper spelling of my name," she said, with sudden fire, and then, before I could reply, she was her languid, lovely self again.

Small likeness to her husband, who, I used to think, would come to be well known; but he will not have so much as the country hereabouts would give, refusing all positions, Amy says, unless a crying need induces him to speak. Then he is bold enough, but soon resigns and lapses back to quiet ways. He has his sly jokes at the petty magnates here, and asks us would we have him so-and-so. I never saw any one so dread publicity or care less for wealth and lofty ways—though he is held in much respect.

Dear Heart, I would you could be here. I would divide with you the days, and take my share in making rounds and doing surgeon's work, if you could catch this breeze upon your cheek and smell the sweet-brier by the window-sill. Tell our Bertram and Constant to be dear good boys and write their mother. She misses them and you.

Your loving wife,

MILDRED BERKELEY.

HILLSIDE, September 1, 1827.

O Mildred, Mildred, it has surely come, and none of the old romances read any prettier. If I can rein my pen in to take a proper gait, I will go through from first to last. I may be glad some time to have a record, and now I can recall the most trifling detail. Two days ago I sat in the side porch with my needle-work. You know how it looks down the avenue of maples, and how often in my girlhood days I watched the road, fancying my kinsfolk riding up for me, their tall plumes tangled in the lowest boughs, calling, "Art thou our daughter?" And I would bow my head for their blessing, so that Mother Howe thought that I prayed over my work.

It all came back to me as I sat there; and I said softly to myself, *Neither amid shower of scarlet leaves, nor past the fret of naked boughs, nor under May's triumphal arch of green!* Over

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and over I said this, until it became a sort of refrain; and of a sudden, as if I had used the words to conjure with, a horseman came riding up the avenue. Why should the sight disturb me? Men were coming every day to talk with John of tariff and State rights. Yet I was disturbed, and crossed the keeping-room and entry-way with loud-beating heart. A dapper little man stood in the door-way, lashing his boot with a gold-mounted riding-whip. There was something in his searching stare, and in his clothes, well made and of fine material, though frayed at the seams and worn at the knees, that brought the color to my cheeks. Then frowning at such bashful, maiden ways, I drew myself together with a shrug, and answered to his question, "Mistress Amy Howe?"—his hat off and his head bent low —"I am Mistress Amy Howe."

"Madam, I knew it," he said then. "You have the noble features and high bearing of your English ancestry. I have come on an errand to you from England."

I had liked to have fallen as he spoke, and then—do you remember how I used to say I spun my dreams to make my own cocoon?—the thought came back to me as I stood there. I felt the close web draw like bands across my heart. All these long years, when you and I have thought that I was free from fancies, they have held me fast.

It was Sailor Jack who did it after all. Poor Jack! he always swore that I should have my rights, if he could win them for me. He died a year ago of fever in a London hospital. It was there he fell in with this lawyer, seeking evidence to save some-one a-hanging. Jack gave him more, to save me a fortune and a name. *Ama Myrtoun*—how do you like that, my Mildred? A distant cousin stole me and sent me away, that he might have my lands. It is all in writing—his death-bed confession, Jack's affidavit, with the name of the ship and the testimony of another Jack that I was there.

The very length of my nose and the curve of my eye-brows are hugely in my favor. Oh! I am too full for sober writing. I could laugh and cry in a breath, to think that it should come at last, and I not yet forty—many happy years before me yet. I wish that Ruth had yielded to your coaxing and spent last winter with you. She dislikes meeting people, and, of course, must do that now. Matilda tells already what she means to do. John is too young to care, and Jo is as close-mouthed as his father. He—I don't know what he thinks. He laughs and asks,

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"What do I, who have been Queen Amy here so long, want with new titles, and a paltry lot of land, which I must cross the seas to claim?" There are no near relatives living. He does not seem to care a whit to know that I am well-born. When he is gravest, I console myself with blithe Attorney Duff, the English lawyer. I can tell him all my romantic dreams and he will sympathize with them; display my little airs, and he will take them as a matter of course.

Away with nonsense! There is more in this than romance and affectation. It means that I shall be brought to my feet, and meet the large demands of life—not sit tamely waiting for its small favors to be laid upon my lap. Write to me, and tell me you are glad with me.

Your happy

Ama Myrtoun.

HILLSIDE, September 15, 1827.

DEAR MILDRED: If this letter of yours had come to me ten days ago I should have missed some warmth in your congratulation; but the ten days have seen a change in me. And I know you do not love me less for saying I am overkeen to leave the land which has been more than motherland to me. I was, Mildred, but I am not now; and as a penance for the selfish hours between the *was* and *am* I write this frank confession. Do you know, Mildred—it is a shocking fact—it is possible to cause those nearest and most dear to seem unlovable by looking on them as distant and unrelated to us, removed from the partiality of love, and scrutinized as a stranger might scrutinize them? Little weaknesses, Mildred, which would appeal pathetically to a lover, dragged into the light of criticism! Little attractions, unimportant except as you have become at home with them, lost sight of! You cannot know. You are as loyal as you are loving. But I do; I did it. I looked at those about me with the eyes of a stranger, a new Ama Myrtoun, who felt superior to them. And John—John, Mildred—seemed unpolished and heavy. The children were ill-mannered, and Mother Howe's face, in its white cap-border, nearly drove me distracted. It was so aggravatingly meek.

At last, one night the lawyer said I must tell him the next day how soon I would be ready to go. The autumn storms

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would be upon us if we did not leave soon. He left me sitting by the fire-place and feeling more wicked and rebellious than I can tell you.

You know how Jo lays the logs in the form of a cage. I watched the fire, like a wild thing, climb and cling to the highest arches, until they came down; and then, with a purr, it gnawed at the heart of the fore-stick. I enjoyed its fierce destructiveness. You did not think that I could be cruel? I have been, more than once. The sparks flew out of the smouldering embers in a flock, and a little gray cinder-witch picked up her petticoats and whirled after them, leering over her shoulder at me, as if we had a secret understanding with one another. "You are seeing things as they are," she seemed to say. I thought I was. But, Mildred, there are different ways of seeing things as they are.

I went out and strolled slowly down the lane, hiding behind a tree when I saw that John was standing by the bars. The yearling colt came up to him for a petting. In an absent-minded way, John made a quick stroke down its nose, so that it turned and caught his sleeve, half-playful, half-remonstrant. "Did I hurt?" asked John aloud. "It *is* a rough hand." He held it up and scanned it curiously. It trembled—the great, broad, gentle hand, which had so many times held mine entirely hid within it. "I am a fool," he said, and nervously pulled splinters from the fence and stuck them back in place. I knew what he was thinking. He had told me the night before it would be exile for him to live in England, but he would never stand out against my will.

Turning, he let down the bars, and with slow dignity the cows stepped through. He likes to watch the big, comfortable creatures, treading heavily, tossing their horns, dipping their dark muzzles down to the ground; but that night he saw something else, and so did I—a baby girl in long clothes, clinging about the neck of a tall, awkward boy, who tended her and taught her from the first; a haughty maiden, out of favor with the other maids, and with most of the lads, but championed by the same true lover grown a man; a woman, who might look from the door-stone as far as eye could reach and not come to the limit of her thrifty husband's land; aye, and who might look far and wide through all his life with her, and not come to a place where she could say his love for her would stop! I hastened into the house before he saw me, but

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that was not the end. You could not change me by such arguments.

In the evening Ruth would have me read aloud; and running over the books they had not heard, I came upon an ancient volume, itself a reprint of a still older one. It had been found in Judge Tyler's attic, and brought to me by his son some weeks before. *Ye Nature and Uses of Gemmes*, it is called; and tells what metal or precious stone is in concurrence with each planet, and how mankind may coerce their destiny by wearing, every one, the stone which rules his star. "Read it out," called the children, as I went on and on, attracted by the quaintness of the lore; and finding towards the end some legends, I chose *Ye Legende of ye Opal*, and began to read. Here it is, with no more change than *the* for *ye* and our modern *s* for *f*.

THE LEGENDE OF THE OPAL.

A mayden who was so fortunate as to possess a good Genius, was allowed by him her choice of gemmes to wear as an ornyment. She was conveyed to a far countrie, where no men were but dwarfs, and these workers in precious metals and stones of value. It was a wonderfull place, unlighted by sun or stars, but set thick with lamps of curious workmanship. The gemmes were arranged on a long cushion, for the mayden to choose; but so great was her bewilderment that she lingered long and spoke no word. "This is the Jewel of Beauty," said the long-bearded dwarf, the setter-forth of the treasures, stopping before a turquoise. "It is Venus' stone. Behold how blue it is, like to the goddess' own eyes; and how it doth symbolize innocence and youthful charm."

"It will fade," whispered the Genius, plucking her by the sleeve; and she withheld her hand.

"This is the Jewel of Power," continued the dwarf, taking up a diamond, which did gather unto itself all the light of the place.

"That is good," commended the Genius; but the mayden did not say, "I will have it."

Then came the Jewel of Pomp and Pride, a great red ruby, swelling with warm colors, seeming to pulsate as do flames. Here again the Genius nodded and cried, "Good!" but the mayden went on.

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There was a cold, white pearl, that was the Virgin's Stone. An agate and a garnet; and these were Jewels of Industry and Thrift. Also an emerald, that was for Hopefulness; a topaz, that was the Dream Stone; and an amethyst, that was the Poet's Gift.

But the mayden passed on, until she came to one which lay by itself, and did flush and glow like an infant in sleep. It was the opal.

Then the Genius sought to withhold her, and cried unto her sharply: "Take heed, it is a dangerous toy!" But the mayden had it already in her hands, and over her face a thoughtful look was stealing. "I think I will take this," she said unto the dwarf. "It doth please me right well."

"Nay, but thou art a fool," quoth the Genius. "It is the Love Jewel. Behold how plain is the setting; and it doth make silk more shabby than fustian to the wearer." And it was so. For the stone was furnished with but a slender ring of dull silver, that was almost iron color. Moreover, the rich garments of the mayden grew tawdry beside it, and did no longer become her as heretofore.

"Beware lest thou compare it with other gemmes," said the dwarf.

Forthwith all disappeared and left the mayden alone in her own countrie. And in her own countrie there was comment and remark, when she did appear wearing the opal; and especially that she had donned a homespun gown. Moreover, her mood was no less demure and quiet-seeming than her cloathes; and everywhere folke jostled one another and made whispered gossip go about. The mayden bore it for a time, but at last became infect. She said unto herself: "Alas! I am a strange, outlandish mayd. Behold, how the diamonds and rubies do glitter on the breasts of my fellows. My jewel is furnished forth so plainly, and it doth bear so marked a difference. Have I chosen happily?" She gave no more heed to the warning of the dwarf, but took the opal from her bosom and held it up against the jewels which she had rejected, comparing it with them.

Then a sorrowful thing did happen. The glow went from the heart of the opal, as it does from the sky at sunset, and there was only the whiteness of ashes there. Whereupon, the mayden discerned the excellence of her jewel. There came to her the knowledge that it had made her heart tender and filled her life with joy. She saw that the splendor of the diamond was unsatis-

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fying, the dreams of the topaz were lonely, and the emerald's anticipations were not founded upon truth. Thrift and industry appeared objectless; chastity was a snow-queen, and pride a pain. Moreover, the Beauty-stone grew tiresome, and the Poet's Gift was but a dull thing after all. Then the mayden uttered a cry of sorrow and caught back the jewel. She said, "How could I compare my precious jewel, which is past compare?" And she fled away by herself, to cover with kisses the doubly dear stone, until its glow returned. Then she replaced it on her bosom.

. . . . . .

I cannot tell you how the story touched me, Mildred; how that my own voice sounded like a warning in my ears. *The light went from the jewel, and there was only the whiteness of ashes there.*

John saw it; he has seen everything, when I believed him dull and blind. He sent the children trooping off to bed as soon as they had had their good-night kiss.

I am not going to England, Mildred; I am going to stay here at Hillside; and the determination is four days old. The lawyer has been gone three days. He had much to say of my foolish relinquishment of the inheritance, of how my life here would cramp and fetter me. But, Mildred, I do believe not everything which cramps is a fetter.

John watches me closely—for a reaction, I suppose. He said that night it was not in the glow of heroism a sacrifice was hard, but in the twilight which comes afterward.

But by this happiness—the greatest in all my selfish life—I know that I am at last, contentedly, AMY HOWE.

A. B. WARD.

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"OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE."*

THE dominant error now threatening Christianity is without doubt that which is called agnosticism. In various forms and degrees it enters into control of very much that is accepted as science. It is essentially unspiritual. It has superseded mere heresy in its hold upon the minds of men. The voices that deny the legitimate authority of the Christian Church in spiritual things are feeble in comparison with those that deny the real existence of spiritual things at all.

Now, while from the Catholic point of view agnosticism is the legitimate and expected successor of heresy in its attack on revealed religion, so also our quondam antagonists, or such of them, at least, as still cling to the main Christian facts and truths, have begun to recognize that their true enemy is not so much Rome as agnosticism. We quote from Dr. Charles L. Thompson's address at the opening of the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. He was the retiring moderator, and speaking of the dangers to religion, he said:

"Much of our philosophy strives to bury God in the sarcophagus of natural law, or to spirit him out of his universe in the vapor-clouds of a sentiment too ethereal to attract a human vision and too unreal to anchor a human hope. That God in whom our fathers believed, whose existence and agency were the nerve of the inductive philosophy, whose personality has lashed into whiteness every coast of thought as the ocean lashes continents, is to the ear of much of our thinking the dim murmur of a reality which has almost passed from consciousness, the lingering echo of the ocean's diapason that haunts the tinted shell of our science or our sentiment, but no longer has power to mould our philosophy or sustain our life. The pantheism of the German sophists is changed into the agnosticism of this generation. It infects our natural science, gives a glitter to our speculative philosophy, enters into imaginative literature, giving epigrams to the essayist and wings to the poet, and, entering the field of morals, it loosens man's spiritual connections, makes him an actor to himself, the world his theatre, and mammon his god. So it slips down into popular life. We need not ask what effect the speculations of Huxley, Spencer, or Comte can have on the morals of the people. The world is full of conductors. The thought of the thinker filtered down from its stormy heights runs easily to the lowest valley. No one who values the moral life of man, the bonds that bind man to his fellows, can afford to be indifferent to the refined worship of nature, of matter, of the present and tangible, which,

* *Our Christian Heritage.* By James Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.; London: R. Washbourne.

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finding its first expression among thinkers, drops to the level of workers, and blinds a whole generation to the invisible, the future—the soul and its God."

Referring to old controversies, he asks: "Why mount guns on parapets that are never menaced? I notice in our harbors the guns point the way the enemy would probably come. New approaches demand new defences."

So, too, in the Episcopalian General Convention, Bishop Whipple lamented that—

"We are perplexed by the unbelief and sin of our time. The Christian faith is assailed not only with scoffs as old as Celsus and Julian, but also with the keenest intellectual criticism of Divine revelation, the opposition of alleged scientific facts, and a Corinthian worldliness whose motto is, 'Eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' In many places Christian homes are dying out. Crime and impurity are coming in as a flood, and anarchy raises its hated form in a land where all men are equal before the law. The lines between the church and the world are dim. Never did greater problems confront a council of the church. An apostolic church has graver work than discussion about its name or the amending of its canons and rubrics. I fear that some of this unbelief is a revolt from a caricature of God. These mechanical ideas about the universe are the outcome of a mechanical theology which has lost sight of the fatherhood of God. There is much honest unbelief. In these yearnings of humanity; in its clubs, brotherhoods, and orders; in their readiness to share all things with their brothers, I see unconscious prophecies of the brotherhood of all men as the children of one God and Father. Denunciation will not silence unbelief. The name of infidel has lost its terrors. There is only one remedy. It is in the spirit, the power, and the love of Jesus Christ. Philosophy cannot touch the want. It offers no hand to grasp, no Saviour to trust, no God to save. When men see in us the hand, the heart, and the love of Christ, they will believe in the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God."

No doubt orthodox Protestants have far greater reason to dread agnosticism than Catholics. The whole agnostic body has been recruited from their ranks thus far, and their resources for defence against any error are necessarily weak. Still, it would be a fatal blunder for us to continue to adjust our own defences as if the main attack were hereafter to come from heresy. It was the realization of this fact that has prompted the most prominent and exalted churchman among us to stand forth as the champion of our common Christian heritage. God forbid, he seems to say, that we should not pass on to you the inheritance transmitted from our fathers. Welcoming to his side all those who under any name still retain faith in the divine authority of Christ, he addresses himself to that large and increasing class of persons "who, through association, a distorted edu-

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cation, and pernicious reading, have not only become estranged from the special teachings of the Gospel, but whose moral and religious nature has received such a shock that they have only a vague and undefined faith even in the truths of natural religion underlying Christianity." His book, written for busy men who must run as they read, and who have no time, and perhaps no inclination, for more elaborate volumes, whatever their merit, is remarkable for the choice, the presentation, and the treatment of its topics, as well as for the spirit of conciliation, charity, and piety that breathes through it from end to end. It is neither an elaborate discussion of textual difficulties and obscurities nor a finely drawn out refutation of modern systems of philosophy, but rather the solid, practical, persuasive utterances of a good and scholarly man who has not only read all and sifted all our adversaries have to say, but who has deep convictions and the desire as well as the ability and tact to make well the counter-statement. We know of no one book that on the whole equals it as a presentation to ordinary readers of the grounds of our reasonable service to God in face of present objections and difficulties. We shall briefly indicate to our readers the course of the arguments, for though essay follows essay establishing the special truth proposed, there are certain natural divisions; here the scope is enlarged, there a special application is made.

Those whose vocation is to preach and to be officially teachers will profit by a consideration of the needs of many of their hearers as set forth by the cardinal in the first part of his introduction; and, in general, we may say there is a distinct and marked sermon value for priests in his suggestive treatment of such subjects as prayer, the presence and providence of God, the value of the soul, the divinity of Christ, and Christian education.

The general reader is led step by step from the visible things which have been made to the invisible things of Him whose handiwork they are, and to whose existence, power, and Godhead, and his attributes of providence, mercy, and justice, they all witness. Next man is treated of, his origin and destiny, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will. Further on there is a special chapter devoted to evolution and to such late theories as militate against the specific unity of the race. The importance of presenting these fundamental questions cannot be overestimated. The false and unworthy views of God and man taken by the chief Reformers, Calvin and Luther, have borne their natural fruit in indifference, in aversion even to natural religion, and that denial of responsi-

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bility for one's own acts now so common. It is these views which form the staple objections on the part of the common infidel class; formulated, as they were, into confessions of faith, they have now become the torment of the churches which maintain them, the rock of scandal and contradiction. Thus, in what we may call the first half of the book is to be found the refutation of that kind of unbelief which is produced by the too easy reception of so-called scientific theories, and whose result, or, more properly, utter lack of result, is summed up on page 289 in these words of Mr. Tyndall: "Whence are we? whither do we go? The question dies without an answer, without even an echo, upon the infinite shores of the unknown." Moreover, in the first essays those diluted, undogmatic forms of Christianity known as Deism, Universalism, Unitarianism, receives each its own refutation in the proofs of God's providence, his justice, and the divinity of Christ.

It is unquestionable that the faith of many even among ourselves has been shaken and their adherence to religion strained, while the comfort and peace of others have given place to anxiety and doubt caused by the supposed inconsistencies and contradictions between the teachings of science and the teachings of religion. To such we commend the discussion and arguments set forth in the cardinal's book. That their doubts and misgivings are out of proportion with their knowledge or their capacity for making a judgment on the merits of the controversy is true, but is no diminution of the difficulty. That difficulties do exist and will continue is quite certain. But they have been exaggerated by various causes—by a narrow, literal, erroneous interpretation of the sacred writings, by the unjustifiable intrusions of scientists into provinces alien to their own studies and methods, by an uncalled for dogmatism, and especially by assuming as facts and verified conclusions what with more modesty and truthfulness men would have seen to be incomplete deductions and unsubstantiated theories. The treatment of these difficulties by Cardinal Gibbons is characterized by a liberality which will surprise not a few, and at the same time by a cogency and force that will satisfy troubled minds.

To our own mind the gem of the book, the true pearl which needs to be dissolved and assimilated, and so pass into current thought and life, is contained in its third chapter, "Conscience bearing Witness to God." We commend to especial attention pages 52, 53, and 54. When the cardinal, after saying that to him the best witness of God's existence is the voice of conscience

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goes on to remark that "modern science claims to deal with concrete facts rather than with abstract ideas; we have here a concrete fact, known experimentally to every one, pervading human nature and asserting its influence everywhere," he touches the most vital point at issue between the Christian and the agnostic, and asserts valid rights of possession over it. There can be little doubt that it is God's will that a conspicuous cultivation of the virtues which are interior must now be looked for to counteract the prevalent denial of the validity of the secret aspirations of the soul. To be able to hear and to understand this inner voice is to the true Christian the very height of good fortune, and to be guided by it the most eminently practical business of life. It is peculiarly so at the present time, when, as already said, the prevalent errors mainly result from agnosticism, for that teaches that the reality claimed to be underlying our religious aspirations is non-existent or not ascertainable; it limits the affirmation of truth to things known by the senses; or, if it allows any other certitude, it is merely of the metaphysical laws necessary to deal with the exact sciences. The controversy has changed; why turn our faces backwards? why rattle our armor and brandish our weapons at enemies dead upon the field or in hopeless flight? But there does arise from the very rear of our own fortress the sound of a host, numerous and powerful, advancing upon the least-protected defences, with torches towards the magazine, with shouts of triumph, into the very entrance of the citadel. God and the immortal soul are in controversy hot and deadly; scepticism is beginning to attack the firmest Catholic strongholds; its denials concern mainly the consciousness of God within us, the witness of conscience, the validity of religious longings for a future state, the reasonableness of prayer. God the Holy Ghost is the refuge and strength of men and nations in such a crisis. The leaders of thought, especially the exponents of science in the literary world, answer to St. Paul's description: "They loved not to have God in their knowledge." Therefore the Spirit of wisdom must be invoked. Men must meet agnosticism with that only sufficient weapon for success, experimental knowledge. We who have the criterion of external authority at hand to test the correctness of our inner experience need fear no delusions. The sounder the faith, the deeper should be the interior life.

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THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.*

IN the interesting volume which provides the text for the present article the accomplished editor of the London *Month* has given an intelligible account of that open sore of mankind which the illustrious Cardinal of the African Church is laboring to heal and radically cure. The first half of Father Clarke's work deals with the great patriarch himself; from childhood to ordination, from the professor's rostrum to the episcopal throne, from the archiepiscopal see to the cardinalate it follows him. On reading the wonderful narrative, the cry of St. Philip Neri for twelve men like the apostles rings in one's ears. In this paper we shall, however, confine ourselves to the second part of Father Clarke's work, viz., the African slave-trade.

Towards slavery in general Father Clarke seems quite lenient. His description of it would, in fact, satisfy the most rabid of pro-slavery men; he even holds that "the objections to slavery are drawn from a consideration of its moral influence on the master rather than from that of any habitual cruelty practised on the slaves" (p. 246). Indeed, this certainly would be news, unpalatable in many quarters. The church labors to abolish slavery, he tells us, as the moral educator of mankind, whatever that may mean. But almost immediately he adds the true reason:

> "From the moment when Christianity began its work, slavery was doomed. It must needs fade away and disappear under the standard of the Cross. It could not withstand the Divine proclamation of universal freedom, that there is neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus" (p. 247).

Deo gratias! in no Christian land is there a bondman. The year of Pope Leo XIII.'s jubilee saw the last manacle fall from a Christian slave, when Brazil by a stroke of the pen unshackled it. Truly the pen is mightier than the sword. How well shines out the truly Christian way in which a Catholic land broke those chains from how they were severed in our own land twenty-five years ago. Our slaves waded to freedom knee-deep in blood, while the Brazilian bondmen sallied forth in peace, with the blessings of their masters, their church, and their God. No sectional strifes, no political broils, no race-prejudice, no negro question

* *Cardinal Lavigerie and the African Slave-Trade.* Edited by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

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affects Brazil, because it is Catholic. But, on the other hand, perhaps the most burning question of the United States at this very hour is the negro and what to do with him. And why such a question? Because of our utilitarian views of the unfortunate race—views shared in as much by Catholics, who are always affected by their environment, as by Protestants.

Unhappily, slavery as yet flourishes in Mohammedan lands, although with two features, mentioned by Father Clarke, which throw the blush of shame on Southern slavery. Nearly all Mohammedan slaves are domestic, and rarely employed in the fields; whereas the vast bulk of American slaves were engaged in out-door work, the masters, in very many cases, hiring out their slaves to work at trades or otherwise, and keeping their earnings. Again, "the child of a slave by her master is, *ipso facto*, free in all Mohammedan countries." A hard reproach this to our boastful land, where the old axiom, *res fructificat domino*, was applied to the offspring of human chattels, no matter who the father might be. In America such a child was a slave; in Islam it is free-born. Only a few days ago a widow came to see me about securing the pension her dead husband was entitled to. This man, and ten sisters and brothers, were the children of a slave mother by her master. When the woman died that Christian master sold his eleven children, scattering them to the four winds of heaven. No Mussulman would do the like.

Father Clarke, following his many authorities, regards domestic slavery as ineradicable in Africa. No anti-slavery crusade will destroy it, he claims. On the whole, he seems to recognize in it something more favorable than primeval savagery. The only hope of extinguishing domestic slavery seems to lie in the extinction of the slave-traffic.

"Slavery requires a continual supply from without. The children of domestic slaves are found by universal experience not to be sufficiently numerous to fill up the ranks. It is not easy at first to see why it should be so, as the negro is remarkably prolific and of strong physique. But men, like other animals, do not seem to breed when they are in captivity as they do when they are free, and it is not, as a rule, to the interest of their masters that they should do so. Slaves who grow up in the house occupy quite a different position from those that are purchased. For them slavery is a light yoke—one so light that a great many of them shake it off altogether, and are virtually if not actually free. There is a sort of moral obligation on slave-owners to give their liberty to faithful slaves, and their ranks are this way considerably thinned. In all slave-holding countries in the present day the offspring of a white man and a slave is by the law born free, and thus the license existing among the owners of slaves in their intercourse with female slaves increases the free

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population in comparison with the slaves. Moreover, a prosperous man gradually increases his family of slaves, and such a one will go into the market or to the trader, and look out for a healthy boy or girl lately imported from the slave-producing countries rather than purchase one who is home-bred. He will get thus a cheaper and more serviceable article; one more completely in his power and less likely to run away than if parents or a former owner were near at hand. Whatever the cause, an import trade is a necessity to the existence of slavery. Destroy the trade, and slavery itself will not last long" (p. 250).

Whichever way one turns in considering this frightful horror, that has made of Africa a by-word and a reproach, the hope of improvement seems *nil*. Domestic slavery is baneful, the slave-traffic unnatural; but worse than both are the blood-stains, human bones, and skulls which mark the way from the villages of the captives to the slave-marts. Primarily, these horrors have the first claim on humanity. It would be tiresome to repeat the numerous narratives which Father Clarke gives of the razzias or slave-raids. During the past year the public press has kept before our eyes these sad scenes. It may be well, however, to give just one—a description of a slave-raid of the White Nile traders:

"On arriving at the desired locality, the [piratical] party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbor. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village, doomed to an attack about half an hour before the break of day. The time arrives, and quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass-huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. They are then fastened together, the former secured in an instrument called a *shéba*, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross-piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in front of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the headquarters in company with the captured herds." (Sir S. Baker, *Albert Nyanza*, quoted by Father Clarke.)

Amidst such sad scenes it is consoling to find the true Master bringing light out of darkness. Among the students at the College of Lille, Belgium, is one of these slaves, whom Cardinal Lavigerie's priests ransomed. But twenty years of age, the young

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man had six masters during his captivity, which began when he was stolen from his home at the age of six, while on his face he carries fifteen scars, left by the cruel knives of his many masters. The hardships of his journey had so worn him out that the traders were only too glad to find a buyer for him; this is how the poor priests were able to secure him. He is now studying for the priesthood, and longs to return to his still-loved land and become an apostle to Ham's unhappy progeny. The Lord bless and prosper him!

II.—MOHAMMEDANISM AND SLAVERY.

With slavery is connected this question: Is Mohammedanism responsible for it in Africa? It cannot be answered before considering a wider topic, viz.: The influence of Mohammedanism on uncivilized nations and its attitude towards the Christian religion. The creed of the Prophet is regarded as a blight on a large portion of mankind by all Christians. Some learned students of man's progress agree, on the other hand, to see in Islamism an indispensable stepping-stone from barbarism to civilization, inasmuch as it raises the negro from the fetichism and devil-worship of his ancestors.

"It counts in its ranks the most energetic and enterprising tribes. It claims as its adherents the only people who have any form of civil polity or social organization. It has built and occupies the largest cities in the heart of the continent. Its laws regulate the most powerful kingdoms. It produces and controls the most valuable commerce between Africa and foreign countries; it is daily gaining converts from the ranks of paganism; and it commands respect among all Africans wherever it is known, even where the people have not submitted to the sway of the Koran." (Blyden, a colored writer, *Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race*, p. 7, quoted by Father Clarke.)

Without doubt, Islamism has a good effect on the negroes; the mosque takes the place of the voudoo-hut, and Turkish prayers, said five times daily, are far more refining than the gross dances of the pagan festivals. Hence, everywhere in Africa the Mussulman missionary—and their name is legion—is looked upon as a superior being, whose presence seems to elevate the moral tone of the pagan villages which he visits. He travels about with absolute freedom, making many converts, not so much by his teaching and the doctrines of the Koran as by his personal influence, for he acts both as teacher and physician of the villages, which soon improve in his hands. Conscious of their superiority, the villages adopting the doctrines of Mohammed, unite together and are able to repel the slave-hunters' attacks,

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while steadily increasing their own numbers. As a result, a number of large towns have grown up in Central Africa, while whole sections, like the Soudan and Nigritia, are entirely Mohammedan. At the present day, in fact, sixty millions—almost the population of the whole United States—of North Africans make their prayers to Allah and his Prophet, and are a living proof of the power of Mohammedan missionaries, not only in Africa of to-day, but of the future.

True, Mohammedanism has exerted a beneficial influence over the negroes; still, no Christian can see in Islamism a stepping-stone to Christianity. It hates Christianity; the Crescent and the Cross are enemies to the death. In dealing, then, with African slavery, there can be no truce between the two; and so in all plans for the overthrow of the slave-traffic the Arabian Moslems must ever be regarded as our irreconcilable enemies. It will be war to the knife. Once again the Cross and the Crescent will meet; this time in reverse positions. In Europe the Cross was in possession and the Crescent the aggressor; in Africa the Crescent will be on the defensive, while the Cross will be the invader. May the new crusade have a happier ending than those of the middle ages!

III.—ATTEMPTS TO SUPPRESS SLAVERY.

The first means employed was blockading the coasts; naturally it could but prevent the export of slaves and tended to drive the traffic inland. It was like healing the surface and leaving the cancer's roots in full strength. Nor was running the blockade unfrequent, as the enormous profit more than repaid the risk of several failures. An inland expedition next followed under Sir Samuel Baker, on the White Nile and adjacent countries. He was armed with full powers from the khedive, with the moral support of the English government. The power of life and death was vested in him, over all his own men as well as over all the countries of the Southern Nile basin. From the start Baker found himself, although honestly aided by the khedive, thwarted by Egyptian officials, one of whom he finally cast into prison, only to be released after Baker left. The following account of the capture of a slave-vessel on its way down the White Nile to Khartoum shows how the slave-traffic was carried on under Baker's very eye. It is related in his own words:

"Colonel Abd-el-Kader was an excellent officer; he was one of the exceptions who took a great interest in the expedition, and he always

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served me faithfully. He was a fine, powerful man, upwards of six feet high, and not only active, but extremely determined. He was generally called 'the Englishman' by his brother-officers, as a bitter compliment reflecting on his debased taste for Christian society. This officer was not the man to neglect a search because the agent of Kutchuk Ali protested his innocence, and exhibited the apparently naked character of his vessel. She appeared suspiciously full of corn for a boat homeward bound. There was an awkward smell about the closely boarded forecastle which resembled that of unwashed negroes. Abd-el-Kader drew a steel ramrod from a soldier's rifle and probed sharply through the corn.

"A smothered cry from beneath, and a wriggling among the corn, was succeeded by a woolly head, as the strong Abd-el-Kader, having thrust his long arm into the grain, dragged forth by the wrist a negro woman. The corn was at once removed; the planks which boarded up the forecastle and the stern were broken down, and there was a mass of humanity exposed—boys, girls, and women, closely packed like herrings in a barrel, who under the fear of threats had remained perfectly silent until thus discovered. The sail attached to the mainyard of the vessel appeared full and heavy in the lower part; this was examined, and upon unpacking it yielded a young woman, who had thus been sewn up to avoid discovery. The case was immediately reported to me. I at once ordered the vessel to be unloaded. We discovered one hundred and fifty slaves stowed away in a most inconceivably small area. The stench was horrible when they began to move. Many were in irons; these were quickly released by the blacksmiths, to the astonishment of the captives, who did not appear to understand the proceeding.

"I ordered the rakul, and the reis or captain of the vessel, to be put in irons. The slaves began to comprehend that their captors were now captives. They now began to speak, and many declared that the greater portion of the men of their villages had been killed by the slave-hunters." (*Ismalia*, pp. 127–8, quoted by Father Clarke.)

It soon dawned upon Baker that his expedition was a failure; but, brave man as he was, he held his post, manfully striving to crush the horrible traffic, till his appointed time expired. During the past years the British government has strengthened the coast blockade; but again only to the increase of the inland traffic.

Besides the attempts to suppress the slave-trade, there were abuses connected with domestic slavery in Africa which called for correction. Among the negro tribes exists a belief that after death the happiness of the deceased depends on having a number of slaves to wait upon him; hence a suitable escort is provided for the newly-dead by the sacrifice of a number of slaves at his grave. A frightful butchery ensues wherever this fetichism has not been rooted out by European or Arab influence.

In 1887 the British government sent Sir James Marshall as chief-justice to the Niger territory. As a good Catholic, the judge

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was very much pained by the cruel custom of killing slaves at a funeral, and resolved to wipe it out. In his first interview with the native chiefs, at which were present the Catholic and Protestant missionaries, the judge charged the forty chiefs gathered before him with being murderers; told them that he knew for certain that slaves had been murdered only a few days before at a chief's funeral, and expressed his resolve to root out the custom. Not long after three of the most important head men of the neighborhood died, and immemorial usage demanded the sacrifice of some slaves. This Judge Marshall determined to prevent, but failed. Unable at once to chastise the natives, he bided his time. At a favorable moment the military made a sortie, burning several houses of the natives. Alarmed at this, they sent a chief to sue for peace, which was refused unless the murderers were given up. A few shells scared them, but a strong attack, in which the dwellings and every temple and idol were destroyed, brought the natives to their senses, and led them to surrender the murderers, who were hanged. The upshot was a treaty of peace, in which the natives agreed to give up the horrible practice. Shortly afterward two slaves came as a deputation from their brother-slaves to thank the judge for his protection. A little wholesome severity thus destroyed the worst feature of African domestic slavery, and is an argument of what may be done by timely measures with these savages.

IV.—SCHEMES FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF SLAVERY.

Public opinion the world over is alive to the fact that all attempts hitherto made for the suppression of African slavery have been failures. True, an English squadron stopped the export of slaves, but the inland traffic only gained in consequence. Neither commercial enterprise nor missionary efforts have done aught of importance against the traffic.

"For twenty-nine years Cardinal Lavigerie has labored for the redemption of the negro; he has sent out many bands of missioners. Some have suffered martyrdom, others have died of fever and hardships. The survivors report no improvement; on the contrary, matters are growing worse. Converts have been made, and individual slaves ransomed from their captors; but the moral influence of the missioner has not availed to prevent a single razzia. Where nature has done much for man, and where man himself seems capable of progress, where a numerous and happy population might peacefully dwell, the slave-trader carries desolation. Slave-hunts are carried on in these countries as far as the sources of the Niger. The sale of slaves takes place publicly in all Mohammedan provinces on the same large scale

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as ever. More than this, in the regions of the Great Lakes a fresh outburst of fanaticism has taken place, resulting in the massacre of the Christians and the expulsion of every white man. Throughout a wide extent of territory the feeble flame of civilization kindled by the missioners has been utterly extinguished" (p. 329).

Slavery is the obstacle to the civilization, colonization, and evangelization of Africa. And this slave-traffic the church, by the mouth of Leo XIII., declares to be against all law, divine or human. The Pope has commissioned Cardinal Lavigerie to preach a crusade against it, and that great prelate's burning eloquence has aroused the conscience of Christian society; and everywhere, from Protestants as from Catholics, from states and individuals, he has met cordial sympathy. Less indeed in our own land than in Europe has this new crusade received attention, and less again, we may add, among American Catholics than among their non-Catholic countrymen. It would need the presence and the burning words of the African Cardinal himself to stir up the hearts of American Catholics to the greatness of the task obedience has put upon him. And Africa has a great claim upon us, for seven millions of our countrymen belong to it by ties of consanguinity.

Among the many proposals which have been made for the suppression of slavery the first is that the various powers declare that the status of slaves be no longer recognized by international law, and that the slave-traffic be treated as piracy. This would destroy the trade on the coast, but would not prove effectual inland without the co-operation of the Mussulman governors, who keep up the slave-traffic in order to maintain domestic slavery. The next measure proposed is to put restrictions on the sale of fire-arms and ammunition into regions where slave-hunters make their razzias. To their shame, English and German (and no doubt American also) traders supply these weapons and cartridges.

Cardinal Lavigerie relates that a slave-dealer, when questioned how he could most safely penetrate into the heart of Africa, and who was its ruler, simply laid his hand on the barrel of his gun and answered: "The name of the ruler of Central Africa is King Rifle." It speaks volumes.

A third and far more important scheme for abolishing the slave-trade is to destroy Moslem ascendency. Arab rule is the curse of Central Africa. It seems to hypnotize them, for the slave-dealers treat the natives just as they please. Not only do they barter with the chiefs for their subjects, but they make both

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one and the other sons of the Prophet. Now, Islamism is the enemy of Christianity, and every negro who bends his neck to the iron yoke becomes the implacable enemy of all Europeans. How to overthrow the Arab is a debatable question. Many believe that every approach of the white man, either as merchant or colonizer or missioner, will eventually uproot the evil spectre of the Arabian blight. Bring to the nations of the Dark Continent the blessings of liberty and thus end the sale and barter of human beings. It is a pacific policy. On the other hand, Cardinal Lavigerie favors armed intervention. He would introduce into Africa a force of armed men, who would form a land-blockade against the slave-caravans and open a line of stations within easy reach of one another.

To his appeal for volunteers the cardinal received in a few weeks the names of more than a thousand men. For some time a M. Joubert, an ex-Pontifical Zouave, with two hundred native soldiers under him and trained by him, has been living near one of the missionary stations on Lake Tanganyika. With this small force the brave soldier has effectually stopped the slave-traffic in his neighborhood. Cardinal Lavigerie's call to the secular arm has not, however, met with universal approval. Many well qualified to express an opinion regard it as doomed to failure. As Napoleon's soldiers on the retreat from Moscow were beaten by the climate, so the deadly miasmatic African heat will make fall from the hands of the cardinal's soldiers the arms which their fevered brains could not guide them in aiming. It may be possible to train a negro soldiery; but to secure sufficient of them would consume valuable time and rob many a training officer of his life.

Two other schemes proposed will help very much, but cannot prove effectual. One is to establish fortified centres, following in this Emin Pasha, who for several years, with only native soldiers, has been a scourge to the Arab traders, passing from post to post, defending or attacking, pursuing or arbitrating—in short, having recourse to every weapon of sword and tongue to root out the slave-traffic. The second may be termed a commercial scheme; it consists in outbidding Arab traders in buying ivory and other African products. This savors too much of the utilitarian to be efficacious.

The last scheme for the suppression of slavery is colonization. As for the whites, the same objection holds against them as settlers that would prevent them going as soldiers. By great industry the whites might overcome these drawbacks, which now

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beset their dwelling in Africa. But it would demand a very long time. Meanwhile the slave-traffic, and Islamism with it, would go on increasing. Hence the question of negro colonization seems the most tangible. And Father Clarke appeals to the success, although partial only, of Liberia as a sufficient proof why American negroes should colonize in Africa. It is not a new thought. As far back as 1853 Edward Everett thus spoke of it:

"When that last noble expedition, which was sent out from England, I think, in the year 1841, under the highest auspices, to found an agricultural settlement in the interior of Africa, ascended the Niger, every white man out of one hundred and fifty sickened, and all but two or three—if my memory serves me—died; while of their dark-skinned associates, also one hundred and fifty in number, with all the added labor and anxiety that devolved upon them, a few only were sick, and they individuals who had passed years in a temperate climate, and not one died. I say again, sir, you Caucasian, you proud Anglo-Saxon, you self-sufficient, all-attempting white man, you cannot civilize Africa. You have subdued and appropriated Europe; the native races are melting before you in America as the untimely snows of April before a vernal sun; you have possessed yourself of India; you menace China and Japan; the remotest isles of the Pacific are not distant enough to escape your grasp, nor insignificant enough to elude your notice; but Central Africa confronts you and bids you defiance. Your squadrons may blockade her coast, but neither on the errands of war nor the errands of peace can you penetrate the interior. The God of nature, no doubt for wise purposes, however inscrutable, has drawn across the chief inlets a cordon you cannot break through. You may hover on the coast, but you dare not set foot on the shore. Death sits portress at the undefended gâteways of her mud-built villages. Yellow fevers, and blue plagues, and intermittent poisons, that you can see as well as feel, await your approach as you ascend the rivers. Pestilence shoots from the mangroves that fringe their noble banks, and the glorious sun, which kindles all inferior nature into teeming, bursting life, darts disease into your languid systems.

"No; you are not elected for this momentous work. The Great Disposer, in another branch of his family, has chosen out a race, descendants of this torrid region, children of this vertical sun, and fitted them by ages of stern discipline for the gracious achievement." (Quoted by Father Clarke, page 349, from Blyden's *Christianity, Islamism, and the Negro Race.*)

It is claimed that our negroes have no opening in the United States worthy of national ambition. True, they are hampered in many ways; shut out from trades, etc., etc.; in short, they are a serious problem. The following extract, quoted by Father Clarke, is from the pen of the same Blyden, who is a negro:

"In the United States, notwithstanding the great progress made in the direction of liberal ideas, the negro is still a stranger. The rights and privileges accorded by constitutional law offer him no security against the decrees of private or social intolerance. He is surrounded by a prosperity—industrial, commercial, and political—in which he is not permitted to share, and is tantalized by social respectabilities from which he is debarred. The future offers no encouragement to him. In the career of courage and virtue, of honor, emolument, and fame,

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which lies open to his white neighbors and to their children, neither he himself, nor his sons and daughters, can have any part. From that high and improving fellowship which binds together the elements from Europe, however incongruous, the negro child is excommunicated before he is born." (Blyden, *ibid.*)

Any one giving any thought to the question of Africa must be struck by the unanimous agreement which sees in the American negro Africa's greatest hope. The feasibility of forced or government colonization is certainly a debatable question. Hard is it to understand how the United States could expatriate native-born citizens, no matter what their color. The Constitution liberally provides for naturalizing aliens, but has no provision for denaturalizing citizens. Should negro colonization be attempted, it seems possible only as a philanthropic measure, or an outgrowth on the part of the negroes themselves. Still, there seems a providential sign in this call for American negroes to face toward Africa. We believe that Africa will be Christianized by the American negro. True, it seems far-fetched to write in this way when only a handful of our seven millions are Catholics. Arithmetical progression is, however, a feature of mathematics, not of the Gospel. The apostles stayed not in Jerusalem till it became Christian. The best way to convert the negroes of the South or the whites of the North is to send missionaries to Africa and Asia. Sadly must we regret the absence of the missionary spirit. Nearly all the priests among the Indians are Europeans, while of the nineteen Josephites laboring for the negroes but three were born in the United States. How to explain this! We are satisfied with saying that the fault lies chiefly in the home. As children we are too much indulged and humored; the hard virtue of self-denial is not implanted; and when at man's estate, we fear the trials and sufferings of the foreign missionary. St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College in Baltimore will prove, God grant! nurseries to develop the missionary spirit. The "Macedonian cry" has already echoed within their walls, which is thrilling the young hearts there with longings to win the unhappy offspring of Ham, here and in Africa, to the church and civilization. With this sublime calling before the negroes of the South, every attempt should be made to develop vocations among themselves. The weakest point in all schemes regarding the blacks is that in the work of their uplifting they themselves are ignored. Scheme after scheme is hatched for their bettering, not one of which seems to think of themselves as a working factor. The true elevation of the blacks must be a growth; it must

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come from within, from themselves. What they need to-day more than anything else are natural leaders, both in the spiritual and civic orders. Not hirelings nor political demagogues, but apostles of grace and apostles of civic virtue. Give the negroes plenty of their own priests, and without doubt the "open sesame" to the negro problem of the South will be found. And then, reversing the march of the king of day, their priests will be the generals of the greatest crusade of Christianity—the evangelization of Africa by her own transatlantic sons.

J. R. Slattery.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore.

A NOVEL DEFENCE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, who writes a good deal for the *Andover Review* and other Protestant reviews and magazines, has recently written a very noteworthy article for the *New Englander and Yale Review*, entitled "Considerations Touching the School Question." As he seems to represent the more fair-minded and reasonable section of our non-Catholic brethren, and to have given the subject some consideration—we cannot say a careful one—his article is interesting as presenting the views of those hostile to us, yet desirous of keeping a kind and Christian spirit towards all men, even towards those with whom they differ.

A great part of the article is devoted to showing up the wild and unreasoning sentiments of the Boston fanatics who have lately gone crazy on the school question. No Catholic could have administered a more deserved but unsparing lashing, for which we give him our heartfelt gratitude.

Yet his article shows clearly how hard it is for a partisan, let him strive ever so hard, to rise to the level of Christian charity. He has found it necessary to qualify the many excellent things he has said about us with a number of insinuations for which he gives no proof, so as to produce in the minds of his readers an impression of dislike and antipathy.

Vague talk and insinuation are not proof. Honorable men should be careful not to deal in them. They stab you in the dark, when you cannot see how to defend yourself. They sow discord and hatred, and are altogether contrary to Christian charity, which, when one is not certain that another is doing wrong, leads him to put a good and not an evil construction on his motives.

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Mr. Starbuck, by his talk about a fancied conspiracy among Catholics, flaunts what I may call the "bloody shirt" before the eyes of his readers. He talks in this vein through a good many pages. "There is, therefore, a Roman Catholic plot carried on against our public weal by men who are just as really conspirators as Guy Fawkes." He sustains his statements by good, round asseverations, such as: "We may not be exactly able to define a particular ecclesiastical intrigue, but *we all know and feel* [italics ours] that such a thing is going on among our Catholics."

We all know and feel is decidedly good for catching the unreasoning, prejudiced multitude who have had this dinned in their ears from infancy. This is not argument. *Pro ratione stet voluntas*, which translated is, "Let prejudices take the place of truth and reason." Again, "*There can be no doubt* [italics ours] that a good many Roman Catholic priests use the most unscrupulous terrorism to break the laity to their ends, and exhibit the unworthy bribes of money and place, or the latter at least, to persuade Protestant politicians to connive at their silent infraction of fundamental principles of public action."

Of course this "*There can be no doubt*" settles the case with all those who share this conviction with Mr. Starbuck, but not with any one else. Some proof would be decidedly desirable to convince them of the truth of these statements. A few instances, at least, would be in order, though among so large a body of clergy it would scarcely prove much, since we know there was one traitor even among the twelve apostles. The eight or ten millions of Catholics, who have a better opportunity to judge of facts relating to themselves, I am sure would exclaim with one voice that this statement is false and calumnious. The "exhibiting the unworthy bribes of money and place" is about as rich as anything we have read for a long while. Mr. Starbuck seems to feel that is rather too strong a dose, and dilutes it by adding, "the latter, at least." Now, we cannot help saying to him: If you doubted about the money, why did you say anything about it? It is not right to throw out insinuations.

Let me say right here that the prospect of reaching Christian unity (a thing Mr. Starbuck professes to have much at heart) is very slim so long as these unsupported accusations against fellow-Christians are flung out before the public. Catholic priests, as a general thing, mind their own business and rarely meddle with party politics, in which respect they are a shining example to the clergy of the several denominations. Again, Mr. Starbuck says:

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"The archbishop's palace and Tammany Hall have stood in an intimacy of intercourse which has been damning to the Christian fame of the former and of more than one of its occupants." The fame of many an innocent person has been "damned" by false insinuations and unproved assertions, more shame to those who made them. We have been great sufferers. A lie about us need only be started to go the rounds. If completely refuted, it makes no difference. The lie suits the taste of the public, the refutation is unpalatable; besides, is it not an injury to religion to stop such a serviceable lie? If Catholics did not do just the thing they are accused of, all the same they have done things just as bad. So the lie that the site of the cathedral was given by the city has been completely refuted; still it appears periodically, and no doubt will continue to appear *ad indefinitum*.

As to the intimacy of the archbishop's palace and Tammany Hall, I suppose it can be accounted for from the fact that Mr John Kelly, the late head of Tammany Hall, married the niece of the late Cardinal McCloskey, and sometimes visited his house. This is foundation broad enough for a prodigious structure of rumor, which rumor soon grows into a dead certainty among those interested in believing it.

Mr. Starbuck, no doubt alluding to the excesses of the Boston fanatics, says: "Matters are now, therefore, very much the same with us as they were with the English when they had all gone wild over the pretended popish plot in the times of Charles II." Is he any better off himself with his wild statements, based on no other evidence than "no doubt" and "we all know and feel," etc.? What difference is there essentially between them and himself, when he proceeds: "There was a real popish plot then and there is a real popish plot now"?

Oh! what a fine phrase, "popish plot," to fire the Protestant heart! "There was a dangerous plot then and there is a dangerous plot now. The conspirators then were Charles II., his presumptive heir, the king of France, and the Jesuits." The Jesuits, of course. "The conspirators now are the Jesuits"—they cannot be dispensed with—"the Catholic Irish as a body, the Curia, and such members of the American hierarchy and priesthood as are men after the hearts of the Jesuits and the Curia."

O the Jesuits and the Curia! O Catholic Irish! O Guy Fawkes! O Foreign Potentates!—faggots, fire, and sword! Wake up, American citizens! The gunpowder is all stowed away under the Capitol, the train is laid, the slow match lighted; before you know it you will be all sailing in the air, American liberty de-

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stroyed, our glorious common-school system, the very apple of our eye, completely ruined!

We cannot help being reminded by the alarm of Mr. Starbuck of a passage in the Acts of the Apostles: "But all for the space of about two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Mr. Starbuck asks whether "the present controversy against our public schools is a part of the Roman Catholic conspiracy. He answers, "Yes and no; it is taken up into the conspiracy and actively promoted by it." He instances in support of this Catholic Belgium. "There, as we are credibly informed (for I do not pretend to rest on documentary evidence), the government offered the priests every facility for giving the children regular and frequent doctrinal instruction at the public expense. But because they could not appoint and dismiss the teachers and entirely control the schools, they waged a war in which every instinct of charity, forbearance, righteousness, and common decency was set at naught," etc.

There is an audacious hardihood in this statement which ill befits one calling himself a minister of the gospel. "We are credibly informed (for I do not pretend to rest on documentary evidence)." Who is your informant? Is he a Protestant? Is he free from partisan bias in this matter? What are his sympathies? This being "credibly informed" has a fishy odor about it. No doubt the anti-Catholic party in power in Belgium had to sugar-coat their pill in the hope that the people would swallow it; but what "every facility" for religious instruction is afforded if the schools are stuffed with a lot of agnostic and Freemason teachers? The bishops and priests of Belgium were quite right in opposing vigorously the putting education and the appointment of teachers in the hands of an infidel government rather than in those of the local community, not of the priests, who do not claim it. What schools could be expected of Mr. Van Humbeck, minister of public instruction in Belgium, who got up this school law, may be judged by the following bit of "documentary evidence," not untrustworthy hearsay:

"There is a dead body upon the world; it bars the way of progress. This dead body of the past, to call it by its name, squarely and without roundabouts, is Catholicism. It is this dead body which we have looked to-day in the face, and if we have not succeeded as yet in flinging it into the ditch, we have got hold of it in such a way that it is somewhat nearer to it than it was."

Mr. Van Humbeck, we are glad to say, got himself and his

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party into the ditch. Their heads are completely under water, with the smallest prospect of ever getting them out again. The Belgian people understand these things rather better than the Rev. Mr. Starbuck. But we must not be too hard upon him. He had what he thought a good end in view. We need not doubt it. His means of accomplishing it are bad. The end does not justify the means; but how can we blame severely a fervent Protestant minister, who believes his darling Protestant religion, the very child of his own brain and private judgment, to be in danger from that compact organization, united in one and the same faith, called the Catholic Church, if he looks through his fingers at the means of defending himself?

Moreover, he intimates to his readers not to take too much stock in the conspiracy business. "Doubtless it is better to be fantastically alarmed than not to be alarmed at all." Yes, better to hang some fellow, even the wrong one, than no fellow at all.

Now let us turn to something more substantial and more pleasing. We must express our heart-felt thanks to Rev. Mr. Starbuck for his complete vindication of us in our opposition to a public-school education as things now stand. He shows what any man of good sense, who knows anything about it, must see to be the truth, that we should be false to our inmost convictions and hypocrites if we did not oppose it. This is what he says: "But Roman Catholicism can acknowledge nothing as a Christian education which is not distinctively and extendedly dogmatic."

Yes; education must be distinctively dogmatic, and more or less extended according to circumstances. "Of course, then, if our public schools were thoroughly satisfactory to Protestants (which they by no means are), they could not possibly be satisfactory to Catholicism. Either the teaching in these must be undogmatic, or, for the most part, it would be dogmatically Protestant. That is, in the view of Roman Catholicism, the instruction in most of our public schools cannot fail to be either unchristian or heretically Christian. However mild and reasonable, and little inclined to make trouble, our American Catholicism might be, it is hard to see how it can ever consent to our public-school system so long as this is so distinctly separated from dogmatical Roman Catholic Christianity. We have no right to say that Roman Catholic opposition to it is a mere display of hierarchical wantonness. *It is the result of an essential opposition of principle*" (italics ours).

All honor to him for his fearlessness in saying this! If Pro-

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testants generally would imitate this example of doing towards others as they would wish others to do to them, we should be honored and respected for the purity of our motives at least, instead of being misrepresented and vilified. If Protestants would sincerely ponder over these golden words of Mr. Starbuck, and act according to their inmost convictions, our battle would be fought and the victory won. We should hear no more of our wicked attempts to destroy "our glorious public-school system," of priestly dictation to the laity; for the laity, if sincere Catholics and not hypocrites, must oppose the public-school education for their own children on principle. May God speed the day when the Protestant clergy and laity may have enough of the spirit of Christ to cease from such unjust aspersions, and not allow themselves to say with their tongues what they are not convinced of in their hearts!

What are Catholics asking for in regard to education? Simply to be put on an exactly equal footing with their fellow-citizens. They have not the slightest desire to use the public-school system as an instrument for proselytizing the children of their neighbors who are not Catholics. But, on the other hand, they do not want their own children to be proselytized at the public expense; above all, not to have their own money used for their own spiritual destruction.

There is a meanness about any such proceeding which necessarily creates intense disgust in their minds. We do not want an "exhibition of money and place" to "unworthily bribe" our poor or weak Catholics to be untrue to their religion and to violate their consciences. We do not want to be taxed for that from which we receive no benefit. Our forefathers in the Republic refused to pay taxes to the British government because they were not represented in it, but at least they had a show of protection and Great Britain was responsible for the maintenance of public order. We get no benefit from the public schools, but a positive injury and injustice. Yet when we complain, the only answer we get is, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*"; or, as the Hon. William M. Tweed used to say, "What are you going to do about it?" We are most anxious to live in peace and amity with our fellow-citizens. Religious difference, when unaccompanied by injustice, does not make Catholics feel animosity to others. What stirs up animosity is this deep sense that we are unfairly dealt with. The state is asking of us much more than she has a right to. We acknowledge that she has the right to see that all her citizens are educated so as to fulfil all the duties of citizenship. She can

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use the means necessary to bring this about; but not means which are not necessary. If Catholics provide a satisfactory education for their children, that is all that the state has a right to ask. Why cannot the state, by some general law (which need not allude even to religion), enable the individuals who have paid the taxes to get back, under suitable conditions, what they have paid. Then the first principle of justice would be satisfied. "*Tribue suum cuique*"—Render to each one what is his own. No rights of conscience would be violated, either directly or indirectly, and no additional burden or fine would be imposed on any one for his honest endeavor to render unto God what is God's, as well as to Cæsar what is Cæsar's. The public-school system as at present constituted is nothing less then a bone of contention. It engenders bitter feeling, sets one man against another, and must necessarily continue this mischievous working until it is set right. We ask our Protestant brethren to be just. If they think we are in the wrong, by all means let them try to convert us, but let it be by fair argument and appeal to that right reason God has given us, but not by trying to stab us in the dark by means of Protestant schools masquerading under the guise of a fair, impartial public-school system. Act fairly and justly by us. We will agree to fulfil all that the public welfare demands in regard to education, keep it up to the mark. This is what will more than anything else tend to the harmony and good-will of the community. All our grievances would be removed and all hard feeling would disappear. The best state of things would prevail; true liberty, civil equality, and fraternity would flourish in our land.

It is a mistake, an entire misapprehension, to suppose that a system of Catholic schools in which our religion should be thoroughly taught would engender division among our citizens; on the contrary, it would remove that which now exists. Catholics are taught kindness and fraternal charity towards all. They recognize that Protestants have inherited their religious ideas from their forefathers, and that, as a general thing, they honestly hold them. There is no reason for hatred or dislike in the actual state of things; on the contrary, every reason for kindness and compassion. We wish all to enjoy all the benefits we enjoy, not by any merit of our own but by the grace of God. We know that a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar. What will tend to hinder this spirit of charity is manifest injustice, lies, calumnies, insinuations, readiness to put an evil construction on our best actions and intentions. This, I am

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sorry to say, is much too common. We, I am glad to say, seldom retaliate. One seldom hears from our pulpits any but kind sentiments towards Protestants. Ignorant and careless Catholics, who have thrown off the influence of religion, may sometimes express them, but, on the whole, our laity are remarkably free from them.

If Protestants wish to convert us, they should rely more on the spirit of Christ in presenting their religion and less on legal contrivances, calumny, or contempt. They should not arrogate to themselves all the intelligence and all the wisdom of the world, or despise us because so many of our people happen to be poor in this world's goods. A large portion of the poor outside the Catholic Church are in a hostile position towards religion, while the church keeps her own under her influence. Christ promised that "the poor ye shall always have with you." The church glories in the fulfilment of this Divine promise.

Protestants should not try to steal our children away by manipulating the law, and by a sort of dark-lantern process concealing a motive of proselytizing under an outward show of candor and fairness. If they cannot succeed in their endeavors by fair, honorable means, it seems to me they should stop and reflect that the fault must be inherent in their Protestantism, which must have been a grand mistake in the beginning, and that it would be better for them to return to the church from which they went out too hurriedly. For surely it cannot be good to uphold a false religion which cannot please God, to whom we are finally responsible.

We are glad Mr. Starbuck has had the frankness to avow the following sentiments: "Now, the basis of our school system ought to be Protestantism. We are in fact, and ought to be by legal decision, a Protestant Christian country." Although we admire the frankness of this, we by no means admire its justice. He is evidently tarred by the same stick as the Boston fanatics, to whom he has given such a merited lashing. Boston, no doubt, is the Hub of the Universe. Boston had in old times the honor of burning down the Charlestown convent. The microbe which has lain dormant so many years has lately revived; and many, no doubt, would be glad to do the same again if they dared. Mr. S. has undoubtedly a touch of the Boston grippe. But it is a mild case, and we hope he may soon recover.

What kind of a school would Mr. Starbuck have by legal enactment, and force Catholic people to support by their hard-earned taxes? A huge proselytizing machine. "A school," he

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says, "in which our children are not free to study Macaulay's *History* and recite the 'Battle of Ivry' is only half a school." Let us see his own estimation of Macaulay's *History*. "What Protestant synod or conference is there that would not raise the most indignant remonstrances if our children in a public school were required to recite the Jesuit Deharbe's catechism? Yet this, though more dogmatically definite, is not one whit more intensely Catholic than Macaulay's *History* is intensely Protestant. It is a gloriously Protestant book, in which every Protestant youth ought to be indoctrinated. It would do more to fortify him against Romanism than any theological book I know of." This is the kind of teaching he would have established by legal enactment in all our public schools.

In Massachusetts, a community nearly half of which is Catholic, mostly laboring men finding it close work to support their families, and brought to distress in case of a stoppage of work for any reason, he would present a free school, amply furnished to a great extent out of their taxes, in which, without their suspecting it, their children are to be "gloriously indoctrinated" into Protestantism and a hatred of their parents' religion—running the risk of moral bankruptcy; for, once detached from their religion by Macaulay's *History* and other instructions of the same sort, they are far more likely to become agnostics or infidels than to become Protestants. Or he will allow them the alternative of scraping together enough, after building their church, which their respect for God's service will lead them to make fit and beautiful at any sacrifice, to build a large school-house and support a sufficient staff of teachers to compete with the subsidized Protestant public school. If they cannot do this, the cry has often been raised that the Catholic people do not care for the Catholic schools, and that they are dragooned into it by unscrupulous priests.

The public-school system is now in effect just what Mr. Starbuck says it ought to be. The schools will be, and must be, pervaded by the spirit of the teachers. As the teachers are for the most part Protestants, with an inherited, ingrained prejudice against the Catholic Church, we cannot entrust our children to them. Every branch of study will be used as an engine to batter down their faith.

Is this a free country? Do we enjoy here a real, substantial liberty? There is certainly no real freedom in a country where the majority can ride at will over the minority. It is not

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a free country where the dearest parental rights can be crushed by a state-rigged car of Juggernaut, pulled along by a multitude lashed by their unscrupulous, fanatical leaders into a blind fury of passion. What advantage is there in living in such a country rather than in Russia under the autocrat, or in Germany under the blood-and-iron Chancellor Bismarck? They at least may feel some responsibility, which it is vain to look for in an unreasoning, excited multitude.

But Mr. Starbuck tries to give us consolation on the principle that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," viz., that, being forced to pay taxes for Protestant schools when in the minority, we can force Protestants to pay taxes for Catholic schools when we come to be in the majority. We give this delectable proposition in his own words: "But the question of a remission of taxes is another thing. We do not exempt a Quaker from military tax because he is opposed to war. We, if a Protestant country, at least, ought not to support Roman Catholic schools. Beyond that let a Protestant people decide. And if the Roman Catholics anywhere gain a majority, we are not to ask of them more than we have been willing to grant."

As to this comparison of Catholics with Quakers, it is a transparent piece of clap-trap. If Catholics were conscientiously opposed to all schooling, as Quakers are to all wars, and claimed exemption from taxes without providing their own schools and education, I should say by all means override their objections, for education is necessary for the welfare of the community; but when they are ready to fulfil all necessary requirements, do not tax them for being conscientious Catholics.

Besides, we cannot see the logic of speaking of Protestants paying for Roman Catholic schools when every cent of the money is paid by the Roman Catholics themselves. When I hand a man five dollars to go and buy me a pair of boots, is it he or I that pays for the boots? And if he pockets the money and I must pay over again, it is usually called swindling.

We can assure the Rev. Mr. Starbuck we have no desire to retaliate. We are at this disadvantage in the affairs of this mortal life, that our religion forbids retaliation. "Do unto others as you would have them do to you" is our motto, and we hold that our hopes of heaven depend upon our strictly living up to it. We do not hold the doctrine of justification by faith alone, but hold that our faith must be made alive by Divine charity, or a true obedience to the commandments and faithful following of the spirit of Christ. We cannot afford to lose the grace of God

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in the endeavor to get even with those who have done us an injury.

Mr. Starbuck tells us: "When our public schools were established we had virtually one religion, Protestantism. Now we have at least three, Protestantism, Catholicism, and secularism. One of these three *must* be at the basis of our system of public instruction, because it is simply impossible that an extended system of education should exist without a constitutive thought concerning ultimate truth at the bottom." The "constitutive thought" is undoubtedly secularism. Theoretically, the schools must be neutral as to religion in this country of theoretical equal rights. So long as all are to be taxed and no division made of the taxes, religion must be tabooed. When it is not, there are constant complaints of injustice and unfair dealing. Teachers of positive convictions are not suited to the system, and not wanted. The whole system gravitates to pure secularism, and secularism is only another term for agnosticism or infidelity. Mr. Starbuck says the same: "If it is secularism, then Christians, Catholic or Protestant, cannot use it without perpetual perturbations of conscience."

Why should we not unite in stemming this tide of secularism which is sweeping down on us? Why not do all in our power to have all the children educated in the fear and the love of God? It seems to me that sincere Protestants ought to be glad to co-operate with their fellow-citizens who are Catholics, in order that they may educate their children in their own faith. Then, if they have no objection to unite in public schools among themselves, let them do so, and we shall have nothing to say about it. The school question will then be out of court. Each one will educate his own children as he thinks right. Each one will mind his own business and expect others to mind theirs. And the principles of the illustrious founders of our Republic will not be forgotten, nor the government in danger of merging into a centralized despotism, in which unnecessary state interference shall hamper and destroy the natural rights of the individual.

George Deshon.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

A BEAUTIFUL book, both in its illustrations and its letter-press, is *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth* (London and New York: Burns & Oates). In form it is a small quarto. The drawings, many of which are full-page, and all of them interesting and characteristic, were made by George Lambert. Mrs. Alice Meynell writes the very readable record of life at Nazareth House, Hammersmith. It is done with a very free hand, and though crowded with interesting facts, and emphasized here and there with a suggestive comment, or a half-veiled hint looking toward possible modifications of certain widely current views, it may be easily read through within an hour. We learn from it that the Order of Nazareth Nuns is a comparatively new religious family, having been founded by Cardinal Wiseman. Although probably not exclusively English as to its composition, it is so as far as its work is concerned. Its apostolate is to the subjects of the British Empire, "white and black," says Mrs. Meynell, though perhaps with no deliberate intention of ignoring red, brown, and yellow. Still, we observe that of the fourteen houses already planted, the only foreign ones are the four situated in South Africa and Australia. The work of the community is to instruct and care for destitute children, and provide a home for the aged poor of both sexes and any creed. The inmates are mostly Catholics, but when they are not no constraint is put upon them. The old are free to go outside the enclosure to any place of worship that they choose, and their own ministers are sent for to attend them if they are known to have any preferences. There is no religious test for admission, and in the case of young children, "the wishes of parents—when there are parents and when they have wishes—are carefully respected." But children who are not to become Catholics are not kept later than the age of First Communion, as the nuns find themselves unable "to take the responsibilities of consciences more than twelve or fourteen years, and unguided by the rules of definite religious order." The spirit of the order combines action and contemplation. Office is recited by all, apparently in choir, and there are no lay sisters. In these respects, as well as in the daily quest for alms, the order resembles that branch of the

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Franciscan family so well known in this country as the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis.

Although so modern as to date and so English as to province, the Order of Nazareth shows few perceptible signs of having been met at any turn by the trend of modern ways. One thing, indeed, Mrs. Meynell says of them, possibly in order to explain the appearance of this beautiful volume. They are the simplest of the simple, she declares, in their dealings with all, "even with the press! If the newspaper can indirectly help them to feed their flock, the newspaper may publish their necessities and describe their enterprises; and their personal love of complete seclusion is sacrificed for the sake of charity as sweetly and undemonstratively as every other wish or thought that is touched with self." But this willingness to encounter on behalf of their poor that terror of modern modest womanhood, the interviewer, marks possibly their sole concession to the innovating spirit of the times. Some things that Mrs. Meynell relates concerning the customs of the community strongly suggest that in religious houses, at least, woman is not held to be "the weaker vessel." Is there any community of religious men, combining contemplation with the active labors of the ministry or of charity, of which it would be true to say that "prayer and the duties of devotion are always postponed to the duties of charity, but though postponed *are never dispensed with*"? Or, again, that for one of its members "at least, in every twenty-four hours, the day never ends at all," because while each takes in turn to watch all night by the sick, that duty "*excuses from nothing of the routine of the following day's labor or prayer*"? Of course, if such practices are adopted for the sake of mortification, pure and simple, we have no intention to animadvert upon them. But if charity to the neighbor is the end in view, they seem to the eye of common sense like burning one's candles at both ends; and one is not surprised to learn that the novitiate of Nazareth House is less full now than formerly. Why should the flesh and blood of good women be held so cheap when they have been so faithfully consecrated to the service of the neighbor, whom the divine command obliges all of us to love *as we love ourselves?* Women know no measure in their devotion, one is told who puts such questions. They will not hear of relaxations, they are ambitious to excel, they are resolved to do all that they can and even more. True; but would not their holy ambition yield somewhat, if not to holy discretion, at least to

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holy obedience? "I have been too hard on my brother the ass," said St. Francis, dying in his prime, and looking back with compassion on that resigned and patient flesh which had borne so many burdens of his imposing.

Concerning the habit of these nuns, understood to have been devised by Cardinal Wiseman himself with considerable pains, Mrs. Meynell remarks that "it is one of the graces of the house that while some women in the world are asking, with all the energy of intending acrobats, for emancipation from their draperies, these sisters contrive to do everything, and to do it well, muffled in close caps and hanging veils, checked by starch and enveloped in folds, and yet to keep the health and strength which make their hard life possible. It may still be permitted to wonder whether even a cardinal would not find the burden of his fatigues increased if his head were encased in tight, *empesé* linen, and his brows so bound as to prevent that relief of grasping his overworked forehead which the most ascetic of *man*kind permits himself. . . . Doubtless the immunity of nuns from all the inconveniences of vanity helps them to bear those of their quasi-oriental disguise and concealment. Nevertheless, an audacious fancy may sketch for itself a future when a pope at Chicago may legislate for sisterhoods living under the ancient interior laws, but in the midst of new and Western conditions, set free from much that must be a waste of strength." Mrs. Meynell seems to have been consulting the prophets of the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century*. There is food for meditation, all the same, in that word "quasi-oriental." As the German judge said to the man who pleaded in defence of his own objectionable book that greater licenses of speech were pardoned in Shakspere, the Latin and Greek poets, and still more ancient sources, "Dat is very true; but you must remember *we don't live in dose remote dark achis.*"

The nameless author of *Priest and Puritan* (New York: Brentano's) is clearly of opinion that as between the average Methodist minister and the average Catholic priest, the priest may be counted on every time as sure to possess more liberality of mind and a more hearty sympathy with human nature. The Rev. Charles Foster and the Rev. Father Le Grand of his story are equally well-intentioned and honest men, but the former is a narrow bigot, a believer in total depravity, an enemy to all amusements, and with a special hatred for "popery" as the sum of all villanies. Father Le Grand is a faithful priest, and a total abstainer, as well as a man of broad views and a charitable heart.

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But he allows his young folk to hold picnics in summer-time and to amuse themselves by dancing—evils on which the minister cannot look with any allowance whatever. Even the lemonade, which is the sole beverage sold or drank on the grounds, acidulates rather than sweetens his temper towards "that enemy of free thought and mockery of Christianity, as he considered it—Romanism." Presently, when his only son falls in love with the priest's beautiful niece, the Rev. Charles Foster's grief and indignation precipitate him into a fever in which he becomes temporarily insane, and in this state is in danger of doing himself or some one else a fatal injury. Then Father Le Grand comes and nurses him, and one night when the sick man wakes out of sleep he—

"discovered the priest kneeling by the bed in prayer. The minister did not move lest he should interrupt him, but when the priest had resumed his seat said to him:

"'Was it for me?'

"'Yes,' said Father Le Grand.

"'How often have you done this?' asked the minister.

"'Every night that I have been here,' was the reply.

"'I think your medicine agrees with me. Continue as you have been doing,' said the minister."

To the mind of the author it apparently seems that while the balance tilts favorably toward the priest where courtesy, liberality, and charity are concerned, the two men are equally good Christians, with nothing on that ground to choose between them. To him Christianity is an affair of what is call "ethics," with very little or no dogmatic foundation. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the good qualities which he has embodied in Father Le Grand, doubtless because he thought them typical, are the natural outcome of an intelligent faith. And yet it was his minister only whom he had to divest of merely Protestant prejudices—his special intellectual outfit, that is—before his heart could widen. But the religion the book is intended to spread is not Catholicity. It is a hybrid, "half-Catholic, half-Protestant," which is to be called "the religion of love." In the interests of it a mixed marriage is brought about between Ernest and Agnes, the latter remaining a Catholic but urging Ernest, for the sake of general good feeling, to unite with the Methodists. The book is not very well written, and not specially entertaining; but, like Mr. Habberton's story, of which we spoke last month, it gives evidence that the wall of bitter prejudice between us and our more observant non-Catholic fellow-countrymen is breaking down in several places.

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Dodd, Mead & Co. send us the latest of Martha Finley's "Elsie Books," *Elsie and the Raymonds*. They must enjoy a certain popularity among the purveyors of literature for Protestant Sunday-schools, or the series, which has now taken "Elsie" from babyhood to grandmotherhood, could hardly have been so prolonged. But what an idea they give one of the long-suffering qualities of the average Sunday-school scholar! In our parish libraries any series at all comparable to this for priggishness, dulness, and dryness would languish in dust upon the shelves. But even these are not its worst faults. Consider, as a specimen of what is still taught the children of American Protestants by writers in good repute, this conversation between "Grandma Elsie's" son-in-law, Captain Raymond, and one of the wives of a Mormon elder. The captain has been telling her that Scriptural teaching is all in favor of monogamy:

"'You shake my faith in Mormonism,' she said, with a startled, troubled look.

"'I rejoice to hear it,' he responded; 'would that I could shake it to its utter destruction. Popery has been well-called 'Satan's masterpiece,' and Mormonism is another by the same hand; the points of resemblance are sufficient to prove that to my mind.'

'"Points of resemblance?' she repeated, inquiringly, 'I have never thought there were any, and I have a heart-hatred of popery, as you may well suppose, coming, as I do, from a land where she slew in former ages so many of God's saints. But surely in one thing the two are very different—the one forbidding to marry, the other encouraging men to take many wives.'

"'The difference in regard to that is not so great as may appear at first sight,' he returned. 'Both pander to men's lusts—for what are nunneries but 'priests' prisons for women,' as one who left the ranks of the popish priesthood has called them? Both teach children to forsake their parents; both teach lying and murder, when by such crimes they are expected to advance the cause of their church.'"

There is a page or more of this stuff, which neither author nor publishers can intend to be irenical in any sense. That, however, is of comparatively small importance. The untruthfulness of it, patent to all who do not deliberately confine themselves within the walls of prejudice and misrepresentation, should be a more heavy weight upon the consciences of those who put it forth. It is good to fight against whatever one honestly believes to be wrong. But it is never excusable to take a lie for the truth when the truth is entirely accessible to all who desire to know it.

Whatever else may be said of Miss Margaret Ryan's *Songs of Remembrance* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), the first impression

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they make on any reader can hardly be other than that of an unmitigated, and, indeed, an immitigable sadness. And yet the sorrow they embody is not merely that arising from the death of one beloved, but from the death of an exceptionally pious and upright Christian priest, the author's brother. If it would not be quite true to say that her grief, as here expressed, is altogether like that of those who "sorrow as having no hope," yet it is quite true that in these poems the note of hope and consolation is almost lost in the less noble one of painful resignation. Miss Ryan is too narrow, too personal, too "constant," as she calls herself in one of her sonnets, in her attitude toward life and death and love. Why are we Christians if the grave is to be as hopelessly the grave to us as it might be to disciples of Schopenhauer or to "pagans suckled in a creed outworn"? Miss Ryan has so good an ear, and so much facility in verse-making that it would be a pity if she should remain so self-involved and despondent.

Bonnie Dunraven: A Story of Kilcarrick (Boston: T. B. Noonan & Co.), is an interesting and well-written novel of Irish life among the smaller gentry, by Victor O'Donovan Power. The author has, in spots at least, a very feminine touch. The story is plotty, full of incident, and now and then dramatic. Some of the side sketches, as, for example, the Talbot girls at the picnic, show closer observation and better handling of superficial points of character than the more elaborately-conceived Bonnie and her friend Anna Wylde. There are some very poetic descriptive passages occasionally, and though the novel is not at all what would be called "patriotic" just now, it is thoroughly Irish in feeling.

Dodd, Mead & Co. send us another volume of the stories of the deceased novelist, E. P. Roe, containing *Taken Alive* and other brief novelettes, and also a reprint from *Lippincott's Magazine*, of an autobiographical sketch named "A Native Author, Called Roe." Some of the tales have been already briefly noticed in these pages; none of them ever called for any special remark. There is a breezy manliness about the autobiography, however, which awakens sympathy with the "native author's" pluck and energy. What a good worker, one says, what a faithful, industrious fellow! He deserved success! But when one turns from the record of his patient hours at his desk to consider the result arrived at—not counting, of course, the result in dollars and cents, which was considerable—what a flat waste of time it all seems. Was there anything intellectual in it? Any-

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thing as really dignified as growing strawberries and selling them? On the whole, our personal preference is altogether for the market-gardener Roe, as against the "native author."

From the same publishers comes a translation of Ludovic Halévy's famous story, *The Abbé Constantin*, too well known in its original form and in other English renderings to call for criticism. The present edition is well printed on smooth, heavy paper, with wide margins, and is moreover capitally illustrated by reproductions of Madeleine Lemaire's beautiful water-color drawings. Barring a few freedoms of speech on the part of Paul de Lavardens, of the sort which very few Frenchmen seem to be able to deny themselves even when bent on decorum, the novel is a masterpiece, and may be safely recommended. Halévy, we believe, is a Jew, by birth if not by conviction, but in this story he has been content to be an artist simply, and to paint the good Abbé Constantin and his two American parishioners with a most sympathetic hand.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's new poem, *Wyndham Towers* (New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is not only eminently readable for its story, but exceptionally good blank-verse into the bargain. But that was to be expected. Its author's lightness of touch and artistic sense of what may and what may not be said were to be counted on for so much as that. Nevertheless, one wonders that in describing the effect of the sudden revelation of Griselda's charm on Richard Wyndham, he could have allowed himself a figure so inconceivably bad as this:

> "If so much beauty had a tiger been
> 'T had eaten him!"

There is a certain stupid ferocity in that conception which is, to say the least of it, inartistic. But the poem has many fine lines and some exquisite pictures. Take this, for instance:

> "A chill wind freshened in the pallid East
> And brought sea-smell of newly-blossomed foam,
> And stirred the leaves and branch-hung nests of birds.
> Fainter the glow-worm's lantern glimmered now
> In the marsh-land and on the forest's hem,
> And the slow dawn, with purple laced the sky
> Where sky and sea lay sharply edge to edge.
> The purple melted, changed to violet,
> And that to every delicate sea-shell tinge,
> Blush-pink, deep cinnabar; then no change was,
> Save that the air had in it sense of wings,
> Till suddenly the heavens were all aflame,
> And it was morning."

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Of the five women who record their convictions on the subject of divorce in the January *North American*, only two, Rose Terry Cooke and "Jennie June," have their faces set dead against it. Mrs. Cooke takes Protestant religious grounds for her opposition. "It has been," she writes, "and still is, after a long life, my fixed opinion that in all the affairs of this world, as well as the next, the Scriptures are the only infallible guide." Hence, in replying to the editor's four questions: "(1) Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances? (2) Ought divorced people be allowed to marry under any circumstances? (3) What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family? (4) Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society," she states her conviction that nothing but "the infidelity to the marriage vow in its most personal clause, of either husband or wife," can justify divorce. As to the remarriage of either, she not only disbelieves in it but adds that her own "feeling is strong against any remarriage after separation by death"—at least for women. These are the only salient points she makes—a sort of assertion of individual preferences, in the first place for her own interpretation of the letter of Holy Writ, and in the second for the principle underlying the Hindoo suttee. The attitude of Mrs. Croly, "Jennie June," will be more generally comprehensible. She disapproves of divorce, but not on sentimental grounds. Side by side, she justly says, with the ease with which divorces may be secured, there has grown up a belief in individual rights and the pursuit of individual inclination as the highest goods. A marriage that at the outset does not fulfil expectation is considered a "mistake," and one which ought to be rectified because it may have serious consequences. She goes on to remark that the order of nature compels those who make mistakes to suffer from their own acts, even though committed in ignorance of their consequences. She refuses to consider marriage as a mere arrangement "to make two people happy," and takes the ground that it has "a much more serious intention, a much deeper meaning than this—a meaning that the civilized world generally feels and recognizes, and that renders it superior to the wickedness of many legal enactments, and still preserves the married home as the rule and separation as the exception." There is good, solid thinking in this paper of Mrs. Croly's. Though there is nothing formally religious in it, she has grasped the truth that marriage in the thought of God, the union of one man with one woman, is the gate through which life passes, and that it must be guarded in the high-

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est interests of life. Duty is the only solvent she knows of for the perplexities of this vexed question. "It clears up so many things," she says, "if we put ourselves out of the question, and accept what comes to us as simple duty, as that which is given us to do, and that we are to do as well as we can, with such patience and judgment and ability as we possess. . . . The grave and eternal responsibilities of marriage may well induce the thoughtful among the young to pause and reflect before incurring them. But once they have done so, there is no turning back; for they are no longer living for themselves; they no longer exist as separate entities; they have formed a combination and become a new product, a part of the eternal and ever-flowing life of the universe—and their business is to find points of agreement in this new life and thus aid in making it harmonious; not reasons for difference, which must always exist in a life and among people of infinitely varied ideas, tastes, habits, and capacities."

Of course, the trouble with such views, just as they are in themselves, is that they have no appreciable value as social forces. In the absence of a definite Christian faith which can answer satisfactorily the questions put to it by a trained intelligence, human nature and individual inclinations are seldom sufficiently "altruistic" to keep up to the difficult level of Christian marriage. That, as Dr. Brownson writes in *The Convert*, "is above the strength of human nature in our present fallen state, and needs Christian grace." The remark is, of course, not universally applicable, but there is no doubt that it does apply to average men and women encountering more than average difficulties in the marriage state. And the statistics of divorce seem to show either that the general average of humanity is much lower than it was even twenty years ago, or that the common run of difficulties rises above its old standard. The majority of the good and reputable women who have expressed their opinions in the *North American* seem to think both horns of the dilemma more than sufficiently sharp. The list of reasons for granting divorce ought to be considerably lengthened, says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, while Mrs. Barr puts the blunt question why the "Seventh Commandment" of the Mosaic law should be treated with so much respect when people have long been exempted from most of its other enactments? Because it was reiterated by our Saviour? She thinks his words have been misunderstood. "What *God* has joined man *cannot* put asunder." It is the man-made marriages which result in unhappiness, and it is those this lady would call on the law to sever, with permission

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to one or both parties to it to remarry. Every marriage is man-made which does not result in perfect happiness, apparently. Colonel Ingersoll is of much the same mind, but then he has no steady employment, that we know of, as a contributor to Sunday-school literature and the Protestant religious press. To do Mrs. Barr justice, her novels, so far as we are acquainted with them, contain no trace of such opinions. Now and then they give a vicious "little dig" at the Catholic faith, which the paper we are referring to goes far to explain, but they uniformly breathe an atmosphere of purity and wholesome feeling. Perhaps the average good woman's heart is apt to be a safer guide than her head. We take it to be the latter which Mrs. Barr consulted when she sat down at her desk with this list of editorial questions before her.

It would be pleasant to be able to say a hearty word of approval concerning Mr. William Forbes Cooley's *Emmanuel: The Story of the Messiah* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) It is an attempt to put the life of our Lord, as conceived from one of the several Protestant standpoints, into the form of a historical novel. It runs, therefore, on the same general lines as Wallace's *Ben Hur*, and differs from it less in tenor and purport than in its manner of treating the same theme. It is as hopelessly dull as any book could be which introduced the Son of God made man, and did so with an unfeigned reverence. But Mr. Cooley's reverence for the Christ whom he has evolved from the Gospels by the aid of a singularly tame imagination, is quite compatible with much which must be exceedingly repulsive to any reader holding the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation. According to him, our Lord received the first intimation that he might himself be the Messiah when talking with the doctors in the temple in his twelfth year. Perhaps this impression might have faded, but the baptism at Jordan determined its validity. To quote Mr. Cooley:

"Startling, wonderful, and in some cases full of promise as the scene of his baptism had been to many, *to him its significance was incomparably greater!* At last the question was settled; he, and not another, was the Chosen One, the Lord's Anointed. The great prophet of God, whose voice was shaking the land, had recognized him; the voice from heaven had confirmed and completed his recognition. The sign long waited for . . . had come at last; he was the Son of God, and the time of his manifestation was at hand."

Mr. Cooley gives his readers no direct means of knowing his belief about the miraculous conception of Christ. His story

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begins with the first Christmas, not with the Annunciation. But he gives abundant grounds for the inference that he considers St. Joseph to have been his natural father. True, he nowhere says so. Like the author of *Ben Hur*, he gives the spouse of Mary a rather ignominious part to play. He is a peasant with a "rather stolid but honest countenance," presumably the father of Jesus, and certainly so of Mary's other children—four or five sons, that is, and a daughter. At one crisis in our Saviour's life these "brethren of Jesus," says Mr. Cooley, "induced their mother to accompany them to Capernaum," and try to persuade him to relinquish his dangerous course. She could not quite agree with—

"James and the other brothers that Jesus was beside himself. . . . Yet in her perplexity and distress she was not without the fear that *she had made a mistake in relating to Jesus as he came to manhood the incidents of his birth. Who could tell but that these narratives had really unbalanced his mind?*"

No doubt these things are very shocking. But it will surprise nobody who has any knowledge of that idiosyncrasy of the Protestant mind which permits it to pick and choose its facts and alter or reject documents at will, and by virtue of which, indeed, it is Protestant and not avowedly infidel, to find that Mr. Cooley keeps pretty closely to the Gospel text, accepts all the miracles and believes in the death, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour. We should add that, although at pains to provide the ever-Virgin Mother with so many natural protectors, Mr. Cooley has almost lost sight of them by the time he arrives at the Passion, and is at no loss to discover a reason for the precious legacy to St. John. They had never been in close sympathy with their brother, he insinuates, and it was with an eye to this fact that he had once declared, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Mr. Cooley's book does not deserve on its merits the space here given it, but it affords occasion for accentuating the wide and painful difference between what passes for orthodox Protestantism in very many quarters and the true faith of Christendom.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Boston leads the way with five newly-formed Catholic Reading Circles, started within the past year in response to the appeal of the Columbian Reading Union. No other city on our list can claim an equal number. To Boston, therefore, justly belongs the glory of having developed in a short space of time the largest number of active workers. We congratulate the leaders and members of the movement, and hope to get from them in the near future some further account of the methods used to promote the rapid growth of Reading Circles.

We are informed that the speedy results at Boston are largely due to the active zeal and liberality of the Rev. James B. Troy. He has generously provided at his own expense fifty copies of the pamphlet edition of "Books and Reading," by Brother Azarias, lately republished from THE CATHOLIC WORLD by the Cathedral Library Reading Circle, of New York. At our request he has also kindly sent some valuable suggestions in the following letter for publication:

"As to the utility of the Reading Circle there should be no question. But to bear much fruit it should be well managed. I think the Reading Circle should not be a religious society in the ordinary sense of the term. The object of a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is to encourage devotion to the Mother of God. The end is distinctively religious. The end of the Reading Circle should be somewhat different. Hence it should be well understood that we are to read not only what are called "pious books," but that we are also to enter the whole wide field of Catholic literature. Fiction, history, philosophy, theology—every foot of the field of Catholic literature should be traversed.

"Going to the other extreme, the Reading Circle should not be merely a social club, though it is well to cultivate the social element in our nature. But this, I think, should be a work apart from that of the Reading Circle. Members of a Circle are then to understand that they are not merely to come together at stated intervals for the purpose of having a pleasant, social time. If they are to derive any profit from the Reading Circle, they must work. I mean that they must read the books intelligently, and also bring intelligence to the discussion of the books at the general meeting of the Circle. It will not do, for instance, to read only the conversational part of an historical novel and pay no attention to the facts of history.

"In the discussion of the books there should be a competent guide. We all know that respect for intellectual ability is a special characteristic of the American people. When we listen to a public speaker and are obliged to admit that he knows more about the matter he is discussing than we do, we respect his intellectual superiority. So with the guide in the Reading Circle. She should be a person whose opinion in literary matters the members of the Circle will respect. Not, indeed, that the guide should monopolize the conversation. Her main duty, as I conceive it, should be to make the members express the thoughts they have with regard to the books they have read. This at times will require a great deal of tact.

JAMES B. TROY.

"*Roxbury, Boston, Mass.*"

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We are glad to welcome the "Hecker Catholic Reading Circle," of Providence, R. I., organized in the parish of the Immaculate Conception. The secretary, Miss Ellen L. Virgin, writes concerning it:

"Our Circle consists of both young men and young women, and our young men manifest the deepest interest and enthusiasm in all the work of the Circle. We have an active membership of twenty, and have received as many more applications for membership. We meet fortnightly in the hall attached to the church. Several other Circles are to be organized."

To the Brownson Lyceum, of Providence, and especially to its energetic president, Mr. John G. Hanrahan, the Columbian Reading Union is already indebted for many favors. Its object and plans were explained by one of the speakers at the public meeting held in honor of the delegates to the Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. From the golden words of advice uttered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins on that occasion we feel convinced that he takes a deep paternal interest in all forms of organization having in view the self-improvement of young people. Besides favorable anticipations, we now rejoice to know that the "Hecker Reading Circle" is actually established, and is the first of many others to be organized in the beautiful city of Providence.

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We thoroughly appreciate the condition of things which prevails in many small towns, as well as in the cities, where the demand for Catholic literature is urgent and the supply is scanty. The following letter makes known an intellectual want felt by thousands of Catholics in the United States:

"Those living within easy reach of Catholic literature hardly know the mental starvation endured by those of less favored places where a Catholic of any literary inclination is dependent upon the resources of public libraries, with their indiscriminate selections. I am sorry to be so far from any local benefits to be derived, but am glad to know that a Catholic Reading Union is a national possibility. M. E. M."

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The list of stories for young readers prepared by the Ozanam Reading Circle of New York City has been favorably received. We quote some passages from the introduction, worthy of the profound attention of all who wish to assist in the production and dissemination of healthful juvenile literature:

"Conscientious parents and teachers do not give books to children under their charge without forming some opinion of their contents. Neither do they permit untrained minds to choose at random books from public libraries, which often contain an abundant supply of the worst juvenile literature and very few specimens of that which is best. It is very easy to get stories of boys who are made to talk like sceptics, and to perform daring acts of disobedience in school and out of school. For many reasons, which cannot here be mentioned, healthful, interesting stories with a good moral tone are not so plentifully distributed. Many have neither the time nor opportunity for a personal inspection of books intended as presents for the young. Hence the need of making an effort to secure reliable guidance from those competent to decide. This list has been prepared, with that object in view, at the request of the Columbian Reading Union. It contains only a few of the many good books issued by Catholic publishers, and will serve as an introduction to more extended lists in the future.

"Bulky volumes, used chiefly as ornaments for a marble-top table, are purchased at an exorbitant price from travelling agents. In vain do parents expect children to be attracted by such books, especially when they contain specimens

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of worn-out woodcuts and colored pictures in shocking bad taste. The money spent for such publications could be more profitably invested by getting handy volumes which children will read with avidity. Very few can afford to buy books merely as ornaments.

"It is a matter of regret that so little attention has been given to the study of Catholic boy-life in the United States. The numerous specimens of imported boys in books used for premiums have too much of a foreign environment to become attractive heroes, or models to be imitated by young Americans. There is urgent need of writers in this field, and from the present outlook it does not seem likely that the supply will keep pace with the demand. Intelligent parents and school managers can do much, however, by judicious discrimination in favor of publishers who will offer liberal encouragement to authors fully qualified to write books showing forth the noble traits of character to be found among Catholic boys and girls of America."

The list of titles as here given is not intended to be exhaustive, only four books being allowed to each publisher. But it is fairly representative of the best books yet produced under Catholic auspices; and this statement is made with full knowledge of how much room there is for improvement.

Catholic Authors.	Titles of Books.	Publishers.
J. D. Bryant, M.D.	*Pauline Seward*	John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.
Frederick W. Faber	*Ethel's Book of Angels*	" "
Anna H. Dorsey	*Ada's Trust*	" "
" "	*Beth's Promise*	" "
Countess de Ségur	*Adventures of a Donkey.* Illustrated.	Baltimore Publishing Co., 106 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.
Mary M. Meline	*Mowbrays and Harringtons*	" "
Kate Taylor	*Known Too Late*	" "
—— ——	*Popular Moral Tales*	" "
Maurice F. Egan	*A Garden of Roses*	Thomas B. Noonan & Co., 17, 19 and 21 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Cardinal Wiseman	*The Lamp of the Sanctuary*	" "
—— ——	*Golden Legends of Christian Youth*	" "
—— ——	*Told by the Firelight*	" "
—— ——	*Memoirs of a New York Doll.* Illustrated	Catholic Publication Society Co.
—— ——	*Uncle Ned's Stories for Boys and Girls.* Illustrated	" "
—— ——	*Little Pierre, the Pedlar of Alsace.* Illustrated	" "
—— ——	*Maggie's Rosary*	" "
Agnes Sadlier	*The Children's Book.* Illustrated	D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 33 Barclay St., New York City.
Mary C. Crowley	*Merry Hearts and True*	" "
Rev. W. H. Anderdon	*The Catholic Crusoe*	" "
D. P. Conyngham, LL.D.	*The Flower of Avondale*	" "
Winnie Rover	*The Neptune Outward Bound*	P. O'Shea, 45 Warren St., New York City.
" "	*The Neptune Afloat*	" "
" "	*The Neptune at the Golden Horn*	" "
E. Souvestre	*Legends of Brittany*	" "
Maurice F. Egan	*The Life Around Us*	Fr. Pustet & Co.
Harry O'Brien	*The Prairie Boy.* Illustrated	P. J. Kenedy, 5 Barclay St., New York City.
Marion J. Brunowe	*Seven of Us*	" "
Valentine Williams	*The Captain of the Club*	" "
Rev. A. M. Gruissi, C.PP.S.	*Stories for Young Readers*	" "
Rosa Mulholland	*Hetty Gray; or, Nobody's Bairn*	The Vatican Library Co., 13 Barclay St., New York City.
" "	*The Victor's Laurel*	" "
" "	*Kathleen's Motto*	" "
Augusta Drane	*Uriel*	" "
Christian Reid	*A Child of Mary*	*Ave Maria* Publishing Co., Notre Dame, Ind.
—— ——	*Once Upon a Time*	" "
E. L. Dorsey	*Midshipman Bob*	" "
—— ——	*Stories for Stormy Sundays*	" "

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Marion J. Brunowe...	*A Lucky Family*	A. Riffarth, 42 Barclay St., New York City.
Neenah	*Percy Wynn; or, Making a Boy of Him*	A. J. Schiml, Napoleon, Ohio.
—— ——	*Marion Howard*	Peter F. Cunningham & Son,
—— ——	*Ferncliffe*	817 Arch St. Philadelphia,
—— ——	*Beech Bluff*	Pa.
—— ——	*Madame Lavalle's Bequest*	" "

ATTRACTIVE BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION.

Rev. B. J. Spalding	*History of the Church of God.* Illustrated	Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay St., New York City.
Rosa Mulholland	*The First Christmas.* Illustrated	Fr. Pustet & Co., 50 and 52
Thomas F. Brennan	*Shade and Light.* Illustrated	Barclay St., New York City.
Eleanor C. Donnelly	*Our Birthday Bouquet*	Benziger Bros., 36 and 38
" "	*Little Compliments of the Season.* Illustrated	Barclay St., New York City. " "
—— ——	*Greetings to the Christ-Child.* Illustrated	" "
Rosa Mulholland	*Story of Jesus simply told for the Young.* Illustrated	" "

For future lists of this kind we shall be pleased to get from each Catholic publisher a marked copy of his catalogue, indicating the most attractive books for general circulation. Send ten cents in postage for the complete list, with comments on authors, etc., of stories for young readers to the Columbian Reading Union, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. M. C. M.

A MISSION SCHOOL.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLORED SCHOOL,
NORFOLK, Virginia, Dec. 9, 1889.

REV. DEAR SIR: Knowing how interested you are in our work here, I delayed answering your kind letter until I learned more of the condition of our scholars, their parents, and their homes.

There is but one Catholic church in Norfolk, St. Mary's, and the colored members of the congregation occupy a gallery at the back of the church and near the organ-loft. There are about seventy-five or one hundred practical Catholics at the very most, and they are all very poor. Most of the colored men are employed in the cotton-mills or in lading English vessels with cargo during this part of the year, while others are given work in the lumber-yards, or catch fish for a living. The women seem to earn their bread too, at washing, sewing, or cleaning houses, although they get but fifty cents for a whole day's work, while the average pay for a man is six or seven dollars per week.

In visiting their homes we found many who had been owned by Catholic masters, and have within the past few years only dropped from their own church, and now attend either of the Protestant denominations, and all this in spite of the zeal and devotion of our good priests; but they all seemed to rejoice at the prospect of a church being built for them, and professed their willingness to "get renewed and come back." Many of them are like children, and must be treated with gentleness until they are taught to realize the seriousness of life and their duty to God and their neighbor. There is still too great a tendency in them to *barter* for everything they do or give, and yet it would not take very

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much to make them love the liberty of our religion and become faithful members. Many among them, as is quite natural, like to be *prominent*, and unless they are by themselves, and with colored people alone, there is a self-consciousness about them which acts as a restraint; this shyness, together with the many "lodges" and "societies" attached to the churches where only colored members belong, have drawn some of our colored Catholics away from the true church; but let us hope a better day is dawning for them, and for us who long to bring them to the Master from whom they have strayed.

Not quite three months ago we opened the schools here, at the request of the Josephite Fathers, to whom money had been given for the purchase of the property and house we occupy. It was in possession of *fifteen colored families*, who rented it from the owners; so extensive repairs were necessary to make it habitable for the four Franciscan Sisters who were appointed for the work. Three of us are engaged in teaching every day. We have one hundred scholars, divided into three classes, and they are attentive and anxious to learn as well and as much as they can. The larger children learn prayers, catechism, the "three R's," with geography, history, and grammar; and on Wednesday and Friday afternoons the girls are taught plain sewing. During the sewing-class one girl is appointed to read some simple tale, Catholic, of course, and the following day it is the subject of their dictation lesson, and they show in that an evidence of attention and of understanding which has been a great surprise for us.

I teach a primary class of thirty-seven boys and girls in one of the rooms in our little convent, and in the room above the larger girls are taught. The little girls showed great anxiety to be taught sewing on the two appointed days, and as I wished to encourage them and to teach them, I was at a loss how to occupy the boys so that we might be free to devote ourselves to the sewing. There was nothing better, it seemed, than to furnish each little black lad with a needle and thread and a strip of cloth and three large buttons, and let them belong to "our class." The girls tried to laugh at them, but the boys were brave and did not care, though the needle nearly always went through the top of their finger instead of through the hole in the button, and the buttons were nearly every one sewn on wrong side up, and every needle lost its point in that first awful sewing lesson; but it was not altogether a failure, and they all agreed that it was much harder to sew a button on than to pull one off.

There is a singular power in their secret societies. Even these little children often ask to be excused from school to attend *their* lodge meeting on certain afternoons. One little girl told me she belonged to the "Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity." They pay ten cents every month and get "thirty dollars *when they die*." That is the attraction, and they go on paying from infancy to old age.

We pass by a Methodist church on our way to St. Vincent's Hospital, where we go to hear Mass, and on Sunday mornings and evenings meetings are held there, and it is a reproach to us to see the congregation that comes out of that church—three hundred at the very least, and the greater number are men, young men, too. If we only had a big church, like the old church in Sixtieth Street, where we could have Mass and Benediction and congregational singing, what a harvest we might reap! Do pray, father, that it may not be far distant.

We can work for the children in the meantime, although we have only twenty-three Catholics among our one hundred pupils. The Sunday-school and children's Mass are much better attended at present than before we opened the school. Forty-three children were present last Sunday, of whom twenty-two were non-Catholic. They are attentive and respectful, and know their catechism

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as well as our white children. With some little tots we have had difficulty in making them say that "man is a *creature* composed of body and soul," for their decided opinion seemed to be that "man is a *preacher*"!

There is an old wooden shanty back of our convent and facing Queen Street where the boys' school is held for the present. We have to get new beams and supports put in occasionally to keep it together, and to prevent the wind and rain from coming in through *too* many places at once. The ground on which this building stands is intended for a new school-house when we get the means to begin work. Who speaks first with a contribution? My letter is much longer than it was intended it should be, and I hope you are not wearied by it. Your letter encouraged us very much, and it was a real act of charity, for, excepting our kind and benevolent priests, we are strangers here, and even the climate is not familiar to us, for it is not like the Christmas weather of the dear North, and it is not easy to realize that in two weeks the grand old *Adeste fideles* will be heard once more mingling its music with the Christmas bells in so many sanctuaries, where the "*Venite adoremus*" will be accepted by Mary's Divine Child on our altars. Very sincerely yours, SISTER MARY PAUL, O.S.F.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPRECIATIONS, with an Essay on Style. By Walter Pater. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

A book from the pen of Mr. Walter Pater is certain of a welcome from all those whose welcome is worth the having. There is that about his style that marks him as painstaking and exacting even to the turn of a phrase—perhaps more painstaking as regards the turn of a phrase than as regards the whole truth of a statement. Still, his book is such as scholars delight in, even when bound to differ with him. *Appreciations* is not always easy reading. The sentences lack directness and point. They are not unfrequently labored—the sentences of one groping after fresh material and new form in which to clothe it.

The book contains suggestive essays about Wordsworth and Coleridge and Charles Lamb. But the authors with whom Mr. Pater seems to be most in sympathy are William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The whole bent of his mind is towards the school of modern æstheticism. Indeed, his writings may well be taken as the best prosaic exponent of that school. There is the same devotion to art for art's sake; there is the same careful structure of sentences; there is the same sense for the weird and the bizarre; there also is the same anxiety to leave all beaten paths and explore new fields of thought and construct new forms of expression

To our mind the most thoughtful essay in the book is the opening one on Style. It is fresh and suggestive. It has the advantage of being written by one who has made a study of his subject, and who knows whereof he speaks. The very names he mentions show the high ideal he has set up.

"Different classes of persons," he says, "at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like *Lycidas*, a perfect fiction like *Esmond*, the

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perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University*, has for them something of the uses of a religious 'retreat'" (p. 24).

In this quotation we find Mr. Pater's central idea of literature—the point of view from which he regards it—as well as his ideals. Literature is to him a fine art, "like all other fine art." As such it must possess form. The form may be severe and unadorned, as in some of Stendhal's best work; it may be luxuriant in ornament, as in *Les Miserables* of Victor Hugo; it may be rich in the graces of unpretentious and unconscious beauty, as in *The Vicar of Wakefield;* so long as it contains the unity of design, the proportion of parts, "the one beauty" that is of the essence of the subject and is "independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration," so long will the work be appreciated as a piece of art. According to Mr. Pater, the great element that enters into the construction of artistic form is "self-restraint, a skilful economy of means." "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he omits." But, as we shall see later on, this artistic omission has various aspects, all of which must be taken into account when criticising a work.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Pater barely touches upon the rhythm of prose. It is a fruitful theme and it may yet lead to the construction of laws of prose rhythm as well defined as those of poetic rhythm. It underlies every form of approved style. It varies with a music all its own. The rhythm of Milton's *Areopagitica* is distinct from that of Hooker's celebrated definition of law in the *Ecclesiastical Polity;* these, again, are distinct from that of Macaulay's well-known passage on the church or Newman's classic sentences on music. Then, also, is there variety in each author. Now he writes in a minor key, now in a major.

But a more serious oversight in Mr. Pater's discussion of style is the fact that he loses sight of the possibilities of style. He speaks as though all the best forms of style were exhausted. Indeed, he is almost a Humanist in his conception of the importance of form. But we cannot make the past the exclusive measure of the future. Every innovation of every great artist has been a shock to his contemporaries. We have before us a remonstrance of a friend and admirer of Michelangelo's when that great artist painted "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. The artist represented every vice in all its horrors as his vast brain conceived it, and the friend objected to the boldness of the conception and the freedom of its execution. He was shocked. No doubt we shall all be shocked on that dread day—"that day of wrath." A complacent painting of that subject must needs be a failure. The remedy for Michelangelo was not to clothe his naked, loathsome figures, but to wipe out the great masterpiece.

Again, the admirers of Mozart and Bach and Beethoven found in the music of Wagner nothing but the discord and the shrieks of nature. But who will say to-day that Wagner has not given music a new and a noble form? So also with Browning. He seems to have smashed every mould of literary expression, and out of the fragments fashioned unto himself a rough and rugged mould in which he throws his magnificent soul-readings. Does not our disappointment arise from our bringing to the reading of him our preconceived literary notions? Of course we do not find them. His work is not that of rehearsing and re-echoing. He has a mission all his own, and he expresses himself in language all his own. We look, for instance, for growth and development of character as exemplified in a series of words and acts. Browning has nothing to do with growth and development of character. He leaves that to the novelist. His work is to take a soul in the supreme moment—the great crisis of its life—and show forth the making or the marring of that soul under the touch of adver-

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sity or prosperity. Or, in a mediæval tale, he mirrors forth some old-new thought as applicable to-day as when the story was first told. Take as an example his last volume of poems, *Asolando*, over which the critics are at this moment so much divided. Take the story of the lawyer who has grown wealthy out of the money extorted from the widow and the orphan, and whom the devil is waiting to strangle as soon as he gives up saying the little prayer that he had learned in his youth. The lawyer is on good terms with himself and with the whole world. He gives liberally to the church. He has the ecclesiastical dignitaries to dine at his table. But once read, can that incident of the Father Superior wringing from his napkin the blood that had been coined into the means by which the lawyer could live so sumptuously ever be forgotten? And are there no deacons, no pillars and mainstays of our churches, on whom everybody smiles, who have coined the money they are so liberal with out of the sweat and blood and tears of the poor and the oppressed? Is not the evil spirit of greed and rapine awaiting the opportunity to strangle such men? No; there is depth in Browning; his meaning is hard to get at, but once you enter into his point of view and read from that outward the whole grandeur of his conception stands forth in all its rugged proportions.

We may not admire the new forms; we may prefer the old ones; but it were unwisdom to quarrel with that which does not please us. A.

HYMNS WITH TUNES FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND CONGREGATIONS. The music composed, selected, and arranged by Edmund G. Hurley, Organist and Choirmaster of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

HYMNS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND CONGREGATIONS. Selected by Edmund G. Hurley, Organist and Choirmaster of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. To accompany *Hymns with Tunes for Catholic Schools and Congregations*. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

The first of these little books contains the words and music of fifty hymns and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; the second contains the words only of the same hymns and litany. The first may be used for classes of larger children in schools and the second for the smaller children. For congregational use, choice may be made of either, according to circumstances of the number and character of the people and the methods adopted to introduce hymn-singing into a parish. The larger book is sold for $10 a hundred; the smaller one, we presume, for very much less.

This selection contains three hymns for Advent, six for Christmas-time, five for Lent, three for Easter and Pentecost, eight for the Blessed Sacrament, nine for the Blessed Virgin and for May devotions, and seventeen for occasional use. Thirteen of the tunes are original compositions of Mr. Hurley, and the rest have been selected on account of their proved fitness and beauty. All these hymns have been tried, most of them for many years, and found good by actual experiment. They are for the most part the result of selection by different judges after long trial in the Sunday-school and congregation of St. Paul's Church, New York. They are something like the result of "the survival of the fittest." They are not children's hymns in the sense of being juvenile; they are fitted for all ages and all grades of intelligence. The words and verses are simple, yet the reverse of dull; the music is tuneful, easy to learn, pleasant to sing. But its best praise is that it is religious. Very few of the tunes pass the boundaries of what is called grave music, and not one of them is frivolous. What is called lackadais-

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ical or even worldly music is not found here, and nothing is borrowed from the opera. The hymns are all calculated to arouse devotion, and are all expressive of doctrine and worship in a good degree, some in a very high degree.

The harmonies are arranged so that any one who can play even a little can quickly learn them; they are good, solid harmonies, mostly diatonic, suited to the capacities of any kind of organist and, for singing, of all who have had any practice in singing in parts. These harmonies will be found very effective for singing, but the hymns cannot be used in less than four parts or in unison. Unison is the best for large numbers anyway, and two-part singing is not good in the circumstances which these publications are designed to meet.

It might be objected that the number of hymns given by Mr. Hurley is too small; but this, we think, can only be urged by persons of limited experience. Fifty good hymns, well practised and known, is all that can be relied on in average congregations. The selection here offered goes through the entire liturgical year, with the addition of excellent hymns, under the head *Occasional*, for the usual devotions of the faithful. If one insists that a bigger book is needed, Father Young's *Catholic Hymnal*, or some other one of like scope, will be found more copious in repertory. But for practical use in Sunday-schools and parish schools, and especially for the introduction of congregational singing, Mr. Hurley's little book furnishes a practical, simple, and inexpensive manual.

For schools the best plan would be to purchase a full supply of the book containing the words and tunes both, and place a copy in the hands of every child. All scholars are taught music nowadays, and here is the first and best occasion for practical use of that knowledge for religious purposes. The very same may be said of choirs and sodalities. The use of the notes by persons, children or adults, who know even a little music will make the task of learning a very short one indeed. For the use of the whole congregation, let those who know anything about music buy the larger book and use it, taking it home and playing and singing the hymns in their families; the others can use the smaller one.

It is a delusion to suppose that there is any great difficulty in introducing the singing of hymns by the whole people. This hymn-book in the people's hands, an organist to play the tunes and accompany the singing, a priest to give some very simple rehearsals, and the result is secured. The tune of the hymn selected to begin with should be played over two or three times on the organ, then a few persons prepared beforehand—for instance, the choir or a sodality scattered throughout the church—should sing it over, after that the whole congregation should try the first one or two lines, and then the whole verse. In fifteen minutes or less you will have a large enough number able to go along with the organ very well indeed, and after a short time the whole people singing in a body without fear of mistakes. What, as a matter of fact, is most of all needed is neither organ, book, nor practice, but a conviction that the singing of the divine praises by all the people is pleasing to God and beneficial to souls, and then the courage of one's conviction.

This book is also good for use on missions where the fathers are desirous of introducing congregational singing.

THE CONTINUOUS CREATION. An Application of the Evolutionary Philosophy to the Christian Religion. By Myron Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Adams is a theistic evolutionist of the most radical type, who seeks to reconcile the new philosophy with the Christian religion, not as that is authoritatively given, but as reconstructed to suit the evolutionary theory.

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Accordingly, he reverses the doctrine of man's fall from a state of original justice to that of his rise from the condition of atoms and force to an Incarnate Deity. He holds that there is a personal God who causes all things by this process of evolution; that Christ was produced by it, and was only a being in the order of nature, and that miracles were only natural operations. As regards the immortality of the soul, he applies the theory of the survival of the fittest, and seems to think that the quality of holiness is essential to immortal life; then the continuous life, which is essential to the future existence, is made dependent upon the possession of a quality which the soul is free to have or not have. Moreover, according to evolution, the human intellect and will must have their origin in certain animal instincts (p. 144), and man must consequently be only force and matter, so developed through different eons by the power of the Eternal Energy as to be able to pray to and worship God. We see in this instance how a contradiction is involved in the application of the theory of the survival of the fittest to the soul. By it a quality non-essential to existence is made something without which the soul cannot exist. And, in regard to this theory of the origin of the soul, reason teaches us that it is absurd to derive a spiritual substance from the action of eternal energy upon matter and force, because spiritual and material natures have nothing in common.

Besides, the denial of the supernatural order in the Incarnation, and the attempt to explain miracles by natural causes, are merely endeavors to set aside facts which are as indisputable as anything we can know by the testimony of the senses and the light of reason. Mr. Adams ought to understand that the historic facts which he denies—the creation, the incarnation, and its attendant miracles—are more certain than any which can be ascertained regarding the pre-historic periods of the earth; and we fear that his mistake, like that of many others, is the result of a nervous impatience lest revelation should seem inconsistent with the speculations and half-truths of the hour. He should be content to wait, knowing that error, like other delinquents, has a strong tendency to self-destruction. It is remarkable that he, notwithstanding these errors, claims to believe in Christianity, and dedicates his book to Plymouth Congregational Church, of Rochester, N. Y., over which he has been pastor for many years.

FREE METHOD IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. Suggestions offered to all lovers of children, by One of Themselves. London: Arthur J. Roche.

This commendable treatise is an English production. It is in the writer's mind to see established the "free method" in education, of which so much is written by his American cousins. And this, albeit, with professed loyalty to "code requirements." We theorize so amazingly on elementary teaching, and have put so little of our theorizing into practice, that it is mildly exhilarating to read this suggestive work, with its fresh air of originality and simple tender of "new" modes for "drawing out" the dormant faculties of childhood. It is claimed for free method that it is one of the on-coming influences of the age. We will essay to give the gist of the argument, though the book, in order to be profited by, must be read as a whole.

"Child-gardening," so we read, to be productive, must be commenced when the child is two or thereabouts, and at this tender age the perceptions of the senses should be cultivated with a full and free development of every faculty; with this, by the proper modes, fitting apparatus, and capable exponents, there would be an accompanying development in each individual child of self-recognition, self-dependence, and the healthy germs of a knowledge how to preserve and draw on reserve forces.

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The "mistaken ideals of the past, in which the training of character, if recognized at all, is made entirely subordinate to the aims of study"—these are to be far distanced, and in their place the author "pleads especially for (1) Precision, (2) Fun, and (3) Mutual Helpfulness" It is thought the aim, the very meaning of education (which is the development and training of the natural faculties, with the setting of these at their true work) is flagrantly lost sight of in daily routine of mechanical and arbitrary method. The instructors of youth are begged to develop and nourish those germs of all that is sweet and noble innate in the soul of each child, to satisfy the yearnings, the sometimes intense cravings, for the good in every form of those child-souls. To teach that truth, the soul of poetry, is likewise the soul of *all* that is beautiful. As for the considerable length of theorizing preface, a possible accusation of Quixotism is refuted by, "'Faith worketh by love.' Here is the true Key. The misuse of the word need not, must not, lead to the ignoring of it, *still less the loss of the sacred thing it signifies.*"

The plea for *room*, p. 36, sounds familiar. "We cannot be hurried, and must not be cramped. We want to be able to breathe and move freely." School furniture had better take its chances, is said further on, than that "rudimentary wings" be injured through lack of room for their activities. Elasticity, spontaneity, a training of the affections and of the will—these are the key-notes that reverberate all through the composition; they are emphasized as they need be, if the free method is to take its place among the "on-coming influences" of the age. Teach the little ones to do the right for love and happiness, not for chains.

So much for the preamble on principle, after which the practice. The egoism entailed by such individual development is to be remedied by various means proposed; among others, practical studies from the book of nature, lessons in the sciences, "translated into the vernacular"; the tendency to idleness in its many forms would be also thus counteracted, so it is set forth with persuasive and pleasing detail. The modes of securing a silence in the school-room "not dependent on mere outward restraint," are rich in practical wisdom. Self-imposed rules and penalties, mutual helpfulness, a sound public opinion, these conjoin with the practice as laid down, in an harmonious and what purports to be an eminently practicable manner, and to be fruitful of good results to teacher and taught. Following these twenty-five pages of principle and practice, we have practice pure and simple. An "Outline Course from the Book of Nature" is very neatly gotten up in matter, form, gradation, and development.

Some exceptions must be taken in regard to the chapter on writing; we know newer and better ways than are here indicated. Spelling—we find an apology here offered for the phonetic system. Would they have the coming Britons speak American? The hints on reading are pertinent and good, as also are the samples of mental pabulum in a literary form directed to be doled out to the infant mind. The objective method of teaching numbers is strongly emphasized; there is but little here new to the American teacher.

But the very best portion of the book is the one hundred odd pages entitled "Teachers on Teaching." The title fails to convey a proper estimate of its exceedingly readable quality, triply interesting to parents, teachers, and children. Much of this is written charmingly, to say nothing of its sterling worth in the matter of suggestive aid. Space forbids yielding to the temptation to quote.

The Utopia of childhood dreamed of by the writer forces on our mind the feasibility of its realization in all measure desirable, but its atmosphere must be that of religion, and this glowing light fails to pervade and warm the pages of *Free Method.*

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED. By Frank R. Stockton, author of *Roundabout Rambles*, etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF '49. A Tale of the California Diggings. By Kirk Munroe, author of *The Flamingo Feather*, etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE. A Retrospect of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888, with an account of the rise of Choral Societies in Scotland. By Robert A. Marr, author of *Music and Musicians*, etc. Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

A SHRINE AND A STORY. By the author of *Tyborne, Irish Homes and Irish Hearts*, etc. London, 18 West Square: Catholic Truth Society.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By the Right Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ROME AND REASON. Boston: Cashman, Keating & Co.

HYMNS WITH TUNES FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND CONGREGATIONS. The music composed, selected, and arranged by Edmund G. Hurley, organist and choir-master of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

MEDICINA PASTORALIS. Edidit Dr. C. Capellmann, Medicus Aquisgranensis. Editio septima Latinarum altera. Aquisgrani. Sumptibus Rudolphi Barth. (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.)

THE GOLDEN PRAYER. Short Meditations on the Lord's Prayer for every day in the week, with Meditations on Prayer for every day in the month. By the Abbé Duquesne. Translated from the French by Anne Stuart Bailey. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ST. TERESA'S OWN WORDS; OR, INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PRAYER OF RECOLLECTION. Arranged from her work, *The Way of Perfection*. By the Right Reverend James Chadwick. To which is added a Novena to St. Teresa, revised by the Very Reverend Felix Varella, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE MIRACULOUS POWER OF THE MEMORARE, illustrated by Examples. From the French of a Marist Father, by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ST. ALOYSIUS' SOCIETY MANUAL. Compiled from approved sources with the Approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo. Second edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

THE HOLY INFANCY. Short Meditations for Christmas. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE PACIFIC COAST CATHOLIC ALMANAC for 1890. San Francisco: Diepenbrock & Co.

THE RESPECTIVE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE FAMILY, STATE, AND CHURCH IN REGARD TO EDUCATION By Rev. James Conway, S.J., Prof. in Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Second edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

ASTRONOMY, NEW AND OLD. By Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

AROUND THE WORLD. Stories by Olive Risley Seward, editor of Wm. H. Seward's *Travels around the World*. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

PAPERS ON SCHOOL ISSUES OF THE DAY. No. 1. Denominational Schools. A Discussion at the National Association, July, 1889, with Papers by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, Edwin D. Mead, Ph.D., and Hon. John Jay. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

CAUSE EFFICIENTE ET CAUSE FINALE. Par E. Domet de Vorges. Extrait des *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*. Paris: Bureau des Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne.

AN ESSAY IN REFUTATION OF AGNOSTICISM AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNKNOWABLE. A Review with an Analogy. By Rev. Simon Fitzsimons. Rochester, N. Y.

HAPPY GO LUCKY AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Catherine Crowley, author of *Merry Hearts and True*, etc. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

LA RÉFORME ET LA POLITIQUE FRANÇAISE EN EUROPE JUSQU'A LA PAIX DE WESTPHALIE. Par le Vte. de Meaux. Paris: Librairie Académique Didier, Perrin et Cie.

LE PÉRIL SOCIAL ET LE DEVOIR ACTUEL. Le Mal—Le Remède. Discours prononcée à Genève, les 17 et 24 Mars, 1889. Par Th. de la Rive. Genève: H. Trembley. Paris: Société bibliographique. (For sale by Benziger Bros.)

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VOL. L. MARCH, 1890. NO. 300.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.*

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER JULIANA, AN ANCHORITE OF NORWICH, WHO LIVED IN THE DAYS OF KING EDWARD III.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

AND while my earnest thought upon this sight abode
Our Ladie Marie by our courteous Lord was shewed,
As it did seem to me:
Which means the truth and wisdome that she understood
Her God so great, so high, so mightie, and so good,
And full of majestie.
This nobletie and greatnes with which she beheld
Her God, who is her Maker, all her being filled
Of meeknes and of dreed.
For when she did her litle self with God compare,
So low, so simple, and so poor did she appear
As seemed she nought indeed.
Thus, by this ground of meeknes was she filled of grace,
And fore all creatures she doth hold the highest place;
Yea, doth her soule invest
With vertues of all sort, as soothlie we infer
From what the Angel said when he saluted her:—
"Hail! thou of women blest!"
In all the time He shewed this that I now have said,
Lasting I saw the plenteous bleeding of His head;—

* Continued from THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1888.

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The great drops falling down
Like pellots 'neath the garland, as from out the veins
Pierc'd by the sharp and cruel thornes with grievous pains,
In colour dark and brown.
For in the coming out the blood was thick, just where
The garland press'd his forehead all so sweet and fair,
And tore the tender flesh;
But in the spreading out it grew more brightlie red,
And when it came unto the brows it vanishèd
And then began afresh.
This plenteous falling of the great, thick drops of blood
Did last till manie things were seen and understood;
Yet there did still remain
The same sweet lovesomeness and beautie as before.
And greatlie marvailed I our Lord so patient bore
Such cruel, bitter pain.
The drops of blood did fall as fast and numerous
As fall the drops from off the evesing of a house
After a heavy rain.
They seemèd round as like unto a herring scale
As they did spread upon His forehead high and pale
And its fair beautie stain.
This was a quick and hideous and a dreedful sight,
Though sweet and lovelie, and did me excite
To many thoughts of love;
That our good Lord that is so rev'rent and so great,
Yet is so homelie to us in our low estate—
Coming from heav'n above
To be our comfort and our joy and gladful chere;
The which I learnt the better by example clere,
And given in this wise.
It is most worshippe that a solemn king, or lord,
Unto his poor and loving servant maie afford,
If he with kindlie eies
And courteous speech and mien will homelie toward him be
With meaning true both open and in secrecie.
Then this poor creature cries:—
"Lo! this is more of joy and liking to my mind
That he, my noble lord, doth shew himself so kind
To one so far below,
Than if he gave me manie gifts both rich and rare,
And yet himself in manner strange and distant were,
Nor cared my name to know."

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So high was this example from the bodie brought
To shew more clere the meaning while my wond'ring thought
Was on the bleeding set;
That joy of this sweet homeliness might well repay
This man all service, ravishing his heart awaie
Till he himself forget.
Thus faireth it by our Lord Jesu, of His love,
For verilie it most of joy to us doth prove
As hath before been said
That He, the highest, nobliest, and worthiest
Is lowest, meekest, homeliest, and courtsiest
To us whom He hath made.
When we shall see Him then will He reveal to us
Right verilie this joy, so high and marvaillous;
And this will our good Lord
That we believe and comfort us, and make solace
As well we maie with His dear helpe and bounteous grace
Till He this sight afford:
That time, I wis, when we shall see it verilie
And be fulfill'd of joy in heaven's jubilee,
Which none in life may know,
Except the Lord by special gift maie it impart,
Or God the Holie Ghost with grace so fill his heart
That it doth overflow.
But faith with charitie doth well deserve the meed
Sith faith with hope and charitie is life indeed
By which our soule doth live,
And grow in strength, and wit the things which God will shew
With manie privie points most worshippful to know
That faith alone maie give.
And when this shewing, given for a time, is past,
Faith keepeth it by holy grace while life doth last,
Till we our meed receive.

ALFRED YOUNG

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AN IRISH HAMLET.

YOU would like to know what an Irish hamlet is like? Well, I will try and describe it to you.

The glow of the autumn sunshine is just now shed over all. As I sit here in my room and look through the open window, it falls on the privet hedge and on the tender stalk and pearly berry of the egg-plant. The apple-trees are behind the house, laden with their own sweet fruit. On the green plot in front of me there is a shadow, as correct and well defined as any right-lined mathematician might desire—it is the shadow of this dear old thatch-roofed cottage. I was "ordered" out here from town at the beginning of harvest; my hearing was becoming over-sensitive to sound. And now I have before me the remainder of autumn with its gorgeous dyes, the bracing winter with its curious, ever-varying frost-work and tracery on tree and window-pane, and after that the young spring with its primrose and violet, sweet-flavored and beautiful as the blissful dreams of youth. All before me, and little or no work to do! My heart is jubilant with happiness, and in its depths it cries, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

This very day I had a stroll through the fields—and it was delightful! The cows fed at their leisure, and whisked their long tails, more out of pastime, I suspect, or habit than from necessity. A distance off I could hear the driver cheer up his horses with a tone of voice that to uninitiated ears sounded angry, but which the dumb beasts knew well was but affection disguised. I passed by the end of the corn-fields and saw the yellow crop laid low, and heard those engaged—men and women—chatting away, possibly discussing the solitary figure dressed in black that was walking at "the headland." The little robin sang a sunshine hymn on the topmost bough, and the wood-pigeon softly coo-cooed in the grove hard by. And the fences all were laden with blackberries; what an abundance of jam they would have made! If I am here by this time next year, I will try and interest some one to teach the people what a valuable industry they have at their door. Elderberries, too, with a plentiful promise of haws, sloes, and hazel-nuts! Oh! for the country, the dear, dear country! The sloes will be splendid when the frost comes; but I must hasten to gather the blackberries, for the legend among us is that when the last of the corn is gath-

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ered in an old man comes from the graveyard and raises his skeleton arms to wither the blackberry. The black, glossy, tempting things are part of my mid-day luncheon. I take a piece of bread and butter on my rambles, and the way-side hedge supplies dessert.

But you want to know about our hamlet! Oh! quite true, quite true.

A glass of wine, then, before we start. What, no? Teetotaler? All the better, friend! I have been so myself for nigh thirty years, and have never regretted it. A biscuit and a glass of water, then. "And now, I go, my chief; I'm ready!"

As you drove out from town (we are about six miles from town here) you saw a lovely belt of wood, spanning the brow of the ascent and somewhat resembling the hair on the human forehead, parted on either side, with the vein in the middle for the streetway passing through. Two huge chestnuts stand at the corners, forming an archway, beneath which the wayfarers pass. In their shelter and repose these trees seem to denote domestic happiness and peace, and, taken as a whole, the scene looks very picturesque.

This tall, white house to the left? you ask. That is the village school. Do you know anything of our primary schools, or our primary system at all? Well, on the whole the system is a good one. It has some drawbacks, especially its school-books; but, taking it all in all, it has done, and is doing, a large share of good work. We will enter. Four walls, white-washed! Their only adornment is (as you see) school maps and the rules and regulations of the Board of Education, with the time-table, and some lessons for the very small children printed in large letters. Strong, unpretentious seats or forms, fitted with ink-stands, take up most of the floor, and are occupied by the children while writing their "copies" or "doing their sums," the vacant space being allotted to those who are "up at their class." The children range in age from four or five to sixteen or eighteen—even a child of three can be put down in the roll-book and reckoned in the average attendance. The children are generally clean and neat. The master or mistress rules the school. The district inspector—a government officer—holds an examination annually, and at any time of the year may drop in to pay "an incidental visit." After the annual examination he draws up a report on the state of the school, which he sends to the Board of Education, and a copy of which is sent back to the manager. The teacher is paid one portion of his income

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according to the answering of the children; in other words, by "results," as it is usually called; another portion from the board, according to his rank as a classified teacher; and the remaining portion from the parents of those children who can afford it. The clergyman of the district is generally the manager, and he can dismiss the teacher instantaneously for certain well-defined faults, by a three months' notice for no fault at all. In an experience of upwards of a quarter of a century I have never seen either of these two clauses acted on. The teachers, as a rule, are moral and painstaking; now and again a tinge of pedantry may be detected, but on the whole they form a well-trained, devoted, and useful body of men and women.

The little street is, as you see, about a furlong in length; no lanes, no off-shoots, nothing but the two straight lines of houses. The trees, scattered here and there at the back, or standing together in clumps, give it a pretty appearance in the distance; while the frequent trains in and out from town, and the all but constant stream of carts or other vehicles on their way to market, give it an air of life and business. We will pass up through it.

Here to our right is the ever-present police-barrack.

> "Tread where you will on Irish ground,
> From Antrim coast to wild Cape Clear,
> Or east or west, but still is found"—

an Irish constabulary barrack! (I hope Mr. T. D. Sullivan will not see this parody on the opening of his delightful poem, "Dunboy.")

There are six men in this barrack, and, except for some fiddle-faddle of drill or patrol, they are absolutely doing nothing. They are paid according to years of service and "good behavior"; sub-constables about £70 ($350) a year, and the sergeant in or about £90 ($450); that is, these five sub-constables and their sergeant cost the rate-payers about $2,250 a year; and so on with every town, village, hamlet, and country station all over the land.

If the people had, of their own free will, put them there, or kept them there, there would be no grounds for complaint, but at present the people of Ireland have as little to do with the ordering or managing of the police force as the men in New Zealand. They are kept for the sake of the landlords. They are a machine of the government; and in the struggle now wag-

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ing between the Irish people and the English executive in Dublin Castle they have proved a savage and merciless machine.

Where are these men recruited from? you ask. From the ranks of the people. They are mostly all the sons of laborers or small farmers. You are puzzled, then, to account for their want of sympathy with the very class from which they are sprung. So are we all here in Ireland. Individually you will find them civil, obliging, agreeable, displaying all the kindly qualities of the Celtic nature; but set them in foray—at an eviction or a Land League meeting—and they seem to lose, not alone their reason, but even their nature. They appear almost to thirst for blood. If analyzed, many factors might be found conducing to this: (1) Their system of training ("obey orders first and see to the responsibility afterwards"); (2) They are under officers of a caste deadly hostile to the people; (3) The ranks are always leavened with Orange and Freemason members, who spy and are petted; (4) If not cowards, they are blessed with a strong love for a whole skin, and, having deadly weapons in their hands, they try to instil terror of the most abject kind into the minds of the poor people; and, lastly, they know they have no chance of promotion if they do not show themselves all but wantonly cruel at the present crisis.

It is a marvel how any man with an Irish heart can stay in their ranks. One might indeed find an excuse for a married man, with a wife and family, who could not easily find another means of living; but the young, unmarried man seems inexcusable. His brothers or cousins or school-fellows or old neighbors at home have to labor or to emigrate; and why not he do the same, and preserve his manly self-respect and honor? Adieu, Messrs. of the Royal Irish; the day may come, and that soon, when the people will govern you, and not you the people; and when that day comes, may the Irish people prove themselves noble, and not seek to avenge their wrongs!

Come away, friend. Irishmen can hardly afford to speak of these matters with patience. Even a "galled jade will wince."

Hark! listen to that merry ring. Have you never in your youth entered the smith's forge, and watched the often useless (as you thought) stroke of the hammer intermittingly on the cold anvil? What a merry music it makes, and all the merrier that you know it is the voice of honest and useful work. This house with the wide door-way and the roof of smoke-blackened planks is the village smithy, where *Shaun Gow* (Jack the Blacksmith) lives and moves in grime and coal-dust, among horseshoes, ploughs, cart-wheels,

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machines, and various old irons. Jack is not a giant, as you may be going to imagine; he is but middle-sized, and just passably stout. We will come over. Through all the soot you notice that his face is regular and his eyes like brown velvet. His voice, too, is soft, and you are disposed to think he is a meek-mannered man without a touch of humor or drollery in him; but if you were in the forge when "the lads" gather in of a wet or an idle day, and some fellow is showing off mighty smart, you should see Shaun call on him "to hand over that bit of iron there on the floore" (Shaun himself having quietly dropped it there reeking hot a moment or two ago); and then the moment it is touched it is of course let go, with sundry exclamations of the voice and many jerkings of the hand, while the whole forge is agape with laughter and Shaun is winking with the left of his eye. He has shrewd sense, too.

"John, what are you going to do with Willie?"

"With Willie, sir?"

"Yes, your second boy; he used to look so nice on a Sunday about the altar serving Mass. We had all quite settled, do you know, that you would send him into town."

"What would I do with him in town, sir?"

"Send him to school, or make something of him."

"Ah! begor, a thrade is betther, sir; I'll give him my own thrade; a thrade is no load, sir; a thrade is never a load."

We nod our heads in assent and bid him good-day.

In the meantime John has re-entered his cavern of grime and dust, and the merry clink of his hammer follows us on our way. God bless him and every man like him that earns an honest penny!

That house you point to is the court-house. It is shut to-day, so we cannot enter; but I promise to take you in there some day and show what Irish justice and Irish justices are like. Comedy and tragedy never trod so hot-foot on each other's heels.

At this side is one of the village hucksters' shops. Poor old Moll keeps it. In the little shop-window, two by two and a half, she has a grand display—bottles of hair-oil, boxes of matches, soap, candles, pipes, reels of thread, sweets, and sugar-candy. As we push in the half-door Moll is serving a customer, the same being a little barefooted child that wants "a *penn'orth* of light (a penny candle), and a box of matches, and an ounce of tibaccy for her dada." The child has brought half a dozen of eggs, "and my mamma tould me to say, ma'am, that she

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would send you the rest agen Saturday." "That's it all but a penny," is Moll's soliloquy. And she hobbles feebly to the window-shutter, pulls it out, and marks a stroke. The back of that shutter is to the uninitiated like Egyptian hieroglyphics; it is a wilderness of strokes, crosses, and all manner of figures. The key to the riddle, however, is this: one stroke stands for a penny, a cross is sixpence, a circle or nought a shilling; and Moll keeps tally as correctly as the best bookkeeper in the kingdom. Her memory alone, so true is it from exercise, would have sufficed without any tablets, no matter for how many customers. God be with our school days, when we had to crib the penny from our little dinner allowance to buy candy or bull's-eyes from Moll!

The next on our way is a public-house. There are three public-houses in this little village of thirty families. It is not on the thirty families, however, they depend for support, but on those going into or coming out from town. The drink question is a much-discussed and vexed one here in Ireland, as perhaps elsewhere, and it may, therefore, be better to put off any account of it until we come to consider the habits of our peasantry, whether they are temperate or intemperate.

This row of low, one-storied houses that we are passing now is occupied by day-laborers and artisans. You see, too, by the roofless *cowels* (shells of ruined houses) that eviction and emigration have been busy here, as in every other part of the country.

Here is a better kind of a house. Tom, the shoemaker, lives in this. A great politician is Tom. "Begor, sir, when thim Parnell Commissions wor goin' on I nearly ran myself blind over 'em. I'd stop airly to have a look at the paper that Mr. James gives me every day, and when I'd begin at the beginning of it never a one could I give up till I'd get to the very ind." With all that, Tom is a hard-working, industrious man. He built that nice little house of his himself, out of his own savings, and says, "A man needn't lave home if he'd mind his business; always allowing, sir, that he got fair play."

Rody, the carman, lives here. He has a big mule, and supports himself by carting goods out from town and carrying in other things, such as country produce or the returned empties.

We will step into this middle house in the range. Morty Mann, the tailor, lives here. He is "one of the raal ould stock of the place."

"Well, Mary, how is father to-day?"

"Much the same, then, sir, dear knows; no better, no worse, thank you."

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"Won't we see him, Mary?"

"Ah! wisha, sir, sure 'tisn't up on the loft you'd be taking the strange gentleman, and that ould laddher, too!"

(A bedroom up near the roof, formed by boarding the kitchen, is called a loft.)

"Never mind, Mary, here's up. Will you come?" (to our imaginary friend). We find Morty lying in bed; a pretty patchwork quilt is thrown over the bed-clothes, and everything looks very clean and neat.

"This gentleman came with me to see you, Morty. How are you?"

"He's welcome, sir; ye're both heartily welcome, sir."

"What age are you now, Morty?"

"Something 'long with eighty, sir."

"Do you remember the time that Blood was shot?"

"I do, sir; a good right I have. My father lost his life by it."

"How is that, Morty?"

"Well, now, sir" (and Morty lifts himself on his elbow), "in thim times the poor people were very badly off; all the commons where they had their houses and little patches of land was taken from 'em and closed in, don't ye know, sir? by the landlords; and they hadn't a house, or a haggard, or a cabbage-garden, or a haporth, but had to come into the village, every mother's sowl of 'em. The country was swarming with people then, and of course they couldn't starve; so they made up in parties and turned out at night, and they dug a piece of land in this field, and a piece in that, and a piece in the other; to mark it, don't you understand, sir? And *woe be* to the man that refused them that field for pratie ground. But no sooner were 'the boys' out than 'the picket' were out after them, with Major Monks, grandfather to the present lord, at their head, and Colonel Wyndham, and Mr. Hollybank, and the rest of 'em. Well, one morning they were goin' up the village, the men with their spades—and some of 'em too, faith, sir, with blunderbushes; ould Blood saw 'em—it was a fine moonlight night, an hour or two before daybreak—and when they passed his window he fires out at 'em. Some of 'em wor *hot*, and when th' others saw the blood they doubled back and forced their way up-stairs. He had the room doore boulted, but they fired in and broke the boult. In the sthruggle he fell on the floore, and the bottom of the doore (the Lord save us!) caught him by the neck and choked him.

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"Next day and next night the yeomen were out, and next night again and the next night, and 'tis no knowin' all they took. They came to my father's and knocked at the doore with the butt of their muskets, and called out to have it opened 'in the name of the Queen'—queen or king, faith, I don't think which, but it doesn't matther; sure they're both the same! There was no one in the house but my father and mother and my uncle. My father and uncle were twin brothers, and I was then a good little bit of a gossoon. My father and uncle were arrested, and before they were dressed they were sthrapped on the horses behind two of the sodgers. You'd think my mother 'ud lose her life, and none of the neighbors daur come near us, and small blame to 'em!

"My father (God be good to him!) was always used to horses, and he was main sthrong; so as they were clathering away round a corner in the road, he puts his leg under the forearm of the horse, caught one of the reins out of the sodger's hand, gave it a jerk of a sudden, and down they came, all of 'em, in a *plopsh* on the road. Before you could say thrapstick my father was out of the sthrap and away across the fields; and where, do you know, did he face to? Over to the Protestant church. He knew Tom Smith, the sexton; many's the day Tom and he spent together. He up and tould Tom, and, begor, Tom hid him in *the sacristy*, or whatever you call it, of the church, and fed him there like a gamecock.

"But one night the parson came. If ever there was a good man, Parson Bennett was that man. When the poor craythurs 'ud be hungry, and 'ud come to his doore, and when more of thim ministhers 'ud make 'em sell their sowls, Parson Bennett 'ud say, ''Tis blankets or bread ye want?' and he'd tell the housekeeper, be the same token, to give 'em. 'Becky, God never made human craythurs to starve!' Well, he came one night to the church. Oh! but they wor in a hoult! 'Smith,' says he, 'who can there be in the vestry?' Begannies! Tom thought it the best of his play to make a clane breasht of it. 'Throw a piece of carpet over him, Smith, that I wouldn't see him. You know what them other fellows are saying of me'—*fellows*, he said, sir—'but I don't care a damn about 'em; and see, Smith, there's a thirty-shilling note, and if you know any poor man to be in want, give him something to eat.'

"Well, sure, the yeomen were so mad to have my father escape that they thried my uncle by coort-martial, and he was sentenced to be hanged, and, of all the places in the world, on the

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big three opposite our own doore. There was no ind to all the sodgers and milithary that was there that day. When my father heard it he wouldn't be kep from coming to have one last look. There was a lime-kiln just at the place, and my father hid himself in it. The major was blazing mad all the way out, that one of his own tenants should be hanged on his own property, and I heard 'em say he all but drew his whip to the colonel as they came along.

"The sodgers was drawn up in two lines, and when all was ready the hangman came over near my uncle; but the minute he took up the rope to put it round my uncle's neck my father took a brick from the kiln, and with that one aim he levelled the hangman on the ground. The major at once stepped up and with his own swoord he cut my uncle loose. 'Run for your life, Mann!' he cried; 'open a way there, men!' And while they were looking at one another my uncle, who was as fast as a hare, was off behind th' ould forth, and away down toward the cockaun-a-pisha.

"'I'll see you yet for this, major,' said the colonel.

"'I'll see you for what you were doing in jail,' said the major (he meant bribing the informers); and well the major knew that the colonel daurn't budge.

"They never saw my uncle afther; he got on boord a vessel sailing for Canada and made his escape, but my father wouldn't lave my mother or me. He was on his 'keeping' for near a twelve-month, and at last he fell into bad health, from thrubble, I think, and the dampthure. Parson Bennett got him into the county infirmary unknownst; they thought he was a beggar-man, and he died in the hospital. A letter came from my uncle offering to take my mother and me out, but my mother was heart-broken and she did not long live afther my father, and I was left an orphan to run about the roads or do as I liked, until Canon O'Rourke—the heavens be his bed!—took me up and bound me to the tailoring. Thank God, gintlemin, thim days are gone," said Morty, as he drew a heavy breath and lay back again on his pillow.

"I wish they were, Morty, but look at the way they are going on presently. A few years, however, may see them gone for good and all, and until then may the God of heaven look with pity on the poor and weak in Ireland!" R. O'K.

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SHAKESPEARE'S "PERICLES."

IN a series of papers in THE CATHOLIC WORLD I have endeavored to give my reasons for believing that, if critics of William Shakespeare and his plays would only make up their minds to come out of the clouds and forego all transcendental criticism: simply examine the evidences of their time and environment by the light of common sense and the common run of human procedure—much, if not all, that now seems inexplicable and paradoxical about them both would yield to simple and satisfactory solution. In the course of these papers I have tried to demonstrate (1) That Shakespeare—coming to London poor and leaving it rich—must have worked at some more money-making employment than experimenting in forms, styles of verse, the assonance and dissonance of metrical forms, and the effect of "stopped" and "unstopped" endings, upon the ears of his contemporaries. (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1884.) (2) That the Sonnets—whatever they meant and whoever wrote them—were not necessarily autobiographical of William Shakespeare, although, by a very little twisting, they could be easily made autobiographical of anybody; and the more easily so of the one of whose life we had the fewest actual particulars. (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1885.) (3) That, proceeding cautiously in writing the record, William Shakespeare's stage life did not necessarily compel us either to accept tradition altogether, or to reject tradition altogether, but entitled us to examine tradition entirely by the light of probability, in the case of William Shakespeare, precisely as in the case of any one else; and did not, certainly, warrant us in losing sight of history or of such documentary and circumstantial evidence of the date as was accessible. (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1886.) And, finally, (4) that, all things being considered, it was by no means improbable that the Shakespeare Plays grew by accretions in the mouths of the actors entrusted with their representation; by localisms, "gags" (as we say now), by alterations suggested by such circumstances or accidents as constantly occur in the stage history of any popular and often-represented play, and that this circumstantial probability would really account for much in the plays as we now have them, which it is hard to conceive of as from Shakespeare's pen. (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1887.) I now desire to call

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attention to a practical use, which, taking these postulates as true, we can make of them in solving a question of precedence and of authorship, especially of the latter. And first, of the authorship.

It is generally conceded to-day, that the *Pericles* is Shakespeare's work, and it would be hard to find an editor who, to-day, does not include it among the authentic plays. Yet it was not included in the First Folio of 1623, nor in the Second Folio of 1632. But in 1663–4 appeared the Third Folio. I cannot help regarding the publication of this Third Folio edition of the Shakespeare plays in 1663–4 as by far the most important step in their circumstantial history subsequent to their appearance during William Shakespeare's own life-time. As early as 1623 we are confronted with a well-recognized and reasonable doubt as to what plays William Shakespeare really wrote. Some thirty-six plays had been printed in quarto during William Shakespeare's life-time, all of them bearing his name either in full or in abbreviation. Which were his and which were spurious? John Heminges and Henry Condell (two of Shakespeare's fellows and friends, whom he mentioned in his Will and made his beneficiaries therein, in testimonial of personal attachment) undertook to make decision, and deliberately sorted, out of these thirty-six, just twenty-six, thus putting themselves on record as deliberately rejecting one-third of the literary matter which was asserted to be the dramatist's own composition during his own life-time. Of seven plays contemporary with this list (to only one of which—on its appearing in a second edition—was Shakespeare's name ever attached) they included all. They added one play which belonged to a rival theatrical company which operated, during Shakespeare's life-time, a rival theatre ("The Rose," which competed with "The Globe" for the public favor and patronage); one that first appeared five years after Shakespeare's death; in all, ten that were never known before their appearance in the First Folio. The numerical result was about the same: let us say thirty-six plays in the life-time list, and thirty-six in the Heminges and Condell list. But the Heminges and Condell list is not by any means the life-time list. "William Shakespeare" had been a well-known name in London seven years before. It had been signed to more than one dedication addressed to a noble lord. Had there been an *Athenæum* or a *Saturday Review* in 1623, we need not doubt that these would have called rather peremptorily on Messrs. Heminges and Condell to give their reasons for discarding substantially one-half of what had passed current as "Will Shakespeare plays"

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for so many years. But there was no critical press to ask for an accounting; and, moreover, this Heminges and Condell list does contain—has always been admitted to contain—the best of the plays included in the life-time list of Shakespeare.

But, since there is no literary statute of limitations, it appears that there very soon began to be demurrer to the Heminges and Condell pronouncement as to what was and was not Shakespeare. The Revised List of the Third Folio of 1663–4 was, therefore, a demurrer filed in the only way it could have been filed at all, and which, had it appeared in the nineteenth instead of the seventeenth century, would have made the *Athenæum* or the *Saturday Review*, or some other prominent critical London journal, its vehicle; and that similar demurrers have continued to be filed from that day to this, will also appear upon opening any modern edition of Shakespeare, all of which include the *Pericles*, and many of which include the *Edward Third* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, while even such plays as *Titus Andronicus* and the *Henry VIII.*, and others, which did appear in the First Folio, though generally included, are, by several modern editors, admitted on sufferance only.

What editor thus went to the expense, in or about 1664, and took the critical responsibility of restoring to the name of Shakespeare seven of the life-time list of thirty-six plays, which Heminges and Condell had set aside as un-Shakespearean, must, unhappily, always remain matter of conjecture. When we remember that these were years in London very unfavorable to literary ventures—England being then recovering from the waste and rapine of civil war—we can only infer that some other than merely mercenary motives induced the publication. But why should the unknown 1663–4 editor have had any doubts as to the Heminges and Condell list? I cannot answer this question, but I can give several reasons why he might have doubted it. One of these reasons was that Heminges and Condell, for all their assertions in their Preface, that they now presented the plays "cured and perfect of their limbs and absolute in their numbers as" Shakespeare "conceived them," were about the most careless editors that ever edited anything. It, indeed, needed only a very superficial examination of the quartos to lead to the suspicion that their "editing" amounted to nothing but turning into the compositors as "copy" everything they could find bearing Shakespeare's name —a suspicion which such critical and expert examination as has been since given the matter has overwhelmingly confirmed—and therefore it is not an extraordinary or unwarranted conjecture that

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the First Folio editors overlooked the *Pericles* through carelessness rather than rejected it from critical motives. They are certainly entitled to any benefit the supposition or doubt may bring to their editorial reputations. The immense and incalculable benefit they *did* do, by preserving to posterity the sixteen plays of which we have no quartos, and which but for them, so far as we know, would have been incalculably lost; for saving to us *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII.*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *As You Like It*, as well as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *All's Well That Ends Well* (which, minor as they are, would leave a sad void if perished)—ought, in any event, whatever else they did or omitted to do, to for ever immortalize them in our gratitude. And we must remember, too, that the art of printing was yet in its infancy, was yet carried on with difficulty with clumsy types and rude contrivances; and most of all, that no necessity was felt for that accuracy of types and proof-reading which to-day we demand from printing-houses. The proof-reader was yet to be invented; the only convenience the printers observed was, not their readers', but their own. For example, these early printers seem to have employed not only capital, Roman, and Italic letters and the punctuation marks we now use, but a font of letters with short dashes superimposed, which they found sometimes convenient instead of any "justification" at all! Thus, if they set up the word *them*, and there was not room for the final *m* of that word, instead of going back to revise their spacing to admit it, they set it up *thē* (and so, in a proper name, they would set up *Heȳ* for *Henry*, precisely as if the word were a common noun or particle). And not only this, but, if the word were *them* or *then* or *thee*, they still used the *thē* with entire insouciance, and this while, at the same time, using the – indifferently as a dash, or as a hyphen to connect a broken word. Nay, more, these printers (especially the Quarto printers) even used a long dash, ———, to fill up a line where the text ran short, with the most ineffable indifference to the sense of what they were setting up. Nor did they take care to always break the word at the end of a line—they broke in the middle of a line quite as imperiously, if they saw fit. The superimposed dash was used over consonants as well as vowels, the printer breaking the word just as he found convenient, spelling *some som*, or *fare far*, and he even went so far as to omit a consonant after a vowel, without any superimposition at all, in the middle of a word, as *moe* for *more*, if he so

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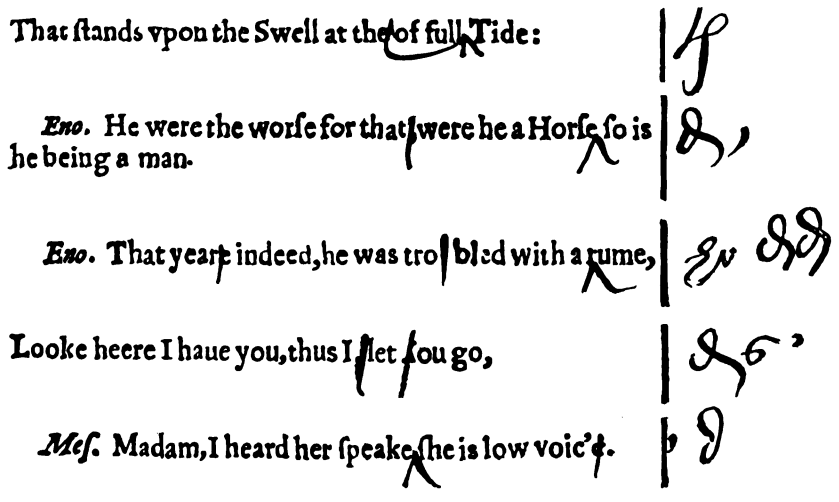
fancied.* Again, it is asserted by Zachary Jackson and others, that the Elizabethan printers did not set up by eye, as do ours, but by ear, another printer, or (usually) a boy, standing by and droning out from the sheets of "copy" he held in his hand, while the compositor worked. If this be so, here would be another capital reason for the botched work turned out by the early printing-houses, while the over-affection for capital letters is accounted for by the fact that most of the journeymen printers who found their way to London were Germans, in whose language the use of small initial letters was limited to verbs and particles. And even when, later on, proof began to be read at all, it was not read from "copy," but only for typographical errors. To illustrate this, I subjoin the imprint of a curious block which I find among the collection bequeathed by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., F.R.S., to the New York Shakespeare Society.


That ſtands vpon the Swell at the of full Tide:
Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a Horſe ſo is he being a man.
Eno. That yeare indeed, he was troubled with a rume,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeake, ſhe is low voic't.

The lines will be recognized as those of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, iii., ii., 48, 52, 55, 64, and iii., 17: and the careful student

* My honored friend, Dr. Rolfe, editor of The Friendly Edition, a marvel of painful and conscientious industry that can never be surpassed, will not at all agree with me as to this latter example. Dr. Rolfe is sure that *moe* is an Elizabethan word, meaning exactly the same as *more*, but used only with a plural or collective noun, and that its occurrence more than forty times in the First Folio, and always so used, justifies its classification as a word by itself, and not as a contraction. And yet sometimes this very word *more*, when it occurs in the First Folio, is printed *mo* in the quarto (as, for example, see Bankside Edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, Quarto, line 950); and it seems to me quite as safe to say that *mo* is an Elizabethan word as that *moe* is an Elizabethan word, instead of a mere printer's contraction for convenience' sake. That these contractions always occur with plurals or collectives is, I admit, remarkable. But some late Shakespearean vagaries, "ciphers," etc., have taught us to examine even the largest coincidences with care before postulating upon them.

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will discover that, although made, they were quite disregarded by the corrector of the press, except in the single instance of the fourth line. It is in spite of such crude and formative methods, and through such perils at the hands of actors, short-hand pirates, printers, and editors, that the matchless plays have come down to us to be restored by modern care to what we have them. And, bad as all these were, all of them, even the pirates, are entitled to our praises, when we think, with almost bated breath, of the peril of their utter loss in transmission through such hazardous chances.

The seven plays which the Third Folio includes are as follows, and in the following order: *Pericles*, *The London Prodigal*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The Puritan*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lucrece*. It is with the first only of these seven plays that we are now concerned.

Admitting the carelessness with which Heminges and Condell worked, at least it is hard to imagine that they were not anxious to include—among the Histories, Tragedies, and Comedies of Mr. William Shakespeare, their late colleague—all matter of that description of which they knew him to have been the author. Could it have been possible that, if they had known Shakespeare to have been the author of the *Pericles*, they could have failed to procure a copy of it? We do not know of any so-called Shakespeare play which had been oftener printed. To begin with, there had been two editions of the play printed in the first year it ever appeared—that is, in the year 1609. The reasons why we know that there were two editions in this year are so curious, and so illustrative of the carelessness of the printers of that day, that they are worth stating here at length, especially as the fact of their being two editions, instead of one edition, is of modern discovery, and the result of very careful observation, as well as of the application of the science of comparative criticism, as follows:

The modern editor finds a copy of a *Pericles* Quarto in which he reads these verses:

> "How dares the *planets* look up to heaven,
> From whence they have their nourishment?"

and another, also dated 1609, in which these verses read:

> "How dares the *plants* look up to heaven,
> From whence they have their nourishment?"

There is nothing, in the impressions themselves, to indicate

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that these are copies of two separate editions. The student sees, of course, that the first is pure nonsense; *planets*, being in the heavens, cannot "look up to heaven," and they do not, in any sense, "receive their nourishment" from the heavens. Whereas, the second version, given above, is perfectly correct; plants *do* "look up to heaven," and do "receive their nourishment" from the rain which falls upon them from the heavens.

The ordinary reader might, perhaps, explain this by saying that, on looking at a proof, the proof-reader saw at once that the word *plants* had been set up *planets*, and stopped the press to correct it to the proper word. But the exact student, knowing that there was no proof-reader, infers the following state of affairs; viz.: the version in which the word *plants* occurs was the First Edition. In setting up this edition, the printer setting up from manuscript read slowly and got it all right. The second printer setting up from print ran his eye more rapidly along, or the boy reading to him blundered, and the word "heaven" helped his hand to setting up the word *plants* as *planets*. The chances that a careless printer was careless, in those days, were, in fact, just about ten thousand to one greater than the chance that, having the word *planets* before him, he was careful enough or intellectual enough to read the sentence critically and discover the error and proceed to correct it. In other words, carelessness was the rule, while carefulness was the rarest sort of an exception; so rare, indeed, as to be hardly worth computing, certainly not of expecting. This, were it the only instance, might perhaps have been overlooked, when there was no typographical indication of a difference in editions. But others occur, for instance; "*caste*" is printed "*cast*"; "*for't*" is printed "*fort*"; "*rest* (*harke in thine eare*)" is printed "*rest harke in thine eare*"; "*exeunt*" is printed "*exit*"; "*to*" is printed "*doe*"; "*bring'st*" is printed "*bringst*"; "*chivalry*" is printed "*chivally*"; "*paper*" is printed "*taper*"; "*ripe*" is printed "*right*"; "*on*" is printed "*one*"; "*flies*" is printed "*fliies*"; "*sight, hee, will*" is printed "*sight see, will.*" And so in between thirty and forty cases, such as *grisled* for *grislee; heave* for *have; hatest* for *hastes*, and the like. The first printer was right, and the second printer wrong. To suppose the contrary, is to suppose that the errors were detected by careful reading, and corrected (something entirely unheard of in that day); whereas, to suppose that there were two separate editions of the *Pericles* in 1609 is to merely recognize the absence of a proof-reader, and to assume the ordinary errors of the press.

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There were, then, two editions of the *Pericles* in 1609. A third Quarto appeared in 1611, printed by "S. S.," the first two having been printed for Henry Gosson. A fourth Quarto of the *Pericles* was printed in 1619 for T. P. (Thomas Pavier), and this edition bears, on its face, the fact that Thomas Pavier believed *Pericles* to be one of the Shakespeare list, for it happens that the "signatures" of this edition are a continuation of those of "*The Whole Contention between the two famous houses, Lancaster and Yorke*," printed without date, but for the same publisher, Thomas Pavier, showing that the two plays originally formed parts of the same volume. Thomas Pavier, it is to be noticed, was a well-known publisher of Shakespeare matters, who had printed the "Chronicle history of Henry the Fifth," in 1608.

Now, is it possible, or, at least, is it probable, that Heminges and Condell, undertaking so great a venture as printing the First Folio, had they wished to include the *Pericles*, could not have obtained a copy of one of these four Quartos, one of which was but four years old, even supposing that they had not, as they alleged that they had, access to Shakespeare's own unblotted manuscripts as well as to the actor's "lengths"? It certainly looks as if Heminges and Condell had some reason, which they did not disclose, for excluding the *Pericles*. But, although they did not include the *Pericles* (thereby asserting that it was not Shakespeare's work), there was somebody in London who declined to concur with them in that judgment. A fifth Quarto was brought out in 1630, some copies of which have the imprint: "London, printed by I. N. for R. B., and are to be sould at his shop in Cheapside, at the signe of the Bible, 1630"; while others have simply, "London, printed by F. N. for R. B., 1630." In all other respects the latter are identical with the former. Condell died in 1627, and Heminges in 1630. The Second Folio, which was a practical reprint of the First Folio, appeared in 1632 (and in it is to be observed the same peculiarity dwelt on above; namely, the seventeenth century tendency of printers to blunder in setting up from print, by rapid reading, even more than from manuscript). But again a Quarto of the *Pericles* appears, the sixth, in 1635: "Printed at London by Thomas Coates." So, again, this unknown somebody pronounced a protest against the exclusion of the *Pericles* from the canonical list of plays "written by the late William Shakespeare." Whoever he was, his persistence at last met its reward, and, in the Third Folio of 1663–4, the play is triumphantly admitted.

Of course there is another possible supposition, and a not

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unnatural one. When Heminges and Condell published the first folio, they "entered," that is, registered, for (what we now call) copyright upon the Stationers' books, all the plays which had not been previously entered to other persons. So, of course, they must have, in some way, purchased or acquired permission to print the Shakespeare plays theretofore printed separately in quarto. It may be, therefore, that the simple reason why they did not include the *Pericles* was because they were unable to purchase or otherwise obtain the right to do so, the owner preferring to keep that right himself, finding it a popular and lucrative play and a good paying property. Indeed, the more this simple explanation is examined, the more plausible it becomes, and the more one is inclined to the belief that the reason of the exclusion of the play from the First Folio was merely that Heminges, Condell, Jaggard, Blount, Apsley, and Smithweeke—all or any of them—were unable to get permission to print the *Pericles*. The play seems originally to have been the copyright property of the above-named Blount, and in an extract from the books of the Stationers' Register occurs the first mention of the present play, viz.:

20 maij [1608].

Edward Blount. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called *The booke of Pericles prince of Tyre* . . . . . vj^d

But Blount transferred the right to print to Henry Gosson, who issued the play in quarto the next year (1609). The transfer was not entered upon the books of the Stationers' Company, as it should have been, undoubtedly, because the members of the Stationers' Company, being a close corporation, protected by rigid statutes in their monopoly, recognized each other's rights equally well without it, knowing that no printer not a member, under penalty of cropped ears or worse, would dare intrude. Gosson, it seems, found his quarto profitable enough to justify republishing it (as we have seen) in 1609, when he in turn sold it out to "S. S.," who printed the play in 1611. This anonymous "S. S." in his turn sold out again to "T. P.," who so late as 1619 still found money enough—eleven years after its first appearance—to justify another quarto. (It may be remarked that a contemporary dramatic work of the present century, which would justify a separate reprinting eleven years after its first performance, would be apt to be a very superior affair.) But this is not the end of *Pericles*. Not only could not Blount and his associates recover the play, but actually in 1630, seven years after

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they had gone to press without it, "R. B." (Robert Bonian?) again issued it, and again five years, when so old a printer as Thomas Cotes once more brought it out. And it was from this Cotes version that at last, in 1663-4, it was permitted to be reprinted in the Third Folio!

If this simple explanation is the true one, it would be interesting to be sure of it, if only to laugh to mark how plain a tale would put down all the æsthetic critics who have argued that Shakespeare could not have written the *Pericles* for all the divers and sundry and particular transcendental and prosodical reasons on which they have so dilated. Certainly it would be more to the credit of Heminges and Condell than to charge the omission to their general slipshoddiness and indolence. Anyhow, there seems to be a plenitude of reasons why the unhappy *Pericles* does not appear where it never was put!

The question, therefore, as to which were right—the First Folio editors who passed by, or the Third Folio editor (or editors) who included, the *Pericles*—is a fairly open one by all historical, circumstantial, and documentary evidence. As to whether it is still an open one, by *internal* evidence, every reader must judge for himself. Shakespeare, the man, is dead, and the field of controversy as to what he wrote or did not write, is a very loving and a very free field, in which anybody has a right to enter and to tilt. But certainly, a little common sense in Shakespearean matters should not always remain an exotic!

For my own part, which concerns only myself, I am most free to confess that I believe he did write the *Pericles*—every word. The question as to whether the admission into the Third Folio, at the same time, of the six dubious and internally inferior plays above enumerated, does not cast a presumption against the *Pericles*, is another and an entirely different one. As to this, indeed, there is something to be said, but not at present.

APPLETON MORGAN.

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WHAT ARE OUR CHILDREN READING?

THE books, papers, and periodicals published expressly for the young of both sexes nowadays present for our consideration a subject of great importance; for this vast array of fable, fact, and fancy, with its various leanings, motives, and inspirations, taken in conjunction with the daily portions of reading, arithmetic, grammar, and geography furnished by the schools, constitutes the brain-food, soul-food, and heart-food of the average children of the rising generation.

Realizing this, it becomes our duty as well as our interest to examine more closely than our children are likely to do into the material and purpose which enter into its make. Let us remember that this subject is an average condition, and those who make use of the bulk of its material are an average class. The very rich and the very poor will not invariably seek it; the former will be prevented by the very surfeit of material from going into its depths, the latter by the absence of all material, caused by the bitter poverty and grinding necessity which compel a large class of people to put their children at work before they have mastered the rudiments of a common-school education.

Among the children of the masses we have a different state; they are neither poor nor rich, only "comfortable," and it is these young people whom we have in mind, and the books, papers, and magazines which they are reading concerning which we are so greatly troubled. An examination of this class of literature extending over late years and a wide field discloses a significant fact: it contains scant allusion, or only the most casual, to the Supreme Being of the universe, who is God; as little to the Redeemer of mankind, who was both God and Man; while that Person of the Blessed Trinity who deals with our souls in gifts of grace and wisdom, by which we are strengthened and prepared for the warfare of the spirit against the "world, the flesh, and the devil"—the Holy Ghost (almost forgotten outside of the faithful)—is, one may safely assert, entirely ignored.

Noting, then, the absence of God from the bulk of this child-literature, let us ask, In what does it consist?

We are answered, In the lives and adventures, possible and impossible, of all kinds of illustrious and wonderful children except the one illustrious Child whose life and teachings have

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made childhood the beloved and blessed state that it is; their dealings and relations with kings, queens, princes, fairies, Indians, animals, and hobgoblins; in fact, with all beings, created and uncreated, except God!

These narratives—which must be profusely illustrated, else they are likely to be "skipped" by the average youth, who much prefers a story "told" to one which must be read—are the composition of the "leading writers of the day" of both sexes, some of them atheists, others of greater or less degrees of "orthodoxy" or "heterodoxy," as the case may be—materialist or spiritualist, it matters little to the publisher, whose primary object, be it remembered, is the, to him, very legitimate one of making money. They are written in a good-natured, "rollicking," sometimes slovenly, style, a supposed "coming down to" and "seeing into" the hearts of children; characters and events rest on a basis of physical courage, high "principles," and firm perseverance, combined with extraordinary good luck, these forces being traced to no source save natural goodness. Children who suffer from taints of vice and crime, hereditary or acquired, or who are compelled to face great temptations in childhood, are not welcome in the pages of the child's periodical—they jeopardize its refinement; or, if admitted, are held up only as brief, mysterious, lurid lights of an unknown world outside the pale of modern culture and civilization, about on a par with the hobgoblin of the story and about as well calculated to arouse painful or serious moral or religious reflection of any kind. Indeed, there are periodicals which especially request of their writers to introduce into their narratives no war, religion, love, or temperance! All this may be done to protect childhood from contamination, from the knowlege of evil; but since Adam and Eve ate of that tree, so must also their children's children eat and know, or know and be taught not to eat; and what absurdity to claim that a scrupulous adherence to refinement of expression and subject can ever take the place of religion or fear of God with those who will not be governed by love of God, or who have no knowledge of him!

And, after all, do these books and periodicals preserve their readers from the knowledge of evil?

Look upon the youth of the day, trained in the public schools, enlightened by the public press, polished off by the intellects of the nineteenth century who bend their stately minds, after having demolished all systems of morality and religion, to mixing this literary pap for babes—not of grace!

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Alas and alas! who are these droves of boys, cigar in hand, profanity and vulgarity on their lips, well dressed and good looking, of all ages from ten to twenty, swarming down the streets at the edge of night-fall?

And who are these girls, loud-voiced, rude, and bold, also of all ages from ten to twenty, collected in groups on the corners, leaning over the railings of bridges, standing in the entrances of public places, most of them well dressed, many of them good-looking, all of them pert and forward beyond description, roaming the streets, gathering the harvest to be found there at night? Are they graduates of the modern school of child-literature?

Alas and alas! for they should be at this hour safe in the sanctuary of home, in the company of their parents, learning wisdom, self-conquest, charity, and helpfulness—all the high and solemn import of life contained in the relation between man and his Maker.

Oh! but they must be *amused.* Yes, for that is the curse of modern days, that men and women, being partially freed from the pains and penalties of necessity that demands unceasing labor, having drifted from the anchorage of past beliefs and hopes, must all be amused; and to gain time and freedom from the responsibility and restraint of the constant presence of their children, they must in turn provide amusement for them, and the earliest form it will take will, of course, be the "picture-book"; and before the virgin mind is gradually unfolded in panorama a world of adventure and characters, as different from that which he will be called upon to live as is day from night, dreaming in profoundest slumber from waking toil for bread! Just how "stale, flat, and unprofitable" their every-day tasks and amusements come to be by reason of these well-seasoned narratives indiscriminately devoured, some mothers, at least, are learning to know and tremble for the results. I have heard a fragile, weary-looking mother request a son at least three times to perform some trifling office to save her tired feet; beyond an impatient movement and inarticulate murmur, no notice was taken of her request, until at last she arose and, laying down the cross infant which she had been trying to soothe, she performed the duty herself. In her absence I looked over the boy's shoulder—he was old enough to have been reading history or the lives of the heroes of Christianity who unlocked the treasures of unknown worlds of spiritual and temporal richness—and found the object of his fascination was some wonder-book from the public library!

"Would you banish fairy tales?" is the alarmed query of a

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parent who has found them a source of relief from the annoyance of volatile and nervous children, so restless, so fully alive, so difficult to deal with wisely and firmly, so apt to triumph over a parent in the end by sheer *persistence!*

Well, there are fairy tales and fairy tales; the moral and religious tone should influence the parents' decision, but I would certainly banish *any* book that seals the ears of a boy of twelve to the voice of his mother!

Fairy tales are better narrated than read; they are poor stuff to leave to the digestion of a child's mind; and all along their unreality should be made manifest. After a certain age they should be dropped altogether; they are not really so attractive to children, for those who have dealt with them cannot have escaped noting the eager interest taken in what the child calls a *sure* story as compared with pure fiction; and then, surely, comes to the parent a bitter day of weariness and discouragement when he or she has to face the consequences of having allowed sons and daughters to feed from childhood upon this diluted pap until the strong meats of duty, morality, and religion are unpalatable and indigestible. And, when one reflects further upon this subject, what possible reason can there be why children should read so much? Why inflame their imagination or draw out too soon intellectual processes which should be more slow in their development than the growth of the body? It is heart and conscience which should be cultivated; and what chance do they stand in the flood of children's books let loose upon the public every year? What thought has the publisher taken in the matter, except that the author is popular and that the book will sell? What thought has the author taken? Surely no thought of the souls that will be caught in this sweeping flood, for he, or she, does not, perhaps, believe in a soul or a Maker of souls!

Again, why should children read so much? No one can deny that they are devouring a quantity of literary matter that is appalling; which, were it ever so good, from mere bulk alone, they could never digest.

There is no need of it; it was not done in the past; what was submitted to their perusal was not so strained, so embellished and painted, so flooded with all the gorgeous trickery of modern coloring as to destroy all vigor and purpose. Why should not children find enough to do in the necessary duties of school, the practice of home helpfulness, the awakening ofc onscience, the training of the sensibilities, and the discipline of

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the will, things only to be accomplished by religious instruction? Surely, it is all wrong to begin with the intellect and let the will and passions grow to giant power, while the least essential part of the child's existence is given an useless forwardness? For souls may grow and become fit for heaven whose intellect was never more than feebly lit, or if brilliant in its time, may have gone out into darkness at noonday.

Poor little children! deprived of God when he should be nearest, dearest, and most real to you, ye are well-nigh friendless among the makers and publishers of books! If all things are to be eliminated from your "amusements" that savor of danger to be avoided, of sin that is coarse and disgusting and unrefined (the soul-destroying idea is left out), what is to become of you when some mighty passion rises and confronts you in your own hearts, where its germs entered at your birth, and have lain dormant until time and soil and favoring temperature of circumstance have aroused it from its slumbers to a giant growth? Will it hinder you from giving way to it if you recognize it as something "coarse, disgusting, low"?

Alas! for these poor children. They have been running a tilt against monsters and overcoming hobgoblins for years; lo! there are monsters which they have not been taught to overcome, nor have they learned a magic Name whose utterance would subdue them. The heaven of pleasure, ease, and polish that modern culture would make on earth cannot be maintained, for life is a long battle that begins in the cradle and ends only in the grave, and heaven is a kingdom to be taken only by storm and violence.

What story of to-day's child-literature ever rises to the simple majesty, the absorbing interest—to say nothing of the obvious spiritual teaching—of the stories of the Bible? These were the mental food of the generations of intellectual, moral, and religious giants who have passed into history. With what care did the church preserve these narratives during the ages of persecution, violence, and rapine that followed the Christian era! With what judgment, wisdom, and tender forethought has she prepared them for the use of her little ones, for it is in Catholic schools alone that the Bible is taught, expounded, and rendered interesting to children in the shape of a Bible history. From the unutterably sublime yet crystal-clear account of the creation of the world, through the long chain of story, character, and adventure among God's chosen people, to the tale of man's redemption, in a way only possible for God to conceive and accomplish, the chain of

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real, living, teaching wonders is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. How many youth, outside of Catholic schools, know these stories and the grand lessons they taught as their fathers knew them?

Ah! but for these fathers and mothers that has all been settled. They no longer believe the Bible; it has been disproved; its chronicles are fables; man is only an improved ape; he needs no Saviour, he never needed one, for there is no hell, and, most like, no heaven. Tickle this cultured ape with the pleasant straws of modern fancy; keep him in good humor with himself and the world, and shut vice and crime decently out of sight in the slums and tenements where it is bred; what have we to do with these things, we who are so respectable? We are not publicans and sinners! In the creed of these modern disciples of culture there is no heaven but riches, no hell but poverty, no calamity but death, no sin but detection, no judgment but the world's. From among them come forth the leaders of our children, who are being driven by them into that outer darkness where God and heaven are not.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and we may be sure that the evils not discovered and eradicated in childhood yield a crop that will not fail in abundance, though its fruits be the bitterness of filial disrespect, ingratitude, laxity of morals and loss of faith, and this is the harvest that awaits us, as already betrayed by the characteristics of the rising generation.

Can it be denied? Have we one Catholic magazine devoted exclusively to children that can compete in *bulk*, make-up, and "catchiness" of matter and illustration with the flood of periodicals that are non-Catholic? And in the matter of the make-up of a magazine for children one needs to be "wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove." We have not, for it would not be bought or supported, unless it had enormous capital behind it, or, better still, a religious order, as suggested in one of the papers presented at the recent Catholic Congress.

Do we, can we, *buy* books enough for our boys and girls, written by Catholic authors?

No; there are authors enough, ability enough, zeal enough, material enough, but no support adequate to the success of such an undertaking, for it would mean money enough to enable the authors to live decently, while they devoted their hearts and brains and time to the good of Catholic youth of the day; it would mean large sales and fair profits to the publishers; it would mean so many things that *are not!*

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In the meantime, what are *our* children, Catholic children, reading?

Look at the catalogue of the public library nearest to you; read the names of the authors of juvenile fiction (for you cannot let them read history out of the library, it is so garbled, so falsified); look at some of the books—turn the dirty things over with a stick, for they are glazed with the accumulations of the hundreds of fingers that have handled them; if you have the courage to do this, you will find the answer to this burning question.

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

Toledo, Ohio.

A HERO'S PLEDGE.

UPON a day it chanced, heated with wine,
The young Adolphus, Sweden's soldier king,
Meeting his mother, mocked her with rude fling
Of words, as bitter as the salt sea brine.

But on the morrow, when his spirit fine
Had cooled, he with deep shame remembering
His drunken folly, felt remorseful sting,
And made resolve to do penance condign.

"Mother," he said, holding the brimming glass,
"I drink"; and then dashing it 'gainst a stone:
"No drop again my lips shall ever pass,
For only so can I to thee atone."
True as the heart beneath his strong cuirass
He kept his word, more precious than his throne.

J. L. SPALDING.

Peoria, Ill.

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BODAS DE ORO.

A HOARY head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness, and a half-century is an exceptionally lengthy period for a person to occupy one position. We have recently witnessed the enthusiasm evoked by the almost coincident jubilees of Queen Victoria and Leo XIII., and the church in Mexico has of late celebrated with *éclat* the *Bodas de oro* (golden wedding) of its chief pastor. The day fixed for the principal exercises was Sunday, the 8th of December, and before this crowds of pilgrims, headed by their bishops, were brought into the capital of the republic from Puebla, Leon, and other great centres of population, the railroad companies putting on special excursion trains for the occasion.

Between the columns of the cathedral hung heavy curtains of crimson velvet adorned with golden orphreys; large porcelain jars containing plants and flowers were ranged at intervals, and the railings were crowned by bouquets of the choice white roses, camellias, and other flowers for which, even in mid-winter, Mexico is unsurpassed. Festoons of cypress covered with flowers were suspended from the roof, and religious banners emblazoned with representations of saints hung from the columns. From the principal arch hung a gigantic screen of iron and crystal, centred by a blue medallion with this inscription: "The Metropolitan Chapter to its Illustrious Prelate, Dr. D. Pelagio Antonio de Labastida y Dávalos—8th Dec., 1839–8th Dec., 1889." From this hung a garland of pine, evergreen, and white flowers. In the sanctuary were sixteen superb jars of china containing flowering plants. In the transepts were two tribunes, the one for the accommodation of the diplomatic corps and the other for ladies having special invitations. There were probably six thousand persons present in all. The stars and ribbons, blue and red, which decorated certain distinguished ministers and ambassadors slightly relieved the sombre aspect of the congregation, but Mr. Ryan, the American minister, appeared unadorned amidst his diplomatic brethren, arrayed in true republican simplicity, and doubtless amusing himself at these articles of man-millinery and monarchical gauds. In the choir with the canons of the cathedral were numerous representatives of other cathedral chapters, and hundreds of other ecclesiastics in cassocks and surplices lined the *crujía* or gangway between the choir and altar. The families of the president

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of the Republic and of many of the leading men in the state were present, besides those of bankers, merchants, lawyers, and many of the leading foreign residents.

There was in all a strong representation of the leading elements in the Mexican capital. The ceremony was fixed to commence at 8 A.M., and though the writer arrived long before that hour, he was too late to obtain a bench and had the pleasure of standing during five mortal hours.

At half-past eight a general murmur announced the arrival of the archbishop. The procession entered by the Sagrario, passed by a side door into the choir, and then by the *crujía* to the sanctuary. First came various surpliced ecclesiastics, then a large body of canons from various cathedrals, and finally the bishops in robes (*mucetas*) and rochets, the archbishop terminating the procession habited in a large rose-colored robe with long train. He then proceeded to his throne, where a body of priests habited him in the sacerdotal vestments, and proceeded to sing Mass. After the gospel the Bishop of San Luis Potosi, Dr. Montes de Oca, habited in a flowing robe of scarlet, arose from amongst his fellow-prelates, and after making a reverence to the altar, to the celebrant, and to the bishops, advanced to the pulpit, preceded by his attendant clergy and two canons. The bishop is forty-nine years of age, completely bald, rather stout and below the middle height, yet with flashing, dark eyes, full of intelligence, and of imposing presence (*"arrogante presencia,"* according to the *Tiempo)*, calling up thoughts of the Eagle of Meaux. He is considered the most talented prelate and the most powerful orator in the Mexican Republic, and it is doubtful whether the ornament of the Fourteenth Louis' court could have surpassed the masterly oration with which the bishop for three-quarters of an hour held the vast assemblage spell-bound. The text was from Leviticus xxv. 10: *"Sanctificabisque annum quinquagesimum; ipse est enim jubilæus."* The preacher employed this passage of Scripture as affording a reason for the absence of himself and his brethren from their own churches at this holy season, dwelt on the exceptional fact of a man being for half a century engaged in a single purpose, and introduced his subject. He then powerfully portrayed the scene where St. Augustine at Hippo proposed to prefer the priest Heraclius to the episcopal throne, and the burst of enthusiasm with which the assembly he addressed prayed long life for the illustrious doctor of the church: *Exaudi, Christe, Augustino vita.* From this the preacher drew a parallel to the present occasion, delicately pointing out the extreme difficulty of the episcopal calling

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in Mexico at the present time, and hinting that it would be extremely difficult to find a successor to Dr. Labastida capable of performing his duties with equal success. This was enforced by a graphic historical review, and the bishop adverted to the fact that but a few months previously the Archbishop of Guadalajara had also celebrated his jubilee Mass. He then recalled his meeting with Dr. Labastida in England when a pupil at Oscott, his consecration to the diaconate by the same prelate in Rome twenty-seven years ago, and many other acts of personal friendship, and finally closed his powerful discourse by a fervent prayer to heaven, at which all present rose, that the life of the bishop might be prolonged to the benefit of his diocese and country. After the Mass, the music of which was exceedingly fine, a chaplain ascended the epistle ambon and read the pontifical brief authorizing Dr. Labastida to pronounce the apostolic benediction to the people at Easter and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The prelate from his throne then intoned the Papal blessing. The cathedral choir after this chanted the *Te Deum* in plain song. The faithful, headed by the clergy, now invaded the sanctuary to kiss the hands of the assembled prelates, and thus terminated a celebration the like of which had never previously been witnessed in this country.

The banquet given by the archbishop on the 8th of December (call it breakfast or dinner, which you will) was at half-past one, in the episcopal place of Perpétua, three blocks from the cathedral. On the right of the prelate was Sr. Ignacio Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Affairs, a most capable legal gentleman, married to an American lady, who some years ago gained great *éclat* as special envoy from Mexico to London, where he arranged for payment of the interest on the English debt, re-established friendly relations between that country and his own, and inaugurated the present period of confidence in the republic. On the archbishop's left sat Count de St. Foix, the French minister. Then came several bishops and cathedral canons. Facing Sr. Labastida was Sr. Montes de Oca, with the ministers of Germany and Belgium to his right and left. Near these were other prelates and diplomatists. The repast lasted about three hours; there were considerably over a hundred guests, and Irishmen will note with satisfaction that Mr. O'Brien was well to the fore. At dessert Sr. Montes de Oca presented to his venerable host a rich pastoral ring, accompanying the gift by some elegant stanzas, which we regret our inability to versify in suitable English, but their import was that as a boy he had received the exiled bishop

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in England, that on the feast of St. Lawrence the latter had ordained him at Rome, that the prelate had knelt at his first Mass, which he had said over the relics of St. Ignatius; that when Pius IX. anointed his head with the holy oil the same kind friend had stood by on the steps of the throne, that often had they walked side by side on the rich carpets of the Vatican and in the shady woods, and that now, after so many years, he rejoiced to have assisted when his friend, now aged, offered the Sacred Victim. With some appropriate remarks, in which he begged the bishop's acceptance of the symbolical ring, and in which he commended him to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose festival they celebrated on that day, the gifted prelate brought his elegant verses to a close. In reply, Sr. Labastida, evidently much moved, said that his brother of San Luis Potosi was clearly bent on this day on overloading him with compliments, but, added he, I wish every one to understand that they are entirely undeserved and merely the offspring of his regard for me. These were the only speeches delivered. The dinner over, the priest of Ameca, conducting the archbishop into the throne room, presented him, in the name of himself and his parishioners, with a framed portrait of the metropolitan, executed in oil by an artist of his parish. At half-past four the guests retired, bearing with them pleasant memories of the reunion and of the graceful attentions of Sr. Labastida.

The pilgrims from various dioceses were received by him at different hours on the Saturday and Monday, and many costly offerings were presented by them, the jewelled pastoral staff of silver offered by the president's wife being especially noteworthy. At six o'clock on the evening of the 9th a literary celebration was held, when various pieces of music were rendered by the choir, several poems composed for the occasion by the Bishop of San Luis and others recited, and the archbishop presented with a volume containing the various congratulations offered him by letter and telegram on the occasion by the Pope, and friends and well-wishers in Mexico, the United States, and other parts of the world.

The Right Rev. Dr. D. Pelagio Antonio de Labastida y Dávalos was born at Zamora, in the State of Michoacan, on the 21st of March, 1816, being the eighth of a family of fourteen children. His parents, who were persons of eminent virtue, were Don Manuel Luciano de Labastida and Doña María Luisa Dávalos y Ochoa.

Our bishop commenced his early studies under the paternal roof, at first being instructed by D. José Antonio de Labastida

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his father's brother, and then by Professor Francisco Diaz, both men of rare intelligence. When thirteen years of age, on the 8th of January, 1830, he entered the seminary of Morelia and made his course of philosophy under the direction of D. Joaquin Ladron de Guevara; he then studied moral philosophy under Sr. D. Ignacio Barrera.

In 1836 he was appointed professor of grammar in the same seminary; next year he was ordained sub-deacon by Dr. Juan Cayetano Portugal, and on the 1st and 10th days of November, 1839, deacon and priest respectively. On the 8th of December, 1839, the young priest, surrounded by his parents and brethren, celebrated his first Mass in the sanctuary of the "Señor de la Salud" in his natal town. His *apadrinadores* (supporters) at this ceremony were two curates, D. José María Benibamonde and D. José Antonio de la Peña, afterwards first Bishop of Zamora. Speaking in March last to an intimate friend, Dr. Labastida said that although the projected jubilee rejoicings were most gratifying to him, more on account of the authority which he represents than from personal considerations, yet his intention had been to celebrate his jubilee Mass at the altar of Our Lord of Succour at which his first sacrifice had been offered, and by the ashes of his relatives who had assisted him on that solemn occasion. Two years after this Sr. Labastida was hastily summoned from his scholarly retreat in the lovely capital of Michoacan by the death of his mother. Arrived at his home, the young priest found that the heavy affliction had deprived his father of his reason. The old man was assiduously tended by his son, who made the recovery of his father's intelligence his constant care at the altar. His petition was granted, the head of the family was enabled to arrange his affairs, and then, in spite of the most assiduous attention, he sank and died in a few days. The doubly bereaved priest returned to Morelia, the most beautiful city in Mexico, where he occupied successively the chairs of natural, civil, and canon law, and was then attorney-general of the ecclesiastical courts of Michoacan, judge of wills, chaplaincies and pious foundations, and at the same time prebend of the cathedral of the diocese, and, some years later, canon. Contemporaries of his in the chapter were Sr. José Antonio de la Peña, already mentioned, and D. Clemente de Jesus Munguía, one of the most eminent philosophers and men of letters in modern Mexico. On the death of the bishop, D. Juan Cayetano Portugal, the first American cardinal, in 1851, the Morelian chapter submitted to the government as his successor, amongst others, the names of Labastida and Munguía, and the government of D. José Joaquin de Her-

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rera presented to the latter the Holy See. Labastida continued in the Morelian chapter, rendering powerful assistance to his old friend. Somewhat later Labastida, with Srs. Garza and Espinosa, was proposed for the first bishopric of San Luis Potosi, then created, and on the death of Dr. José María Luciano Becerra y Jimenez, Bishop of Puebla, the chapter of that diocese proposed Dr. Labastida as his successor to the government of General Santa Ana, by which he was presented to Pope Pius IX., and he was preconized to the vacant see by the consistory of the 23d of March, 1855. The bulls were received on the 12th of May; the bishop-elect proceeded to the beautiful City of the Angels, and was there consecrated by his old ally, Bishop Munguía, on the 8th of July, 1855. In his new sphere our hero speedily gained the confidence and affection of his flock, devoting himself to the improvement of the hospitals and schools, at his own cost sending ecclesiastical students to study at Rome, and showing the greatest regard and solicitude for the poor. Though pre-eminently a man distinguished for meekness and forbearance, within a few months of his consecration the bishop found himself at issue with the governor, who had imprisoned an ecclesiastic named Miranda on mere suspicion; his remonstrances proving futile, Dr. Labastida addressed the general government on the matter, but with no better success. The ill success of his efforts in defence of the rights of the church did not, however, daunt the prelate, and when by the decree of the 31st of March, 1856, President Comonfort enacted state supervision over the ecclesiastical property of the diocese of Puebla, the bishop again remonstrated with the civil power. A revolution was the result of the president's decree, which the government finally crushed at Puebla. Comonfort justified his decree on the ground that public opinion accused the clergy of Puebla of having fomented the late rising. The fact seems to have been that both the clergy and the commercial classes were victims of that revolution and entirely helpless.

However, on the 12th of May—that is, within the first year of his episcopate—the government having decreed sentence of banishment against the bishop, General Manuel Chavero, second in command at Puebla, notified the bishop that he must leave in a couple of hours for Vera Cruz, and thence take ship for foreign parts. The bishop's request that he should be acquainted with the charges against him and be granted right of reply was refused, the officer in question having no option but to carry out his instructions. At three in the afternoon the bishop

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was removed in a common hackney coach, guarded by an armed force commanded by General Moret, the populace expressing its regret and sympathy, but powerless to resist. The gentleness, amiability, and conciliatory disposition of the prelate, his erudition, virtues, and evangelical conduct, which had kept him aloof from politics, though constant in his respect for the civil power, all these united to his noble presence, his frank and benignant countenance, his stately carriage, and his distinguished and affable manners, had rendered him a most highly esteemed person in the best sense of the term. Arrived at Jalapa, he learned from the canons Francisco Suarez Peredo and Francisco Serrano that the reason of his exile was certain expressions employed in a sermon attributed to him by a journal, telling him at the same time that they had had an audience of the president, who wished to know what the bishop had to say on the subject. He immediately addressed the president, on the 16th of May, denying the utterances attributed to him, and appealing to the numerous audience that had heard him on the occasion in question. This, however, produced no effect, and from Vera Cruz he addressed another letter to the Minister Don Ezequiel Montes, protesting that his sole offence was his vigorous defence of the jurisdiction and property of the church. The bishop requested of D. Manuel Zamora, governor of Vera Cruz, that he might be permitted to leave on the 22d of May in the *Tejas* instead of in the *Iturbide*, which sailed two days earlier, as had been ordered, on account of the unseaworthiness of the latter vessel, but his request was unheeded, and in the *Iturbide* he embarked. But one of her paddles breaking down, he was transferred to a sailing ship bound for Havana, at which port he arrived fifteen days later, after a trying and perilous voyage.

Having obtained permission from the Holy See, the bishop now fixed his residence at Rome, visiting at this period the Holy Land, Egypt, India, and the principal countries of Europe. He was highly esteemed by Pius IX., who naturally had many opportunities of judging of his merit, and that pontiff preferred him to the archiepiscopate of Mexico on the 19th of May, 1863. Meanwhile there had been bloody strife in Mexico; the position was entirely altered, and the conservative party, now in the ascendant, thought that the only chance of securing the peace and integrity of the country was to revive the empire of Iturbide and offer the imperial throne to a member of the House of Hapsburg. Dr. Labastida during all this period of

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exile had as usual abstained from politics, hoping that the times might alter and permit of his return to his diocese. At this time the Archduke Maximilian induced the exiled bishop to visit him at Miramar to obtain from him reliable information as to the position of affairs in Mexico at the time of his forcible ejectment from that country. Maximilian gave the bishop a sheet containing one hundred and eighty-four questions written with a black pencil, and requested him to reply to them. Dr. Labastida answered them all in red pencil on the same sheet. The whereabouts of this remarkable document is not known, but it is to be hoped that it will some day come to light. However, the replies to three of them exhibit the judicious manner in which the prelate avoided political complications. To the inquiry as to whether a monarchical party existed in Mexico, he replied that there had been none such at the time of his leaving the country, and that if there were at the present it could not be monarchical at heart, but that it would merely desire a monarchy as the surest road to peace and prosperity, but that Mexico had no monarchical traditions nor love for such institutions. To the question whether liberals could safely be employed in the government service, he replied that there were many able, experienced, and patriotic men in that party, and that a government to be stable must be truly national and representative of all good citizens. Another question was whether an army exclusively Mexican could be formed, and the reply to this was that this would prove a most feasible measure, the Mexican generals being brave, warlike, generous, and humane, encountering dangers and difficulties with a calm valor not easily to be matched elsewhere. As to the Mexican soldier, the prelate said that he is of an heroic type, never deserting his standard, and fighting well after long marches and hardships. He can march without forage, rations, or transports, only encounters difficulties to conquer them, and follows his leader with blind devotion. In Europe people have no true conception of what the Mexican soldier really is.

Penetrated with the thought of his mission and of his exalted duties, Mgr. Labastida, seeing a throne erected in Mexico, accepted it as he would have accepted any form of government from which a return of order and peace might be reasonably anticipated for that distracted country. This he hoped the empire would accomplish, and with no other thought than that of serving the nation, he accepted his nomination as regent of the empire, hoping to inaugurate a period of prosperity for the country and of peace and tranquillity for the Mexican

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Church. Mgr. Labastida was appointed Archbishop of Mexico on the 19th of March, 1863, about the same time as he was nominated regent of the empire, and he embarked at St. Nazaire with Mgr. Munguía, Archbishop of Michoacan, and Mgr. Covarrubias, Bishop of Oaxaca, and arrived at Vera Cruz on the 17th of September, where they were received with much distinction by the authorities of that port, civil, ecclesiastical, and military. The journey to the capital was a triumph, especially at Puebla, whence Dr. Labastida had been forcibly removed and exiled seven years previously; here he remained several days and the City of Mexico was reached on the 11th of October. Here his reception was most enthusiastic, and a week later he entered on the duties of the regency, in which his conduct was that of a prelate and patriot. Within a few days he was in opposition to a measure which Napoleon, by Marshal Bazaine, forced on the regency; the other members of that body yielded the French demands, but the bishop was inflexible. So, also, when the French general, Neigre, attributed certain anonymous libels to the clergy the bishop replied to him with spirit, and he similarly faced the emperor himself when, at the end of 1864, he gave indications of following a "liberal and anti-Catholic" policy. The bishop on this occasion was supported in his action by the bishops of Michoacan, Oaxaca, Queretaro, and Tulancingo, and the conservative party say that the emperor's reply shows that a dark veil of liberalism had been drawn over his eyes, which led to the downfall of his throne and to his own political murder at Queretaro. They further assert that he permitted the formation by the French authorities of a system of espionage to watch the action of the archbishop and clergy, and even that of the papal nuncio; that the letter which D. José Fernando Ramirez, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed to the latter on the 21st of January, 1865, was of a discourteous and menacing character, indicating scant respect for the Holy See, and that the press was permitted to calumniate the clergy with impunity. Similarly, when the emperor published his unwise decree on religious matters on the 26th of February of the same year, the bishop protested on the 1st of March in a "truly unanswerable" exposition of the situation. From all of which it will be seen that the subject of these remarks has as much of Thomas as of Anselm in his composition. He saw that the church had little to expect from the empire, and endeavoring to remain on good terms with the government, withdrew from all intervention in politics from 1865, devoting himself exclusively thenceforth to his episcopal functions.

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He commenced a pastoral visitation of his diocese on the 27th of September, which occupied him for more than an entire year. The pope was then preparing to celebrate with great pomp the centenary of St. Peter, and the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, of whom San Filipe de Jesus, the Mexican proto-martyr, was one, and Mgr. Labastida received from the pontiff an especial invitation to attend the celebration. He accordingly left Mexico for Rome on the 5th of February, 1867, and assisted at the centenary observances. About this time the empire was destroyed, Maximilian shot, and the liberal party under Juarez triumphed. Dr. Labastida stayed on at Rome for the Vatican Council, which opened in 1869, and was adjourned the next year on the entry of the Italian troops into the Eternal City. The Juarez government permitted the bishop to return to his see in spite of his association with the late *régime*, and he re-entered the Mexican capital on the 19th of May, 1871, after an absence of over four years, and devoted himself anew to his episcopal duties, abjuring politics from thenceforth. He commenced a visitation of the archdiocese in 1872, which terminated in 1878; and, in addition to this, he has made many other parochial visitations, appearing in some parishes two, three, and even seven different times. Twice a week he administers the Sacrament of Confirmation in the cathedral; he preaches at the great festivals, and displays great zeal in enforcing discipline amongst the clergy, and in the education of candidates for the priesthood, many of whom he has sent to Rome to obtain the best training possible. He is particularly devoted to the cultus of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the national patroness; obtained from Leo XIII. permission for the coronation of her image, and the works undertaken under his auspices for the renovation of the Collegiate Church in that suburb amount, in fact, to the foundation of a new temple. Moreover, on reception days, both at Tacuba and in the city, the worthy prelate receives all who approach him with attention and sympathy, and his works of benevolence and charity are unnumbered. Though seventy-three years of age, his faculties are still vigorous, and it seems probable that many years of usefulness are still in store for him. It is to be regretted that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was prevented from being present at the celebration, as had been his intention; his portrait and an account of his life and work was, however, published in the *Tiempo*, together with those of the Mexican bishops who were present.

City of Mexico.

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HOW PERSEUS BECAME A STAR.

I.

CONE CITY is well known now because the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy was born there. The noise he made in the House of Representatives when it was found that Golung Creek, on which Cone City has the happiness to be placed, had been left out of the first River and Harbor Bill is historical, for, reduced to printed symbols, it is in the *Congressional Globe*. He was known for the last ten years of his life as the Fixed Star of Golung Creek, and he was supposed to equal in learning the Sage of Hastings, Minn., and in eloquence the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, Ind.

The Cone City *Eagle* had sung his praises many times, but when he died it exhausted itself in a burst of adulation and appeared with a black border. The opposition paper, the *Herald of Liberty*, dropped its series of letters under the heading of "Why did He Change His Name?" and likewise a respectful tear, although it said editorially that death condones even the weakness which impels a man to change his name from Patrick to Perseus. Both papers had long accounts of the services which were conducted in the First Baptist Church; the lists of the floral tributes occupied a column, and among them was a star of lilies-of-the-valley from Col. Will Brodbeck, who assisted at the service without, as he distinctly asserted, taking any part in a mummery which the world had outgrown. Still, Col. Will Brodbeck's presence at the church was looked on as a compliment to religion and as showing a very liberal spirit. The Rev. Mr. Schuyler changed his text from a passage in Isaias to one in *Robert Elsmere* when he saw that the colonel was one of the pall-bearers, and the congregation, consisting of the best people in Cone City, divided its attention between the widow's mourning suit and the colonel's face, which wore a highly decorous and non-committal expression. When the preacher alluded to the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy as one who had cast off the bonds of early superstition, who had seen the light lit by Luther and the Fathers of the Reformation, who had died firm in the Protestant belief, the colonel looked scornful; and when the colonel looked scornful he was very ugly. He was six feet high, of that pale, waxy complexion which gamblers are

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said to possess in works of fiction with a keen black eye, a mass of grayish hair, and a broad chest. He took off his white gloves supplied by the undertaker, and, of course, too large even for him, and while Mr. Schuyler made his peroration, toyed with a large diamond on the little finger of his left hand. The mocking look in his eyes became more evident as the diamond flashed with his nervous movements, for he knew why and how the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy had died.

The widow of the subject of Mr. Schuyler's eulogies, a handsome woman with a haughty manner and eyes like Col. Brodbeck's—she was his sister—sat with her three children quite near the coffin. She did not appear to be interested in the minister's discourse, and as it was known that she had violent differences of opinion with the deceased, and that he had left a large life insurance, many of the assembly felt that she should have shown more signs of grief. Clara, her eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, was bent over the pew in front of her, a shapeless mass of black; the two boys seemed sad and bewildered rather than grief-stricken.

When the long prayer was over and the choir, assisted by the Masonic Temple Quartette, had sung "Almost Persuaded," which was chosen with reference to the supposed effect of the sermon on Col. Brodbeck, the funeral procession filed slowly from the church. Nothing unusual happened until Mrs. Mahaffy reached the door of the church. An old woman in a bonnet and gown of rusty black bombazine rushed forward from a corner of the vestibule and caught Mrs. Mahaffy's hand. "Can you tell me—will you tell me, in the presence of the dead, how *he* died?" she asked in a hasty and trembling voice

The widow snatched away her hand and passed on. Clara Mahaffy unconsciously raised her head at the words and the old woman caught sight of her gentle face, so like that of her father in his best moods.

"Oh, dear! oh, acushla!" she said with a pathetic ring in her words, "maybe you can tell me—maybe you were told—"

But the old woman was thrust aside by the undertaker, and the mourners passed into the street. The longing, despairing eyes of the old woman, so wretched in appearance, so wretched in heart, never left the girl's mind until the answer to that strange question was found.

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II.

The opposition paper of Cone City made a mistake when it asserted that Perseus Mahaffy had dropped the name of Patrick. He often remarked that he would not have been fool enough to do that. If he had been named Patrick, it would have been money in his pocket, for the vote which is supposed to be attracted by that venerable name was very strong in Cone City, and sometimes held the balance of power. He had changed his name. His mother came from a part of Tipperary where Boëthius is a cherished patronymic, and he had been called by that name. He had dropped it for Perseus Gifford, because Perseus Gifford took an interest in the clever young Irish lad, and helped him to study law, and because Perseus was an honored name in Cone City; it gave an air of Americanism to his surname, which, until the Irish vote became a factor in politics, he cursed with all his might. His father had died when he was eleven years of age. His mother, a rosy-cheeked, wrinkled old woman, who adored her son, had passed away about a year before Mr. Schuyler had delivered his oration over him. He had gotten "beyond her," as she said towards the last, when he and his wife and her grandchildren passed the end of her little garden every evening without coming in. She shed many bitter tears over this; but she never blamed him; in her heart she laid the guilt of this desertion on his wife.

Ah! what an angel of light he would have been had it not been for this wife! she exclaimed to herself often in the twilight when she sat alone. These idle hours in the dusk were hardest for her to bear. She could see the lights in her son's house from where she sat. There was a sound of music and of children singing—his children, her grandchildren, yet so far from her. She could never bear the music of those childish voices. She always shut down the window when they began and tried to say her beads. He was a good son still; did he not send her every week from the bank enough money—more than enough—to keep her in comfort? But oh! if she could only go back again to the old days when he was a little boy, and such an affectionate little fellow! How he used to cry when she sang an old song to him in the gloaming, after she had done her day's work and they were waiting for the father. It was all about a little girl that lived in a red house by the sea, without sister or brother or father or mother. She often tried to recall it:

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"I sit alone in the twilight,
While the wind comes sighing to me,
And I see that dear little orphan
In the little red house by the sea."

Surely the loving little boy, whose eyes filled with tears whenever she sang those simple words, could not have changed entirely. *She* had made his heart cold, the mother said of his wife; she had made him forget church and priest, and even his mother. It must be said that the old woman could never restrain herself when, soon after his marriage, her son had often come to see her. She never spared his wife, and from this fact had sprung the coldness which prevented him from going to see her. It was none the less hard for the warm-hearted old woman; she took no pleasure in her son's political successes. Her one consolation, besides her religious duties, was in the company of one more unhappy, if possible, than herself. This was another old Irishwoman, Mrs. Carney, who lived in an unpainted and bare-looking frame house at the back of her garden.

Frank Carney had been at the district school with Perseus—Mrs. Mahaffy never called him by that name, but always "the Boy"—and he had entered the same lodge as that enterprising politician when the time came to cast off his allegiance to the faith. Frank, a blue-eyed, light-haired, good-natured young man, was not quite so clever as Perseus, and not quite so unscrupulous. He had more conscience, but he had no firmness of will in face of a laugh. Moreover, he was fond of society, and, according to the social constitution of Cone City, Catholics were not socially eligible. He was gay, cheerful, with a fatal facility for making himself agreeable. He was handsome; he could dance well, and he soon acquired those graces which Cone City had just acquired with the "swallow-tail" and other metropolitan novelties. Perseus took him into his law office, and from that time Mrs. Carney's life became bitter. Her only son dropped his habit of going to Mass with her; he seldom came home; he promised when he did come that "he'd make his soul by-and-by"—and this with a laugh. But when she heard that he had been promoted—Cone City looked on this as promotion—to the friendship of Colonel Brodbeck, the notorious infidel, her heart sank; she refused to be comforted. In her heart Mrs. Mahaffy felt that her son had drawn Frank Carney from the way of peace. She never admitted it, nor did Mrs. Carney speak of it. But any one who knew the two old women could not help seeing that on one side was a desire to make amends

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and on the other a determination to accept kindness simply because it relieved the one who conferred it. Each of these two old friends—they were born on the banks of the Suir, and had crossed in the same ship, and had lost their husbands at the same time—bore her burden better because she thought the other's was the heavier. At last old Mrs. Mahaffy died, blessing her son, although, being absent at a political convention, he came too late to receive it in person. And so great was this admirable man's horror of superstition, and so strong his desire not to give bad example to his fellow-townsmen, that he telegraphed to his mother's pastor to bury her at once with solemn services. He did this because he wanted to be sure of his nomination and because he did not care to be seen entering the Catholic church. Old Mrs. Carney, who had never said a word against Perseus, burst out at the funeral of her friend. "If I had such a son," she cried, "I'd curse him!" It seemed somehow as if a change did take place in Perseus Mahaffy's life after the death of his mother. His wife was relieved by the disappearance of the old woman. She had had a feeling that, during some social function, her husband's mother might appear and destroy the "form" of things.

III.

Perseus began to be a star when he married Judge Brodbeck's daughter. Judge Brodbeck came of an old English family, but this would have mattered very little in the truly Western town of Cone City had not the judge made a great deal of money in railroad speculations. People said the railroads had influenced his decisions on the bench; but as he was rich there was a certain respect for him mixed with this censure. The judge had been the strictest of strict Calvinists; his two children, the colonel and Clara, hated Presbyterianism. Clara meeting Perseus by chance at one of the dancing assemblies, found him to be a pleasant contrast to the business-sodden men around her. And the colonel, who saw that Perseus was vain as well as clever, did not object to the intimacy. When the marriage was announced Cone City was amazed. The ceremony was performed in the First Baptist Church simply because Clara held that a religious ceremony was socially respectable.

The mother of the bridegroom knelt before the crucifix in her little room. Her son had become an apostate to gain prosperity—he, the descendant of martyrs! After this Perseus had

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fewer scruples; the die was cast; his mother's entreaties fell on callous ears.

Colonel Brodbeck determined to take advantage of Perseus' vanity, as well as his cleverness. It was Perseus' misfortune that his horizon was bounded by Cone City. No *parvenu* who had suddenly married a princess could have been more elated than was Perseus by his marriage.

"You have given up your God, your soul," his mother had said to him, "for nothing."

"I have never seen God or my soul, mother," he had answered. "See here, mother: I want a big house, I want to be rich, I want to be one of the best people of this town, and you can't be that if you're poor; for all these reasons I'm going to marry Clara Brodbeck. I'll get the best out of life I can, and take my chances."

"And you'll turn your back on the church and the priest for this! Sure, you've already joined a secret society."

"Everybody knows that. As soon as I learned to read I learned that I must get on or live down here in this shanty, despised—nobody. I was born of the poor; everybody looked down on the 'Irish boy'—I'm no more Irish then they are English or Dutch or anything else—and the Irish boy had patches on his clothes, and he went to the church to which only the hewers of wood and the drawers of water went."

"And his mother was only a poor Irishwoman!" said Mrs. Mahaffy, with a flash of sarcasm.

"She couldn't help that—"

"But her son would have helped being her son, if he could."

Perseus reddened. He admitted the truth of this in his heart.

"You ought to be proud of me, mother. I've leaped over the bounds that kept me out of everything worth having. I have an assured position in the town, and my children will have all the advantages which I lacked. My wife is the most cultured woman in the town; my—"

"God help us!" interjected his mother, "you'd think he was talking of Dublin after having married a great lord's daughter! You're too ignorant to know the miserable price for which you've sold your soul. Your grandmother starved in the famine rather than change her religion, or seem to change it even for a moment. Why was your father poor? Why were we exiles? For one reason only: we kept the faith."

"I've heard all this before, mother," he said, "and there's no money in it."

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"And you're leading young Frank Carney away, too," said the old woman, exhausted and despondent.

Perseus only shrugged his shoulders. He was satisfied that he had done the best he could for himself. The duty of making money was the first recognized in Cone City. "Put money in thy purse," the spirit of the town whispered through every medium. The churches were valued according to their financial status. The Presbyterians were in the ascendant in money matters; therefore their "socials" and meetings were best attended. The Catholic priest was respected because he paid his bills promptly and would not permit himself to be cheated. The Protestant-Episcopalians were poor, and their minister was a Canadian of high-church proclivities, and though some "nice people" sat under him—people who wore diamonds and seal-skin sacques—yet they were, as a rule, looked down on.

Perseus must have been stronger than he was to have escaped the fever of money-making. He saw that in a Protestant and highly total-abstaining town Colonel Brodbeck's infidelity and fondness for whiskey—which was not excessive, by the way—were condoned because of his wealth. Money could do anything, he concluded; it might even open the way socially to a Catholic, provided he were not *too* Irish. He had a somewhat better education than the other boys at school. Father Deschamps taught a little school—he was too poor to pay a teacher—and when Perseus had left it and gone to the district school the kind priest, discerning the boy's talent, had made him read Cicero and Virgil. Father Deschamps was replaced by another pastor, and Perseus was left to the deadening influence around him. Having planned his career, he was somewhat relieved to have Father Deschamps go. And yet he never felt that he was ungrateful; he became so entirely absorbed in his desire to be rich that it seemed only right that all the world should aid. In fact, he had become his own Buddha, and he was rapidly losing himself in self.

Colonel Brodbeck admired Perseus' capabilities. "If the fellow," he said to himself, "only knew his ability, and if his confounded snobbishness did not prevent him from seeing how superior he is to these Cone City chumps, he'd get away from here as soon as possible. But he looks on the Cone City settler as one of a superior race."

The colonel grinned sardonically, and opened a letter about the selling of the Cone City water-front to the new railroad company, whose stock was mostly owned in Chicago.

"Ah!" he said, "we shall find some work here for Perseus."

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Perseus was sent to Congress. And just before the day of election the rival candidate brought out the old story about his having changed his name. Both of the Cone City papers had his mother "interviewed." According to the friendly journalist, she was a "handsome old lady, living in opulence provided by an adoring son." The other journal said that she was "a decent old woman, bowed down by her son's neglect, and living in comparative squalor." All the old woman could be induced to say was that she "would not have cared how often the Boy changed his name, if he had only stuck to his religion."

This brought a card from Perseus. He protested that religion had no place in politics. His religion was his private affair. He would allow no human being to interfere between him and his God. His Irish friends, he hoped, would remember that, though an American in every fibre of his being, he loved, next to the principles of 1776, the principles of Parnell. While he lived he would oppose any State tax on church property. To be honest was the first commandment of his religion, and he hoped, in Congress, to show that this religion influenced his every act.

The card was effective; the Home-Rule phrase and that about church property helped him very much, though he promised the Methodist minister to lecture at Chautauqua at an early day on "The Aggressions of Rome."

To be frank, Perseus believed that he was honest; he often said to himself that people did not know how good he was. His wife's indifference to religion annoyed him. He held that a woman ought to be religious; but Clara laughed at him.

"The children shall choose their own religion," she said one evening, after one of the Cone City functions called a "coffee." Sixty leading Cone City ladies had eaten chicken salad and ices with her from three until six, and the probable conversion of one of their number to Catholicity had been discussed. "Cora Bramber is going to turn Catholic, and I must say I like her spirit."

"I thought you hated Catholics," Perseus said.

"I? Good gracious, no! I think they are more consistent than other denominations. And I don't see why they should be held responsible for the awful things the Jesuits and popes did long ago. I'm sure the Puritans were bad enough."

"You wouldn't want the children to be Catholics, Clara."

"If they were rich and could do as they please, I think I would. But Providence, if there is a Providence, seems rather hard on people when he makes them Catholic and poor at the

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same time. The children must have some religion or other. I can keep straight without religion; I've a natural tendency towards respectability, and you're a good husband; but Perseus, I wouldn't trust anybody else. I'm thinking of sending Clara to a convent school."

Perseus set down his coffee-cup in amazement—he was in the act of making a collation from the remains of the afternoon feast.

"I won't have it," he said; "it would ruin the girl's prospects, Clara. Who'd marry a Catholic here, and if she goes to a convent, she'll probably come back a Catholic."

"If there's anything that exasperates me," answered his wife, calmly washing the silver, "it's your foolish reverence for Cone City people. They're only people who came here to earn a living; they're the sort of people who go to Europe every year to complete an education that was never begun at home. If Clara has money, she might be a Mohammedan. Haven't you learned that yet? She'll be safe in a convent school."

"Well, I'll lose the Methodist vote, that's all."

"No, you won't, nor the Baptist either. The anti-church property stand holds all denominations. Besides, haven't I given five hundred dollars for the Methodist chapel? You'll gain more Catholic votes than you ever had. Anyhow, I *will* have Clara well taken care of. I know our boarding-schools too well. The nuns may make her narrow-minded, but they'll keep her gentle. These sects make their girls both narrow-minded and aggressive."

Perseus was silent. After all, it was like the sound of far-off bells, sweet to his ears, to think that his child might say the same old prayers and kneel before the tabernacle. Nevertheless, he would not sacrifice anything for this. As Clara took the responsibility, he left it to her. He was resolved that the boys should not be handicapped by religion.

He took his wife to the opera-house that night to hear her brother lecture on "The Beautiful in Life." The theatre was crowded. The colonel was very florid in his speech. He said that beauty was religion, and that if religion and the enjoyment of the beautiful were opposed, religion must go. "If God is a God of terror," he repeated, "God must go; when men's souls shall have attuned themselves to the grace of the Venus of Melos rather than to churchly ideas of womanhood, when the use of money shall mean more beauty in life, then virtue and sensuous enjoyment shall be one and life be complete."

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"I suppose you'd like Clara to hear that kind of stuff," Perseus' wife said as they drove home.

"It was very pretty," said Perseus; "I don't quite see what it means; it certainly makes irreligion very attractive. Like you, the colonel does not seem to need religion in order to be good."

His wife laughed. "I don't know about that; but I know what he means; he means free love. As for religion, we all need it. Do you know, if you had stuck to your religion I should have had more respect for you, and it is probable I might have become a Catholic myself. There are times, Perseus, when your silly admiration for Cone City makes you very tiresome. As for my brother, can't you see that he is not a good man? He believes in God in his heart, of course he does! The way he protests against it shows that he does. As for myself, I dislike any unreasonable and illogical belief founded on man's dictum and the Bible. But I don't know Catholicism. I might like it. We all need religion—my brother worse than anybody I know," she added, with a short laugh. "There is nothing in our times, except religion, to keep a woman from dropping a husband she does not like and taking one she does; and no religion that can do it effectively, except yours—I beg pardon, I mean the religion you've progressed out of. There's Mrs. Churton; she has been divorced twice, and yet she's head and front among the Congregationalists."

"You don't mean to say that you'd—" Perseus almost gasped, as he turned to his wife.

"I don't mean to say anything but that Clara shall be fortified against the dangers that would beset me if I cared for any other man than you."

This was frank enough. Perseus shuddered as he heard it. He imagined his mother saying such a thing! No; toil-worn, uneducated, old-fashioned as she was, there was a bloom of innocence and womanliness about his mother which his wife lacked. Such frankness gradually built up a wall of distrust before him; his wife did not see it, though she felt a difference. Later she differed with him almost habitually, and she was generally right. Finally, she came almost to despise him.

The question of the sale of the water-front came up. Perseus and Colonel Brodbeck opposed it. It meant robbery. It would open the door to monopoly. It was an outrage on the rights of the people. It was on account of his course in this matter that he was sent to Congress a third time, and was enabled to second

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some of his brother-in-law's schemes very effectively. Frank Carney had been his constant supporter. Frank had now no legitimate business; he was devoted to politics; he lived by subsidies from the Hon. Perseus and Colonel Brodbeck. He was their slave, and the more self-respect he lost the more valuable he became. Somebody must do the dirty work in politics, and Frank's hand, once in the mire, did a great deal of it. His mother said this to him about Easter-time, when she was urging him to go to his "duty."

"I can't, mother," he said; "don't ask me. I'd have to get out of politics if I did. When I've made my pile," he added, with a rather timid attempt at a laugh, "I'll repent."

"They say that you and Col. Brodbeck have robbed right and left. I can't bear to hear such things."

"Oh! it's newspaper lies. Don't you see the colonel's a big man, for all that? It doesn't make much difference in this country where you get money, so that you get it."

The old woman could only cry and wring her hands. She saw that her son had begun to drink, and it was said that he gambled. Prayer, constant and unwearying, was her only resource.

The railroad company wanted the water-front badly. Its counsel and directors knew that Colonel Brodbeck and Perseus controlled the council of Cone City, of which the colonel was the attorney. Had the colonel and the Hon. Perseus a price? An answer to this question was easily obtained through Frank Carney. They had, and it was high. Perseus was at first inclined to be honest, but the colonel laughed at him.

"Nonsense!" he said, "that sort of thing went out of fashion with religion. You felt yourself trammelled in the process of making your career by your Catholicism, and you gave it up. Why should you keep up the bondage after you've emancipated yourself. It ought to be whole hog or none. There's no confession to be afraid of now."

Perseus shivered involuntarily. He had the feeling "as if"—as his mother would have said it—"somebody was walking over his grave."

His wife was shocked by his change of view on the water-side question. She spoke her opinion very plainly. "I might have known," she said in her most cutting tones, "that it was a risk to marry an apostate, but I never imagined this disgrace. Oh! my brother? My brother is an infidel, but you pretend to be a Christian still."

After this Perseus knew that his wife despised him, though

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he had cleaved the ether and was a star. He winced under sarcasms; he distrusted her. What guarantee had he that she, bound to him by inclination, not duty, might not desert him at any moment? Clara, his daughter, was at a convent school; his boys were also away; his life was wretchedly unhappy—but he was growing richer in this world's goods every day.

The "deal" between the Cone City syndicate and the railroad company had been arranged very neatly through Frank Carney. There had been no tell-tale checks in the matter. Frank had delivered forty thousand dollars in cash to each of these two most potent men in Cone City. The council had been managed, but no one knew who did it, so that while popular indignation struck the council, it never even glanced on the colonel and his *confrère.* It was cleverly arranged; there was no scandal; Perseus admired his diplomacy and his success, for forty thousand dollars was a great sum in Cone City, and yet it was the beginning of disaster.

Frank Carney, good-natured, plastic, credulous, began to see that he was only a tool. He had been ignored in the division of the spoil. He feared Perseus and the colonel too much to find fault openly. But his discontent was growing. He was in this mood in the spring, when Easter came again. His mother met him one morning, just after old Mrs. Mahaffy's death, and said nothing. She stood and looked at him with yearning eyes. He had been drinking all night; but he was sober enough.

"What is it, mother?" he said.

"What is it, dear? I'm just thinking that I'd give the world to have my own boy back again."

Frank saw a tear on her cheek in the early sunlight as she turned away.

"If God helps me, you shall, mother," he called after her; and then he said to himself: "She's worth it all; I'll surprise her; I'm tired of the mud."

IV.

It happened that the Honorable Perseus G. Mahaffy and Colonel Brodbeck were asked to address a spring meeting of a society called the Farmers' Alliance on one Saturday night. The colonel made an address which was not received well. It was not vaguely atheistical; it was not humorously atheistical; it was openly immoral—a plea for affinities, an apology for a law granting easier divorces. It was hissed by the farmers who had tol-

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erated his jokes on the Divinity and his amusing caricatures of modern Calvinism. Going home with Perseus and Frank Carney, his humor was ferocious. The beautiful—not even Goethe's "Helena" or the march in "Lohengrin" could have made him less savage. It was strange that the panaceas recommended by the colonel for other people rarely answered for himself.

The three were walking; it was a moonlight night. Perseus was well satisfied with himself; Frank Carney was moody. They were passing the arbor-vitæ hedge which separated his mother's little house from the road.

"Do you know, colonel," said Frank, "I have concluded to go back to my first love and to get out of your infidel clique, and likewise out of politics? You haven't treated me right; but that makes no difference now. I'm going into the insurance business at Oxhart next week, and I shall follow my conscience. I'm a Catholic at heart and I'll be one practically, with God's help, after this. A speech like the one you made to-night ought to make us all religious."

Perseus laid his hand on Frank's arm; he saw the colonel's ugly look.

"Who hasn't treated you right?" The colonel stood still and confronted Carney.

"I said that was neither here nor there." They were standing near the new railroad embankment, and Carney paused near the edge to answer the colonel.

"I suppose you mean this as a threat," sneered the colonel. "I suppose you think we're afraid you'll go and confess certain little things to a priest. But you can't frighten us. If you want money, why don't you say so, instead of trying a monkey trick like this."

Frank Carney's face turned ashy.

"I don't want thieves' money."

He had no sooner spoken the words than the colonel raised his fist. Frank Carney tried to guard himself; the colonel struck him, and he fell down the embankment, a descent of twenty feet. He lay still among the stones; then he groaned. Perseus and the colonel went to the ladder at the side, and with some effort dragged him up to the hedge near his mother's house. There was a deep cut on his forehead, and another on the back of his head. His face was white. The colonel felt his pulse.

"He can't live," he said coolly.

The wounded man opened his eyes and his lips in a mute appeal.

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"He wants a priest," whispered Perseus. "Stay with him, while I run to the town; it's not a half a mile."

The colonel showed his white teeth.

"A priest, you fool! Do you want him to ruin us with his silly nonsense? He knows too much. Let him confess to us; we'll keep his secrets."

"He must have a priest, colonel."

Again the dying man opened his lips and tried to raise his hands.

The colonel looked at Perseus in his ugliest way. "You're a nice person to be talking of priests—you that pretend to hate them. I can't afford to have a priest come here; neither can you."

Perseus stood irresolute. He felt that he was killing a soul. But he had let the colonel's evil will dominate him so long that he could not resist it now. At the same time his last hope of all better things seemed to die out as he steeled his heart against Frank Carney's whisper, "A priest."

Carney's voice grew stronger in his agony: "For God's sake, get me Father Lovel—he's not far—my mother. It's all I ask. I can't stand this much longer."

"You hear his confession, if you're so anxious about it," said the colonel, mockingly.

Perseus had become accustomed to wince at that tone. He turned away from the agonized face of his friend, and went down the road; and then it seemed to him that his own soul went to hell and a devil of despair took possession of his body. The colonel soon rejoined him, and spoke in his coolest voice.

"He's dead. The thing's awkward; but I just dropped my whiskey-flask into his pocket and rolled him down the embankment. Everybody knows he drank. That will account for it all when he's found. We'll say he left us at the Junction. The idiot!"

Nobody cared much, except Frank's old mother. She heard that he had died almost at her door. The whiskey-flask part of the story was mercifully kept from her. "It accounted for it all," as the colonel had predicted.

But the Honorable Perseus Mahaffy was never quite himself again. One night, in the autumn, he made a great speech at the closing dinner of the trustees of the County Fair. It was said to be the effort of his life. The colonel, who had noticed the change in him since the night of Frank Carney's death, watched his face intently. At first he sneered at the orator's

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grandiloquence. Then his expression became more serious, and when the Honorable Perseus began his peroration and was interrupted by cheers for the Star of Golung Creek, the colonel noticed a fixed look in his eyes, and when he attempted to go on he stammered. Suddenly the words seemed to freeze on his lips; he looked at the large pyramid of fruit and flowers before him as if it were a human being of threatening aspect. The colonel jumped up and caught him as he was falling, crying, "What's the matter?"

"I thought I saw *his* ghost," he whispered. "It has killed me; for God's sake, send for a priest!"

"Nonsense!" returned the colonel. "What good will a priest do you? Here, take this brandy."

Perseus thrust the little glass away from him.

"A priest!" he whispered again and again. But the group around him thought he was raving. Who among them had ever connected him with a priest? The sneer came back to the colonel's face as he made room for the doctor. In less than an hour he was in convulsions, and so he died. The doctor gave his disease a medical name; the colonel said to himself that it was superstition acting on a weak mind. And his last words had been: "Success, gentlemen, is not measured by material prosperity. It consists in being true to ideals, in sacrificing all aims and objects which are not truth's. That is success in the sight of God. All other things named success are illusions." Certainly he had found it so; he had paid very dearly for having become a star.

His daughter did not forget the face of the old woman who had pulled her mother's frock at the funeral. She found out her name, and made her acquaintance. Poor Mrs. Carney prayed for her son as only a mother in doubt about a son's soul can pray; and Clara prayed, too, for she had been baptized, though she had not as yet made her First Communion.

"If I only knew how he died!" Mrs. Carney wailed constantly; "if I only knew how he died! I've often thought your father might know whether he was prepared or not."

Clara understood her; she knew that the mother's thoughts were on her son's soul. She could say nothing; she did not dream that her father and the colonel knew only too well.

It happened that just before the summer vacation Clara had finished a little picture of the Sacred Heart for Mrs. Carney. The chaplain, Father Morgan, was about to go to Cone City,

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and he had promised to take charge of it for her. Clara knew that the sight of his genial face would do Mrs. Carney good.

"Mrs. Carney?" he said, reading the address. "Is that the mother of the poor young man who died under such strange circumstances last spring? Ah! indeed," he continued, musingly, in answer to Clara's assent. "I saw him that very afternoon. I was hearing confessions in the German church, and he came to me just as I was leaving the box. He introduced himself and asked for some advice about the examination of his conscience. I answered him by taking him back to the box and hearing his confession. Poor young man!"

Clara's cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled. She had found out how Frank Carney died; now she knew that he had passed from earth with the cleansing dew of absolution upon him. She thanked Father Morgan and ran off to get permission from the mother-superior to go with him to Cone City; she gave her reason, and as a great and special favor it was granted.

"What would you like most of all to have?" she asked, when the old woman had greeted the priest and kissed her.

"To know that I should see my son again in heaven, to know that he died well," she answered, with a tremor in her voice Then Clara and Father Morgan made her happy.

Colonel Brodbeck has begun to have more than a local reputation. His *Life of the Honorable Perseus G. Mahaffy* is much praised. The description of Perseus' "conversion" from Romanism to a serene state of religious indifference is particularly well done. His sister seldom sees him; she is in doubt. "If I were anything," she says, "I would be a Catholic, like Clara—that is, if all Catholics were like her. But Perseus' example and the example of so many like him make me pause. There's plenty of time." And she says to herself: "I'll send the boys to a Catholic school next year, in the hope that they will grow up unlike Perseus and the colonel."

When the Rev. Mr. Schuyler remonstrates with her, she tells him that she has tried Calvinism and agnosticism, and found them hollow; what is left to her but the Church?

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

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AUX CARMÉLITES.

MADAME LOUISE sleeps well o' nights,
Night is still at the Carmélites:
Down at Versailles
The dancers dance, and the violins play.

There's a crucifix on the wall at her head,
And a rush chair set by her pallet bed,
Stony and hard,
Sweeter than balm or the spikenard.

Daughter of France and the King's daughter,
She hath one poor serge gown to her wear:
And her little feet
Shall naked go in the wind and sleet.

From things that stabbed her cheek to red
She hath taken her milk-white soul and fled.
Down at Versailles
The revels go till the break of day.

Jesus, King, is her harborer,
With His wedding-ring on her hand to wear;
And her love-vows given
All to the King who is Lord in heaven.

Sweetly singeth the nightingale
In his screen of boughs while the moon is pale,
Sweet, and so sweet,
That the night-world is faint with it.

The roses dream, and the lilies wake,
While the bird of love with his wild heart-break
Piercetth her dream;
Soft she sighs in the faint moon-beam.

And all night long in the dark by her
An angel sits with his wings astir,
And his hidden eyes
Keeping the secrets of Paradise.

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Madame Louise sleeps well o' nights,
Night is still at the Carmélites:
Down at Versailles
The dancers dance while the dawn is gray.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

DISGUISES OF NATURE.

WHEN in Natural History we speak of Mimicry, of one species of animal imitating another species, and putting on a disguise so perfect that it is difficult at first to tell the two apart, the expression is misleading, and is owing to the poverty of our language to find a better. For this deceptive resemblance is not a conscious act, but is supposed by the best authorities to have been brought about by a variety of one species having originally borne a superficial likeness to another which was gifted with special means of protection, and in consequence of this fortunate likeness, which had a tendency to be reproduced, the former was able to escape from its enemies. The imitation may have been very slight in the beginning, but as time went on, in the course of ages, it became more and more complete by the variety which more closely resembled the species imitated being naturally preserved, while those which had not the disguise perished.

It is also quite probable that the resemblance which some animals bear to their environment has been brought about in the same way; for this resemblance cannot be explained by the direct action of climate, soil, or food. In arctic regions white is the color which best protects, by making an animal of the same hue as the landscape. Accordingly, we find the polar bear white, the only bear that is white. The alpine hare, the ermine, and the arctic fox turn white in the snowy season. Among birds, the ptarmigan in winter loses its summer plumage, which harmonizes so well with the lichen-covered stones among which it hides, and turns white, so very white that one may tramp through a flock lying on the snow without perceiving a single bird. If the common raven, which even in midwinter goes as far north as any known bird or mammal, remains black, it is because it feeds on carrion and has no need of concealment to get near its prey. The Siberian

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sable, like the raven, does not change color in winter, because its habits are such that it does not need to become white; it often lives on berries at this season, and is so nimble on the trees that it easily catches small birds. The woodchuck of Canada also stays brown in winter But it then burrows in river-banks and subsists on fish. We know that the lion, by its sandy color, easily conceals itself by crouching on the desert sand; while the stripes of the tiger assimilate well with the vertical stems of the bamboo and tall, stiff grass of the jungle. Almost all the other animals of the cat tribe frequent trees, and these have often spotted skins, which help to blend them with the background of foliage. A marked exception is the puma, whose ashy-brown fur, the color of bark, and its habit of clinging very closely to a limb as it waits for its prey to pass underneath, make it uncommonly hard to distinguish. It might be thought that the conspicuous stripes of the zebra, in a country abounding with lions and leopards, would be a danger to it. But zebras go in herds, and are so wary and swift that in the day-time they have little to fear. It is at dusk, when they go to drink, that they are most exposed. But Mr. Francis Galton, who has studied this animal in its native haunts, declares that in the twilight the zebra's black and white stripes blend so well into a grayish tint that at this hour it is not easy to be seen at a short distance. Even an animal as big as a giraffe is said by travellers to be admirably concealed by its form and color when standing perfectly still among the dead trees often found on the outskirts of the groves where it feeds. Its spots, its long neck, the peculiar shape of its head and horns appear all together so like broken branches that even the natives have been known to mistake a tree for a giraffe and a giraffe for a tree.

In regard to the coloring of birds, the better opinion is that the dull colors of the female have been acquired for protection while sitting on the nest. To this rule there are exceptions, as the kingfishers, woodpeckers, toucans, parrots, starlings, and houguests, in which both sexes are equally conspicuous. But these birds either nest in holes, or build dome-shaped nests which hide the sitting bird. In the very few curious cases where the female is actually more conspicuously colored than the male, it is found that the relation of the sexes in regard to nesting is reversed—the male bird sitting on the eggs, while the more attractive but pugnacious female stands exposed to the enemy's eye. Such are the dotterel, an Australian creeper, and one or two others.

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In the tropics, where leaves are always green, we find whole groups of birds whose feathers are green; while many tree-snakes in that part of the world, comprising both harmless and venomous genera, are usually of a beautiful green color, and so perfectly does it conceal them that their prey comes within easy reach unconscious of danger. The only true arboreal snake whose color is seldom green is the genus Dipsas, which takes various shades, black, brown, olive. But the snakes of this genus are all nocturnal, and by day hide in holes, so that a green disguise would serve them no useful purpose. Professor Cope, speaking of mimetic analogy, and the sandy hue of reptiles in the deserts, says: "There is also a tendency to produce spiny forms in such places; witness . . . the cerastes of the Sahara . . . and horned rattlesnake of Southwestern America. The vegetation of every order, we are also informed, is in these situations extremely liable to produce spines and thorns."

Among the smaller marine animals, many are protected by being so transparent as to be almost invisible, those that are brightly colored generally having a special protection, either in stinging tentacles or in a hard crust like the star-fish. In some rare cases, as in the chameleon, a lizard-like animal which turns from dull-white to a variety of tints in harmony with surrounding objects, the change of color is brought about by a reflex action dependent on sensation; and it has been discovered that this curious power is due to several layers of movable pigment cells buried deep under the skin, which, when the helpless creature sees an enemy, are capable, through the emotion of fear, of being pushed up to the surface.

There is a shrimp called the chameleon shrimp which has the same power of taking a protective tint, seemingly at will. It is of a sandy hue when swimming over a sandy bottom, but as soon as it gets among sea-weed it changes to green. And experiment shows that, if deprived of sight, this shrimp, not knowing the color of its surroundings, will not change color. The colors of most fishes with black or brownish backs and white bellies have very likely been acquired for concealment. When we look down on the dark back of a fish it is not easily perceived, while an enemy looking toward it from below would find its white belly equally hard to distinguish against the light of the sky. The sea-horse (hippocampus) of Australia often has long, foliaceous appendages, uncommonly like sea-grass, growing from it, and it is of a beautiful red hue. Frequenting, as it does, marine vegetation of

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the same color, it is almost impossible to discover it until it moves.

Sometimes a conspicuous color adds to an animal's safety. Perhaps the best example of this is the skunk. Its bushy white tail, curled well up over its black and white body, is a signal to attract attention. In the dusk this white signal is pretty sure to be seen, and prevents the skunk, a bold, presuming creature, from being pounced upon by any of the night-prowling carnivora, who turn away the moment they recognize it.

In the opinion of Mr. Belt, the light of the glow-worm and fire fly—at least in Central America—is a sign to night-flying insectivorous birds that they are not eatable; their phosphorescent light is a warning signal. The same naturalist tells of a frog in Niçaragua, colored red and blue, which fearlessly hops about in the day-time; it has perfect faith in its warning color; no snake or bird will touch it, for it is disgusting to the taste, and the sooner it is recognized the better. But it is in the insect world that adaptation of an animal to its environment is most fully developed. Mr. Bates, in his interesting book, *Naturalist on the Amazons*, tells of a long-horned beetle which is found only on rough-barked trees. It is very abundant, but so closely does it resemble the bark that until it moves it is absolutely invisible. The large, wingless stick insects of the Moluccas dangle in bunches from the shrubs, and are so like sticks that the eye alone cannot distinguish the dead twigs from the living insects. Mr. Wallace had to touch them in order to tell the twigs from the insects. Mr. Belt relates that he once saw a green, leaf-like locust remain apparently dead in the midst of a host of fierce, insectivorous ants, which swarmed over it without discovering that it was a locust and not a leaf. Had the locust moved it would have been quickly devoured, either by the ants, or by the small, rapacious birds that everywhere accompany them. He adds: "So fixed was its instinctive knowledge that its safety depended on its immovability that it allowed me to pick it up and replace it among the ants without making a single effort to escape. This species closely resembles a green leaf."

Let us now speak of what we may call mimicry proper—a form of protective resemblance where one species of animal appears in a disguise so like another species as to be mistaken for it, not only by man, but by birds and insects. In Central America there is a longicorn beetle, covered with long brown and black hairs, and exceedingly like some of the hairy cater-

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pillars. This beetle, instead of hiding like other closely-allied species, rests exposed on the bushes, its antennæ concealed against its body, and it is so like a caterpillar that at first you are pretty sure to be deceived. Now, insect-eating birds will not eat hairy caterpillars, and here this beetle finds its safety. In the same region is a small spider which resembles a stinging ant, and so perfect is the imitation that it was not until Mr. Belt had killed one that he discovered it was really a spider, and that there was no danger of being stung. Unlike other spiders, this little creature holds up its two fore-legs like antennæ, and moves them about exactly as an ant does. Small birds, which devour other spiders, take it for a stinging ant and leave it alone.

In Brazil the Heliconidæ butterflies, which most birds will not touch on account of their nasty odor and taste, are closely mimicked by another kind of butterfly and by moths. Mr. Belt watched a pair of birds catching butterflies for their young, and although the heliconidæ swarmed around them and moved about with a lazy flight, the birds did not bring one to their nest. In the same region is another genus, the Leptalis, one species of which so adroitly mimics the heliconidæ in form, color, and mode of flight that only a careful examination revealed to Mr. Belt the essential differences. This species of leptalis has not the sickening odor and taste of the heliconidæ; but the birds do not know it, and consequently avoid them. A very curious case of mimicry is that of a large caterpillar of Brazil, which so closely imitates a poisonous viper that Mr. Bates was startled when he saw one draw itself backward as if to strike.

There is in South Africa an egg-eating snake which has neither fangs nor teeth, but is uncommonly like the dangerous adder, Clothos Atropos, and when alarmed this harmless reptile flattens out its ugly head and darts toward you with the adder's hiss. Let us here observe that in the opinion of Mr. Wallace the theory of warning coloration has thrown light on the much-disputed question of the use of the rattle of the rattlesnake. This snake, which is the most specialized and stands at the head of the order, is sluggish, not hard to kill, and haunts sunny, rocky places, where protective coloration is useful to save it from snake-eating birds and other enemies. But other snakes, harmless species, equally well protected by color, frequent the same spots, where sharp-eyed buzzards do now and then spy them out. Here the rattlesnake finds its rattle useful.

Speaking of rattlesnakes, we may add—although it has nothing to do with mimicry—that in the structure of the end of

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the tail of harmless snakes we discover a horny cap covering the terminal vertebræ, and this is doubtless the first button of the rattle which in the perfected rattlesnake is developed into several buttons or joints. Nearly all the larger harmless snakes, when excited, violently shake the end of the tail, which frequent vibration tends to determine an increase of nutritive fluid, or, as it is expressed, to localize growth-nutrition, and in the rattlesnake this finally results in new grade-structure, a repetition of the original button possessed by the non-venomous snakes. The best case of mimicry among mammals is that of the Cladobates of the Malay archipelago. Several species of this genus bear a close resemblance to the innocent fruit-eating squirrels; they have the same shape, same bushy tail and colors. Here the likeness enables the cladobates to approach the insects and little birds on which it feeds. The Hyæna-dog of Africa, a weak animal, is very like a hyena, and only for this it would probably soon become extinct.

Plants seldom need to mimic other plants. Their safety lies either in their spines, hairy coverings, or poisonous secretions. There are, however, a few cases of true protective resemblance. The most remarkable is that of the "stone Mesembryanthemum" of the Cape of Good Hope, whose form and color are the very same as the stones among which it grows; and botanists believe that this perfect imitation has enabled it to escape the notice of cattle and wild herbivorous animals, for it is a juicy little plant

The "Rosary bean" of the tropics has a pod which curls up and splits wide open on the tree, thus showing its brilliant scarlet seeds to the birds, who mistake it for another seed they dearly love. But the seeds of the "rosary bean" are hard and indigestible, so that the birds, after swallowing them, pass them through their bodies undigested, and by this deception the shrub gets widely planted over the country.

The *Ajuga Ophrydis* of South Africa strikingly resembles an orchid. This seems to be a means of attracting insects to fertilize it, in the absence of enough nectar in the flower itself.

It is interesting to know that in the great majority of cases of mimicry, the mimickers and the mimicked inhabit the same country and are generally found together on the same spot. The mimicking species are, however, as a rule, few in number; in the case of the leptalis being only one to a thousand of the butterflies it resembles, so that there is hardly a possibility of its being found out by its enemies. It should also be said that mimicry, at least among insects, is confined almost wholly to

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females, who need to be protected much more than the males. Insects pair only once in their brief lives, and the prolonged existence of the male is unnecessary.

If we often see great varieties of color among domesticated animals, as in our horses, dogs, cattle, poultry, it is because man protects them and attends to all their wants; it does not matter to the animal's safety what its color may be. But in wild animals color and markings are, as a rule, constant; for here nature selects what best protects.

We may, therefore, take it as quite probable that the slight original tendency of one variety of a wild species to resemble its environment, or to assume a warning color, or to mimic another species gifted with some special means of protection, is the foundation of all those imitations and colorings which play so important a part in nature. What were likely the first steps in the process of imitation in the case of the leptalis will suffice for all other cases. The heliconidæ butterflies, which one species of this genus mimics, constitute a group of high antiquity, which in the course of ages has become more and more specialized, until it is now a dominant group in tropical America. But when the first heliconidæ sprang from some ancestral form, whose juices, owing to its food, were distasteful to insect-eating animals, they were, perhaps, not very unlike other butterflies in pattern or color. They would at that distant epoch be often attacked by enemies, and even if these refused to swallow them, they would no doubt be often fatally hurt. Hence arose the need of some conspicuous mark to distinguish them and to let butterfly-eaters know that they were not eatable; and every variation in shape or tint, which tended ever so little toward this distinctive necessary mark, nature preserved and stored up, until in time these butterflies appeared in most unmistakable colors—their long, narrow wings banded with black, yellow, and red, unlike the colors of all other families of butterflies in Brazil, which distinctive, warning coloration caused them to be immediately recognized. From this time forth they were free from attack. And now they grew lazy, flew very slowly, and increased abundantly.

But during the early stages of this development some variety of a species belonging to the genus leptalis, inhabiting the same region, happened to be sufficiently like the heliconidæ as to be now and then mistaken for them. These happy fellows naturally survived, while their less fortunate companions were eaten up. The descendants of these survivors, who were superficially still more like the heliconidæ, again survived; the mimicry becoming

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more successful with each succeeding generation—for nothing succeeds like success—until finally it could hardly be improved upon. In the meanwhile the heliconidæ—protected always by their bad taste and odor—diverged into different species, all having conspicuous, warning tints; and it is interesting to know that, as they so diverged, the mimicking leptalis would occasionally be able to follow them with similar conspicuous variations; a process which, Mr. Bates tells us, is going on to-day in the Amazon valley.

The reason why mimicking forms are scarce is supposed to be the ever-increasing acuteness of enemies, which have again and again detected the imposture, and exterminated a feeble group before it had a chance to become further modified. The result of this growing acuteness, especially on the part of insect-eating birds, has been that those mimicking insects which have been able to survive have in the end put on such an uncommonly clever disguise that their shrewdest enemy is not shrewd enough to detect them.

It seems to be, as Mr. Bates says, "a palpably intentional likeness that is perfectly staggering." Indeed, it is so perfect that it deceives the very insects themselves. As we have observed, the female, as a rule, alone mimics. But the male butterfly of the mimicking leptalis has been seen to follow a female of the species mimicked until, suddenly aware of his mistake, he has turned away.

It seems hard to believe that these wonderful resemblances may have been brought about by the accumulation of slight, useful variations. But we must ever bear in mind the great amount of individual variability which exists in all organisms (this inherent, surely God-planned tendency to variation having enabled organic life to put itself in harmony with new conditions), and that it has taken, perhaps, thousands of centuries to make the disguises as perfect as they are. Accurate comparisons and measurements demonstrating the large amount of variability in organisms may be found in a work by Professor J. A. Allen, late of Harvard University, to whom naturalists are much indebted.

WILLIAM SETON.

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THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

I SAW the great sky open down all its deeps of blue,
I saw the hosts of heaven come thronging swiftly through,
And cherubim and seraphim float softly into view.

They met, they closed together, and upward held their wings,
And arm to arm they waited with gentle flutterings,
Till one expanse of glory shone widely on all things.

Then down the wavering pathway, a sea of flaming snow,
I saw a human Presence in silent anguish go—
Great beams crossed on His shoulders, blood from His flesh did flow.

He walked alone and downcast, weighed with a whole world's shame;
He turned not and He spoke not, but through the great white flame
Adown the angels' pinions in grief and silence came,

Yet faltered not, or changed not, with step nor slow nor fleet—
He crossed the azure causeway, where earth and heaven meet,
Till on our world of turmoil He pressed His bleeding feet.

And then dark shadows gathered and peals of thunder broke;
The glory of the heavens was veiled with hanging smoke;
Earth's rocks were rent asunder, earth's dead arose and spoke.

Far in the murky darkness the shadow of the tree
I saw that Being carry stood upward, one of three;
A shriek of mortal anguish came ringing up to me.

Then all was still; the darkness pressed upward over all,
And sun and sky were hidden and earth as in a pall,
And all the spirits vanished within heaven's closed wall.

My lord! my lord! I charge thee, have naught to do with Him
Who walked the flaming pathway upheld by cherubim,
And bore the *tree of sorrow* into the shadows dim.

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Love, of its strange foreknowledge, my dream interpreteth—
Oh! let it not be vainly! If He must die the death,
Keep thou thy hands blood-guiltless of Him of Nazareth!

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

Toledo, O.

A REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNOR AND HIS FAMILY.

AMIDST a number of old letters, tender and practical, there is one which, in spite of torn parchment, faded ink, and the mould of more than a hundred years, still exhales a breath of romance. The writer, afterwards prominent socially and politically in the history of Maryland, then a youth of scarcely more than twenty years of age, had nothing but his pleasing address and distinguished name to recommend him to the favor of Miss Mary Digges, only child of Ignatius Digges, Esq., of Melwood Park.

Thomas Sim Lee was descended from a Norman family established in England at the Conquest; in America it is well known through the patriotism of Richard Henry Lee, Light-horse Harry, and Robert Lee of Arlington. In England the Lees ranked among the gentry. As early as 1192 Lionel Lee, with his company of gentlemen cavaliers, accompanied Richard Cœur-de-Lion in the third Crusade, and was created Earl of Litchfield for his gallant conduct at the siege of Acre. The pioneer of the family in America was Richard Lee, a cavalier from Shropshire, who, "some time in the reign of Charles I. went over to the colony of Virginia as secretary and one of the King's Privy Council. He and Sir William Berkeley kept the colony to its allegiance during the civil war between Charles I. and Cromwell. While Charles II. was at Breda, Richard Lee went over and had a private conference with him in regard to the colony. On his return he and Berkeley succeeded in having Charles II. proclaimed King of England, France, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia. In gratitude for his loyalty, on the Restoration Charles ordered the arms of Virginia to be added to those of England."

Philip Lee, the second son of this gentleman, crossed over into Maryland, and became the founder of that branch of the family known as the *Maryland Lees*. He was the grandfather of Thomas Sim Lee, the young aspirant to the hand of Miss Digges and future governor of Maryland.

Mr. Digges, a wealthy proprietor of Prince George County,

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Maryland, was the owner of a superb estate and countless slaves, and lived *en prince* among the Southern gentry of the period. His magnificent household was modelled upon those of England. Like the patroons of New Amsterdam, he was all-powerful with his numerous dependents, to whom he administered justice. It is not surprising that young Lee, the favored lover of his "dear Molly," without fortune or patrimony, should have been frowned upon by her father. To add to their difficulties, Mr. Digges was an ardent Catholic, a friend of Lord Baltimore, and bitterly opposed to the union of his daughter with one not of the same faith. He obtained from the young lady a promise not to marry without his consent; there ensued, in consequence, a stormy and fruitless courtship.

In the meantime, Sir Robert Eaton, governor of the colony of Maryland, and guardian of Lee, died. The young fellow thereupon threw up the office (clerk of Frederick County) which he had inherited from his father, and sailed for England, in the hope of easing his heart and mending his fortunes. Of his career there little is known save the fact that he played whist at Bath with my Lord Chesterfield. Through the influence of his uncle, Mr. Russell, an English merchant, he obtained a position in the East India Company, a guarantee of wealth in those days. The prospect of a still more distant separation from the object of his affections, however, made him hesitate, though the future appeared golden. He requested leave to defer his answer, and set sail for America, determined to try his fortune once more with Miss Digges.

To the consternation of the household, he arrived at Melwood and was again refused. In his perturbation, and somewhat appalled, no doubt, by the reproaches of the angry father, he was surprised into a falsehood, of which he immediately repents in the letter alluded to above. The note is written from the county town of Melwood Park. The handwriting is firm and clear in spite of the mental excitement under which he must have written. He carefully reproduced his letter before despatching it, and added in his copy a memorandum of the date of its deliverance. It is from this copy that we quote the following:

"Upper Marlboro, August 3rd, 1771.

"Sir,

"I have without design told you an untruth, and I think it's incumbent on me to acknowledge it that all things may be placed in a proper light.

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"I want to take no advantage by deceiving you, and I sincerely wish that all who have interested themselves in the affairs of your Daughter and myself had the same candor. This Blunder which I made yesterday has given me a great deal of uneasiness, and I would willingly have rectified it immediately, but your refusing your consent for me to Marry Miss Digges, and the great hurry you were in to leave me, actually threw me into such confusion that I was deprived of utterance. You may recollect that you told me Miss Digges had made and repeated a promise never to Marry without your consent. Instead of my observing that she had told me of her having made such a promise, I said I had never asked her to marry me against your consent. I do now solemnly declare that I had no premeditated design of saying those words. No! it's what my soul abhors! I hope this assertion of mine will gain credit with you when I ingenuously confess that I have applied and proposed your daughter to Marry me without your consent; in justice to her, I now inform you that she has repeatedly and determinately refused.

"I am, Sir, Yr. Hble. Servant,

"Tho. Sim Lee.

"The original of this copy was sent to Mr. Digges the 5th August, 1771."

Whether this ingenuous confession or the force of true love finally overcame the father's heart, history saith not. Lee was sent for, and having declared "in the most solemn and sacred manner, as soon as I shall be married to my Dearest Molly, . . . I will make my will and order and direct that in case of my Death in the minority of my children, they shall be educated in the faith of their Mother," the lovers were united. Mr. Digges presented them to each other, saying: "Mary will not marry without my consent. I cannot force her to marry another. Therefore, you may have her."

The engagement was short. They were married on the 27th of October, 1771, just two months after the repentant letter.

Many letters remain in the handwriting of Thomas Sim Lee, but there are only a few fragments from Mrs. Lee. In one of these her mind appears to be divided between the children's wardrobe and replying to the reproaches of her husband for not writing more frequently during his enforced absence:

"You that have no such object continually in yr. sight as a poor sick child, and nothing to doe but to Dress yr. self & visit the

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Ladies in the afternoons or Receive visits, ought not to think much of 2 or 3 Letters to any one, don't get any Nankeen for Nacy [Ignatius], if you have any money Left that you intend to Lay out for him, Let it be in Linen what his shirts was made of is so bad that they are all to piecis alredy."

Lee was made governor of Maryland in 1779, at the age of thirty-four, and was re-elected three times by the legislature. He declined the last nomination, however, in compliance with his wife's wishes. The season at Annapolis was a heavy drain upon their income, which was royally spent despite the Lee motto: *Non incautus futuri.* Their fortunes suffered by contact with politics; however, *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

After the Revolution Governor Lee was unanimously elected to the Senate from Maryland. He declined this office, as he did the appointment of commissioner of the City of Washington, offered to him by the first President. He also subsequently refused to be one of the framers of the Constitution, and steadily declined all other offices. He was greatly esteemed by General Washington, who placed in him the utmost confidence.

At the opening of the war between the colonies and England Governor Lee embraced the cause of liberty with ardor. He proved an able, energetic officer during that trying time, and organized a fine band of militia to protect the State from the British, who were endeavoring to land from the Chesapeake. At the close of the war General Washington, in a very flattering letter expressing a "high sense of the powerful aid which I have received from the State of Maryland, in complying with every request from the executive of it," informs Governor Lee of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and consigns to his care half of the prisoners taken thereby. This letter is one of several still in the possession of his descendants.

Mrs. Lee also united in her husband's zeal for the cause. To her General Washington also wrote, acknowledging with his usual grace "the patriotic exertions of the Ladies of Maryland.'

"Passaic Falls, Oct. 11th, 1780.

"Madam,

"I am honored with your letter of the 27th of September, and cannot forbear taking the earliest moment to express the high sense I entertain of the patriotic exertions of the Ladies of Maryland in favor of the army.

"In answer to your enquiry respecting the disposal of the Gratuity, I must take the liberty to observe that it appears to

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me, the money which has been or may be collected, cannot be expended in so eligible and beneficial a manner, as in purchase of shirts & stocks (black) for the use of the troops in the Southern army.

"The polite offer you are pleased to make of your further assistance in the execution of this liberal design & the generous disposition of the Ladies insure me of its success, and cannot fail to entitle both yourself and them to the warmest gratitude of those who are the objects of it.

"I have the honor to be, Madam,

"With the highest respect & regard,

"Yr. most obed't & H. Ser't,

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"Mrs. Lee."

The sympathy which Governor Lee felt for the Colonies in their struggle estranged from him many friends and relatives who remained loyal to King George. With the eminent exception of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Governor Lee was almost the only man of prominence in Maryland who declared himself openly against the British. His uncle, Richard Lee, the princely owner of Blenheim, Maryland, rebuked him severely for his political sentiments. When the Colonial successes became more assured, however, Mr. Lee gladly availed himself of his distinguished nephew's influence, and applied for a guard of soldiers to protect his estate, whither they were promptly despatched.

It is not surprising that the proprietor of Blenheim should have been anxious for the preservation of his manor. It has been described as one of the handsomest country-seats of Maryland or Virginia. The bricks employed in its construction were imported from England, as were also the superbly carved staircase and wainscoting. The splendors of Blenheim drew visitors from far and near, and the renowned wood-work suffered much from their mutilations. Unfortunately, this superb house was burned with all its treasures. A second mansion, which is said to be of interest, though not so beautiful as the former, was built upon the same site.

It may be of interest to mention here that Blenheim, England, the country-seat of the Duke of Marlborough, was formerly tenanted by Sir Henry Lee. He was the keeper of the royal domain of Woodstock during the time of Charles I. and his son, whom the fair Alice Lee aided in his flight from the Roundheads. Marlborough's palace of Blenheim has superseded

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the interesting old pile, the last of whose towers was destroyed by gunpowder in obedience to the commands of his indefatigable duchess.

A romantic story is told of Richard Lee's son, Philip Lee, who during a sojourn in England had unwittingly won the heart of his cousin, Miss Russell. Unconscious of the young lady's affection, he started to make the conventional "grand tour," and returned from his travels to find her dangerously ill. The physician having explained that a return to health would be rapid had she the will to recover, her anxious parents entreated Philip to find out the secret that stood in the way of her convalescence. He accordingly catechised the sick girl gently and with much sympathy. At length he ventured to inquire if she were brooding over some love affair, the hero of which might not be acceptable to her parents, assuring her warmly that, if such were the case, he was convinced it might be brought to a happy conclusion. Miss Russell blushed and replied that she was troubled by nothing of the kind. His questions soon pressed so closely that the poor girl, having no longer the strength to resist, exclaimed in despair: "If you will know the truth, Phil, then, to use the words of Nathan, 'Thou art the man.'" This revelation was somewhat startling to the eager interlocutor, and the *dénoûment* natural. Miss Russell regained her health and spirits and became Mrs. Philip Lee, of Blenheim.

But to return to Governor Lee. Some years after his marriage he moved to Western Maryland, where land was thought more fertile than on the Eastern Shore, and was to be had at a much lower rate. In the depth of winter he set out to Frederick Town, and sleighed thence with his little sons for fifteen miles until he reached Needwood Forest, the home of Parson Booth. According to a tradition in the family, the fences were entirely buried and the whole landscape was one vast mantle of snow. Mr. Booth, a clergyman of the Church of England, owned some two thousand acres of forest land, upon which he had built himself a small house. Little is known of him except that he was of the family of Lord Delamere, and appeared suddenly in the wilds of Maryland, leaving in England a wife and six sons, five of whom were afterwards drowned on their way to America. His household at Needwood consisted of two maiden ladies, some students, and an innumerable retinue of cats. Governor Lee, on his arrival, was greeted by the sight of this feline multitude dining luxuriously from a horse-trough filled with milk. Farmers long preserved their memory with gratitude, for during their

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prosperous reign of many years barn rats were an unknown quantity.

Mr. Booth had established a flourishing school at Needwood, which was for some time one of the foremost places of instruction in the South. Southern gentlemen of the period who were not educated abroad or by tutors were sent to Needwood Forest. They came on horseback from the most remote districts. Mr Allston, who married the charming and unfortunate daughter of Aaron Burr, studied here, having ridden all the way from Charleston. Judge Purviance, of Baltimore, Judge Bushrod Washington, nephew of General Washington, and many other eminent men were educated by the English parson.

Governor Lee purchased the entire property, and Mr. Booth, removing still further west, crossed the mountain into Washington County. In addition to the estate of Parson Booth, Governor Lee bought other tracts of land in the same neighborhood from various Scotch and English syndicates, uniting them under the name of Needwood Forest. Among his purchases was a fertile piece of land running to the Potomac, rejoicing in the name of "Merryland Tract." The origin of this title, according to popular theory, is due to the fact that the land once belonged to a merry set of people, whose gay lives were thus deemed worthy of record. It is more probable, however, that the surveyors, whose fancy occasionally ran riot in the bestowing of names on the vast lands they surveyed, are accountable for the title. Another tract belonging to Governor Lee still bears the name of "The Lost Pen and Ink," the gentlemen of the survey, having parted with their writing materials, chose thus to perpetuate the memory of their misfortune.

On the close of his official life Governor Lee established his winter home in Georgetown, where his home was for a long time the headquarters of the Federal party. He, however, devoted the greater part of the year to his Needwood farm, returning to Georgetown late in the fall. His daughter says in a letter to Mrs. Quincy: "We shall not leave Needwood until late in November. My father, who farms for revenue as well as amusement, finds it requisite to remain until he disposes of the fruits of his industry."

Governor Lee tore down the house of Parson Booth and built himself a simple country house in the style of an English cottage. His estate lay at the foot of the Blue Ridge in Middletown valley, one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of Maryland. This valley and the surrounding country, in addition

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to their beauty and fertility, have become famous since the late war. Harper's Ferry, noted alike for the grandeur of its scenery and for the capture of John Brown, is within a few miles of Needwood, while to the north, at a short distance, lies Crampton's Gap, a pass held by McClellan. The latter established his headquarters near the home of Governor Lee, and was there frequently entertained during his occupation of the valley. Still further to the north of Needwood rises the great mass of South Mountain, over which passes the western high-road disputed so fiercely by the troops of the rival armies until the bloody battle of Antietam was fought, about a mile from the summit of the mountain. For the purposes of social life, however, Needwood was but poorly equipped. Frederick, the nearest town, was fifteen miles away. Mr. Clerc-Lee, a gentleman greatly attached to the governor, was the only person within several miles. He had bought land adjoining Needwood, and had built himself a house solely for the purpose of being near Governor Lee. The frequent and protracted absences of the latter, however, finally discouraged his friend, who, finding forest life rather dreary, returned with his family to the more inspiriting scenes of Charles County, then a fashionable part of Maryland. The departure of this family left Governor Lee and his household completely isolated.

Governor Lee now turned his whole attention to farming, and took great pride in his lands, which became famous for their fertility. Writing to his daughter, Miss Eliza Lee, then married and living in Wilmington, he says: "Some ladies and gentlemen came from Baltimore yesterday to see Needwood farm. Can you boast of one in Delaware that possesses such attractions? . . . My wheat stands higher than the fences, which, as you know, are not low, and my crop has a beautiful health and regular appearance which is probably not exceeded by any in the State."

For years after Governor Lee's death Needwood was still noted. We find in an old newspaper a letter from a correspondent who had been stopping near there, in which he remarks: "The descendants of Governor Lee form a circle as remarkable for refinement and cultivation as their lands are famous for productiveness and fertility."

The politician had become so absorbed in the farmer that Governor Lee's heart was divided between patriotism and the fluctuations of the agricultural market. During the war of 1812 he appears to be depressed, but hastens to add: "The pros-

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pect of Peace, or even a good market for Flour and Beef, would cheer me"; and again: "We expect to hear of Peace every day, and a high price for everything that should be high."

He owned a fine body of slaves, two hundred in all, the majority of whom were well-trained laborers. He was attached to many of them, though some "perplexed and plagued him." In a letter he describes the death of one Robin, who, after a long illness, "went off like the snuff of an exhausted candle. He never took a dose of Physick during the course of a long life. When I told him that a doctor should be called, he warmly objected, declaring his belief that I knew as well as the doctor what was proper for him, from which we may clearly infer that he had not a greater reliance upon the skill of the Faculty than Mr. Madison seems to have."

Though no longer active in politics, Governor Lee still followed with interest the movements of the Federal party, of which he had formerly been a prominent member. In the fall of 1812 he congratulates himself upon the prospect of the county becoming Federal; "a great meeting is soon to take place, at which arrangements will be made, I presume, to make the wished-for change. Of two evils it seems best to take the least. Madison and the Jefferson crew ought in all events to be discarded; but Clinton, this De Witt Clinton, I like not that Jacobinical fellow."

Mrs. Lee died in 1805, and was sincerely mourned by her husband. He has written the following inscription in a volume of Thomas à Kempis, given to his wife by Prince Gallitzin, the Russian convert to Catholicity, known throughout this country by the humble name of Father Smith. "The gift of the Reverend Mr. Smith to Mary Lee, 1788, passed by the ever-to-be-lamented death of my beloved wife to me, her inconsolable Husband, Thos. S. Lee." He had joined the Catholic Church some years before his wife's death, having once made a vow so to do when she was dangerously ill. As a tribute to the memory of her who had been his intelligent and faithful companion during more than thirty years of married life, Governor Lee built a church which he named St. Mary's, "in honor of my dearly loved wife, your sainted mother." This building remained in possession of the family until 1829. The bishops assembled in Baltimore then decided that the titles of all churches should be vested in the diocesan, on account of a great scandal caused by troubles in New Orleans. The owners of the cathedral there, having threatened to use it for other pur-

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poses, brought the matter before the courts, where the famous lawsuit was at length decided against them, 1842.

After the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Eliza Lee, who had been his friend and companion always, but more particularly since the death of his wife, Governor Lee remained closely at Needwood, which he was loath to leave even for short visits to his daughter and her family, urging, in one letter, as a sufficient regret, the uncomfortable and unsuitable fashions of the period. "Golden will make my clothes fashionable, do or say as I may, but I cannot wear them high in the neck, short-waisted, and flying off at the sides." Governor Lee died in 1819, at the age of seventy-four, leaving his estate to be divided equally between his children. There are now four country-seats within the radius of one mile bearing the name of Needwood. Three of these belong to his descendants, who at present own about fifteen hundred acres of the original three thousand. The old homestead built by Governor Lee has passed into other hands. Unfortunately, there exists no portrait of him. It is thought that he had a great distaste to being painted. He is said to have been a remarkably handsome man, standing six feet four inches, and magnificently proportioned. Frederick still preserves the memory of his superb appearance as he marched through the town at the head of the Maryland militia to assist the governor of Pennsylvania to crush the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794. His sons were all fine-looking men, none of them being under six feet. In 1824 Peale, writing to John Lee, Esq., youngest son of the governor, says that he has "an engagement to paint portraits of the governors elected in the State of Maryland since the change of government I am desirous to know if there is a portrait in your family of Governor Lee, and whether I may have the favor of making a copy."

There being no portrait, the artist suggested that William Lee, the eldest son, said to be wonderfully like his father, should sit for the painting, which would be placed in Annapolis as that of Thomas Sim Lee. Unlike an enterprising Marylander, however, who recently sat for all the portraits of his ancestors, male and female, William Lee declined to personate his father.

The superb estate of Melwood Park, which fell to the children of Governor Lee, was sold that the property might be divided among the heirs.

Governor Lee left six children, four sons and two daughters. His eldest son, William, lived the greater portion of his life at

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Needwood, where he built himself a house, and where he was at one time the host of the charming Mrs. Lewis (Molly Custis).

Archibald Lee, another son, was a charming and accomplished man of the world. He spent most of his time in England, where he was a great favorite. Among his papers there are a number of letters from eminent people whose autographs alone would make the correspondence interesting. Invitations to famous country houses; personal orders from Ponsonby and Sir John Sinclair for debates in the House of Lords; a note signed John Kemble; one requesting the pleasure of his company in a drive to Bath, from Thomas Weld, Esq., in whose chapel at Lulworth Castle Mr. Carroll, first primate of Baltimore, was consecrated; letters of friendship from Lord Lansdowne; Henry David Erskine, son of the famous Baron Erskine, "the most consummate advocate of his age"; several from William Pinckney, then minister to London, and two from Lucien Bonaparte. These are both written from Thorngrove, Worcestershire, where he was detained by the English, who treated him as a prisoner. In one he expressed his great desire to reach America, "ce pays dont la politique me tient éloigné. . . . J'espère quelque jour que nous nous y reverrons et que nous bénirons ensemble l'heureuse terre où on jouit de la liberté civile et politique." In another, addressed to Archibald Lee, *citoyen Américain*, he begs Mr. Lee to stop at Thorngrove on his way to London. Bonaparte wished to discuss a project of sending to Philadelphia some of his effects, whose value he places at fifty thousand pounds sterling, and which were then awaiting embarkation at Civita Vecchia, from whence he had himself set sail to escape from the exasperation of Napoleon, when he was captured by an English cruiser: "Je ne doute pas que tôt où tard on ne me laisse continuer ma route vers la nouvelle patrie que j'ai adoptée et, en attendant, je voudrais y envoyer ce qui m'appartient, comme, malgré ma detention je me regarde déjà comme votre concitoyen. Je compte sur votre obligeance, et je serais bien aise de causer avec vous de cet objet. Agréez, je vous prie, mes salutations amicales."

Miss Eliza D. Lee, her father's eldest and much-loved daughter, presided over his establishment during eleven years after the death of her mother. As the head of her father's house in Georgetown, she came in contact with all the brilliant and distinguished men of the day. She was a great favorite with Mrs. Quincy, who, writing to a friend in Boston, says: "Eliza Lee, at the head of her father's establishment in Georgetown, has long commanded general admiration by her highly-cultivated mind

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and graceful and attractive manners." We find the following passage on the admiration which Miss Lee excited in a letter from a friend of hers: "You, I am told, have been the idol of the winter. The woman who has the power to draw Mr. Randolph away from Miss Caton must calculate on the hatred of her own sex and the admiration of the other." Mrs. Quincy, on her return North, where, as she expresses it, she is "at last in the midst of the *paternal acres*, and among shades and scenes consecrated by recollections full of gratitude and tenderness," writes to her dear Miss Lee: "In all this restored happiness we think of you *all*, and charm our enquiring friends with the story of your worth, your kindness," etc. Her signature occurs frequently in Miss Lee's correspondence, as does also that of Josiah Quincy. In one place the latter writes regretting he may not accompany her on a riding expedition which they had planned together:

"I am denied after all the privilege of being your and Miss Teackle's cavalier to-morrow, as I promised myself; a lighter carriage than my own cannot be obtained, and this requires my whole stock of cavalry and deprives me of my stud, which is a death-blow to my Knightly pretensions. Will you convey my lamentations to Miss Teackle. Be assured that whether on the spur or the wheel, I am very respectfully Y. Hble. S—,

"Josiah Quincy.

"I am supported in this disappointment by being informed that you have a devoted cavalier at y. command."

Among other writers are Mrs. Madison, John Randolph of Roanoke, Colonel Pickering, etc. Mr. Randolph frequently invites Miss Lee's attention to various reviews, hoping she "will not find them wholly devoid of interest." Colonel Pickering sends a sermon with the following words: "The enclosed sermon, on the signs of the times, which Col. Pickering received last night, and has just read, he presents to Miss Lee: an unusual present to a young lady, but not the less acceptable to her serious and reflecting mind."

Miss Lee married the Hon. Outerbridge Horsey, Senator from Delaware, Mr. Randolph officiating as groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Horsey eventually settled upon part of Governor Lee's estate which she inherited, and which still bears the name of Needwood.

The descendants of Governor Lee and Charles Carroll of Carrollton intermarried several times, thus cementing by a more intimate connection the friendship of their ancestors. John Lee, the youngest son, for several terms member of Congress from

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Maryland, married Harriet Carroll, granddaughter to the signer, while her brother, Colonel Carroll, married Mary Digges Lee, granddaughter of Thomas Sim Lee.

The mother of Mrs. John Lee was Miss Harriet Chew, of Philadelphia, one of the beauties of her day. She is represented leaning upon the arm of General Washington in the famous painting of Martha Washington's Reception. It is said that Mr. Carroll went to Philadelphia to address another lady, whose charms were, however, completely effaced by the sight of Miss Chew. He left the city an engaged man without having once thought of her for whose sake he had undertaken this trip.

Colonel Carroll's wife, Miss Lee, had been intimately associated, before her marriage, with the beautiful Misses Caton, about whom so much has been written. In a letter to one of her relatives, Miss Lee speaks thus of the eldest of the sisters, who married first the brother of Madame Bonaparte (*n.e* Patterson) and afterwards the Marquis of Wellesley: "You can form no idea of the change that has taken place in Mrs. Patterson; her whole soul is absorbed in religion. . . . I always went into the chapel (Doughreghan Manor) at half-past five in the morning, and invariably would find her already there. She told me last month, in speaking of England, that she reflects with the greatest remorse upon her dissipation while there, and that no consideration would induce her to return again; that her only wish now was to atone for the follies of her past life. . . . Mrs. Patterson showed me all her correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, besides a variety of letters from other great people in England, in which they spoke of her loss not only to individuals, but to the nation. After reading these letters, all of which were filled with compliments, she told me that she had not shown them to me out of *vanity*, but to prove to me that if she had loved the world too much, she had been more excusable than most women" The fascinations of England eventually triumphed over Mrs. Patterson's religious determination to atone for the follies of her past life. After the death of her first husband, his fair widow yielded to the solicitations of her admirers and returned to England to console the nation for her loss. She married the Marquis of Wellesley, viceroy of Ireland and elder brother to the Duke of Wellington, her great friend and admirer. Lady Wellesley then entered upon her career of conquest, and together with her beautiful sisters, Lady Stafford and the Duchess of Leeds, was for many years the reigning toast.

M. C. L.

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THE PAINTER OF BARBIZON.

"O world, as God has made it! All is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared?"

—*Browning.*

I.

THE French peasant has always been an interesting study. The Abbé Roux and Max O'Rell are the latest of his countrymen to give us a view of his life and its difficulties. Though lacking in many ways, their accounts are truthful and detailed enough to deserve attention. The most thoughtful and sympathetic literary handling the peasant has ever received was from the pen of Georges Sand, whose brief tale of *La Mare au Diable* is an idyl of the soil, the beginning of which breathes the very essence of peasant life. Unhappily, the genius which could burn with so clear and pure a flame, knew not how to resist the gusts of wind that play havoc with most human candles. Therefore, we can but regret that *La Mare au Diable* is almost the only expression in modern French literature of the depth and beauty, the simplicity of suffering and enjoyment of peasant life. In the other arts the peasant has fared equally well and ill. He has been caricatured, pettyfied, and puttyfied, but seldom justly delineated. We all know the type of peasant lads and lasses that rules supreme in comic opera. We know the type that adorns the canvases, more or less profusely, of most modern artists.

In the midst of all this artistic untruth, a French painter, humble and unknown, by name Jean François Millet, began to reveal the peasant in the light of inner and outer reality. He was born on the 4th of October, 1814, in the little Norman village of Gruchy. His family, tillers of the soil from root to branch, was in many respects remarkable. His father, Jean Louis Nicolas Millet, had a strong and beautiful nature, containing the undeveloped germs of abilities in many lines. His mother appears to have been equally above the average; but the influence that made itself most felt in the life of the youthful Millet was that of his grandmother—a woman whose parallel would have to be sought among the rough-hewn, majestic portraits of the women of the Old Testament. A picturesque house-

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hold it must have been, that homestead hidden in the little valley opening toward the sea. The widowed grandmother ruled supreme. Jean Louis, his gentle wife, and their eight children sought her guidance in every matter. In the evenings, while the busy hum and burr of her spinning-wheel sounded, or the click-clack of her knitting-needles—for the Widow Millet was never idle—her keen eyes looked out from the net-work of wrinkles of her kindly brown face, observant of every one in the little group surrounding her, but ever and anon glancing to the corner of the hearth where "her heart's favorite," Jean François, was seated. As the rising and falling blaze from the great logs illumined his face and figure, the grandmother's busy fingers would occasionally slacken as she watched the lad, sometimes busy with a bit of board or paper, a pencil or charcoal, sometimes gazing dreamily into the fire, sometimes listening eagerly to the stories, ghostly and marvellous some, others bloody and cruel narratives of the days, yet near at hand, of the Terror—stories that some of the little circle never tired of repeating. Oftenest the narrator of these tales would be the uncle of Jean Louis, Charles Millet, ordained priest before the Revolution, enveloped in all its dangers, and finally leading a peaceful and useful life, partly as priest and teacher, partly as laborer, in *sabots* and *soutane*, on his nephew's little farm. All in all, they were a family that was not ill-calculated to produce a great man. They had strong intellects, not altogether undeveloped; strong bodies, not without a certain rough comeliness; hearts tender and upright; views of life honest and hardy. Their life was made up of hard work and scant rest, of privations and few enjoyments, but they took their fate in their hands with a ready and cheerful acceptance that was grander and nobler than any mere philosophical content or resignation. Such were the Millets. Such had been their fathers before them.

The grandmother's favorite, the little François, grew to be a sturdy, strong-limbed, open-browed, dark-eyed youth whose broad back had already—for was he not the eldest of the boys?—to bear many of the family burdens. Fortunately, he got a little schooling, and still more fortunately, he learned with avidity all that fell in his way. The Bible he knew intimately, and all of his grandmother's little store of learned and pious books. A young vicar at the church of Gréville, where François went to be confirmed, taught him Latin and initiated him into the wonders of Virgil, who became at once and remained ever after an unfailing solace and comfort to the young peasant.

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In all these years while François was working, learning, and dreaming, he had not forgotten the wish that had early developed within him to transfer to canvas some of the beauty that he saw and felt—helped thereto by Virgil, perhaps—in the life and scenes that were his. At last, one day, the father, Jean Louis, discovered the secret wish of his son's heart. His biographer, Alfred Sensier, gives the following account of the occurrence that turned the current of young Millet's life: "Coming home one day from Mass he (François) met an old man, his back bowed, and going wearily home. He was surprised at the perspective and movement of the bent figure. This was for the young peasant the discovery of foreshortening. With one glance he understood the mysteries of planes advancing, retreating, rising, and falling. He came quickly home, and taking a lump of charcoal, drew from memory all the lines he had noted in the action of the old man. When his parents returned from church they instantly recognized it—his first portrait made them laugh.

Millet was eighteen; his father was deeply moved by the revelation of this unforeseen talent; they talked the matter over and François admitted that he had some desire to become a painter. His father only said these touching words: "My poor François, I see thou art troubled by the idea. I should gladly have sent you to have the trade of painting taught you, which they say is so fine, but you are the oldest boy and I was not able to spare you; now that your brothers are growing older, I do not wish to prevent you from learning that which you are so anxious to know. We will soon go to Cherbourg and find out whether you have talent enough to earn your living by this business."

Accordingly, in a few weeks François and his father went to Cherbourg to the studio of a painter called Mouchel, a pupil of the school of David. At first the artist cannot be persuaded that the drawings they brought with them were the work of the big, awkward young fellow before him. When he is at last convinced, he willingly accepts him as a pupil, and assures the father: "Well, you will go to perdition for having kept him so long, for your child has the stuff of a great painter!"

The father went back to Gruchy. The son remained at Cherbourg, and for two months worked and studied indefatigably under the tutelage of Mouchel. Then a sorrowful blow fell on him. One day a messenger from Gruchy came with sad news to Cherbourg—Jean Louis Millet was dangerously ill. François rushed madly homewards and reached Gruchy only to

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find his father delirious, dying of brain-fever. His death left a grief-stricken, heart-sore family. But peasants must forego the luxury of grief with all others, and so, as soon as the funeral was over, François endeavored to take his father's place in the labors of the field. That was his work, he felt. Peasant-like, he accepted it as part of the inevitable, without rebellion or complaint. But his heart was not in his work. A different labor, not higher but other than farming, had already claimed his allegiance. The grandmother's observant eyes discovered his patient disquietude. One day she said to him: "My François, you must accept the will of God. Your father, my Jean Louis, said you should be a painter; obey him and go back to Cherbourg."

Very gladly he went. In Cherbourg he entered the studio of Langlois, who gave him little advice but boundless liberty to do as he pleased. He tried his hand at everything—copying and original work of every sort. He found time for much reading, which he chose with judgment and discretion. The months went by, and people began to talk of the young painter from the country whose work showed such cleverness and originality. A few bold and good-natured spirits thought that he should be sent to Paris. Langlois, declaring that he could teach him nothing more, addressed a petition to the municipal council of Cherbourg, in consequence of which they voted an annuity of four hundred francs for Millet's education. The general council of La Manche added later six hundred francs, to be paid until the completion of the young artist's studies. With the splendid prospect of this princely allowance before him (unfortunately it never became much more than a prospect), and with the trembling counsels of his mother and grandmother in his ears, young Millet departed for Paris in January, 1837.

At first Paris, with its seething possibilities, bewildered him, saddened him, disheartened him. It is a trait of the peasant nature to be comfortable and happy only in the midst of the familiar. Millet, essentially a peasant, had a positive fear of the strange and new. His first contact with Parisians was so unfortunate that his only happiness during those early months in the great city was in his constant visits to the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. Very interesting are his accounts of his first impressions of these celebrated collections. His likes and dislikes are strongly indicated. He has an instant appreciation of true, as quick a discernment of false, art. After a good deal of dallying, Millet roused himself to action and was

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admitted to the studio of Paul Delaroche, the fashionable painter of the day. Here he fared very badly and was misunderstood by master and pupils, though occasionally some of his work compelled admiration. His first attempt in the life-class provoked the universal comment, "How insolently natural!" Delaroche, while admitting his talent, concerned himself very little about this "man of the woods," as his fellow-pupils dubbed him. Millet was too original, too eccentric, too little a worshipper of the great Delaroche, to please master or pupils. When the time came for competition for the great "*Prix de Rome*," Millet was admitted and worked enthusiastically at the figure. Delaroche, seeing his determination and much struck with his work, called him aside and said:

"You want the '*Prix de Rome*'?"

"That is the reason I compete," answered Millet laconically.

"I find your composition very good," continued the master, "but I must tell you that I especially want Roux appointed; but next year I will use all my influence for you."

Millet said no more, relinquished his chance and left the studio, bitterly realizing that upon himself alone must he rely for instruction and protection. One friend the young Norman had made in the studio. A certain Marolle had been kind to him and had won his liking. When he left the studio Marolle, a good-natured, gay young fellow, went with him, and together they established a little studio in the Rue de l'Est. There life very soon became a difficult problem for Millet, whose family could not, like Marolle's, smooth his rough path for him. Perhaps he occasionally wished that he, too, were the son of a wealthy varnish manufacturer. His pension came very irregularly, if it came at all, and was quite insufficient for his needs. It was only Marolle's advice, encouragement, and assistance that made living possible to him. He gave up the studies of forest forms and rural scenes, to which his fancy drew him from the first, and desperately turned his hand to whatever it could find to do. He occupied himself with anything and everything that would win him a few francs for daily bread. He did portraits, pastels, imitations of Watteau and Boucher, whom he detested —mythological subjects. It is hardly fair to accuse him, as some critics have, of abandoning his ideals in the vulgar struggle of existence. He was young, inexperienced; his ideals had scarcely matured, and "pot-boiling" was a necessity then as now. He did very little in those days that shamed him later on. A

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pure mind will not permit much evil to enter into the kindling of the fire, even for youthful "pot-boiling."

In 1840 Millet made his first attempt to exhibit at the *Salon*. Of the two portraits he sent, one was rejected and one accepted, hung, and unnoticed. Discouraged by this failure, he went back to Normandy, whither, for the next few years, he annually returned to breathe again his native air and be again for a time with his family. During one of these visits he painted several portraits of his mother and grandmother. He worked at the latter's portrait with special care, for he understood the beauty and force of her character, and wished, he said, "to show the soul of his grandmother."

During one of these home visits he met and married his first wife, a good young girl of Cherbourg. They were married in 1841, and in 1844 she died. The marriage was not a happy one, and the fact that his young wife was almost a constant invalid served to further complicate the problem of existence. Of these years his biographer says: "He never spoke of this time without a sort of terror. He was without money, position, or connections. His material life was a daily fight. He was ready to do anything that chance offered, but had endless difficulties to get the most trifling sums paid. He met people who took advantage of his poverty, who wearied him with their refusals and went to all lengths of cruelty."

After the death of his wife Millet went for a while to Cherbourg, and there married again, this time more fortunately. Despite Alphonse Daudet's recent utterances to the contrary, the wife of a man of genius does sometimes understand and appreciate him. It is a troublesome question; therefore I leave M. Daudet to describe as flippantly as he pleases the prizes that the rod and line of genius generally draw from the matrimonial fish-pond. Not one of the unions so described was Millet's second marriage. Madame Millet proved to be a good and earnest woman and a most sympathetic helpmate.

Before returning to Paris Millet took his bride to Havre, where they visited several friends while he executed some commissions for pictures. While they remained there, a public exhibition of his works was organized, which met with some success. All in all, he got about nine hundred francs together before they left for Paris. The Havre visit was a brief interlude of peace and prosperity. In Paris recommenced his drudgery and failure. Yet the little attic home was bright and cheerful in spite of

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its poverty. A whole colony of young artists lived near at hand, with some of whom Millet became on the most friendly terms and who formed a little clique of admirers around him, for thoughtful artists and critics could not fail to appreciate the element in Millet's work, even of the "pot-boiling" order, that raised him far above mediocrity. About this time Alfred Sensier, Millet's biographer and most intimate friend, made his acquaintance. They became friends from the start and till death their friendship lasted. The day that he met Sensier was truly, for Millet, a rift in the dark clouds of his life. Never was friend more active or more faithful. During the hard times of 1848 the Millets would probably have starved to death had it not been for the unwearied exertions of this kind friend. Through his help and that of other friends, the artist sold a picture which the *Salon* had, as usual, refused, for five hundred francs, and received a commission from M. Ledru Rollin of eighteen hundred francs. This was comparative affluence, but even twenty-three hundred francs will not last for ever. Again Millet is hard pressed. For a time sign-painting is his only resource. Then he makes the grand discovery that drawings can be exchanged for clothes and furniture. How rapidly his pencil flew then, and how willingly he gave half a dozen drawings for a pair of shoes! Other drawings went for a franc apiece, and five or six portraits for twenty francs.

The year 1849 marks a new era in Millet's life—not of prosperity, but of purpose. Heretofore his paintings had been marked by originality, cleverness, sincerity, but in all his work there was an absence of depth and thought that seems to have been not so much the abandonment of the ideal as an unconscious ignorance of it. One evening he chanced to hear two young men coarsely commenting on one of his pictures that was exhibited in a picture-dealer's window. The truth as well as the falsehood of their words cut him to the quick. To the day of his death he winced at the remembrance. From his pain and humiliation sprang forth both purpose and resolution. He returned home and told his wife the story.

"If you consent," said he, "I will do no more of that sort of pictures. Living will be harder than ever and you will suffer, but I will be free to do what I have long been thinking of."

Madame Millet answered with much simplicity and much nobleness: "I am ready. Do as you will."

"And from that time on," says M. Sensier, "Millet, relieved

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in a sense from all servitude, entered resolutely into rustic art."

A few months before this event a number of Paris artists, among whom was Théodore Rousseau, in later years Millet's devoted friend, had left the capital to settle in the little village of Barbizon, on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. In the summer of 1849 various considerations induced Millet and his friend, the artist Jacque, to follow their example. They came with their families, expecting to remain a few months; the few months became a life-time.

II.

In the recent exhibition at the American Art Galleries, in New York City, of the works of Barye and his contemporaries, there was a sketch of Millet's home at Barbizon, signed "Millet, *fils.*" The painting does not display inherited genius, but it gives us a very good idea of the humble and picturesque home that Millet and his family so long occupied. The long, low-roofed cottage is covered with vines and surrounded by trees. Inside, the three narrow, low rooms, which are gradually added to with the family's increasing size, are poor indeed, but neat and tasteful. One of these little rooms is the studio where Millet spends half his day—the morning being always given to farming and gardening. He felt himself to be the interpreter of the peasant. The long years of desultory labor in Paris had given him technical skill in the highest degree. His years of suffering and discouragement had not embittered, but sweetened and strengthened, his character. His birth, his early training, his later years—all helped to make him the one artist in France who could best understand and express rural life, who could best raise art from the debasement that talented dawdlers, unbelieving and unfeeling *dilettanti* of genius, had brought upon her.

"Each eyed his neighbor, and was full of enthusiasm for a manner," is Millet's summary of the work of the soulless Parisians. Always clearly and concisely expressed are his views on art and artists. Good sense and good judgment rule his words. "Who shall dare to say that a potato is inferior to a pomegranate?" he demands, when accused of trampling on the beautiful in his studies of peasant life. In various letters to M. Sensier he defines occasionally the feeling that inspires all his work. Per-

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haps a few excerpts from these letters will best give his creed on the matter.

"Some tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find much more than charms; I find infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. I see the halos of dandelions, and the sun also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see, as well, in the plain the steaming horses at work, and, in a rocky place, a man, all worn out, whose '*haw!*' has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty."

"One can say that everything is beautiful in its own time and place, and, on the other hand, that nothing is beautiful which comes at the wrong time. . . . Beauty is expression."

"I want the people I paint to look as if they were dedicated to their station—that it would be impossible for them to ever think of being anything but what they are. A work should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end."

"At the bottom it always comes to this: a man must be touched himself in order to touch others; and all that is done from theory, however clever, can never attain this end, for it is impossible that it should have the breath of life. To quote the expression of St. Paul, '*Æs sonans aut cymbalum tinniens.*'"

Very happy were the early days at Barbizon. To be immersed in work of the studio and the field, to be surrounded by his wife and children, to have his friends near at hand, and the great forest for draught of healing and consolation when he felt in need of both—this was Millet's programme of comfort. His friends tell us that with those for whom he really cared he was always genial and confidential, not disdaining an occasional joke and never happier than when he could persuade a couple of friends to share, for weeks at a time, the rough but warm hospitality of his simple home. His friends loved to be with him and often came to pay the desired visits. Pleasant recollections they took home with them of the long afternoons in the bare little studio—dreamy hours, spent by the visitors in watching the rapid, creative strokes of their host's pencil or brush, listening to his thoughts, opinions, confidences, and all the time watching the rings of their tobacco-smoke curl around the portraits and sketches and studies that

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clustered so thick on the walls, half-veiling, half-revealing the sturdy traits of Millet's pictured relatives. In the evenings they went to the forest of Fontainebleau, and there it was that this peasant artist, in his rough *sabots* and old red sailor's jacket, seemed most content with life. All the capacity for joy in his large, impressionable nature was always set vibrating by the slightest contact with the open. In one of his letters to Sensier he gives an idea of his sensibility to nature as well as a pretty picture of the Barbizon life:

"If you could see how beautiful the forest is! I rush there at the end of the day, after my work, and I come back every time crushed. It is so calm, such a terrible grandeur, that I find myself really frightened; I don't know what those fellows, the trees, are saying to each other; they say something which we cannot understand, because we don't know their language, that is all. But I'm sure they don't make *puns* (!) To-morrow, Sunday, is the *fête* of Barbizon. Every oven, stove, chimney, saucepan, and pot is in such activity that you might believe it was the day before the '*noces de Gamache.*' Every old triangle is used as a spit, and all the turkeys, geese, hens, and ducks which you saw in such good health are at this minute roasting and boiling—and pies as big as wagon-wheels! Barbizon is one big kitchen, and the fumes must be smelt for miles."

Once in a while Millet's affairs took him to Paris for a day or two, and always, when evening brought his return, there was an affectionate, eager little group impatiently awaiting to escort him to the house. When things had gone well with him and a few spare francs enabled him to come laden with toys and *bonbons* for the children, it was a very gay little party that assembled within the cottage; and, in any case, the Millet household never lacked love and confidence. Often enough they lacked other things. Even in Barbizon it is impossible to support a large family on an income uncertain at best and often a purely minus quantity. In the art world, that part at least that is governed by the *Salon*, the critics, and the picture-dealers, Millet continued to meet with rebuffs, neglect, and abuse. Every time that a picture of his, whether accepted or rejected, appeared at the *Salon*, a fresh storm burst about his ears. He had a few partisans, a few admirers, but in general he was profoundly misunderstood, maliciously misinterpreted. He was accused of revolutionary and socialistic tendencies. Every sort of motive was ascribed to him save the simple conscientiousness that alone actuated his work.

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Occasionally he sold a picture, but always at a very low figure. Usually, when he had a painting to dispose of his friends were occupied in the almost impossible task of first creating a Millet taste and then gratifying it—with a profitable result to the artist. Struggling bravely along, working indefatigably, bearing his privations as best he could, appealing to his friends only when the burden grew heavier than he could bear, Millet is as touching a figure as was poor John Richling with his clever inefficiency. Quite often it happened that the baker, the butcher, the grocer, and the tailor of Barbizon took possession of the cottage, threatening untold ill if their accounts were not instantly settled. Sometimes Rousseau, oftener Sensier, came to the rescue on these occasions. The comic side of these difficulties strikes us as often as their pathetic, for, in truth, the difference between the pathetic and the comic elements of human events lies principally in the difference there is between the inner and the outer view of life's incongruities. Added to our artist's grinding poverty was the misery of ill health, troublesome eyes, constant headache. Some of the letters to Sensier that reveal his troubles are like the painful echo of the groans wrung from a strong and suffering heart. He writes one day:

"If I have not the spleen, which you tell me not to take to myself as bosom companion, I have a settled weariness, but no anger against any one or anything, for I do not think myself any more a victim than lots of other people; but I am afraid of getting tired out. It has lasted nearly twenty years. Well, it has not been the fault of my friends that it has not been different; that is a consolation to me."

Several times the thought of suicide crossed his mind. "But," says his biographer, "between the thought and the act was a whole world which Millet would never have crossed." He was a Christian; therefore, a prayer or a breath of the forest was sufficient to dispel the possibility of so wretched a release.

During the first years at Barbizon, while the sweetness and freedom of his life there were struggling hard to overmaster its sordid cares, Millet was tenderly thought of and tenderly longed for by the two women, both growing old and feeble now, who were the first to guide and care for him. Scarcely more than a hundred leagues from Barbizon was the little Norman village where his mother and grandmother still remained in charge of the household that was now sadly scattered, for most of the daughters had married and settled in homes of their own, while

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one by one the sons had all been seized with the fever for Paris. Mother and grandmother longed for a sight of the artist son, who had ever most tenderly repaid their tenderness. He, too, earnestly longed to see them both again, but he was poor and they were poor, and every one knows that when poverty weights one's feet journeys are out of the question. How deeply Millet felt the pain of this hopeless longing is shown by his picture called "Waiting," a canvas full of grandeur, of beauty, of sorrow. "A painted silence," it has been called. It is more. It is resignation, patience, hope painted with the silence.

The grandmother died in 1851, and two years later the mother also died. Not yet had Millet found means to go to her. These deaths seemed to snap some of his heart-strings, and were for a long time a living and constant grief to him. After the mother's death it was necessary for François, as the eldest son, to go home and attend to the division of the inheritance. Luckily, the sale of some canvases gave him the wherewithal for the journey. He remained a very short time at Gruchy after asking and receiving as his share of the inheritance the books that had belonged to his great-uncle, and the huge wardrobe of polished oak which from father to son had come down for many generations. It was surely a modest fortune with which he returned to Barbizon.

The following year he met with a stroke of great good luck. He succeeded in paying his debts, and in selling a picture for the to him enormous sum of two thousand francs. The question of what to do with this unexpected wealth had then to be settled. To save it? Very good, but—it would be so much pleasanter to spend it for the wife and the little ones. He deliberates, and at last concludes that he has found the treat that will be most delightful to them. He will take them all for a whole long month to his old home, the Norman village near the sea, which they already seem to know, so often has he pictured it to them with word and pencil. The month lengthened to four, and a happy holiday it must have been for parents and children and the kindred living at Gruchy; this renewal of early associations seemed the beginning of better things for the artist and his family. Bad times were to come again, and often again the faithful Sensier had to pilot their boat into quiet waters, but slowly and grudgingly fortune's wheel seemed turning towards them.

In 1860 Millet gave a hostage to the future, in the shape

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of a contract in which he pledged himself to give to a certain Monsieur M—— all the pictures and drawings he could do in three years, for the consideration of a thousand francs a month. It was a sort of bondage, but a bondage that gave Millet his first feeling of freedom. Relief from the miserable cares that had so long pursued him filled his whole soul with peace. Very joyfully he worked, producing in this interval some of his most beautiful compositions.

To the *Salon* of 1863 he sent three pictures that were destined, despite their truth and beauty, to bring a perfect tempest of abuse and harsh criticism upon the artist who had the audacity to throw himself, again and again, so courageously against the wall of prejudice and false ideals with which the judges of the *Salon* allowed themselves to be encompassed. These pictures were: "A Peasant Leaning on his Hoe," "A Woman Carding Wool," and "A Shepherd Bringing Home his Sheep"—one of the many works in which he dealt so sympathetically with the most beautiful subject that the beasts of the field can present us. Always sympathetic is Millet's treatment of any subject. When he paints horses, or cattle, or sheep, he is equal to Barye or Rosa Bonheur, and he has all the feeling of Corot when he gives his grand and noble peasants their fitting background of majestic landscape.

Occasionally Sensier and he made charming little trips together through various parts of France. Once six or seven glorious days were spent in Switzerland. From all of these excursions Millet returned with plenty of notes, sketches, and memories, full of enthusiastic plans for future work. His enthusiasm for work was endless. A dozen life-times could scarcely have fulfilled all his projects.

In 1868 the tide of public favor, that had slowly been turning away from the false realism and false idealism of the artists most graciously received by the Paris *Salon*, rushed at last in full force upon Millet and his honest realities. After much hesitation, the government was compelled by public clamor to award to the peasant-painter of Barbizon the ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In the midst of much popular enthusiasm Millet accepted the honor, and the revenge, with quiet and self-contained dignity. He was not a man to be dust-blinded, and various sad happenings at home, chiefly the serious illness of his wife and the recent death of his friend Rousseau, had served to render him more impervious to the clasping or loosening of that rope of sand, public favor.

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A year or two after this the artist's health began to fail. Nevertheless, he continued to work. Though destitution no longer knocked constantly at the door, "My Lady Poverty" covered him as carefully with her weather-beaten mantle as she had covered that Francis of Assisi in whose honor the peasant-painter had received his name. The Franco-Prussian war materially interfered with the artist and his work while it aroused his patriotism and his horror. For a time he was compelled to leave his beloved Barbizon and fly, with his family, to Cherbourg. When the war clouds dispersed he resumed his labors, but with many interruptions, for his brave spirit could not always fortify his failing bodily strength. At last he could no longer continue the struggle. At the end of December, 1874, he took to his bed. Many affecting anecdotes are told of these last days of his among his family and his friends. Often he plaintively regretted that his life was closing too soon—just as he began, he said, "to see clearly into nature and art"—so clearly, indeed, that the dark crystal, hiding the inmost mysteries from his eager eyes, grew so thin and bright that the touch of his humanity sufficed to dash it into splinters.

On the 20th of January, 1875, Jean François Millet peacefully breathed his last.

I shall not attempt to discuss or even enumerate the great works that have finally made the French peasant one of the most famous of the world's artists. Everybody knows the grandeur of subject and treatment that the humble titles of "The Sower," "The Reapers," "Potato-Planting," "Tree-Grafting," etc., barely indicate. They are the autobiography of the peasant. They are the Christian apotheosis of labor.

To speak of the greatest of all, the now more than famous "Angelus"—since American gold has so profusely rained upon it—would be worse than folly. Artist, critic, and dabbler, paragrapher, learned divine, and fashionable gossip have each and all said their word about "The Angelus." The crowd that constantly surrounded the picture during its recent exhibition seldom failed of comment, and the comments varied from one young lady's whispered, "Isn't it sweet?" and another's "How very expensive it was!" and the muttered "H'm! what a dull-looking thing!" from various cheerful, color-loving souls, to the technical praise or dispraise of the brethren of the brush. And perhaps among the little crowd of silent worshippers who are content to look and wonder, one or two there are who cannot help but feel in the still and softened atmosphere of the picture

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a breath of remembrance of the artist's life at Barbizon. Perhaps the suffering there and the homage here seems to them the old, stupid trick, the heavy frolicsomeness of fate; or, it may be, they get to thinking of the wrinkled old grandmother, writing with trembling hand that message to her Benjamin in Paris: "Ah! dear child, follow the example of a man of your own profession and say, 'I paint for eternity'!"

With the majesty and fervor of Millet's masterpiece before us, who can say that this holy injunction was disobeyed? Surely, we may fancy eternity has set her seal upon "The Angelus."

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

Buffalo, N. Y.

RECOMPENSE.

O GENEROUS seed
I cast with weeping in, nor dreamt to find
So large a harvest in my hour of need!

O tender moon,
Sink in thy dreamy west! Thanks for the light
Thou gav'st my night—
Thy radiance soft, thy comfort-gleam:
Now by thy fading beam
New lights arise in heaven. The Day comes soon.

O years forlorn!
Vanished the shadow of your heart-eclipse:
Shattered your bitter cup so often quaffed—
Your night-born draught.
Lo! at my freshened lips
The perfumed chalice of the glad new dawn!

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CATHOLIC AND AMERICAN ETHICS.

I HAVE been curious to discover what it is in the argument for Catholic and denominational schools derived from the rights of parents as opposed to the interference of the state, which has touched to the quick the sensitive nerve in certain distinguished advocates of what is called an unsectarian system of education. Why are those who use this argument accused of insincerity, and of substituting a plausible but fallacious issue for the true one, and by special pleading striving to gain a judgment in favor of a claim which is a covert for the real but hidden cause for which open plea is withheld? Why is the discussion turned off on the Vatican Council, the Jesuits, foreign influence, the designs of the court of Rome on American liberty, and Papal infallibility? It would seem that the question of the religious and Christian element in education is a plain one, to be discussed on general principles, some of which are common to all Monotheists, others to all believers in a revelation contained in those books of the Bible which they recognize as belonging to the authentic canon, and the rest to all who acknowledge the Christian religion. As to the practical question of the way in which religious education is to be carried on, it is admitted by all to be an American principle that perfect freedom must be guaranteed to societies and individuals, so long as that liberty is not abused to the detriment of rights which the state is bound to safeguard. Moreover, all who have distinct and specific convictions respecting the doctrinal and ethical truths and rules which constitute the substance and integrity of the Christian religion, must regard it as of vital importance that children should be educated and instructed in the same by competent and trustworthy persons. Since Catholics are equal to non-Catholics of all denominations in all respects before the law, it would seem that the education of their children and young people in schools where they are instructed in the principles and doctrines of their religion, ought to be regarded as strictly in accordance with the spirit and letter of our laws, just as much as the celebration of our rites of worship, the preaching of sermons, and the publication of books. The same must be said, of course, of Jewish, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist schools. The President invites all to assemble in their houses of worship, on certain special occasions,

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for thanksgiving or supplication to God, and, whatever his private belief may be, he cannot discriminate in his official capacity between Jews, Catholics, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Quakers, or any others, even though, in his own eyes, there be as much difference in their offerings as between the oblations of Cain and Abel. So far as the state is concerned, the religion, the mode of worship, the association of different sorts of worshippers in common and public acts of adoration, thanksgiving, propitiation, and supplication, are the private affair of her citizens, acting according to the dictates of their own reason and free-will. If the representatives of the commonwealth do well, in recognizing and encouraging assemblages of the people in their several ecclesiastical associations and places of reunion for public acts of worship, why may they not give them countenance and aid in other ways, with the same impartiality? Whatever the state may see fit to do, in the interest of the state and its citizens, where the element of religion enters into institutions or branches of useful work to be begun and carried on, why should not this religious element be regarded as the affair of the conscience and convictions of the state's co-operators, without any partiality or preference in favor of one class over another?

This question did not arise so long as the state had only to deal with Protestants, and would not probably have arisen at the present time, if Catholicism had not assumed a formidable aspect within the national horizon. Why is it formidable? What reason is there for putting a plea in bar of the claim of the Catholic Church to educate her own children, as a right springing from the liberty of conscience and the equality before the law which belongs to all citizens of the republic? What is that element in Catholicism which makes education in Catholic schools appear to threaten detriment to the republic? Why should the safety and welfare of the country appear to demand of its government to take measures to avert the danger, and to assume the task of educating all children on a system which excludes all religious instruction called denominational, chiefly for the purpose of shutting out Catholic teaching?

First of all, why does the very plea of the rights of the Catholic conscience occasion such a perplexity and vexation in certain minds? The chief reason of the perplexity is the difficulty of rebutting the plea, without contradicting the American principles to which its opponents are committed. And another is, in the case of those who are bound by their principles to advocate religious education, the difficulty of making a telling stroke

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against the adversary's ball, without putting their own into the pocket. The perplexity is one cause of the vexation. But another is, that they do not think the plea is made in earnest, and in good faith; or that Catholics have any right to appeal to the principle of liberty and the rights of the individual conscience in their own cause. John Locke put the extreme form of this maxim of exclusion in respect to Catholics into the proposition: "that papists should not enjoy the benefit of toleration, because where they have power they think themselves bound to deny it to others."* The maxim itself, as distinct from the reason given, was acted on by Protestant governments before the principle of toleration gained recognition from ruling statesmen. Locke's statement is important, because it shows the ground on which an eminent advocate of the general principle of toleration excluded "papists" from the pale of civilized society as intolerable. There is no question of toleration in our republic, at least for any kind of Christian society. Those who go furthest in declaring that our laws are based on the Christian religion, do not pretend that they exclude Catholicism from the circle of Christianity. It is true that many have assumed that this is a Protestant country, and that toleration has been granted to Catholics as a favor. In some exceptional cases, State laws have discriminated against Catholics by refusing to them equal rights with other citizens. But these are inconsistencies which will not be formally and explicitly justified by any publicists who are worthy of respect. Catholics assemble in churches on Sunday, hold councils, meet in congresses, possess property devoted to sacred purposes, organize ecclesiastical provinces, dioceses, and parishes, precisely as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists do similar acts, in the exercise of rights which they possess equally with others, under the protection of the law. Ecclesiastical seminaries are established for the education of the clergy. Candidates for admission can be required to furnish a collegiate diploma or to pass an examination which will be an equivalent, to pursue a fixed course of study, to profess adherence to a prescribed creed, and to be approved by certain persons in authority, before they can receive ordination. Without the ordination deemed necessary they cannot officiate or be appointed to parishes. In the same manner that the qualifications for administering religious rites are determined in each ecclesiastical society, the conditions for partaking in these ordinances are determined. If children are to be confirmed and

* *English Men of Letters*; N. Y.: Harpers, Vol. XI., "Locke," by Thomas Fowler, p. 193

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admitted to communion, the ecclesiastical authority has the same right to prescribe the instruction which they must receive, as it has in the case of candidates for orders. The moral obligation of parents to take due care of their children in respect to their temporal and spiritual interests, comes within the scope of pastoral instruction, and of the discipline which is exercised by admitting to the sacraments those who are ready to fulfil this obligation, and rejecting those who obstinately refuse to do so. It is one of the rights of conscience, that conscientious parents should be free to obey the instructions and admonitions of their pastors in regard to this, and every other moral and religious obligation. The protest against this plea of the rights of conscience, so far as I have been able to detect its reason, is: that the rule according to which Catholics are required to form their conscience is the authority of the church lodged in the hierarchy. The declaration of this rule by bishops and councils possessing spiritual authority is represented as dictation, and is thus made obnoxious, especially so in the case of councils which represent not only a part of the church which lies within the national boundary, but those parts also which are situated in foreign countries. But most of all, on account of the supremacy in teaching and ruling of the Roman Pontiff, who is assiduously designated as "a foreign potentate."

This kind of language is very misleading, and tends to confuse two perfectly distinct orders, the temporal and the spiritual, as well as two diverse objects of the exercise of spiritual power, a nation in its corporate capacity, and private individuals taken singly. The odium attaching to a claim of jurisdiction in the temporal order is cast upon the claim of spiritual power by the use of ambiguous terms. That old phantom of a plot to subvert our republican constitution and national independence by subjugation under papal monarchy, has vanished. Yet, the exercise of spiritual power in the domain of conscience and in respect to ethical matters, is made to appear as a *dictation*, which interferes with and demands the abdication of national independence and sovereignty in the making and executing of laws concerning those temporal interests which by their nature fall under the control of ethical principles. If popes and councils demanded of the rulers and legislators and judges of our States and of the nation a formal recognition of the binding character of their decrees and instructions in respect to ethical matters, there would be reason in this contention. For such a demand would be equivalent to a demand

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that we should change our position in respect to religion, formally recognize, as a nation, Catholicism as the one true and divine religion, and make its moral doctrines and precepts the basis and rule of our political administration.

In point of fact, the claim of Catholic authority on assent and obedience, is addressed only to the mind and will of individuals, and reaches them only through their reason and conscience. The judgments of the church become the dictates of the consciences of the individual members of the church, and as such come under the cognizance of our laws, not as the dictations of an external, superior power, but as claiming under our own rule of justice the liberty of profession and practice.

As a case in point: The bishop, clergy, and faithful of a diocese have a right to have the decrees of a national or œcumenical council, the dogmatic decrees and encyclicals of the Pope, and such like documents read in their churches, and otherwise published, without asking leave from any magistrate, and without any interference of any kind, from any persons whatsoever. Can any one pretend that these ecclesiastical tribunals, when they command the bishops and pastors to promulgate their decrees, dictate to the sovereign people of the United States and their magistrates that they shall use their authority to secure the fulfilment of this command?

The commonwealth is bound to respect the conscience of its citizens, and it is none of its affair from what source and rule they derive the motives upon which their conscience is formed, provided that there is no collision between this operative rule and that which is embodied in the laws of the commonwealth. Dr. Mivart has described religion as "the sociology of intelligences." This is a wide definition, and it seems to me that it gives to religion a comprehension which includes much more than its strictly proper contents. It serves, however, very well the purpose of showing how very wide and universal is the region of those influences which act on the individual, in the formation of the convictions, the judgments, the sentiments, which form his intellectual and moral character, from which arise those practical judgments respecting right and wrong which are called the dictates of conscience. Each one is, in this respect, affected by the past, the present, his own community, civilized Christendom, and humanity in general. He is not a product of spontaneous generation, in these vital evolutions of his being, any more than he is in respect to his vital principle itself, *i.e.*, his human nature. His liberty of thought, opinion, choice of the di-

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rection in which he will exert his power of action, cannot be limited to a mere development from within himself, or from within the environment of the particular social and political community to which he belongs. In philosophy, science, literature, art, civilization, we are in the wide circle of the "sociology of intelligences," citizens of Christendom and of the world. And, whether we will or no, we are irresistibly dominated over by men, by classes of men, by books and works of art, by embodied principles and ideas, which are outside of our own little sphere of self-hood, and of the community and nation to which we belong. It is absurd to pretend to make a Bostonian, or a New Haven, or a New England, or even an American mould, into which the intelligent and moral nature of all the citizens of this republic are to be thrown and to come out as peculiar and similar specimens of a very superior humanity, like a set of glass tumblers. Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Astronomy, History, Poetry, Architecture, Music, are not New England or American inventions, and their laws have not been determined by a constitutional convention. Religion and morals are not of American origin, or identical with our political and social order. They are extra-national and extra-secular, like the atmosphere, the ocean, and the movements of the solar system.

Christianity is a universal religion, and all who profess to be orthodox Christians must admit that its moral precepts are always and everywhere binding. Supposing that God has made the teaching of the body of Catholic bishops and of their head the supreme rule of determining the Christian moral law, it is plain enough that no civil power can lawfully hinder Christians from obeying this rule.

Our opponents will aver that this is a false supposition, and that the authority of popes and councils is usurped. But this is a disputed question between us, which the state cannot decide. It neither acknowledges nor repudiates the Catholic rule of faith, but remains simply aloof and neutral. It cannot take cognizance of anything prescribed by this rule to its Catholic citizens, except as concrete matter within the political and social order wherein its own jurisdiction is situated. That is, it begins to take cognizance of some matter in regard to which the church instructs the conscience of her children, just as soon as they, in obedience to their instructed conscience, proceed to overt acts, which can be qualified as legal or illegal. The question is simply one which regards the extension which the state allows to the liberty of doing or omitting acts on the ground of what

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conscience requires or forbids. This is not an unlimited extension. Obscene rites, sacrificing children, assassination of magistrates, cannot be tolerated, on any plea of conscience or of divine inspiration. Many of the men who partook in the movement of secession were as intelligent, as upright, as sincere, as conscientious as any of those who were in the councils and the armies of the republic; but the state made war upon and overcame them, without heeding their plea for liberty to secede. Therefore, the state has a standard and rule in morals, and enforces obedience to it. It is, consequently, within and not without the "sociology of intelligences." This is the same as saying that it not only has a religion, but is founded upon religion. The question is, What is that religion? Some of the best authorities say that it is the Christian religion. If this contention be admitted, it cannot, nevertheless, be affirmed that any specific form of Christian religion embodied in any visible society, or even that any sort of eclectic creed containing certain supposed essentials of Christianity as a revealed religion, is the formal and recognized religion of the state in our republic. The position taken by the state is that of acknowledged incompetency in spirituals. It neither affirms nor denies anything respecting the church, divine revelation, religious dogmas, or purely religious precepts, derived from the revealed law of God, as such. Its religion is natural religion, in so far as this is a code of ethics, and the animating form of political and social order. It is Christian in so far as its code of ethics is historically derived from the common law of Christendom. Inasmuch as religious societies agree with the state in proclaiming the same ethical code, they are in union with it. If the moral code of any society goes beyond that of the state, but does not go against it, there is no collision, and liberty of conscience can have full play. If there is opposition between the two, the state must decide for itself whether or no it shall tolerate what is contrary to its maxims, as, for instance, the refusal of Quakers to bear arms.

If the religion of the state is supposed to go further, and to include the recognition of God, his sovereignty and providence, and the derivation of political power from him, or other matter contained in the Christian religion, I think that these must all likewise be referred to natural religion. The convictions, beliefs, sentiments, and customs of the European colonists of the territory of our republic, and of their descendants, had been formed in that civilization which was created by Christianity. That

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part of the Catholic tradition which survived in them was the rule of their general and common conscience, which has expressed itself in our laws. The books of the Bible which they received with the other parts of the Christian tradition retained by them, have had heretofore, and still continue to exercise, a powerful influence, especially over all who are of English and Scotch origin. In a certain sense, therefore, it is true that Christianity is the law of the land, as eminent statesmen and jurists have declared. Nevertheless, I think it is natural religion as contained in Christianity, and as resting on a rational basis, and not revealed truth and law, *as revealed*, and as demanding the assent of faith, which is implicitly or explicitly affirmed in our laws. The recognition of Sunday, for instance, as the Christian Sabbath, appears to me not to be founded on an express acknowledgment of a divine law, but on respect for a tradition and custom which is historical and generally held sacred, is in conformity with the dictates of natural religion, and is beneficial in many ways to the moral and physical interests of the community.

Mr. Gladstone gives utterance, as I conceive his intention, to the same idea which I have briefly expressed, in his own peculiarly dignified and impressive manner:

> "How will the majestic figure, about to become the largest and most powerful on the stage of the world's history, make use of his power? Will it be instinct with moral life in proportion to its material strength? Will he uphold and propagate the *Christian tradition* with that surpassing energy which marks him in all the ordinary pursuits of life? Will he maintain with a high hand an unfaltering reverence for that *law of nature which is anterior to the Gospel*, and supplies the standard to which it appeals, the very foundation on which it is built up? . . . May heaven avert every darker omen, and grant that the latest and largest growth of *the great Christian civilization* shall also be the brightest and the best!" *

Our friends of the opposition will assuredly join us in a hearty Amen to the prayer of the great English statesman.

But as to the way of working for the attainment of this result! Must there be such a radical and complete opposition between us, in respect to the fundamental ethics of the civilization which we agree to call Christian, that we can only contend together in irreconcilable warfare over the principles and methods of education? That is, coming closer to the point at issue, is there anything in the general Catholic conscience, instructed and formed under the spiritual authority of the church, which must

* *North American Review*, January, 1890, pp. 26, 27. The italics are mine.

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needs bring it into opposition, in the domain of political and social ethics, with the principles and maxims in respect to religion and morals explicitly or implicitly contained in the letter and spirit of our laws? I think not. If the discussion could be kept on the ground of principles, within the domain of rational, candid argument, it would be easy to prove this point, and to show that there is nothing formidable to the country from the point of view of non-Catholics, in any possible extension of Catholicism. But, unfortunately, the discussion is embarrassed by the diversion into particular, personal, and imaginary issues and side controversies, which raise a dust of prejudice and passion.

The claims of Italians to superiority and primacy in the world, the definition of papal infallibility, the ambitious designs of the Roman court and its devoted adherents in all nations, the power of the Jesuits and their artful, far-reaching aims at spiritual domination, the conspiracy to restore mediævalism on the ruins of modern civilization and liberty; these are the notes sounded from the trumpet, and struck as a tocsin of alarm. The education of American youth in Catholic schools threatens detriment to the republic, because it will train up a large body of American citizens owning allegiance to a foreign power, which is paramount to the allegiance due to their country. This is the upshot of the contention. A foreign power, *i.e.*, the papal power, has been raised to its acme by the Vatican Council through the influence of the Jesuits. They are dominant in the Roman court, and will control the education given in the Catholic schools in the United States. The effect of this education will be to produce a great mass of voters, servile subjects of a foreign and antagonistic power, which aims to obtain, through them, domination over our republic, to the ruin of its true and genuine civilization. So the alarmists declaim.

In this way the controversy is turned into an issue in which the assertion of Mr. Gladstone that the Jesuits are "the deadliest foes that mental and moral liberty have ever known" becomes the burning question in dispute. By these polemical tactics our opponents are able to preserve an appearance of liberality toward Catholicism and Catholics in general, to disavow hostility toward the Catholic religion as such, and to set up something distinct and separable from it, under such names as "Vaticanism," "Ultramontanism," "Jesuitism," and the like, as the target of their polemical rifles.

They have a wide-spread and violent prejudice against the Jesuits to appeal to. And they contrive to make it appear that

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the most enlightened Catholic sentiment is in sympathy with them. Clement XIV., Charles Carroll, Dr. Brownson, and Father Hecker, the Church of France, the lay-Catholics of England, are grouped by Mr. Jay in a perspective which puts them in line with his own allies in opposition to the Jesuits, so as to fortify his position against Catholic schools.

There is no parallel to the merciless attack which has been made against the Society of Jesus, except the war waged against the Knights of the Temple by Philip the Fair. In this last affair, whatever exaggeration, injustice, and cruelty many impartial judges may think are to be found in the accusation and condemnation of a once illustrious order, enough evidence of its gross degeneracy and of particular crimes by its members was brought to light to justify its suppression. And, in the case of the Jesuits, if one-tenth of the charges against them had been true, the facts would have been brought to light, and the society would not only have been suppressed for a time, but for ever, with the approbation of the entire Catholic world. In point of fact, it has come out of this fire, not only unscathed but brightened. The extravagance and virulence of the assault on the Jesuits deprive it of all force and value for all those who will examine it fairly and calmly. There is no document which so completely establishes their innocence as the labored effort of Theiner to vindicate the decree of their suppression by Clement XIV. Mr. Jay considers that we ought to regard that act as an infallible judgment and condemnation of their maxims and methods by the Church of Rome. This is a misapprehension both of the law and the fact in the case. No Catholic looks on the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor* as infallible. It contains no judgment demanding universal assent and deciding finally any question pertaining to doctrine in the matter of faith or morals or in respect to dogmatic facts. It is a mere exercise of authority in a matter of discipline. It contains a recital of the reasons and motives urged by sovereigns in support of their demand for the suppression of the society, without any express approbation of the same, and, as a concession to this demand, decrees the suppression of the society. The Pope did not act from his own free and deliberate judgment and choice sustained by the advice of his own proper counsellors, but yielded to the pressure unscrupulously applied by royal ministers who were among the worst men of their time. On the other hand, Pius VII. acted freely, deliberately, and with the approbation of the best men in the Catholic Church, when he restored the society, to the immense

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benefit of science and religion, as eminent non-Catholics have acknowledged.

Nevertheless, Dr. Brownson did not like certain philosophical and theological opinions commonly current in the society. Ah! this proves the danger to our youth from the *Scientia Media*. And Father Hecker, also, has his word on the subject, for which the interested reader is advised to consult his book entitled *The Church and the Age*.

The hidden significance of their sayings had escaped our notice, but not the penetrating eye of Mr. Jay:

"It must also be a source of profound satisfaction to the old-fashioned Catholics of America, who cherish American principles, and who have held with the illustrious prelate Pope Clement XIV., in his condemnation as scandalous of the doctrines and methods of the Jesuits, to find that such great authorities in the American Church as Brownson and Hecker have given new strength to the grave reasoning on which the venerable pontiff condemned and dissolved the order for ever and ever."*

This is like the travesty of a person's face in the back of a burnished spoon. I knew Dr. Brownson and Father Hecker well, and I declare on my word of honor that they do not belong to the company of the enemies of the Society of Jesus. What is really the purport of the passages in Father Hecker's book which are referred to in this connection? It is briefly this: that certain elements in Catholicism which are most completely developed in the Society of Jesus, and reduced to their ultimate distinctness of expression in the definition of papal infallibility, need to be supplemented at the present time by an equal and corresponding evolution of other elements. In few words, it was the principle of authority, the moral virtue of obedience, the strengthening of organic unity in the exterior discipline of the church, to which attention was chiefly directed during the past three centuries. At the present time, and in the actual condition of things, it is necessary to give attention chiefly to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of *individuals*, in all that belongs to them as distinct persons. I can illustrate this by a parallel instance.

The highest military authorities affirm that, in consequence of the changed condition of warfare, the old style of company and battalion drill no longer suffices to prepare troops for going into action. They cannot advance in company and battalion lines and

* See pamphlet, *Denominational Schools*: A Discussion at the National Educational Association, Nashville, Tenn., July, 1889, Mr. Jay's article.

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columns, but must advance in more open and scattered order, in small squads or singly. The company and field officers cannot, therefore, direct and control them in action so immediately and efficiently as they could formerly, there is more responsibility thrown upon sergeants and private soldiers, and therefore a different kind of drill and manœuvres is required in the school of the soldier, as a preparation for the field. There is no censure pronounced on the military instructors or the system of drill of the past, as if they were the cause of unfitness in soldiers for modern warfare without a different training. Nor is there any call for the dismissal of all officers and the appointment of an entirely new set, because changes in drill and instruction are advisable.

Just so in regard to Father Hecker's contention concerning the policy and methods of the church and the Jesuits. The unfitness of European Catholics to play the part required of them in modern politics is ascribed by Father Hecker to the fact that they have been trained in a way which was suitable and necessary for another time and other circumstances. There is no censure expressed or implied in this statement. It amounts only to this: that the church cannot do everything at once. The time and circumstances having changed, it is now requisite that the church should put forth her energy in a new direction. Does it follow from this that the Jesuits are to be discarded and disowned, so as no longer to take an active and conspicuous part in education and other honorable works? Is the society like Nelson's flag-ship, and are its members like those seamen who only know how to work a wooden sailing-ship, but cannot man an iron-clad? It would not be fair to suppose that because they have certain methods of conducting missions and schools for Chinese and Indians, they must do precisely the same things at Innspruck or Georgetown. Let them be judged by their works, and by real knowledge of what they are and what they are doing at the present moment and among ourselves. We expect that a certain class of zealots will shut their eyes and ears to all truth and reason, and keep up the outcries which have been so long filling the air. But it is matter of regret, and awakens our compassion, when the most intelligent and noble-minded among our opponents show that they are still in the mist of prejudice. I wish they would read Liberatore's *Ethics*, and candidly consider whether the universal adoption of its principles and maxims could do any harm to Christendom or to any nation. Let them also visit Jesuit colleges, and see for themselves if their students are deficient in manliness or being

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imbued with un-American principles. Let them make the acquaintance of the young scholastics who are in the course of education as members of the order. I know something of these young men, some of whom are of the *élite* of our Catholic American youth, of the purest American descent. I affirm unhesitatingly, that if their professors wished to instil into their minds un-American ideas, as they certainly do not wish to do, the undertaking would be morally impossible.

It is not a fact, moreover, that the Jesuits controlled the Council of the Vatican, that they have a dominant influence in the Roman court, or that the Catholic schools in the United States, apart from their own colleges and parishes, are under their direction. They are one of the great orders in the church, and all the intellectual and moral power they possess is due to their ability, learning, zeal, and virtue. But they are not the church, any more than the fifth regiment of artillery is the United States army. Whatever questions or controversies may arise among ourselves concerning systems and methods or distinct divisions in the clerical body, are our own affair, and cannot be justly involved in the general question of education, any more than the special methods followed at Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and Cornell Universities, or the particular doctrines taught in theological seminaries. The real question at issue is concerning the compatibility of the Catholic religion and the education of the Catholic youth in the United States, under the direction of the church, with the ethics of our national institutions.

I find that I have not been able to treat this question as fully as I had expected, within the limits of the present article, and I must therefore leave it in an unfinished state.*

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

* I beg leave to call Mr. Jay's attention to an oversight in his quotation of the words of Washington's reply to the address of congratulation offered to him in the name of the Catholic citizens of the United States. Mr. Jay writes that Washington recognized the assistance we received "from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith, as defined by the Gallican Church, prevailed." The phrase, "as defined by the Gallican Church," is not found in Washington's letter, but is a gloss of Mr. Jay. It is inserted, however, in the citation under quotation marks, and although we do not impute any intention of practising deception to Mr. Jay, yet the effect of his oversight is in fact to deceive unwary readers.—*Denominational Schools*, etc., p. 54.

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A FLOWER-LINK.

ONCE on a time—the Present, which
The Past so oft subpœnas—
There strayed through England's midland shires
One of the Oldbuck genus,

Questioning grave and altar-tomb,
And country-side tradition,
For tidings of that by-gone world
Where woman had no mission,

And man's seemed chiefly to ride forth
Equipped as knight erratic,
Proving philanthropy in ways
If genial, yet emphatic.

One name he sought where Derby's Peak
Reveals its upper glory,
By ruined keep, by ancient hall,
By moss-grown cloister hoary—

A name once blared from herald's trump
By battlemented tower,
A name that once the minstrel bold
Had sung in lady's bower!

It had been borne by gallant men
In fields where English prowess
Had kept at bay the paladins
Of many an earlier Louis.

No trace the antiquary found
Of all this warlike pride;
From abbey, castle, tower, and town
The FINDERNE name had died.

. . . . . .

Musing on Time's vicissitudes
And the inefficacy
Of mural brass or monument
To eternize a race, he

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Came on a group of little girls
Sedately binding posies
Of flowers unrecognized by his
Heraldic tomes and glosses.

Their name the Antiquary asked,
Careless of answer given;
Little kenned he of carols not
From stone or marble riven!

One spoke, the tallest of the band,
Her peasant shyness hinted
By the slow flood of carmine which
Her modest brown cheek tinted:

"We call them Finderne's Flowers," she said,
"For from the far Crusade he,
The old Sir Geoffrey, brought them back,
And gave them to his lady.

"No; naught know I or if he died
In peace or fell in war-land;
Only, if we could find his grave
We'd weave for it our garland!"

Yes, there where garden-terrace had
Crumbled to meadowy masses,
The little pale Judean flower
Grew among English grasses,

Bearing along the centuries,
Of tender love this token;
Guarding the name which but for it
For ever were unspoken—

Gone with the days of lance and shield,
Of battle-axe and curtal,
Were it not made by the gentle deed
And the gentle flower immortal!

M. A. C.

NOTE.—For the central fact of the above rhyming narration, see Sir Bernard Burke's *Vicissitudes of Families*.

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THE NUNS' CENTENARY.

IN the year 1790 the National Assembly governed France, and on the 12th February it issued a decree declaring that all religious vows were abolished and all convents and monastic orders suppressed. This was one of the first blows levelled against religion, and almost the first step openly taken upon that declivity at whose foot lay the abyss of infidelity, of blasphemy, and of sacrilege.

This persecution fell with peculiar bitterness upon the religious women of France. Monks driven from their monasteries can fly into distant lands, disguise themselves, find various employments. Nuns, and especially cloistered ones, and especially at the period of which we write, were helpless; there were no railroads or steamboats by which they could quickly escape, and they had no knowledge of any language save their own. The decree came upon them like the shock of an earthquake which tore up the ground under their feet. Some of these poor ladies had the simplicity to appeal to the National Assembly. The Carmelites of France united in making the supplication. They might just as well have appealed to the wild beasts of the forests. They say in their appeal: "The most entire liberty presides over our vows, the most perfect equality reigns in our establishments. Deign, gentlemen, to inform yourselves of the life which is led in all the communities of our order, and do not allow your judgment to be biased either by the prejudices of the multitude or the apprehensions of humanity. The world is fond of publishing that the only inhabitants of monasteries are victims slowly pining beneath a load of unavailing regret, but we protest, in the presence of God, that if true happiness exists upon earth we enjoy it under the shadow of the sanctuary, and that if we had now once more to choose between the world and the cloister, there is not one of us who would not ratify her choice with even more joy than when her vows were first pronounced." Then follow some sentences comforting to the English, who have had in their turn to be ashamed of so much religious persecution practised by their own country: "You will not have forgotten, gentlemen, that when the Canadian provinces passed from the dominion of France under that of another power which professes a religion different from our own, not only did their new masters respect the

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orders they found established there, but took them under their protection. May we not expect from the justice of a protecting Assembly that which our brethren and our sisters obtained from the generosity of a victorious people? And after solemnly asserting the liberty of man would you force us to believe that we are no longer free?"

An appeal to the Assembly was also made by the Poor Clares of Amiens, a supplication which almost makes us smile from its exceeding simplicity and its revelation of these poor nuns' perfect ignorance of the ways of the world and of what was passing around them. Their fear was not that they should be turned out of their convent (that seems never to have occurred to them), but that their precious heritage of holy poverty should be taken from them. They tell the Assembly that they have no revenues save from charity; "for three hundred and forty-five years that our monastery has been in existence, Divine Providence has always provided for our wants according to the austerity of our life and the simplicity of our condition," and they go on to implore the august National Assembly "not to give us any property or income, but to leave us in peace to the enjoyment of a state of holy poverty which it is our glory to profess." Poor ladies! their fears on this head were quite unfounded; the tyrants were not for giving but for taking away.

The next attack upon the French nuns was the attempt to force upon them the ministrations of constitutional priests, who had taken the oath that rendered them schismatic. Had this been accepted, it is very probable that many of the convents would have been left in peace. But the nuns of France were true to their God, and in no instance was this offer entertained. We hear of a Visitation convent where the nuns had been deprived for two months of Mass and the sacraments. Then came the feast of their foundress, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and a constitutional priest again offered his services. Their reply was short and clear: "We had rather never hear Mass again than assist at one said by an apostate." So the persecution increased in virulence. The nuns could not be made to yield, but they could be made to suffer. The spouses of Christ were destined to follow in the footsteps of their Lord. The scourge preceded Calvary, and to flagellations of the most barbarous and infamous kind these Christian virgins were submitted. Two of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, one of them eighty years of age, died victims of the cruel scourging which they received on the 19th of April, 1791. The Protestant Necker pro-

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tested against these horrors. After describing the good deeds of the Sisters of Charity, he says: "But you perhaps venture to believe that they will add the patient endurance of the indignities which you inflict upon them to the innumerable sacrifices they have imposed upon themselves. Yes, they will do so; even to that point their unimaginable virtue will extend."

At Casoul, Sister Cassin, a nun twenty-two years of age, was stopped by a national guard. "Wretch," said he, "when are you coming to the parish church?" "When my lawful pastor returns thither," was her reply; "not before." He drew his sword with curses. "Sir," said the sister calmly, "give me a few minutes to recommend myself to God." She knelt down, and after a short prayer said: "I am ready; strike when you please; may God forgive you, as I do." The wretched man was disarmed. He cried: "I was paid to kill one of you. We want a head to carry round to all your houses on a pike, and to see what intimidation will do, but I have not the heart to take yours."

Forty-two nuns were thrown into prison at Orange. They immediately began to prepare for their final sacrifice by continued prayer, profound silence, and recollection. Although belonging to different communities, they lived in common like the early Christians. At eight o'clock every day they said together the prayers for Mass, the Litanies of the Saints, the prayers for Confession and Extreme Unction. Then they would make a spiritual Communion, renew their baptismal promises and religious vows. Some might be heard exclaiming: "Yes, I am a nun, and this is my greatest consolation. I thank thee, O Lord, for having vouchsafed me this grace!" At nine o'clock so many prisoners were summoned to the so-called trial, always followed by execution. There was a holy rivalry as to who should be first. Those left behind continued to pray. Then were thousands of Hail Marys addressed to Our Lady, then arose a concert of unnumbered litanies, then were the words of Jesus on the cross prayed over and meditated upon again and again. When the roll of the drum announced that the victims of the day were being led to execution the recommendation for the departing soul was recited. By six P.M. all was over, and then those who had at least one night more to live had a sort of spiritual recreation expressing their joy for the victories that had been gained, and chanting the *Laudate* with a foretaste of celestial joy. The gladness with which these holy religious went to their martyrdom greatly served to encourage other condemned prisoners. On one

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occasion they spent half an hour in prayer, with their arms extended in the form of a cross. They were interceding for the father of a numerous family, who was strongly tempted to despair. Their prayers were granted, and they saw him die as a brave Christian should. "This has hindered us from saying our Vespers," said one. "Never mind, we will sing them in heaven."

Sister Andrew was sad one day, saying: "I fear that God does not think me worthy of martyrdom." Ere the sun set on the morrow she won her crown. Sister Bernard and Sister Justina had prayed for thirteen years to Our Lady that they might die on one of her feasts or on a Saturday. They were called to martyrdom on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. One of them said: "What bliss! I cannot support this excess of joy."

"Who are you?" said one of the judges to Sister Teresa. "I am a daughter of the church," was her reply. "And who are you?" he said to Sister Clare. "I am a nun," said she, "and will remain so till I die." Sister Gertrude woke up one morning weeping with joy. "I am in ecstasy," she said; "I am sure I shall be called to-day." She was called and condemned. She then thanked her judges for the happiness which by their means she was to enjoy, and when she reached the guillotine she kissed it. Sister Pelagia, after her condemnation, took a box of bonbons out of her pocket and distributed them to all those who had been sentenced with her, saying: "These are my wedding sweetmeats." Sister Frances exclaimed: "What joy! we are going to behold our Spouse."

Sister Angela de Rocher was residing with her father when the others were arrested. She could have escaped. She asked the advice of her father, aged eighty. "Daughter," said he, "you can have no difficulty in concealing yourself; but first consider well in the sight of God whether by so doing you may not be interfering with his adorable designs upon you, in case he may have chosen you to be one of the victims destined to appease his wrath. I would say to you, as Mardochai said to Esther, you are not on the throne for yourself, but for your people." So Sister Angela joined the others, and she also thanked the judges who condemned her for giving her the happiness of going to the company of the angels. Some of the brutal soldiery who guarded the guillotine exclaimed: "Look at these wretches; every one of them dies with a smile on her face." Of the forty-two nuns, thirty-two gained the crown of

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martyrdom, and the ten who remained lamented that they were not allowed to follow their companions to the marriage of the Bridegroom. For them the cry used in hideous mockery by the news-venders of Paris had a very real and deep meaning: "Behold those who have drawn a prize in the lottery of the holy guillotine!"

A hundred years have passed now since these Christian heroines won their crown, and the nuns of France are now wondering whether somewhat of a similar fate awaits themselves. Perhaps the barbarous cruelty of the Terror could not be repeated, but there are many forms of more civilized torture in which the European apostles of liberty, equality, fraternity are adepts. America alone seems to have the power of interpreting these words in their true sense. To tear away the Sisters of Charity from their hospitals and the teaching orders from their schools is to scourge and torment in very truth.

But the nuns of France were true to their mission in 1790, and their successors will not be less true in 1890. Through evil report and good report they will persevere. When some are worn out in the strife and go to rest, others will rise up and take their places, and will show, if bitter persecution should hereafter come, that now, as then, there are very many in poor, misguided France "of whom the world is not worthy."

THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE'S latest story, *Kit and Kitty* (New York: Harper & Brothers), is a very charming piece of work—so charming that it forces one to consider whether the common belief that *Lorna Doone* must for ever stand alone and unapproachable, as well by its author as by other novelists of the period, is, after all, more than a fond superstition. Not that the present fiction takes the higher imagination by anything like so powerful a hold as its great predecessor. Kitty Fairthorn, sweet as she is, stands as remote from Lorna's unique and lofty charm as the ideal dairy-maid from the ideal duchess, and Downy Bulwrag, though a remorseless ruffian, is by no means so convincing in his villainy as Carver Doone. But Kit himself, the loving and soft-hearted and forgiving, who stands compassionate above his deadly enemy and says truly: "I have been through ten times worse than death, and the lesson I have learned is mercy," is, on the whole, as pleasant a figure as one shall meet in the entire collection of contemporary fiction. True he is only a market-gardener, earning five shillings a week and his board from "Corny the topper," his close-fisted, wider-hearted uncle, and having no ambition beyond that of dwelling in peace with Kitty while he diligently brings his fruit and vegetables to their highest perfection. But that, or something like it, must have been Adam's bliss in Eden. The story could hardly be Mr. Blackmore's and not be rural, with its hero a delver and a lover of our mother earth. It is delightfully old-fashioned in its whole scheme and lay-out, and although the secret of Kitty's mysterious absence is sufficiently well kept to baffle the most penetrating novel-reader, yet when it is divulged it turns out to be of a piece with the narrow simplicity of all the rest. Of course the book is not realistic in the sense in which that term is at present understood when applied to fiction. But it is real enough, so far as fidelity to a very simple and unsophisticated kind of human nature goes, and not the less so for being romantic, and guiltless of the analytic method with its characters, and wholly free from compromising situations. It shares, moreover, in a marked degree one of the singular excellences of *Lorna Doone* in that it not merely bears well the difficult test of reperusal, but gives more pleas-

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ure on the second or third reading than on the first. One takes up a novel ordinarily for the story in the first place, and if that be entertaining, as its plot deepens or its action accelerates, all that is suspected as likely to be padding is extremely apt to be skipped. If the vast majority of readers never return to see what they may have missed, it must be owned that the vast majority of the novels would hardly repay any such pains. Every one remembers fictions, some of them famous ones, like *Debit and Credit* for instance, through whose cumbrous mass of details nothing would induce him to wade again, and yet which live in the memory by reason of a single scene, like that between Fink and Leonora when the girl gives over fighting. When such books are named, they rise again out of the abyss of memory in virtue of a supremely vitalized page or two in which their writers have struck so hard on some always tense human chord that they produced a long vibration. But in their totality they may never have given a hearty pleasure, or, if they have, they are unable to reproduce it. It is not easy to catch the secret of the books and the authors whose charm for one is something like perennial. Why does every scrap of Thackeray, from a private letter, or a Roundabout paper, to such a scene as Colonel Newcome's passing, have an equally invincible attraction for those of us who have neither risen nor as yet felt any desire to rise to the fashionable appreciation of those higher and finer things which, as Mr. Howells has just been telling us again, so many of his successors have achieved? Why is it that Mr. Stevenson's undeniable witchery does not suggest a reperusal of his tales, and why, in picking up George Eliot once more, does her pedantic philosophizing and her artificial style repel more than the memory of an old-time pleasure has power to reattract? It is hard to say. Certainly, with floating reminiscences of *Springhaven*, *Mary Anerley*, and *Alice Lorraine* to base a doubt on, we should hesitate to recommend Mr. Blackmore's books as safely to be relied on as full of resources for a rainy day in the country or a long sailing voyage. But some of them may, as *Lorna Doone* may witness, and, in its more homely but equally pleasant fashion, so may *Kit and Kitty*.

Still, no reader of the latter novel is likely to care much for it unless he is still capable of being interested in very primitive English rural life and can be charmed by the most innocent, pure, and honest sort of mutual love. There is not a line in it from end to end which could win for its writer such

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praise as Miss Woolson's admirers agree in according to her capacity to express "passion." That is supposed to be her specialty among our native women authors, though Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler must have been running her hard of late for supremacy. Curious ideas these ladies appear to entertain of ideal wedded love! In *Jupiter Lights* (New York: Harper & Brothers) we have again, as in *East Angels*, two women, each desperately in love after Miss Woolson's fashion, either with a present, a past, or a prospective husband. They differ, also, as in the other novel, by the fact that one of them is guided wholly by her natural instincts, while the other, as she says in a great crisis of her passion, has "been brought up a stupid, good woman, and *can't* change—though I wish I could!" And again, in an access of jealousy aroused by a disreputable predecessor in the fancy of the man she loves, she soliloquizes:

"I wish I were beautiful beyond words! I *could* be beautiful if I had everything; if nothing but the finest lace ever touched me, if I never raised my hand to do anything for myself, if I had only dainty and delicate and beautiful things about me, I should be beautiful—I know I should. *Bad women have those things, they say; why haven't they the best of it?*"

We said just now that Miss Woolson's brace of heroines were desperately in love after a fashion of which this author is one of the most prominent American exponents. Perhaps the fashion could not be more specifically described than by saying that the love it paints is what might be looked for as the crown and flower of sentiment in a race which really had evolved from the beasts in the most radical, thorough-going Darwinian way—not alone more graceful apes with a tendency to becoming dress, but with moral and spiritual characteristics differing from those of their arboreal ancestors in degree only, not in kind. To our mind there is something shameless and offensive in the way in which Miss Woolson conceives and describes her women. Now and then there is a touch, as in her description of Cicely on page 20, when, as if by an irresistible necessity laid upon her, she achieves in one stroke the same effect over which a Frenchman would spend a page, defending himself from moral censure on the ground that only men are supposed to read him. Miss Woolson's hand is lighter, her malice, let us hope, not more than half so deliberate, but the effect she produces is about the same. And yet not the same, but even more displeasing, since it proceeds from a woman, reputable, as we all know, who is of her own choice devoting herself to the analy-

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sis of other women technically pure, discreet, and edifying members of society—surely a society developed on Spencerian lines from a Darwinian foundation. Perhaps it is our philosophy which is at fault, or our ideals. Certainly these headstrong creatures, overmastered by passion for men who may be drunkards, licentious, unfaithful, cruel, despotic without diminishing by a feather's weight the power of their attraction over their feminine adorers, are not types of any sentiment which has ever been recognized as Christian. Perhaps Miss Woolson does not intend them to be such—it is only the old maids and the parsons in her stories who now and then drop into piety. Listen to this conversation between Eve Bruce and her sister-in-law, Cicely Morrison. Cicely had been for six months the widow of Eve's brother, who had loved her, but without return. Then she married Ferdie Morrison, whom Eve shot in order to protect Cicely and her child from being murdered by him in one of his periodical drunken rages. Ferdie dies, but not, as Eve supposes, through the effects of the wound she inflicted. Meanwhile Eve has fallen irrevocably in love with Ferdie's half-brother, Paul, who, after a while, returns her passion. But when the news of Ferdie's death comes, Eve knows that she must never marry Paul. She has told Cicely that she killed Ferdie, and Cicely rewards her for saving her own life and her baby's by a hatred which has some intermittent gusts of pity when a fellow-feeling makes her realize what Eve must suffer in abandoning Paul. Besides, Eve has just added to Cicely's obligations by saving the child's life a second time. She has been telling the mother that it was when she was almost in despair lest the boy should be drowned before she could reach him that she had uttered this prayer: "Oh! let me save him, and I'll give up everything." Cicely, who has a good deal of the cat about her, and never can resist giving an easy scratch, answers:

"'And supposing that nothing had happened to Jack, and that I had not got back my senses, how could you even then have married Paul, Eve Bruce?—let him take as his wife a woman who did what you did?'

"'What I did was not wrong,' said Eve, rising, a spot of red in each cheek. She looked down upon little Cicely. 'It was not wrong,' she repeated, firmly.

"'Blood for blood'?" quoted Cicely with another jeer.

"'Yes, that is what Paul said,' Eve answered. And she sank down again, her face in her hands.

"'You say you have given him up; are you going to tell him the reason why you do it?' pursued Cicely, with curiosity.

"'How can I?'

"'Well, it would keep him from pursuing you—if he does pursue.'

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"'I don't want him to stop!'

"'Oh! you're not in earnest, then; you are going to marry him, after all? See here, Eve, I'll be good; I'll never tell him, I'll promise.'

"'No,' said Eve, letting her hands fall; 'I gave him up when I said, "If I can only save baby!"' Her face had grown white again, her voice dull.

"'What are you afraid of? Hell? At least you would have had Paul here. *I* should care more for that than for anything else.'

"'We're alike,' said Eve.

"'If we are, do it, then; I should. It's a muddle, but that is the best way out of it.'

"'You don't understand,' Eve replied. 'What I'm afraid of is Paul himself.'

"'When he finds out?'

"'Yes.'

"'I told you I wouldn't tell.'

"'Oh! any time; after death—in the next world.'

"'You believe in the next world, then?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I should take all the happiness I could get in this,' remarked Cicely.

"'I care for it more than you do—more than you do!' said Eve, passionately.

"Cicely gave a laugh of pure incredulity.

"'But I *cannot* face it—his finding out,' Eve concluded."

Eve runs away when it turns out that Paul considers that in firing at Ferdie she did what was under the circumstances a noble and heroic act, and is determined to marry her in spite of herself. She would be overjoyed to marry him, but there is that terrible future life to be faced. Some day, ages from now, perhaps, but still in a time through which her own love will always have increased, Paul will say to himself: "She shot my brother, and I loved him," and he will grow cold to her. So she escapes, and in sixteen days from that on which she fled from Georgia, Paul discovers her in a convent in North Italy. By some hocus-pocus of which only novelists know the secret, Eve Bruce has during this brief interval passed over from her variety of Protestantism to Catholicism, and is probably on her way to become a nun. But Paul, when he cannot find entrance by persuasion, knocks down a priest, steps over his prostrate body into the interior of the convent, "opens doors at random," and to the superior, who remarks, "You'll hardly knock down a woman, I suppose?" answers, "Forty, if necessary." He comes to tell Eve that it was not of the wound she inflicted that his brother died. Finally the superior quietly opens a door:

"'No one has ever wished to prevent your entrance,' she said. 'Your violence has been unnecessary—the violence of a boor.'

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"Paul laughed in her face. There was no one in the room. But there was a second door. He opened it. And took Eve in his arms."

Whereupon Miss Woolson's latest version of love between "man and woman when they love their best" abruptly ends. It is not inspiriting, to say the very best that one can say about it. It is suggestive, though, to see how *naïvely* she accepts the conclusion that in this kind of love it is only a woman who can be counted on for a unique and faithful passion.

From the New York publishing house of Worthington Co. we have received another of Mrs. J. W. Davis' translations from the German of W. Heimburg, *Magdalen's Fortunes;* also a version by Edward Wakefield of François Coppée's *Henriette; or, a Corsican Mother.* The Heimburg resembles all its predecessors in being wholesomely romantic and innocently entertaining, but it does not call for special comment. The Coppée is beautifully told and painfully true to human nature under certain artificial conditions, but it is pernicious, and should be kept out of the way of young readers.

Miss Mary Catherine Crowley's second volume of stories for children, *Happy-Go-Lucky* (New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.), is an improvement on the first one. It is pleasant to learn that Miss Crowley not only received ample recognition from the Catholic press, but found a ready market for *Merry Hearts and True*, and saw it speedily pass beyond the first edition. We hope that even greater success may attend this second venture. The stories are all interesting and well told, but is there not a slight hitch in the dialect employed by the ragamuffins? Did any one ever hear a boy say "ter" for "to" in just such connections as Terry does? "I don't want ter," everybody knows, but "Anyhow, the time I am goin' ter tell yer about, I took it ter Mrs. Moore ter keep for me," sounds suspiciously difficult in point of pronunciation, especially if euphony is what is aimed at by the untaught ear and tongue, as one naturally inclines to believe. *Happy-Go-Lucky* shows real pathetic power, and "Ned's Base-Ball Club" an eye more observant than sympathetic for the weaknesses of half-grown boys. There is little to choose between the half-dozen stories which compose the volume in point of merit or attractiveness. All are pleasingly told and excellent in intention.

Linda's Task; or, The Debt of Honor (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.) is another pleasant book for young readers. It is translated from the French of some unknown author by Sister Mary Fidelis of some unnamed religious

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community. Linda, who has a truly French sense of the binding nature of money obligations, undertakes, while still a child, to clear away the burden of debt her father left behind him when dying. With an old uncle who writes archæological articles for French magazines, she settles down in Paris after her studies are completed, to earn her living and lay aside something yearly for the creditors. How she prospered, how she had her little romance, and ended by paying the debt of honor and becoming a happy wife, is told at no great length but with a certain charm of simplicity in this pretty volume.

Legend Laymone, a poem by M. B. M. Toland (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company), is beautifully printed on thick paper, beautifully bound, and beautifully illustrated with full-page photogravures from drawings made by W. H. Gibson, W. T. Richards, Bolton Jones, F. S. Church, H. S. Mowbray, and other artists of high reputation, as well as by certain decorations, most of which are fine, modelled by John J. Boyle. But the poem on which so much pains have been spent seems little worthy of them. It is written in jerky, unmusical stanzas of which the following, taken at random, afford a good enough sample:

"Where sentinels silent, like guards in command—
Tall cacti,
Stiff, stately—
Impressively stand;

"Where murmuring brooklets, with sallying sweep,
Meander
And wander
Through wild dingles deep."

There may be worse quatrains than these in the *Legend Laymone*, but we find none that are very much better.

Georg Ebers' latest novel, completed only last September although begun many years ago, is called *Joshua, a Biblical Picture* (New York: John W. Lovell Company). It forms the first number of the "Series of Foreign Literature" to be issued by this house under the competent editorial supervision of Mr. Edmund Gosse. It is an interesting novel, but not specifically Biblical," except in the fact that certain Scriptural characters take prominent parts in the action of the tale. Moses, Aaron, Hur, Miriam, Nun, Joshua, appear and reappear in the course of a drama beginning on the night of the Exodus from Egypt and ending before the Law was given from Mount Sinai. But these

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personages bear no very striking likeness to those images of them which have been a part of the mental furniture of those of us to whom the Old Testament stories have always been familiar. It confuses one to find Miriam the prophetess represented as a young woman of thirty, passionately in love with Joshua, when one remembers that at the time of the Exodus Aaron was eighty-three and Moses eighty. Of course Jochabed, their mother, may have had other daughters besides that unnamed one who carried Moses to the Nile and watched him in his cradle of bulrushes, but it is she who has usually been identified with Miriam. In Ebers' tale, it is to Miriam that Joshua owes the changing of his name, while Scripture assigns it to Moses himself. But this is one of those minor liberties permitted to the historical novelist in search of more dramatic material than the bare documents of his subject afford; or it would be so if the documents in this instance were not hallowed by the peculiar veneration both of Christian and of Jew. The story of the flight from Egypt is told with much vividness. The interest centres, naturally, upon the hero, Joshua; the great Lawgiver, perhaps because too imposing a figure to be handled easily, appears but seldom. Ebers, who professes to accept the Second Book of Moses as historical, plainly has his private reservations of belief with regard to portions of it. Thus, when the people, faint with thirst, murmur against Moses, Ebers paints with forcible details the anguish of the multitude, and their glad thanksgiving when they came to Horeb. But there is no striking of the rock, no miracle of any kind. They owe their relief not to the obedience of Moses to a divine command, but to the good memory of "the man of God who knew every rock and valley, every pasture and spring of the hills of Horeb better than any one, and who had again been the instrument of such blessing to his people." And again: "Mothers led their little ones to the spring to show them the spot where Moses with his staff *had pointed out the spring* bubbling through the rift in the granite. . . . None doubted that they here beheld the result of a great miracle."

Joshua is described as a captain in Pharaoh's army. He has been, if not estranged from the religion of his people, yet accustomed to regard the worship of the God of Israel as almost identical with that paid by the initiated among the Egyptians to "the only god, who revealed himself in the world, who was co-existent and co-equal with the universe, immanent in all creation, not merely as life exists in the body of man, but as being

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himself the sum total of created things." The flight of his people displeases him. He is high in favor at court, and at the solicitation of Pharaoh and his queen, bowed down in anguish at the loss of their first-born, he undertakes to follow the Hebrews and communicate to Moses and their other leaders the news of the great advantages which will be granted them if they will return. All his own hopes and ambitions centre upon that return. With his own people he has almost nothing in common. "They were now as alien to him as the Libyans against whom he had taken the field." He feels that the bereaved Egyptians have been "the victims of ill-usage," "bereft by Moses' curse of thousands of precious lives." Still, two strong feelings bind him to his race—filial affection for Nun, and love for Miriam, the sister of Moses. He follows the fugitives, therefore, with his messages from Pharaoh. Then Miriam undeceives him. She shows him that the God of his fathers is the only God, and that he must cast in his lot with his people. And when she finds that his love for her is greater than his fidelity to his race, or his belief in the leadership of Moses, in a burst of heroic sacrifice she refuses herself to him and binds herself in marriage to the aged Hur. Joshua, too, receives an uplifting of soul, in which is mingled a slight feeling of relief for his escape from an unwomanly woman. He throws in his fortunes with the Hebrews and becomes the right hand of Moses.

There is a good deal of picturesque description in the novel. The journey to the mines to which Joshua is condemned when, faithful to his oath to Pharaoh, he returns to tell him the result of his embassy, is particularly well done. So, too, the crossing of the Red Sea and the engulfing of the Egyptian host is drawn with a masterly hand, although there is neither a "cloud by day" nor "a pillar of fire by night" in Ebers' rendering of the scene. Altogether, the novel, merely as such, is powerful and well worth reading. Still, it forces a contrast with the majestic reticence and simplicity of Scripture which cannot but be to its disadvantage.

From J. G. Cupples Company (Boston) comes a curiously bound and illustrated novel by E. L. Mason, called *Hiero-Salem: The Vision of Peace.* Its contents are not less unique than its cover. The author, whose sex it is hard to guess at—whether man-woman like the hero, Daniel Heem, or woman-man like the heroine, Althea Eloi—further describes the book as a "fiction founded on ideals which are grounded in the Real, that is greater than the greatest of all human Ideals." The flaming red cover of

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the book bears what Daniel presents to Althea as "the nuptial diagram"— a right-angled triangle with squares described on each of its sides—one being devoted to the "life results of Miss Eloi," one to those of Daniel Heem, and that on the hypothenuse presumably to those of their progeny. The Eloi-Heems are to start a new era for the race. As Daniel says to old Mrs. Eloi when pleading for Althea's hand, "The name of Eloi blended with Heem, and placed first for euphony, gives the name Eloi-Heem, or Eloihim, Gods." The book, though very long, is more thoroughly packed with absurdities than one can well imagine capable of being compressed into its five hundred pages. Nevertheless occasional gleams of sanity, and what would not improbably turn out to be a good idea or a profitable suggestion, are not wholly lacking in it. The author has crammed his, or her, or possibly its head (the seed-thought of the book, we should explain, in excuse for the last pronoun, is the possibility and probability of a New Jerusalem on this earth, in which there shall be neither male nor female but a blending of both) with more theosophy, Buddhism, and matters of that sort than it was originally made to hold. But there is no harm in the book, chiefly by reason of its pure absurdity. Except by the author and the proof-reader, it is probable that it never has and never will be read in its entirety. In fact, there is too much reason to believe that even the latter of these has disgracefully and often shirked his toilsome duty.

Feet of Clay (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a pleasant story in Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's best vein. The scene is laid in the Isle of Man, and much of the interest of the tale arises from the certainly very taking way in which the family of the Manx fisherman, Ruthie Clucas, is described. Bella is by all odds the best figure in the book. The proud, "iggrint and poor" descendant of the old sea-rovers, as self-respecting as if her pure blood and ancient lineage had brought her some more tangible benefit than a life of hard labor, the position of an inferior, and the deepest insult a woman can receive from the man she loves, is drawn with a free and sympathetic hand. Mrs. Barr shows a greater respect for her sex than most of the younger women who to-day rush into print with what they take to be their hearts "upon their sleeves." Bella is very fine in her treatment of that cad, George Pennington, for whom, nevertheless, she had felt a pure woman's utmost love. As for Pennington himself, he seems made pretty much all of clay. Mrs. Barr is seldom so cordial with her men as with her women, as,

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perhaps, might be expected. A Cicely Morrison, a Margaret Harold could by no possibility enter into her conception of what either a loving wife or a self-respecting one might be expected to do or to suffer. In Mrs. Pennington she has given us a brief study of a woman who has had to endure the shame of having the father of her children and the lover of her youth condemned to penal servitude. The mother alone survives in her when the poor fellow comes back, not only a reformed man but a hero of paternal love. He has shamed her. If she so far overcomes her loathing as to call him by his name and touch his hand for once, it is only that she may buy his silence and his absence by the sacrifice. Still there is nature in that, too, one must admit. The returned convict is so pathetically dealt with that his spotless wife and daughter and ne'er-do-weel son seem but doubtfully worth the price he pays for the redemption of the latter. The elder Pennington had forged the name of his best friend, who caused him to be sent to Australia for twenty-five years. Just before he returns his son has put himself into a precisely similar predicament, the new victim being the son of the old one. But the younger Penrith is more merciful than his father. He forgives George while dropping his acquaintance. It is during the interval in which his mother is paying these and other debts that George makes false love to Bella Clucas. After the convict sees and is banished by his wife, he becomes a sort of humble guardian angel to his son. Somehow he has honestly amassed a good deal of money, and understanding his son's temptations, he tries to avert danger by supplying him liberally with funds. But George is a spendthrift who would not require much time nor any considerable tax on his ingenuity to empty the Bank of England. He forges again, this time the name of his sister's husband. To save him his father assumes the guilt, is sent to Dartmoor, and dies there. It is only on his death-bed that he becomes known to George under his true character. George has been already consumed with remorse; now he is almost in despair. He goes to the Crimea with his regiment, a repentant but not yet a forgiven man. A supernatural intimation of pardon is given him on the eve of a battle. He is desperately but not fatally wounded and lives to marry and be happy, Mrs. Barr leaving her readers to conclude that either his "feet of clay" have been changed to gold, or that he limps thereafter on stout crutches of true contrition.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Favorable reports have reached us from many sources indicating that the movement brought into prominence by our Reading Union is productive of good results. We have not attempted to establish a dead-level uniformity among Catholic Reading Circles, believing that each Circle should preserve its own autonomy and endeavor to consult the best interests of its own members. We are pleased to notice the individual characteristics fostered by this policy. The general principles upon which the Columbian Reading Union is based permit an agreeable diversity in the practical plans selected for different localities. Provided something definite is done on behalf of Catholic literature, profitable work can be performed by allowing individual members of Reading Circles to choose magazine articles relating to events, to persons conspicuous for notable achievements, and to prominent institutions devoted to educational and charitable efforts, which represent the active forces of Christian civilization. Even where a definite course of reading has been selected, it seems advisable for each Circle to get at stated times some information on current literature.

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The "Catholic Fortnightly Reading Circle," of Buffalo, N. Y., is announced as a branch of the Columbian Reading Union. From our knowledge of the persons associated together as its members, we have no doubt of its present and future progress. We extend to it our best wishes for success. At a recent meeting two articles were read from THE CATHOLIC WORLD, "The Egyptian Writings" and "The Stones Shall Cry Out," which were afterwards informally discussed, with allusions to the lectures by Miss Amelia B. Edwards on the buried cities and art treasures of ancient Egypt. We shall watch with interest the development of the plan adopted for the "Catholic Fortnightly Reading Circle." It seems to us particularly well suited to those personally qualified to read and discuss the merits of the best productions of contemporary authors. The officers of the Circle are: Mrs. John McManus, president; Miss Matilda E. Karnes, vice-president; Miss Mary E. Gibbons, corresponding secretary; Miss Josephine Greenough, recording secretary; and Miss Mary Lynch, treasurer.

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In reply to a correspondent, we may state that our Reading Union has found many friends on the Pacific Coast. Several of their letters have been published. One letter from Gilroy, Cal., entitled to prominent consideration, was written by Miss M. A. Fitzgerald, who has won the laurels of authorship by a volume of poems which we commend to the notice of our readers. We have received also a marked copy of the *Catholic News* of San Francisco, containing a very favorable notice here quoted:

From the San Francisco Catholic News.

"Practical results are bound to follow the formation of Reading Circles among Catholics. The Columbian Reading Union, under the management of the Paulist Fathers, who believe in carrying on a literary mission, is one which we, with others, believe will do much towards making converts and developing in

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many Catholics a greater love for good literature. The Union is intended to be a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public. It will endeavor to counteract, wherever prevalent, the indifference shown towards Catholic literature; to suggest ways and means of acquiring a better knowledge of standard authors, and especially of our Catholic writers, and to secure a larger representation of their works on the shelves of public libraries. It will aim to do this by practical methods of co-operation.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD, that great and excellent magazine published in New York, and whose editor is in charge of the Columbian Reading Union, was the first to discuss the question of Reading Circles among Catholics. The work it started out to accomplish is bearing good fruit, for in a recent letter that we are in receipt of from headquarters we learn that, from the evidence gathered by an extensive correspondence by the Union, the projectors are convinced that a great many of our young people will gladly accept guidance in their choice of reading. We hope to see soon several Circles formed in this city and Oakland."

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The *Catholic Columbian* has given prominence to an admirable paper on "Reading Unions," which will be found very useful to all who can appreciate a good outline plan for a Reading Circle. We are opposed to the spirit which would dictate by rule to each officer and member. As these Reading Circles, which we hope to see formed everywhere, are voluntary associations, let there be a large margin allowed for individual taste, and as few rules as possible. One of the best Circles known to us has existed over three years without a constitution or by-laws. It is very important, however, for each Circle to have a good summary of directions, suggestions, and conditions of membership. The writer, who takes the signature "Josephus," has shown excellent judgment and skill in the summary which we quote. It is all the more acceptable to us as it contains many phrases which we recognize as our own.

From the Catholic Columbian.

READING UNIONS—SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FORMATION OF A CATHOLIC LITERARY CIRCLE.

"In these times of great literary activity few persons are able to keep up with the productions of many of even the best authors. The purchase of any considerable proportion of the new books constantly appearing is a drain upon the resources to which few persons and few public libraries are able or willing to submit.

"Again, the number of books published annually is so great that few persons are able to select those which are suitable from a Catholic standpoint. What to read is a question of real difficulty to many. With the varied character of the literary production, guidance in the selection of reading matter is of the utmost importance. Life is not long enough to allow time to read all the books that are printed, therefore it is advisable to adopt some plan by which the best among them can be secured.

"To meet the want arising from such a state of affairs the Reading Circle has been devised, and it is but just to say that it is the best method yet suggested for the purpose. By means of an organization of this sort a constant supply of the latest and the best books can be had, at a very small expense to each member. In fact, there is no method by which a larger literary return can be secured from a small investment.

"The following plan has been adopted in certain localities:

"The proper number of persons to form a club is about twenty. With less than that number the funds will hardly be sufficient, unless the dues be unusually

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high; with more it will take too long for books to pass around the whole circuit. As soon as the proper number of names has been secured, a meeting should be held, and the details of organization agreed upon. The club should hold semi-annual meetings, to discuss and indicate the sort of books that may be desired.

"A presiding officer and a secretary, who should also act as librarian and treasurer, will ordinarily be sufficient to transact the business of the club. A committee of three on the purchase of books may be appointed.

"The secretary, who also performs the duties of the librarian and treasurer, should receive the new books and prepare them for circulation by covering, and pasting in the list of members; should start them on their journey through the club; receive them after they have been around, and keep them, subject to the order of the club. He should keep a list of the books and of the dates when they were issued, so that the whereabouts of a book may be ascertained at any time. He should collect the dues and fines, and other moneys due the club, and disburse them upon the order of the club, keeping an account of his financial transactions.

"Five dollars (perhaps less) per annum from each member will supply all the books that can be kept in circulation by a club of twenty persons. Half of the amount should be paid at each of the semi-annual meetings of the club. A fine of two or three cents per day should be levied for each day that a book is retained by any member beyond the time allowed.

"The list of names should be printed on a small slip with the rules at the head, so that the whole may be pasted inside the cover, in form something like the following:

"BROWNSON READING CIRCLE.

"Keep this book seven days, and then deliver to the next on the list, entering opposite your name the date of receipt and delivery. For second reading it may be retained for two weeks. Three cents fine for each day it is retained beyond the time allowed.

"George Washington, received May 1, delivered May 8; Andrew Jackson, received May 8, delivered May 15, second reading; Mrs. Q. Adams, received May 15, delivered May 22; Henry Clay, received May 22, delivered May 30, second reading; Daniel Webster, received May 30.

"The above list is as it would appear after the book in which it was fixed had gone partly around the circuit. It shows that Daniel Webster was the last to receive it, on May 30; that it passed along regularly, except in the case of Henry Clay, who retained it one day longer than the time allowed, and is therefore indebted to the club in a fine of three cents. It also shows that Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay desire to read the book a second time, and it will therefore, after it has passed through the whole list, be returned to them in the order of their names, after which it will be delivered to the secretary. For the sake of fairness, the first on the list should not always be the first to receive a new book, but each one in turn should be the first recipient.

"There are three methods by which the books may be disposed of at the end of the year:

"1. To distribute them among the members, which may be done by dividing into sets of nearly equal value, and then casting lots for choice.

"2. To dispose of them at auction at each annual meeting of the club, and use the money so obtained to purchase books for use during the next year.

"3. To form the nucleus of a circulating library by means of the books so remaining; this method might be found highly useful in places where there is no such institution.

"As soon as the Circle or club is formed, it should affiliate with the Colum-

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bian Reading Union of New York City. This Union is endeavoring to counteract, wherever prevalent, the indifference shown toward Catholic literature; to suggest ways and means of acquiring a better knowledge of standard authors, and especially of our Catholic writers; and to secure a larger representation of their works on the shelves of public libraries. Much judgment is required in preparing suitable lists of books for the different tastes of readers. The Union arranges guide-lists for the various classes of readers, some fully and others only partially educated, male and female, the leisured and the working classes. It has been truly said that to allow untrained intellects or unformed tastes to choose for themselves, and of themselves, from books gathered without discrimination, is often as fatal and always as dangerous as to allow a child to pluck flowers at will in a garden filled with plants healthful and poisonous. JOSEPHUS."

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We quote another letter of special interest to Catholic young men's societies, which have or should have abundant facilities for their members to get good reading:

"It becomes every day more evident that the great need of our time is to create a Catholic atmosphere, in which Catholics may live without detriment from those foul, fetid odors of worldly and irreligious thought and association that prove the destruction of so many Christian lives. The indifference of some young men, which in too many cases eventually drifts into positive unbelief, is due to various causes. Some even at home are not under the most desirable influences; the associations of many others are not the most commendable; while large numbers of still another class are without homes, and therefore lose all the advantages of direction, training, and example rarely found outside of the domestic circle.

"It is to these young men that the greatest advantages would accrue from societies encouraging mental as well as moral improvement. Books necessarily play an important part in these associations. Therefore, what better work could be done than raising the young men to a higher standard of literary culture, breaking the charm which holds them to that which is contemptible, which destroys the finest and noblest qualities of the mind, and eradicates from the soul that which is good and holy? The Catholic faith of our young men is more precious than money; their moral training is more important than all the gold in the world. Give them good literature, cost what it may; the Catholic faith and morality of young men are more to be esteemed than any other treasure.

"Young men should be intellectually well equipped to fight against indifferentism, infidelity, and the many baneful issues which threaten them on all sides. Therefore, the possession of a useful library is a thing which every society should strive for, as a Catholic library is one of the arsenals containing the best accoutrements.

"With an association like the Columbian Reading Union, proposing, as it does, to furnish lists of the books and periodicals with which to furnish libraries, and the best methods for their classification, we shall get a calm and judicial criticism of books. In these days of much bad writing and wide reading there is deep need of exact criticism of current literature and sure guidance of the public taste. Literature should soothe and compose the mind, should be its refuge from turbulence and care, should be a ministry of peace and refreshment to the wearied spirit. Catholics should consider it their duty to contribute their mite to this noble undertaking to keep gross sensationalism from the library shelves.

"Substantial encouragement will lessen the difficulty of keeping off the pernicious literature which strikes at the roots of our young trees in the nursery of the church. EDWARD MOUNTEL."

"*Ivanhoe, Ohio.*

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Among competent judges there is but one opinion concerning the Chautauqua course of reading, viz.: that it is designed on narrow lines, with a deliberate purpose to ignore the truth about Catholics in their relations to history, science, art, and literature. Some of our correspondents have admitted that they made this discovery by painful personal experience. We give here the testimony of another intelligent witness bearing on the same point: "I am very much interested in this work, and am glad to see Catholics coming to the front in a literary and educational way. Through the *Pilot* and *New Record* I have learned something of the Columbian Reading Union. I am well acquainted with the Chautauqua, but its Methodistical characteristics are very offensive to a Catholic. . . ."

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Secretaries are requested to send a short account, written on one side of the paper, of the work attempted and accomplished in their respective Reading Circles. From such reports we can gather many useful suggestions for publication. Whenever desired these reports will be used anonymously; but we hope that no false modesty will deprive us of valuable information. We want to hear from all places, even the most remote, the news of Catholic enterprise on behalf of good literature.

M. C. M.

HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

I have been often asked, "What made you a Catholic?" and I answer always: The grace of God. Nothing else expresses it.

I was born in New England among a class of people who had not the faintest idea of what the Catholic Church really believes and teaches. They were so influenced by their surroundings and early education that nothing short of a miracle could have opened their eyes to the truth. That is why I say that the grace of God alone made me a Catholic.

My parents were of the old Puritan order. Originally Calvinistic Baptists, they drifted into Methodism, and I was brought up in that faith. From my earliest recollection I attended Sunday-school and church. I knew Catholicism only as it was represented in the books in circulation among Protestants, for I had no Catholic friends, and had never been inside a Catholic church. Yet it possessed a most marvellous attraction for me. When a very little girl I used to sit upon the Catholic church steps listening to the music, longing, yet fearing, to enter. For priests and nuns I had a most profound respect, although I had been taught that they were unworthy of it. The fact was that *I could not* believe the things I heard against the Catholic Church, and often wished that I knew some Catholic personally. It seems almost incredible that so young a child should have felt as I did, but I was a veritable book-worm, and books are more liberal educators than men and women.

When I was nine years old my sister's profession forced her to travel. My mother accompanied her, and I was placed in a small Methodist boarding-school, where for three years I was carefully trained in the religious path it was intended I should follow.

Like the majority of Protestants, I had always been taught that I must "experience a change of heart" in order to be saved—a sort of moral earthquake, as it were. I was a nervous, impressionable child, and many a sleepless night I passed, praying in fear and trembling that I might be saved. Finally, during a "revival" in our church, I confided my doubts to the minister. I told him

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that I wanted to be a Christian, but not a Methodist. He tried to convince me of my error, but finding that impossible, and thinking it was but a childish whim which would pass away in time, admitted me to baptism, leaving the question of church membership to the future.

My father, when they told him what I had said, suggested that I should try the Episcopal Church, as in his opinion one church was as good as another; it was only a question of individual taste. At a later period I reminded him of that remark, but with no apparent good result.

Well, I did try to believe the Thirty-nine Articles of faith of the Episcopal Church, but in vain, although my sister was then and is now a devout member of that church. My little niece rather voiced the family sentiment when she asked me a short time ago, "Auntie, when you were going to join a church, why did you not join a nice, fashionable church like ours?"

One day I had occasion to visit the servant's room in our house. I saw her prayer-book on the table. I took it up and glanced at the contents, and I became so interested that I carried it to my room, where I studied it until I knew some of the prayers by heart. I remember particularly the Confiteor and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The book being missed, there was a search for it, and when it was finally discovered in my room I was severely reprimanded for my Romish proclivities and was subjected to a long lecture on the ignorance, etc., of papists.

Just at this time my mother decided to send me to a convent. I never knew her reasons, but I remember that her fellow church-members were greatly shocked. It was bad enough for one daughter to follow a profession, but that fact sank into insignificance when they heard that I was to be sent to a Catholic convent-school. I am afraid they felt an unholy joy when their predictions were fulfilled and I became a Catholic.

Heretofore I had known nothing of the dogmas of the church, but at the convent I studied them, secretly of course, for I was supposed to be a Protestant, and religious convictions of the Protestant pupils were respected, and conversation with us about religion forbidden. At last I became thoroughly convinced, and then I openly avowed myself a Catholic. I was so simple-minded as to think my troubles at an end, but in reality they had only begun. When I asked leave of my parents to be received into the church, the objection was made—and it came from all quarters—that I was too young to decide upon so serious a matter and must wait.

I waited. The desire did not pass away, but grew stronger with each year of my life. Strange, nay, marvellous to say, I was given the works of Renan, Voltaire, and Rousseau to read, but my faith remained unshaken, and I was finally received into the church.

My firmness and my fidelity to conscience cost me family and friends, but I have never regretted it.

It has been said that "he who travels much abroad is seldom holy." I have been a traveller almost all my life. It is indeed more difficult to resist temptation when away from the restraining influences of home and friends. But I have met many faithful souls who "travel much abroad," and who, like me, if they are not holy, at least are good Christians. These find their greatest safeguard in the church and in the Catholic offices of religion. The influence of the church is such as to make her sanctuaries the homes of all her children, so that in every city there is at least one place where we poor wanderers are not "strangers in a strange land," but can go for comfort and solace to our Father's house.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ANCIENT LITERATURE, ORIENTAL AND CLASSICAL. By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D., Adjunct Professor of the English Language and Literature, Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In Professor Quackenbos's elegantly condensed volume the reading public is at last furnished with an authoritative and interesting work on the important subjects of which it treats. The aim of the author has been to present a popular and attractive account of the literature of ancient nations, and thus to trace the history of human thought from the most remote periods. Before taking up the finished productions of Greece and Rome, he treats fully of the precious remains of Oriental literature that have recently been brought to light, dealing in turn with the Sanscrit, Persian, Chinese, Hebrew, Chaldean, Assyrian, Arabic, Hittite, Phœnician, and Egyptian. These are all considered from the standpoint of the most recent investigations, notably the Egyptian writing and literature, in connection with which the results of the vast amount of labor expended in this important field during the decade just closed are for the first time presented to English readers.

The many who have become interested in Egypt and her ancient inscriptions must turn to Professor Quackenbos's history as the only accessible popular authority in which their curiosity can be satisfied. After an introductory consideration of hieroglyphic decipherment and the principles underlying this system of writing, the literature itself is divided into the archaic or dawn period, its classical and Augustan era, and its age of decline. Under each venerable writings are discussed and translations presented. The Babylonian and Assyrian cuneiform remains are similarly treated, and the historical allusions in the Word of God are shown in many instances to be wonderfully confirmed. A singular correspondence is noticeable between the most ancient forms of belief and Christianity in regard to monotheism, immortality, and responsibility to a personal God. "A belief in a future life," says the author, "is expressed in the poem on the Descent of Istar, the moon-god's daughter, to Hades, 'the land where the dead outnumber the living'; and further in the so-called Nimrod Epic, in which the hero is ferried across the waters of the dead to the shores of the regions of the blessed, where he recognizes an ancestor, and exclaims:

> "'Thy appearance is not changed; like me art thou:
> And thou thyself art not changed; like me art thou.'"

What is this but resurrection—not the mere immortality of the soul, as taught by Plato, but the *immortality of man*, that mysterious union of chastened soul and resurrection body, as taught by Jesus Christ?

As we read the Vedic hymns and the Avesta philosophy, we are carried back beyond the age of idolatry to an era of simple faith in one eternal, infinite, and omnipotent Being, in a heaven for the virtuous and a place of torment for the wicked; and we rise from our reading with the feeling that the Divine Wisdom has raised up scholars in this material day to vindicate the truth of the Scriptures from the pages of profane record, from the facts of history fossilized in the very words we use.

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We heartily commend Professor Quackenbos's work to our readers, with the conviction that it will be found as entertaining as the average novel and far more instructive. The general knowledge it embodies is essential to a polite education, and there are few who have the necessary leisure to read beyond its covers. For the convenience of such, however, as may desire full and more satisfying information, the author has scattered through the text frequent references to standard monographs—and this is not the least among the many noteworthy features of the book. Illustrations, diagrams, and maps further enhance the value of the narrative. We predict for the volume a wide circulation among educators and general readers.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND; OR, THE PURITAN THEOCRACY IN ITS RELATIONS TO CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Fiske has many excellent qualities as a writer, being clear in style, direct and concise in statement, and gifted with sufficient imagination to adorn the path of history with the flowers of fancy. He is also a conscientious student. Although he makes little parade of learning, there is evidence of extended and patient research, though his over-frequent posing as "the historian" and "the student of history" is just a trifle annoying. Nor is he without a philosophical judgment of events and eras, races and their missions. His books are a valuable increase to our stock of American historical narrative. It is therefore with regret that we feel constrained to find fault with the volume before us.

We have read it carefully through, and with prepossessions in its favor, and we yet must say that the epithet unsatisfactory belongs to its views of the political lessons of early New England history. and that of flippant to its treatment of the religious questions involved. Mr. Fiske, as is well known, is an agnostic evolutionist; this history is written with foregone conclusions that all human events are but developments from barbarism, and all religious movements are advances from superstition towards rationality.

He is primarily a preacher of evolutionism in its extreme type, and uses history as doctors use corpses for dissection; he is not seeking the discovery of healthful so much as that of unhealthful signs in the past life of man, for it is a corollary of his principle of development that we are freer from moral diseases than our forefathers. Can Mr. Fiske deny that what the founders of the New England commonwealths knew, they knew as clearly as their descendants? Can he affirm that those primary verities of rational life—the existence of a Supreme Being, the absolute difference between right and wrong, the authority of conscience, the certainty of a future state—are as well understood to-day in Anglo-Saxon New England as they were two hundred and fifty years ago? Can he affirm that there is as much earnestness of debate, as much sincerity of search, about those primary verities of rational life, concerning which the beginners of New England were at fault—namely, the freedom of the human will and the loving-kindness of God—among his contemporaries as among their ancestors? Are the children of the beginners equal to their fathers in sincerity, truthfulness, courage, generosity, affection, consistency, honesty, industry, chastity? Do they compare with them as men and women? Do the pilgrim fathers and their children, taken together and viewed from that point of high history which Mr. Fiske is so fond of claiming as his own, teach evolution from a worse to a better type of humanity? or, rather, do they not teach the very reverse? Has modern New England made any better fist of the deep problems of religion than old New England, or could the men of to-day found the common-

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wealths and help to found the great republic which are the enduring monuments of their fathers' prowess as *men?* It is true that they were infected with Calvinism, the deadliest blight known to modern religious error; but there is nothing in their successors to justify one of them in calling his age enlightened in comparison with that of the forefathers, any more than in his calling the beginnings of the human race "primeval savagery."

Another fault we find with Mr. Fiske in this book is his advocacy of a series of political theories which are at present in debate among the people, and have ever been in debate among us. We say advocacy, but we might better say his assumption of them as axiomatic truths of American politics. He talks of questions which are those of constitutional interpretation as if his political party were the final product of all evolution. This is offensive to his fairer-minded readers and injurious to his claim of vocation as a historian. There are other assumptions, too, which are at least equally offensive, such as the preposterous notion that Cromwell, who was autocrat in England, was an exponent of the right of self-government; that Mazzini and Stein are products of Puritanism, and that they are the noblest types of modern European statesmanship; that William III., who consented to the torture and execution of Cornelius De Witt and broke the treaty of Limerick, and who signed the edict which caused the massacre of Glencoe, is a model statesman of a free nation.

EVOLUTION. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Boston: James H. West.

We have in this volume fifteen lectures by thirteen different gentlemen, most of them residents of Brooklyn, we believe, and all of them perfervid disciples of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. The first address is devoted to a brief consideration of the life and writings of the latter philosopher, whom Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, as a consistent evolutionist, naturally considers the flower and perfection of such intellectual life as has up to date appeared upon our planet. As he says, in a cheery and confident manner, which can hardly be too much admired, "Without disparaging those really worthy Greeks" (Plato and Aristotle), "who would be considered good philosophers, as philosophers go in our time, and who, it must be remembered, were far better than they used to run in earlier days, I do not hesitate to aver that the subject of this sketch, for instance, is much greater than either of them. Nor would I say it of him alone, but also of many others who are not as prominent. *The general level of intellectual power is so far raised in modern times that it is exceedingly difficult for any one man to become pre-eminent among his fellows.*"

On the whole, the sentence we have italicized seems as clever a way as any for expressing the fact that when each man depends for his elevation on the operation popularly known as lifting himself by his own waistband no one can ever hope to look down from any very lofty height upon his fellows. And that, we take it, is about the sum and substance of what atheistic evolution has to offer by way of incentive to individual endeavor. These are fortunate times, thinks Mr. Thompson: "Carlyle's 'Great Man' is certainly disappearing from the earth, and soon to share the fate of the mastodon and the mammoth." In his enthusiasm for this proximate and glorious future Mr. Thompson even forgets to observe that the "great man" of the present will fall so far short of the attainment of the mammoth and the mastodon that he will not even leave any trace of himself for posterity to discover. No real animal, no fossil remains, it is reasonable to conclude, even though one adopts evolutionary modes of reasoning.

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It will be regretted by careful and candid evolutionists that some of these lecturers should not have better posted themselves on certain points before committing their lucubrations to cold type. What would Professor Huxley, for example, have to say to the statement of Mr. William Potts, on page 119, that "Protoplasm in masses, as discovered at the bottom of the sea by the *Challenger* Expedition, was described by Huxley under the name of Bathybius"? Although each of these addresses was followed by an informal discussion of the points made, it does not appear that any of Mr. Potts's audience had later information concerning this too famous "find" than himself. It looks as though the Brooklyn Ethical Association were largely composed of amateurs, who roved indiscriminately from the pews to the pulpit of the church in which the lectures were delivered. Mr. James A. Skilton's talk on the "Evolution of Society" is about the best-considered of them all, and contains more ideas that are fruitful. But generally the purpose of the speakers is so visibly that of hammering away at the "Mosaic cosmogony," which they appear to regard as a personal foe, that they end by becoming tiresome. Mr. Skilton, by the way, differs radically from Mr. Thompson in his estimate of the comparative merits of ancient and modern philosophers. According to him, the human intellect "reached, so far as we know, its highest elevation something more than two thousand years ago among the Greeks, but subsequently lost its position, and has not yet regained it." The reason he believes to be that the "so-called Christian Church" has put intellect "under a ban and in discredit." Mr. Skilton, we observe, like others of his lecturing *confrères*, seems to confound the Christian Church and its teachings with Protestantism and its moribund methods. He has no quarrel with Christianity as he himself conceives it. We may add that Christianity has no necessary quarrel with evolution, when it works on lines similar to those taken by Mr. Skilton on p. 224 of this volume.

AMERICAN STATESMEN. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By John F. Morse, Jr., author of *Life of John Q. Adams*, etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We have seldom read a more entertaining book than this, which is a portrait of one of the greatest men of modern times. The peculiar value of it is in its subject, for Franklin was a "self-made man," and in this age that kind of man has much to do with human greatness. They almost monopolize our successful business men, and also our scientific inventors, and are fully represented in the front ranks of literature and statesmanship.

One very instructive lesson taught by Franklin's life is learned from the kind of religious infidelity he was tainted with. Like very many infidels who have been brought up Protestants, Franklin was good-natured, tolerant, and mannerly. When, on the other hand, a man passes from Catholicity to infidelity he is generally venomous, and this is because he is in bad faith. The same cannot always be said of what one may call Protestant infidels, for the implied philosophical principle of Protestantism is the validity of doubt as a universal predicate; hence many honest men have thrown away belief in the supernatural, and even in God, because their training as Protestants had engendered a tendency to doubt. Hence in men like Franklin and like Lincoln, the vigorous action of their minds in early manhood resulted in infidelity; and this was not venomous or blasphemous because so largely a matter of misfortune rather than of choice. As in the case of Lincoln, so in that of Franklin, the riper powers of reason, aided by experience and study in human nature, brought the mind back to many of the truths of natural and even of revealed religion.

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The interesting story of Franklin's long and eventful life is well told, indeed brilliantly depicted, in these pages. It is to be regretted that Mr. Morse, quite unlike his hero, occasionally--as on page 26—indulges in a fling at revealed religion, and at facts and dogmas which a wider knowledge of human nature than he seems to possess, and a deeper insight into the laws of thought, would have saved him from.

FREDERIC OZANAM, PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE: His Life and Works. By Kathleen O'Meara; with a preface by his Eminence Cardinal Manning. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

We have before us a copy of the fourth American edition of this model biography, which is a splendid monument to the intellectual power and literary skill of the late Kathleen O'Meara. The book is deserving of the highest praise. We are pleased to know that there has been for some time past an urgent demand for a new edition. As a specimen of fine printing and excellent binding, this volume will bear comparison with the best work of any publisher in the United States.

We have no hesitation in saying that this life of Frederic Ozanam represents accurately an important historical epoch, and for this reason it should have a place in every public library. His labors were not for France alone. He was an eloquent defender of Christian civilization as applied to the needs of the present century. That he had studied profoundly the labor question may be seen from his own words:

"God did not make the poor; he sends no human creatures into the chances of this world without providing them with these two sources of riches, which are the fountain of all others—intelligence and will. Why should we hide from the people what they know, and flatter them like bad kings?

"It is human liberty that makes the poor; it is that which dries up those two primitive fountains of wealth, by allowing intelligence to be quenched in ignorance and will to be weakened by misconduct. The workingmen know it better than we do. God forbid that we should calumniate the poor whom the Gospel blesses, or render the suffering classes responsible for their misery; thus pandering to the hardness of those bad hearts that fancy themselves exonerated from helping the poor man when they have proved his wrong-doing. While we have put crushing taxes on necessaries of life, we have not yet discovered in the arsenal of our fiscal laws the secret of arresting the multiplication of distilleries, of raising the price of alcoholic liquors, of restricting the sale of those detestable, adulterated, poisonous drinks that cause more sickness than all the rigors of the seasons, and make more criminals than all the injustice of men combined."

From the intrinsic evidence of his own statements, so carefully set forth by Kathleen O'Meara, we are thoroughly convinced that Frederic Ozanam had a most profound contempt for effete monarchies and bad kings. We are informed that some of his nearest and dearest friends were much concerned because of his indifference, to say the least, regarding the historic claims of certain royal families.

FLOWERS FROM THE CATHOLIC KINDERGARTEN; OR, STORIES OF THE CHILDHOOD OF THE SAINTS. By Father Franz Hattler, S.J. Translated from the German by T. J. Livesey. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This charming little book will find a ready welcome from our children. If

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the joy and innocence of childhood touch the most tender chords of the heart, how much greater the response when, as in this little book, the childhood of some of God's greatest saints is so beautifully, so delicately portrayed. The book is, indeed, "ein Kindergarten," a "garden of children," sweet buds of happy childhood that blossomed into virtuous youth, to ripen and flower, at last, into perfect men and women.

These flowers of saintly childhood have been transplanted into pure and simple English, and have in this an added charm for all who are lovers of children. It would make a beautiful present to the little ones.

GOOD THINGS FOR CATHOLIC READERS. A Miscellany of Catholic Biography, Travel, etc. Profusely Illustrated. Second Series. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The very great favor with which our Catholic reading public received the first series of *Good Things* induces the publishers to issue this second series, which is in all respects the equal and in many qualities the superior of its predecessor. It is not a mere reprint of the well-known *Catholic Annual*, for while there are many articles in the volume of a popular character, there is much besides that will prove of lasting value to the student, and especially the student of Catholic Church history in the United States. In this respect the book is a veritable store-house of information, especially in the biographical sketches, which contain much that is otherwise inaccessible to the general reader.

The book is well bound, printed, and illustrated.

MANUAL FOR INTERIOR SOULS. A Collection of Unpublished Writings by the Rev. Father Grou, S.J. Translated by permission from the new edition of Victor Lecoffre, Paris. London: St. Anselm's Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

This book begins with a short account of the author's life, and consists of sixty-three short treatises on ascetical and mystical subjects. It is a work of much value to all who desire to serve God faithfully, whether living in the world or in communities. It is one of those works which may be used for years with steady profit, the style being clear and full of unction, and the matter chosen by a master of the spiritual life. It is true that it is characterized by that detailed and methodical minuteness peculiar to the school of the writer; but this is absolutely necessary for many souls, and others can readily abstract from this peculiarity and grasp the able and powerful presentment of the maxims of the Gospel applied to the way of perfection.

A specially instructive and really entertaining chapter is the author's ingenious treatment of selfishness under the heading "On the Human 'I.'"

BOOKS AND READING. By Brother Azarias. Second Edition. New York: The Cathedral Library, 460 Madison Avenue.

The second edition of this admirable essay of Brother Azarias makes the rather well-worn quotation from Addison's *Cato* particularly apt:

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

It is not many months since the first edition was noticed at length in these pages, but, though it is not our purpose here to again point out its many good qualities, we think it just to regard this early second edition as the sign of

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changed and better times. It is at once a testimony of the value of the pamphlet and an indication of the awakened interest of our people in the cultivation of literary good taste and judgment. May this interest abide! In press-work and binding this little pamphlet is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art, and is highly creditable to the publisher.

THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By Rev. Prof. G. G. Findlay, B.A., Headingly College, Leeds. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

It is amusing to read a book which, like this one, sets forth the conspicuously Catholic doctrine of grace and justification, and yet now and then rails against the church in truly old-fashioned style. We have read this commentary with some care and fail to find any notable divergence from Catholic truth in its exposition of St. Paul's teaching of the union of the soul and the Holy Ghost, in the conflict between flesh and spirit. The exposition of the gifts of the Holy Ghost is really luminous. The author even adopts the traditional Catholic view of the difference between the Apostles Peter and Paul at Antioch. Accepting, unconsciously, we suppose, what Luther and the typical Protestant commentators so hotly rejected, the author's flings at the church are very hard to understand.

Deep exegetical learning, full knowledge of the linguistic kind, a true spirit of reverence, a thorough belief in our Lord's divinity, an orthodox view of the doctrine of grace, are the good qualities of this work, and its only evil one is injustice to the author's "Roman Catholic brethren."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

DIARY OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. Revised from *The Daily News*. By John MacDonald, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. In four books. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated from the original Latin, with practical reflections and prayers. A new edition. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

LIFE OF DOM BOSCO, founder of the Salesian Society. Translated from the French of J. M. Villefranche by Lady Martin. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

SHOULD CHRISTIANITY LEAVEN EDUCATION? Christian Schools. Addressed to parents. By Thomas J. Jenkins, author of *Six Seasons on our Prairies*. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OLD ENGLISH THOUGHT. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Third edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE, 1492–1892. By Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago: C. V. Waite & Co.

BULLETIN OF THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION, BOTANICAL DEPARTMENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY. XIV. December, 1889. I. On the Strawberry-Leaf Blight. II. On another Disease of the Strawberry. Ithaca, N. Y.: Published by the University.

SANITARY ENTOMBMENT; THE IDEAL DISPOSITION OF THE DEAD. By the Rev. Charles R. Treat, Rector of the Church of the Archangel, New York City. Reprinted from *The Sanitarian*, December, 1889.

VEN. P. LUDOVICI DE PONTE, S.J.—MEDITATIONES de Præcipius Fidei Nostræ Mysteriis, de Hispanico in Latinum translatæ a Melchiore Trevinnio, S.J.; de novo editæ cura Augustini Lehmkuhl, S.J. Pars III. Complectens vitam Christi publicam ab ejus Baptismo usque ad passionem. Friburgi-Brisgoviæ: Herder (Herder, St. Louis, Mo.)

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THE SCIENCE OF METROLOGY; OR, NATURAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. A challenge to the Metric System. By the Hon. E. Noel, Captain Rifle Brigade. London: Edward Stanford.

LES ORIGINES DE LA RÉVOLUTION FRANCAISE AU COMMENCEMENT DU XVI. SIÈCLE. La Veille de la Réforme. Par R. Maulde-la-Clavière. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

SOUVENIR OF THE CONSECRATION OF ST. BRIGID'S CHURCH, NEW YORK. By an assistant Priest of the parish.

THE LIGHT OF REASON. By Sebastian S. Wynell-Mayow, author of *Notes on Astronomy*, etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

VIA CRUCIS; OR, THE WAY OF THE CROSS. With prayers translated from those composed by St. Alphonsus Liguori. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

LUX VERA. Par un Laic Américain. Paris: Victor Palmé. (New York: For sale by F. W. Christern, 254 Fifth Avenue.)

THE ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. A text book for use in High Schools and Academies. With an Uranography. By Charles A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the College of New Jersey (Princeton), etc. Boston and London: Ginn & Co.

DEUS LUX MEA. Solemnities of the Dedication and opening of the Catholic University of America, November 13, 1889. Official Report. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

SERMON ON ST. AGNES. Preached in St. Agnes' Church, New York, January 26, 1890. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. New York: D. P. Murphy, Jr.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION. Addresses delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, at the Catholic University School of Medicine, November 7, 1889, and at Blackrock College, December 5, 1889. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE NEGROES AND INDIANS. Baltimore: The *Sun* office.

THE HISTORY OF SLIGO, TOWN AND COUNTY. By Rev. T. O'Rorke, D.D., M.R.I.A. In two volumes. Dublin: James Duffy & Co.

CENTENARY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI, DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH. Volume XV. Preaching the Word of God. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE GROWTH OF THE MARRIAGE RELATION. By C. Staniland Wake, author of *Evolution and Morality*, etc. Boston: James H. West.

PRIMITIVE MAN. By Z. Sidney Sampson, author of *The Evolution of Theology*. Boston: James H. West.

MISS PEGGY O'DILLON; OR, THE IRISH CRITIC. By Viola Walda. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

IMAGO CHRISTI: THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. James Stalker, M.A. Introduction by Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE UNKNOWN GOD; OR, INSPIRATION AMONG THE PRE-CHRISTIAN RACES. By C. Loring Brace. New York: A C. Armstrong & Son.

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